



Sculpting the Heart's Poetry

While Conversing with the Masters



Ekphrasis Poetry by Joyce White

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4th Edition in Sculpting the Heart Series
by Joyce White

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My personal thanks to everyone who inspired me including
my readers and family. Joyce White

My personal thanks to Sage Sweetwater who befriended and encouraged me saying, "Joyce's poems are really good...Feminist godly mythology... sensuous, of love, of women and addictive, competitive drama...Angel-bearing wings, Joyce White's poetry flies above life's fault line."

Of my Sculpting the Heart with Art Therapy E-book, she says, “this book is about the possibility of renewing life.”

I’d also like to thank Carolyn Howard-Johnson for her encouragement and review, “Lovely...Joyce’s poems are like little affirmations for the creative essence in each of us.” ~ says Carolyn Howard-Johnson. Award Winning Poet & Author of Howtodoitfrugally Editing Series.

Of my other work she writes: “...Surviving Depression with Art Therapy is liberally sprinkled with four-color images of artwork and photography that will make you smile; this book is about being happy.”

I dedicate this book to my sons Brian and Steve, and my daughters, Diana and Dorina, and Heather and Melisa, my best friends and granddaughters. My thanks also to my doctors, pain clinics and spiritual partners who wish me the best.

From the desk of: **W. Joyce White**
<http://www.sculptingtheheart.com> and
<http://www.joycewhite@sculptingtheheart.com>

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FOREWORD

Who of us don't enjoy expressing ourselves in some secret way? This book is filled with my secret, inner most feelings. Both reading and writing poetry are forms of therapy for the reader and the writer. Writing poetry is an excellent way to pay renewed attention to the masters and their art. They inspire us to turn their art into "our art" through films, paintings, poetry or even clay sculptures. None of us write alone without carrying on our back the whisperings of others.

Ekphrastic poetry like mine makes an excellent conversation between two pieces of art. I want to thank Picasso, Chagall, and all the other artists I try to match wits in my paintings and my poetry.

Most of us get a kind of emotional fuel from looking at the art of past. They kind of give us a foundation to build our dreams on. There is no such thing as writer's block when we use others ideas to inspire us. Poetically speaking, I think most poets are like honey bees hungrily searching through a grand buffet of literature, film and/or art for that speck of pollen we can turn into honey.

Besides authoring two books, I had a lot to say and needed a way to say it, so I started experimenting with poetry. I am no doctor and I write for fun and wellness, mine and others. Writing poetry, journaling and art making are creative ways to turn the burning inside our heads into positive thinking, researching and recording. When writing poetry we can't help but confront our past circumstances to break their hold over us. This form of healing is called Poem Therapy.

I am not always aware, at least on a conscious level how much others drive my art. Reality is too restrictive so I like to play connect-the-dots with Picasso. He walks with me and talks with me. I am expanding his ideas into my own. It is said the human mind is like an umbrella. It functions best when open.

When sculpting our heart's poetry, it is good to approach our art as poetry as if it were a game. We need to play connect-the-dots with words and feelings, paying close attention to the sound and flow of our memories, as well as their arrangement on the page. It is never too late to be what you were meant to be. Joyce

Sculpting the Heart's Poetry

You can find me daily at www.sculptingtheheart.com or
joycewhite@sculptingtheheart.com

To be a poet, you need to know when to listen and when not, as well as begin every day with a moment of silence, during the day listen to the children who are always on, we can learn as much from them as they us,

Poets need to befriend isolated thinkers, to enjoy their gift of gab, to recognize universal truths, listen to their intuitions, and welcome the muses that are their best fans,

Poets need to give credence to the “unseen” and to know that there is no coincidence, and be appreciative we enjoy free will,

Poets need to ride the winds with glee that blow through their minds, and to write those thoughts down before someone else does or before their forgotten all together,

Poets need to learn to appreciate the sun setting, a bird call, a quiet garden, a clear sky, and a creative effort with an unambiguous pen.

