

Sky

Gatlianne

Sky

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To the Greensong

Acknowledgments

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To Take From Air

The air is as soft and full
As a mother's stomach
Round with longing and hope
The kind of air that moves with your skin
Instead of on it in hushed tones
I want to reach out and grasp hold
To take from it all it can offer
And perhaps
Much more than it would have freely given
If it had been given the chance to share

Sky

The sky hovers not above me

But below

As I gaze into its caverns

Like a narcissist

Into water

The Heated Now

I dreamed I reached you
Found you in the cloud tops
And woke you to
The brilliant sunrise
With a kiss as eternal as the sun god above
The mystery in me
Met the recluse in you
And our lips mingled
Newly dawned
The morning air carried
Our story through the trees
Writing our lives on the leaves
To be told to the ground
As they drop in yellow and brown
And orange that is like the sunrise
That highlights the present
Casting shadows on all that has been
And blurring out what will
Leaving us in a heated now
Writhing with the could be possibility
That comes with the rising sun

The Sound of the Sun

I woke to the sound of the sun
Glistening and swirling its melody
Through my bedroom
Across my body
Traveling with the breeze

I saw the rustle of leaves
As they mingled and sighed
An early morning crescendo
Calling me from slumber
Beckoning
Teasing

I felt the whisper of the morn
Sneaking through my mind
Playful and sweet
A joyful interlude
Between
Eyes half closed
And
Eyes fully open

Sky

565 Sunset

Sunset street signs
To blood orange red orb
In driver's side mirror
Shiny buildings
Highlighted pink & purple
Flag reflection
In the water
Majestic in the hues

Bloom of Trepidation

In the bright glare of a blazing sun
With a dusting of solitude
The rose opens
Tentatively
Stoically
Bending and reaching
Toward the warmth
Slow to release
Safely snug
Hesitant
Yet
Curious
It blossoms
Anxious
Hopeful
A beautiful bloom of trepidation

Sky

The Sun

The sun
Red and ravenous
Looked upon me
In judgment

He sat upon the sky
As if waiting for me
Patience epitomized
Hope incarnate

He saw into me
Felt my pain
Magnified it
So I had to see
See and feel
And not turn away

He was strength
Embodied with sincerity
A glowing spotlight
On my imperfections
Searching the depths
Of my soul
For what
Was left of me

View from Cracked Window

Sunlight filters through
Curtained windows
Like a veil
Hiding the beauty
My own...and the scene I view
- as though
We are too much for each other

Newly Birthed Spring

I found a simple peace
Standing at the old battered
And
Paint splattered sink
Washing a clear yellow glass
Listening to the birds chirp
Their song to the first day of Spring
A menial chore
So quickly done
Yet calming in its innocent way
As I watched the sun shift through the window
To mix with the water
As though illuminating my hands
And in that moment
With the newly birthed spring sounds
And sunshine
And water
And one dirty glass
I knew that I was one with God

Spring Haiku

Gray overcast day
A field of yellow flowers
Nature's Irony

The water like glass
Oh, for the serenity
Peace in liquid form

Sky

Wild Flowers

Wild flowers, wild flowers
Are what I see
As I quickly
Zoom, zoom by
Wild flowers, wild flowers
So pretty
Beneath
A blue, blue sky

My Flower

I had a flower
Named 'Oneray
But he chose
To die today
Withered up
If you please
And blew away
In the morning breeze

Sky

Long Closed to Peace

White sand
Blotted with steps
Footsteps of days gone by
Some soft
Some heavy
A walk
A run
Steps led by the eyes

The ocean calls
Rich with its peace
Luring the soul to its heart

A step
A vision
One foot lifts to start

The sand is well traveled
What has it seen?
First kisses
First looks
First loves
And first breaths
From seeing with eyes
Long closed to peace

A Solemn Serenity

A solemn serenity
Warmth enriched with wonder
Soft crashing
Rolling waves
Endless horizon
Reaching far
The depths akin to my mind
Roll after roll
Crest after crest
I watch
I listen
The ocean soothes my soul

Sky

Shadow of a Gull

Drifting
Watching
Softly calling
Peace in every glide
Reaching
Waiting
Moving freely
The shadow of a gull
Takes flight

