

# Oh Wendy, My Love

Ry Southard  
2024

## Poems

500 poems to find home  
500 more now that I've found it  
300 poems searching for you  
600 more we are together in our home

How many lines of verse  
Will be our journey  
Sharing the joy of love

Luck and fate are good  
Love and hope are better  
We walk hand in hand

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Our challenges brought us together  
We worked through them holding hands  
With gardens and long walks in  
50 gardens and 100 forests  
    always touching

Hurdles remain as hurdles do  
We can jump higher now as 2x1

Every dinner is candle lit  
    with tablecloths and napkins  
A visual caress that soothes our home

Verdant with your plants whispering  
Thrivent joy leaf and bloom  
Wave to their outdoor cousins  
"We love our home"

Our backyard garden and forest  
There is always a resonance of yes  
And hummingbird joy

## Lullaby

Our lullaby paused  
a most tortuous moment  
When reality stops dreams  
to which I am beholden

Poems so lovely and lonely

lonely not forgotten  
A stone in the creek  
without gleam or purpose  
Ripples of joy and pain

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Long walks with you across so many traverses  
Cling to delight and happy remembrance  
Such an alliance of smiles

Sing please and share joy in song  
The splendor of chorus raises my soul  
an effervescent tonic  
Buoyant for all journeys

Lullaby redeemed  
Smiles and a home cooked meal  
Whispers to sleep

## Sandhills November

When the moon is lonely  
and bright-less  
Simmering soups abundant  
It feels like the first day of winter  
Chilly with a chilly wind

Clouds roar across the garden  
Sun's apex still shines on sprouting peas  
Another colander of green beans, can't seem to stop  
ready for minestrone  
Fragrant warmth, soul broth

Earlier than desired, day mutes to dark  
Curtains get closed  
We're lucky to have a fireplace to get cozy  
And remember why

## About Entangling

So what is it about fuchsia that color is more important than word  
and pomegranate with its scores of diligent seeds  
is much more luscious in color and desire

The flavor of rebellious disentanglement and assumption  
sparring without any justification  
so boisterous as if it mattered

We laugh together holding hands happy with wisdom's color  
diligently entangling

## Drift

Drift into a poem  
walking through Carolina woods  
Leaf moist trails symbiosis rocks  
Smells of earth and heaven  
waft across the fire pit

We sit in the Smokies as if we were born here  
alive in root with hemlocks and fungi  
The future can always heal

sashay to a novella with a coronet song  
flip flop across my canvass

I laugh with every flop  
returning home  
always to you

Flight of Pi – Ode to *Moon under a new Galaxy*

The longest journey to every galaxy  
Unfettered by gravity and history  
Time, just a metronome for flight  
mapping star light

Immune to gaseous clouds, plummeting comets  
Dust and chaos, but it makes sense because it is  
Searching for home, that perfect sphere of circles

Universe  
Creation and Consumption  
wafting in vapor and mass  
without memory or foresight  
only now

I fly because I don't know otherwise  
Query to poem and paint  
Lustily soaring over blue-black waves  
ether, clear, then musty opaque

Sight line to a star's birth  
Our now

Every celestial storm  
distractions be damned

The truth to our journey  
hand in hand across the vast  
nebulas lantern our path

— — —

I love you

## Fragrance

The aroma of nothingness is just as  
sweet scented as summer honeysuckle  
Reality and wonder before our first October

Lilacs once the cornerstone of homesteads  
the first aroma of spring  
as windows and doors were opened  
breathe fresh wonder

As we inhale, what do we seek?  
Fragrance like winter daphne  
or flavors of cumin and mysterious chutneys  
Throw cardamom and cilantro and a dawn forest  
into that salad of smells

Adorned with fresh cut strawberries  
and paprika'd deviled eggs  
The taste of rich soil and smell of mossy rocks  
tree frogs chorus cherishing life  
That stream we visited has love memories  
soft cacophony across the eddies

The joy of epiphany  
Knowing St Francis would bless  
our garden and its creatures

Drinking sensations  
Sharing the fragrance of desire



## Home

I was in the house when it fell  
Fire and turmoil to collapse  
It was funny me standing there  
The newspaper noted my chagrin  
Clutching a doorknob

The house was my anchor  
A charm for my lover's bracelet  
A dream for my friend who complained of everything  
A bed for awaking next to you

On such a morning  
Now that we have

It is only us  
On such a morning  
Pleasure is light  
light is love

I beckon you to share ashes and peace  
to become our home reinvented  
embracing dust  
smearing caresses  
unknown symbols on each other's cheeks  
sumptuous affirmations and bedroom flirting!