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*Painting is poetry that is seen rather than felt;
poetry is painting that is felt rather than seen.*

Leonardo da Vinci

Chapter 1

Feminist Mythology





Women

A kick here and there for my mom,
my daughters and me, rivalry inscribed
from birth to grave, our mouths
disengaging our brains,

sweet kisses turning into salty tears, do
as I say not as I do! Silent wars,
screaming hostility, with pods
revolting and roots diving deep for
refuge,

Galileo painting our minds with
jealousy and conflicting opinions,
from one generation to another,

Caffeine, Nicotine and Prozac
swallowing our kingliest bliss, our
happiness depending on our estranged
loyalty to one another,

Women are flags of far too many
dimensions to unfurl on paper.



Bird of God

I like to begin poetry by exploring
phrases,

I am...I am a poet...but then I think

“What is a poet?”

Whateveritis, I think,

it must have food for the soul,

It must have generous folds of

thoughts,

and Love,

Whateveritis, I think,

it must be arrogant,

to coach the sun to rise,

to kiss the day good-bye,

and Hope,

Whateveritis, I think,

Its ecstasy remains intact,

With the Birds of God

for Companions.





A Family's Hands



Turning Into Mom

I hear my mom's voice many
mornings when I roll out of bed, her
eyes looking back at me in a mirror,
both of us crying a little,

it was our habit to refer back to
minutes, weeks, months, or years gone
by, when forced to keep *doing*, as
opposed to *enjoying* each other,

when we sat eye-to-eye, we were
estranged, waiting for our bodies to
stop hurting, and our minds to stop
accusing and excusing,

but now that she is deceased, I try to
simplify my twisted feelings by trying
to forgive and forget, and remember
our anger at the world did not
compromise our love for each other.





Birthdays

Do you carry your past like a stone in
your pocket?

Not surprisingly birthdays come on
like villains knocking at our doors, tap,
tap, tap, shifty-eyed fast speaking
salesmen

peddling love, wisdom, youth and
popularity pushing substitutes in
bottles, tiny millimeters of hope

Shifter stones, natal lovers, dark aliens,
eaves-dropping our days, troubling our
nights,

Feigning possibilities of youth
and good health, Intertwining hope
with dread, Fantasy with fact

Re-defining gravity as incidental,
promising regularity as attainable,
shifty fast speaking salesmen console
us with companion pillows, heating
pads, Flexall and Unisom,

Unpearling our hopes and dreams a
little while longer, Old age is no party,
No matter, No, No

Sometimes we swallow their lines
greedily with regular doses of

Metamucil, Centrum Silver and
Maalox,

So what if Lady Clairol is our friend?