The Angry Sea

The sea, the sea
The angry sea
Turbulent crests
Breaking free
Foreboding air
Disharmony
The sea, the sea
The angry sea

The ocean's hateful
Tyranny
A quiet mournful
Irony
I look, I look
Sweet agony
The sea, the sea
The angry sea

It's death's dark gloom
I do foresee
Foreshadowing
With its debris
In its wake
Catastrophe
The sea, the sea
The angry sea

Sky

Waiting now
It calls to me
Hovering
Anomaly
You will not win
I do spite thee
The sea, the sea
The angry sea

Upon the shore
I scream my plea
Into the wind
I smile in glee
With my death
I disagree
The sea, the sea
The angry sea

Sweet Halcyon

With golden wing
Sweet halcyon soar
Over land and sea alike
Calming stormy waters
The turbulent sea
Tranquility in flight

A peaceful wind
A warming dawn
Erasing every scowl
Sweet halcyon
Sweet halcyon
Beautiful bird of power

In a Place of Chaos and Peace

I look out at the ocean and the throng of people covering the beach
And glance to the heavens to thank the gods that I am alive and healthy
And able to sit here beneath the umbrella's shade and see all this
I ponder on how amazing life is and how often people forget
At this moment I'm taking everything in
I hear a plane flying overhead almost, though not quite
Drowning out the delighted shrieks of children playing with the surf
Notice I state playing "with" and not "in"
What better way to describe the repetitive game they are playing
The run in and out trying not to get caught
It's a magnificent game of tag
With the ocean being *it*

Just as the children are enthralled with their game
Two lovers are enthralled with each other
Oblivious to the children
Or the world around them
They are enraptured
Everything about them screams LOVE
His body positioned toward hers
Her head turned toward him
There is not one instant that they are not touching
The beach is their sanctuary
Just as the real world is their enemy
Here they have no worries
Here they can stand in the midday sun
With their limbs tangled and simply be in love

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Here - in this wonderful place of chaos and peace
Beach towels are considered clothing
Swimsuits are restaurant attire
Anything goes
Calories don't count
The sun makes you feel alive
And weekend loves can change your life

Sky

Highlighted Exuberant

I can hear my life
Rap rap rapping
Like Poe
In time with the leaves
Rippling in the breeze thick
With want of a June storm
The sky free of gray
Highlighted exuberant
Instead
By clouds of holy glow
Set upon blue so pure
One must squint
To look upon its glory

June

Hazy iced tea afternoons
Insects singing summer's tune
Sweet mimosa trees a boon
On the ground their want-not strewn
Nights bright lit by honey moon
'twill all be gone much too soon
Ahh-the heady days of June

Sky

Green of a Summer Storm

I long for the thick green of summer
That only happens right after
An unexpected storm
When the sky darkens
And the heavens pour
For only moments...
But long enough to saturate
The earth
So the trees and grasses and leaves
Plumpen
And in the haze of the forgotten storm
The world explodes with life

The Dead Heat of Summer

It's the dead heat of summer
When the air is so still
You can almost see the heat
Pulsing through it
The wind doesn't even blow
For fear of overexertion
Walking outside is like walking
Into a gigantic oven
The thick, humidity heavy air
Hits and wraps its languid arms around
You like an invisible boa constrictor
Squeezing the life right out of a body

When one prays for rain and dreams of
Golden leaves falling on the
Hard, baked ground
When the lights stay off
The fans stay on
And cool showers are the norm

When it's too hot to breathe
Too hot to move
Too hot to do anything but lie
Under a fan
Sipping cool sweet tea
And hope for the rain
You already prayed for

Sky

When the sweat pops onto your skin
Instantaneously
as the outside air hits it
And a second later the same sweat
Has dried in streaks down your arms
Because it's so hot
The humidity causes the sweat
The heat causes it to dry
Before one has any knowledge
Of the other

It is sticky
Unmoving heat
That burns through
Your body
And soaks
Into your soul

That's the dead heat of summer

The Trees and the Wind

The trees move in an eerie rhythm
As the wind snakes through their bare branches
The sun casts shadows across the bows
Like a teasing spotlight

Limbs slide across each other
In a sensual dance
Caressing
Touched by the wind
They cavort and mingle
Steady and strong yet
Free flowing and lithe
They speak to each other
An ancient tale