We paint the horizon laughing with our toes  
High on the railing wiggling the sun into dusk

This is a home  
my lover for our wanting  
We know the ballad of passion  
Waiting, resting beneath a quilted pallet of lust

## Hope is

Walking in peace through the woods  
with you whispering blossoms  
Calling out mistletoe  
hands entwined

Walking with you my love  
Gliding floating soaring cumulus  
The judge went on vacation

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Running the foothills cherishing solitude  
Kissing Mt Diablo's shadows  
Remembering each stride in mud and dust  
Inhaling joy, the Delta's serene expanse

There is only this moment  
to desire again with hope

Can you hear me shout 'Kaylooooooh'  
On that hilltop's rocky perch  
A perfect way to start  
another journey another hope  
Many prayers of thanks

Running down the trail  
Arms windmilling  
Hollering in the moment  
Accepting hope

## Hovering

You levitate me  
beyond your dreams  
whisking across shallow gullies  
plunging deep into crevasses  
gliding over the mound where our camellias  
flourish and flower in early winter

I can soar quite unabashedly  
not arms stretched like superman  
more Ghandi-esque  
legs folded with a  
mindful smile

last Thursday was another  
example of carpets floating  
a compote of assorted fabric

wishes cumulus and cirrus  
sighs sailing through sunset  
passion without gravity  
adrift with touch

you hover in my path  
caressing our plane  
ascending delight  
raising kimonos  
kissing on tip toes  
wiggling just above the ground

## Wrap around tree

I am your wrap around tree  
All of the circumference  
You can count on me  
To caress your nature  
And sing and sing

Walking in the trees like me  
Kissing in the forest  
Licking the dew  
From you  
We smile like goosed teenagers  
And then more

These trails always  
Lead to the forest of our dreams  
With frogs and fungi and ferns  
And flora of which I know naught  
Delicate, yet strong in the wind like you

Walking through the forest  
Immersed in now  
Breathing sumptuous silence and cacophony  
Wrapping together kissing around any random tree

2014-2022

## Leap Sidestep Twirl

I jumped around  
One galaxy at a time

Hopscotching across that time  
Flirting with physics  
A buoy drifting anchored  
    sextant welded to a slide rule  
That was me

It was so easy as I once believed  
There were no levers, windows, or oars  
Or rockets so primeval

A leap a sidestep a twirl  
    sometimes a bound  
With you planting stars  
Composting the cosmos  
An ever swirl cavorting  
    In our garden

Sculpt infinity  
It is within us to do so  
Just trampoline practice together

3/1/23

## Living and Loving

The garden verdant floral abundant  
beds pretty perfect  
Overflowing and hedges appropriately here and there  
a house behind obscured by dusty oaks

Is there life in this old house?  
doors creak like nobody's business  
toilets run til you shout  
no quiet between room saunters  
wide planks that squeak and remember

oh heck its our house baby  
Miss Annabelle the Golden Thumper has grown old here  
tail beats making us smile  
Thank you both for making our house a warm home

Tomorrow we'll luncheon on the porch  
with fresh cherry tomatoes  
the orange ones are a yum tad sweeter than the reds  
Oregano thyme and parsley jubilee  
and basil on everything  
Serrano peppers and green, red, yellow bells await in the wings  
A tri-colored antipasto dream

The kitchen works just fine as we rock it  
Mostly you working your magic  
Recipes and formulas that enchant  
Imbibing flavors and aromas  
as crusty as a fine baguette  
offering nibbles to each other and pleasure upon cushions  
Our love ever so perfect as that first taste

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Why do we still laugh  
when remembering is so hard

Each sunrise is truly a cleanse  
a gift from God to offset the tragedy of remembrance  
Setting our hearts softly with the early sun

I remember souls  
Dearest friends who have died or lost their way  
as I almost did  
You were part of my hope, a slice of my dream  
that fulfillment would reconcile  
Until it didn't and death would equal zero

I curse my remembrances that plague our joy  
Fissures of pain that never seem to go away

I want to live in now with you  
Frisky in our paddock nuzzling  
Bear with me as I release burdens  
They are not my true testimony

We laugh for love and hope  
A circle of peace for each day's journey

## Permutations

Permutations of Odysseus and Penelope's love  
Swathed in Homer's universes hanging  
on a Calder mobile  
Colors so vibrant half tones hum  
irrelevant swatches yesterday  
Maybe not today