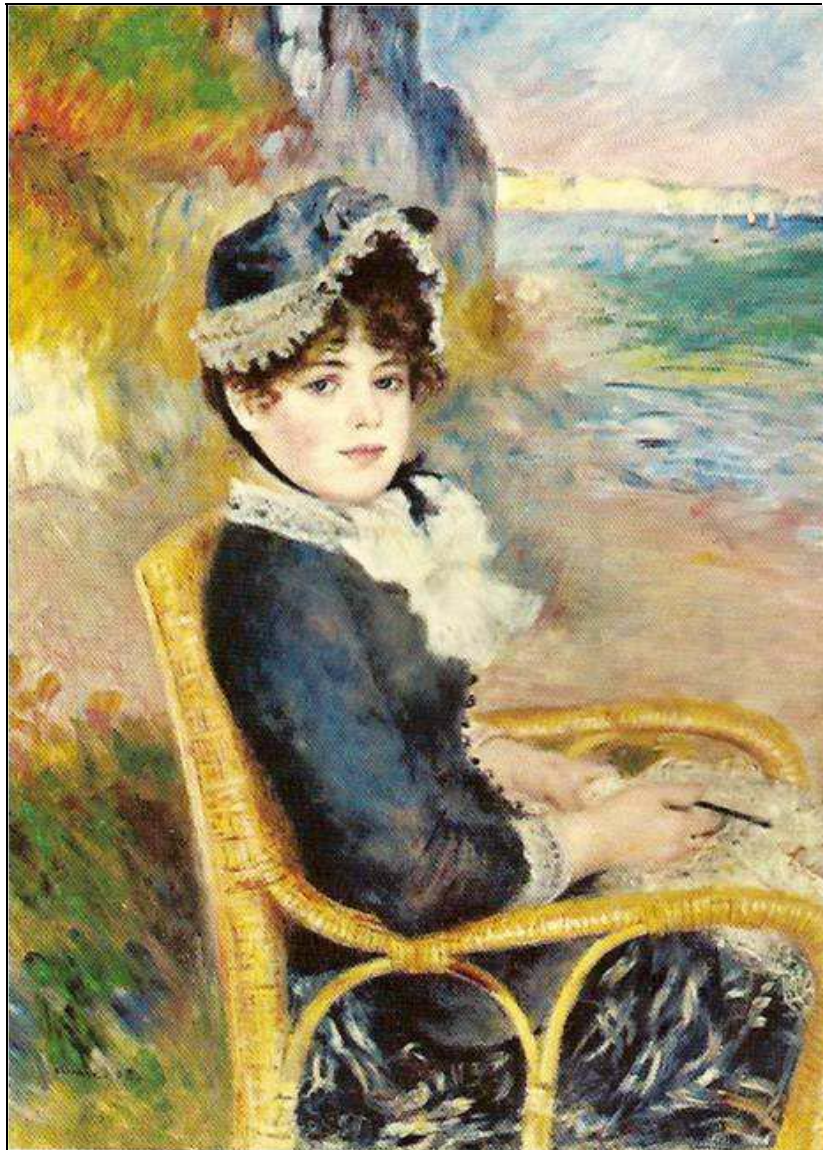
When we can't sleep, not without all
those young hot lovers who mused our
days and pleased our nights,

Come you now with wrinkled skin and
beer barrel waists with high, high
foreheads

No matter, No, No, meet us at the
Vender's Market in the Land of
dreamy plenty. We will love you and
will sing for you of good times

Bottled and Preserved just for
our Birthdays!





By the Seashore by Renoir



Happy Children

Happy children are all-stars, curious
jugs of sunshine, their faces radiant,

their eyes metaphors of emptiness and
fullness perfectly contained, their
naïveté keeps us entertained,

they don't think about anything too
long, peanut butter keeps them
energized, they have happy feet, elastic
faces,

like acrobats they ride bareback on
wild stallions with wings, they train
smarter, not harder, slow and steady
gets them there,

they balance fun with rest, and they lie
on their backs and take pleasure in
moments of nothingness.



Crystalline Clear

I sometimes imagine us like we use to
be, together holding hands, kissing,
fighting, just being,

I reach for you too late, my nails biting
into my flesh, I clutch nothing, just
bloody me,

never in reality, would I ever imagine
you not with me, have I seen you
everywhere watching me, watching
you,

I see you giving me a stoic farewell
salute, in clouds rolling over and over,
then disjoining and vaporizing,

in my afternoon Coke, tiny air bubbles
fondle and nuzzle, as if us, then the ice
cubes dissolve, my future crystalline
clear.





Journaling Love

As if over-ripe 40 year-old grapes on a
vine, sorely waiting to be plucked,
aged curves and sun-toned appeal,

not soured by time but improved like
wine, hot days and long nights,
wanton juices burst, in love at last,
I am free, until,

bright neon lights, fears and scars
illuminated inexplicable pain, a new
seedling in a new time,

and captured in her tiny face is love,
whose heart in a few years will be ripe
for the plucking.





Girl in Barn





Becoming a Poem

As an artist I will admit there were
 unfortunate moments in my intensity,
 when crippling insecurities left me
 limp and passion-free. When I'm busy
 doing something I love,

there was progress to my spirit.
 Keeping busy always put me in a
 better mood. I am many, but not
 always the fairest to gaze upon, my
 smoldering aura embodied the

holy, unholy and the human form; I
 confess I've opened my exalted head
 and body to Pablo Picasso who
 perceived me in strange and abstract
 ways; and there were times when I've
 summoned the most evil,

known as Satan for a few hot unholy
 days, then joined Moses and the
 Greatest Mother of them all, until I
 tired of their perpetual sermons, on the
 hills, if I recall;

three watery graves once called out to
 me, I offered John, Jr. a Water Lillie,
 as well as his wife, Caroline and her
 sister, too,

lastly with an urge to breed, I began
 following John Travolta around when

his quivering wings reminded me of a



night spent in the arms of the angel
Michael,

I offered him a Lilac Blossom plucked
from my own bosom...laughed and
kissed him long and hard,
becoming this poem for you.