It is a sweet courtship
As together they move
The trees
And
The wind
Softly swaying
Bending
Entwining

And then

They are still

Sky

The Storm

The storm moves in
With twists, turns and rolls
An aggressive force
Building fury
As trees bend in resistance
And birds struggle in flight

Winds scream
Like demons unleashed
Wreaking havoc
On an unsuspecting world

With menacing clouds as cover
The storm feeds
Thunder growls in rage
Lightning spotlights a path
For the heavens to expel
The beast

Then
Spent and sated
It stops
And though fleeting
The sun shines on the aftermath

Flooded

He said the rain was non-stop
Days of torrential downpours
Flooding the city and...
Instant visions of a drenched
Jungle setting
Flooded my mind like the rain
Flooded the streets
I envisioned tropical leaves
Heavy wet
With water slipping off to land
On sodden earth
I thought the flooded world
Seemed remarkable and dreamed
Of how I'd love to be in the midst of it
In a secluded cottage
With rain falling all around me
With no reason to walk outside
Unless my body
Longed
To be flooded
Like the city and my mind

Sky

Rain Running

I ran through the rain
With laughter bubbling up
Lost in the joy of the experience
Loving the cool droplets
That hit my warm, bare skin
And trailed down my body
Like sensual kisses
From the swollen sky

The Rain, The Rain

The rain, the rain
Has come to stay
Turning the world
An endless gray
Each thought turned sad
A gloomful day
The rain, the rain
Melancholy fray
Wrought fourth with sin
A sad display
Like heaven's tears
Happiness prey
Now dark within
All smiles betray
The rain, the rain
My thoughts portray
No need for hurt
Anger soiree
New thoughts unknown
My mind astray
For sun to shine
My lips pray
The rain, the rain
Oh breathless day

Sky

A Calming Freefall

It is raining
Pouring hard
From the heavens
Washing the earth
Clean
Just the sound helps
Heal me
To view it
Brings tears of peace
The rain is welcome
Needed
It is a calming freefall
Of nature's freedom
Sent to soothe

Solstice

In time of year
When sun far north
The longest day
Draws fairies forth

Through ancient times
New calendar spun
All celebrate
The standing sun

Season's cycle
Moonlight dance
Summer forthwith
Daylight entrance

On shortest night
Skyclad desire
ill luck depart
Through cleansing fire

Earth's turning point
Now shortened days
Feel enchantment high
To Harvest, away

Spectacular Morning

I think the Universe is teasing me a bit
Knowing how much I love the autumn
Giving me a taste of what is to come
But not giving me the full effect
Just yet
The weather is mild
The day has that certain sheen
Of early fall
Later on, of course
The sun will be out in full force
Blazing down upon the world
With his molten ferocity
But for now -
The trees are swaying
In a rhythmic dance with the wind
And the sun is calmly
Not obnoxiously
Casting soft beams
To highlight the early falling leaves
The clouds stay out of his way
So not to disturb his magical light
They accentuate
And do not bombard
It seems every part of the Universe
Is working together
To make this morning just for me
Teasing slightly, yes
But I smile nonetheless

First Day of November

November has brought the leaf change
Gold and orange and red adorn
Transition in somber elegance
The wind - a blown kiss
The drizzling rain like tears
Nature mourning
The death of summer

Sunday on Line Street

As I sit here this damp and dreary Sunday morning
Listening to the world around me
I sit and watch and notice things
Other people may not see

The traffic blares reminding me that I'm not in some
Wonderful peaceful sanctuary
But on my own front porch
Of my little house next to the highway
The squirrels are hopping from yard to tree
Carrying some sort of treasure
In their mouths
One seems to be particularly interested
In my car
While the other matter-of-factly moves
Up to the tree
The ground is wet from a late night storm
And covered by freshly fallen leaves
Two bicyclists roll by
The gentleman nods in my direction
I sip my coffee and watch the squirrel
Who has now climbed very high in the tree
Directly above me
He looks as if he is about to dive off
A noise scares him and he scampers back
Down to the security of the ground