Twisting in waves of yummy lust  
cartwheels and handstands waving  
fragrant as a basil laden cutting board  
A savor of crusty bread, salami  
Pecorino, another unknown cheese, and friuli

Perched in Padua  
At the grand plaza  
Life was a perfect picnic  
sitting in unknown statuesque shadows  
on the ring of Europe's largest piazza

Perfect only with you to live in each moment  
To love in every minute  
Because we can and want to make it happen again  
always perpetuating hand holding, smiling joy

As we know we can  
Swathed in universes



## Of Poetry and Math

How do we know that poetry is not math  
and the forest is not art  
nor the prescience of animals  
measuring existence with a slide rule of love

I stagger to the trees and the comfort of bark  
moist earth, pine boughs and the smell of sanctuary

God is a branch with a pileated woodpecker  
plying supper with neck breaking passion and precision

I watch the future with Wendy  
    standing in blowing leaves and pine needles  
We laugh at our silly imperfections  
sharing joy with Annabelle stretching upward dog

I don't know the formula to unleash fulfillment  
a walk to that waterfall dreaming  
Calculus of us  
    love drawn on a white board  
Better in our bed

## Shadow

I picked up my shadow from the cutting room floor  
No idea I'd become such a bore  
Seems the grey outline of me knows more

The silence of shades  
Floating over waves  
Mist to clouds to memories  
Another dream to walk the shore  
Ghost crabs know more

I lost my shadow  
What had I become  
Weary, pale and lonesome  
One dimensional and opaque  
    Most unhandsome

It is time to reunite as one  
Tying and suturing the past into hope  
Learning forgiveness and walking in the rain

Lying in the sand, talking with those ghosts  
    Life without chains  
Translucence and impermanence without pain  
I am now that host

## The Door

The door is always closed or open  
For bravado or fear  
Disclosing dreams and fantasies  
Demons and desires

The hallway to that door  
Is slick with memory drool  
All that childhood stuff glistening on the floor  
It can't be waxed off, only in

The stairs to that hallway  
Are cold and warm at the same time  
Go figure, but it doesn't matter  
The hand of a greater being just might  
be right by you, a chance to accept  
Than to lead

The path to my heart  
Is only with you  
The doors that await  
For bravado or fear  
Together we shall open in love

the reason of us

we sit on the sidelines of reason  
we see each other across the field  
sitting cross legged  
embracing a hundred desires and dreams

the birth of our hope  
happy to lounge here for a while  
gestating, in and out  
of uncertainty and patience  
so ready to play  
maybe

in a week we will know  
or at least have more clues  
the passion massaged by distance  
will have blown its hot lava  
across the plains  
that no longer separate us

the moon will still rise  
a blood moon eclipse at that  
as i wrap your palm in mine  
an intravenous bond like no other

i seek your entanglement  
i want your desire  
i pray for our love  
that quells the tornado  
and feeds the birth of us

and then after another moon or two  
we'll know a smidgen of sensibility  
just a drop, a nibble, a tease  
of life's wonderment to come  
only with you

### Three Words

That describe me:

Searcher  
Indefatigable  
Incorruptible

And four more:

Thankful lover of Wendy

## Two

I am two  
Because one is not enough  
To know the difference  
With all the interference

It is perfect to walk in the garden  
with you  
I love blossoms and plants with lines  
with you

I am two  
We know gardens  
What a wonderful thing

With gratitude for two

## When We Met

The first time we met  
In the parking structure of new love

When you got out of your car  
I did not know that paradise was begging  
Beginning a new true

There are forms and malfunctions  
that clutter our days  
Distractions flutter, blossom and bloom  
Thank every garden lover  
There are abundant flowers to placate

You lovely garden woman  
Flush with vibrant plantings  
Postponing time to showcase  
A wild iris of your dreams and wonder

Place me in another world  
With a beacon to our home  
There is peace, a garden with you  
As we sashay slowly through our predicaments

## Wish

I wish the earth was flat again  
Horizon just ends  
Voila!

Not dropping off to some  
belief or universal math  
or just beyond  
Someone I don't know  
telling me what I must believe

We can't decant time  
And I can't waste it

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I'm just a common man  
But decant time we can  
It's in our brains sweetheart  
Let's don't refrain

And board a train of new perspective  
Foresight and silk wings to soar

Poems, this book  
to be written about us