Chapter 2

Conversing with the Masters



Les Demoiselles by Picasso



Zeus, Hermes & Dionysus, the First New Year Baby

Hermes the prankster of the Gods,
sired Dionysus

the love child of Zeus and a
pregnant Semele,

who died when a wish
backfired because

love between a God and a mortal,
cannot

safely be; Zeus quickly plucked her
unborn fetus

from her dying womb, to stash in his
thigh till born,

becoming tired of the extra weight, he
then

plucked the child, once again, into the
light,

“You intoxicate me, little one,” Zeus
laughed and

pronounced, “you shall be the God of
wineand good times.” Who better to
introduce

wine, merriment and
fertility than Zeus, the

God of electricity, a prankster like
Hermes, and an insatiable gender-
confused child?





The Gallery

Mom, I finally made it in to see you
today, this darn bloody wooden bench
hurts my back, and so I won't stay too
long,

the gallery of marble and stone where
you make your home, chills my aged
bones, yet daily, I'm happy no where
else,

remembering that Sunday in the park
at La Grande Jatte when I was a little
girl, even now my cheeks flame a bit
each time I think of Seurat,

he was the one that gave me the
beautiful bouquet of flowers, and I
remember how pretty I felt, he was the
handsome young man with the palette
he said was singing to him,

I thought him a bit crazy, now
coincidentally, most think I am, when
I say my own art sings to me, I'm so

glad he wrapped us all in a bright
warm yellow coats, and even though I
didn't hear his music then, please tell
Seurat I do now.



A Thousand Artist Eyes

When twilight chases day,
heavens twinkled with the delight
of a thousand artist eyes
the day but one, a fireball called
the sun, to help us get our days
work done,
when twilight chases day,
heavens twinkled with the delight
of a thousand artist eyes,
all called upon to pay their due,
writers must write, painters must
paint; musicians are most blessed
for all, for their work they get to
play for you.





Walking with Angels

It was John Milton who wrote
Paradise Lost, the epic of Adam and
Eve, he was most probably counseled
by angels,

I'm thinking of just a few, now there is
the angel Raphael, who escorted
Adam and Eve out of the Garden of
Eden,

and Israfel is known as the angel of
resurrection and song, wrote Edgar
Allan Poe, even Michelangelo
sculptured his angel kneeling with a
candlestick,

Shekinah is the most interesting to me,
the female manifestation of God in
man, also known as bride of the Lord,

the Bible says in Matthew 18:20
“when two sit together and are
occupied with the word of the Law,

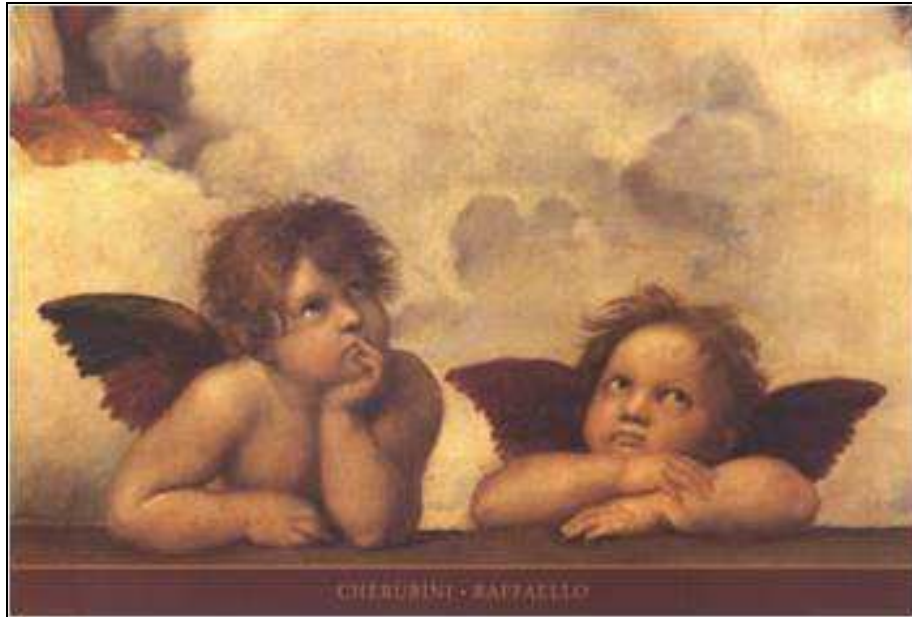
the Shekinah is with him.” She was
also the messenger to Moses and
Jacob, and John the Baptist,