One squirrel has moved to the neighbor's yard
While the other has found a power line
To use as a tightrope
The birds chirp loudly and rapidly
As if cheering him on
He's almost there!
They seem to say
He makes it safely across
And the birds are quiet once again
Except for one who doesn't seem
To want to be silent
His chirp more a squawk
He's making his presence known
The bully of the block

A squirrel drops its treasure from high in a tree
And rushes down to re-claim his prize
Before it is stolen

then

The squirrels move down the street
And I'm once again alone
The peace only minutely disturbed by
The huge trucks on the highway
A single leaf falls from a tree
It floats down slowly
And lands on the ground

More leaves float gracefully down
As if performing their own
Private ballet just for me

Sky

The birds have flown down
From their hidden places
To meander in search of food

The coffee is finished
The squirrels have gone home
The birds are silent
It is time to go inside
The leaves fall heavily now
As if to say
Don't go!
But go I must
I must leave my porch sanctuary
And begin my day
The leaves abruptly stop falling
I have their blessing

How Quickly We Forget

How quickly
The leaves fade
From brilliant
To bland
The crisp air
To cold
The week old
Vibrant foliage
Now
A trampled carpet
Of dull underbrush
That gets more
In the way
Than provides beauty
And how quickly we forget
The week before

Sky

Pinecone

There's a pinecone
In the bathroom
And even if I hadn't known
Why it was there
I think I shouldn't
Have been curious
As a pinecone
In the bathroom floor
Seems a perfectly fine
Occurrence to me

Red Moon

It sits upon an ashen sky
The red moon that resides high
Looking down on the world below
Seeing all we wish to know

Sky

Outside at Half Past Three

Outside
At half past three
In the afternoon
The sky weeps
Clouds of frustration
Torn between the fighting
Warm and cold
And as the sun tries
To silence the wind
The trees bow in reverence
To the coming winter

The Fisherman

The fisherman walked with rushed care
Along the bank of the fog covered shore
Pole in hand
Jacket clutched tightly around
His chilled body
Walking with determination and calm
Toward the perfect spot
Perhaps to sit in the misty sunlight
Head bowed
Shoulders curved against the cold
Ruminating
Waiting patiently for a bite

Sky

River

The river flows north
Dappled unsmooth
Like a body of gravel
Shifting glacier-like
In the relentless fog

First Snow

In deepest dark of midnight hour
In midst of softly falling shower
Out the door I crept in calm
Excited but in sweet aplomb

Eyes alight with childlike glow
Amazed by freshly fallen snow
I let it fall upon my tongue
The icy taste my senses sung

The ground a snowy wonderland
A wintry world sublimely grand
Flakes spun and twirled - a dance of white
Spectacular February Night

Sky

Tundra

I'm full of excitement
Dance and laughter
Happy bliss
Over a wee bit of snow
Rarely seen
Always loved
Rather like an occupant
Of the tundra
Who longs for warmth
Then awakens to
A tropical day
And smiles

Snowflakes

Snowflakes

Like little

Fluttering

Fairy lights

Drift and Dance

Across calm

Cold wind

To Live Anywhere

A nice, quiet island
Full of beauty and serenity
Away from the hustle and bustle
Of manipulation
Conceit
Materialism
And egocentrism
A place where I can awake
In peace
Greet the day
With love
Fall asleep
With a smile on my face
Somewhere I can spend my days
Writing in the beauty
Of nature
Where the sun shines
Warmly
And the rain washes
Everything clean
Nothing too hot
Just a warm
Calming air
With
A gently
Cooling breeze
I would gladly stay
In this place
For the remainder
of my days

Omniscient

I distinctly recall
Placing my foot on the
Unsteady
Bumper
To hoist myself to the
Top
Of the car to lie back
To watch the moon
That so called to me
And as I gazed my mind came clear
My focus faded so the connection was made
And held
The almost omniscient pearl
That was my midnight partner
That hurt my eyes in splendor
Shown through clouds
To find me
Wanting
And in that moment
All was divine

The Breeze Today

The breeze today carries a hope...
Hope for me and you and them
Hope for the world
That doesn't always see
And isn't always awake
But sometimes is
Hope for a world
That often forgets the word
And remembers most when life
Speaks harshly

The breeze today carries hope...
The leaves dance with it
The clouds are thick with it
As though
They are a canopy holding it in

The breeze today carries hope...
It moves it around to touch one
Then another
Until the ripple is felt by all

The breeze has brushed by me
This morn
And with the breeze
I find myself renewed

By the Light of No Moon

It is a solitary night
Sitting on paint peeled
Back porch steps
Writing by the light
Of no moon
Illuminated by the reflection
Of the safety light on
The city provided
Garbage can
That some fairy...
 Or good Samaritan-
Takes to the street every week
The Pisces in me forgets...
 Or just doesn't care
The limbs and branches
Sway a sultry beat over the light
Allowing hit and miss glimmers
To fall across
My paper and me
Teasing or taunting...
 I can't tell which
The shadows on the ground
Their understudy
Of this moonless night interlude
Where the still air is warm
But the breeze chills the bones
Just enough
To show you who's boss
And you realize
That even if you could control it

Sky

You wouldn't -
Because the appeal of it all
Running free is much greater
That the want of dictatorship
Over something that flows so well
On its own
The street lights twinkling
Like stars through the trees
Are a testament to that
All is as it should be
Even with no moon to shine over
The trees know just when to shift...
The wind just when to swirl...
The shadows just when to dance...
Just as I, deep down
Knew just when to walk outside
And sit on these steps
To be a witness to it all

Shifts & Changes

I look past the traffic
Look past the man-made structures
Of brick and mortar
I look past
Look up
Look behind
And I see LIFE...
I see the blanket of trees in the background
Several still green
But so many in the shift and change
Some half way there
Blotchy green and gold combined
Some pale yellow ochre
They've begun their shift
 But still have a bit of change left to come
Some are deep orange
 Others bright red
 Bright yellow
And some....oh some....
 They're a vibrant red-orange

The shifts and changes
 The subtle movements
And sometimes breakthroughs
 Of instant change
 Where what was mostly green yesterday
Is today
 Glorious yellow

The changing of the leaves

Sky

Like the changing of people
Some asleep
The dark browns and deep green
Living, breathing but sitting at an impasse
Within themselves
They hover without really moving

Some mixed
The mottled colors of greens mingled with gold
They have stepped forward
They've heard the call
Of the Universe
They are listening to their soul's whispering
But don't quite know where they're going
Or how to get there
But they can feel and see the path

Then the deep yellow ochre and deep orange
Those who have begun their awakening
They've taken the path a mile or two
Can see where it can lead
Determined to willingly trod forth

And the vibrant yellow, orange and red...
They are AWAKE
They've listened to their soul
Found their light and scream to the Universe
For MORE
So they continue along their path
They have felt their growth
And want more of it
They have faced their demons
And dig deeper for what's next
They've swum their deep rivers
Rising to the surface cleansed and refreshed

Ready for what's next...
Time and time again

Changing Leaves
Changing Lives

Rebirth and Renewal

Once Asleep, Now Awake

And when the winter comes
 The leaves drop to bare branches
 Those who are awake
Will stand strong and stoic
 Through the dark and cold of winter's keep
Knowing in spring they will be the first to blossom
 To show the world
 That it can be done

They will let it all fall away
 Strip themselves to bare bones
 To face what is deep inside

They will survive it
 They will be reborn with a new understanding
Of their own truths

They will show others how to awaken
 Like the buds in spring
 Like the green of summer
 Like the vibrancy of Autumn

They will lead and show
 That like themselves, others too,
 Can awaken from their winter

Miracles Every Day Come

The leaves have sprouted golden
Like the summer sunshine shone
Down on the same leaves
Dressed a deep green
After bursting forth from
Dew drenched buds
That survived their winter's sleep
A telling tale
This wheel of the year
Where if eyes are open
Miracles are every day come

About the Author

Artist. Writer. Vagabond Poet.

Gatlianne lives in North Alabama, in a serene house full of books and walls of different colors. She became involved with the More to Life Community after realizing the organization's philosophy was after her own heart. She also heads a volunteer group called The Legion of Peace.

She writes books to inspire and teach. She loves the world. The soul of humanity calls to hers and her own soul calls out with love in return. She wants to help others get to the core of who they truly are and shine. She strives to be a guiding light along their path so in the end, we all shine as one.

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Other Books By Gatlianne:

You the Gasoline & I the Flame

Freedom is a Feather: Words for Change

Private

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