and most probably to all us bloggers,
poets, writers, And then there is
Gabriel, one of the two highest-
ranking angels in religious lore. He is
the angel of

resurrection, mercy, vengeance, death
and revelation. Gabriel sits on the left-
hand side of God,

he has 140 pairs of wings, and
represents the spirit of truth. There are
many kinds of heavenly beings that
bridge the spiritual and physical
realms. We all walk with angels.





Rafael Angels



Saint Raphael, Angel of the Sun

Saint Raphael comes to us to heal
 what is not right with his wisdom and
 grace, it can happen in the twinkling of
 an eye, he is my muse and I am his,

Saint Raphael gets his power from the
 sun, and he stokes our passions with
 delight, burning the midnight oils for
 us, with a voracity of unparalleled
 love,

he glistens in the day for us, and glows
 at night with wings and horned-
 head as handsome as any can be,
 when wrestling with Satan and his
 demons for our souls,

Saint Raphael is my muse and I am
 his, he whispers in my ears at night,

“Let your passions flow for others like
 the moving of water, and you Heal
 thyself along with others.”





Uplifted by Angels

I am a 11:11 angel, I pray to be a
celestial artisan, that my soul be
sprinkled with passionate thoughts,
when I'm tired let their angelic wings
fan me with healing energetic breezes,

let them light my eyes with the lamps
of wisdom so I can see what is right or
wrong, and give me the creative
license of mixing pain and pleasure,
terror and hope,

bless me with celestial knowing, wit,
wryness, color and an angelic sense of
timing, wake me out of a sound sleep
and give me words to translate pain
and loneliness into a form I can
understand,

and let my optimism fall like seeds to
the moist warm ground to take root in
the footsteps of others.





Madonna and Baby Jesus... the supreme subjects...

Some call her Mary, others call her
Madonna, or the mother of Jesus, she
was frail, gentle and absolute, infant
Jesus was her first work of art,

the toddler grew strong and alert, and
when he smiled at those with twisted
and broken bodies, their limbs grew
strong, and they who couldn't stand
before could now walk away,

that part of little Jesus that was man
never knew hunger, for angels
nurtured him with the milk of God,
poppies, and lilacs for desert, and their
love which sustained him.





The Beating of Angel Wings

Melodic music of Mozart, and the beating of angel wings, breathing a pure and holy feeling into all who welcome them,

For those who believe and pray for help, welcome the guardian angels God will surely send, And, Do not be Afraid but Delight when sacred scenes unfold as I:

For once in such a moment somewhere in my soul; A pure and holy feeling came over me. I thought I died and gone to heaven, and I decided it was okay,

I was suddenly awakened to incredible love. I felt like I could fly! An angel by the name of Sarah explained that angels have only one wing and can fly only by embracing another in love!

I was hearing the most refreshing, wonderful and musical things. I knew she was not going to take from me but

give instead; she then helped me return to share with others what was given to me which was love.





On or Off, or In-between

The keeper of the in-between, is a
messenger called Hermes, chosen to
record, report, and transport the dead,

in between an outer realm and an
inner realm, the living sacrifice one for
the other,

the mysticism of nothingness and non-
being always prevailing, our egos
demanding us to be either on or off
much like a machine, a loss of body, a
drop in a bucket,

a fragmented libido, unending
claustrophobia, a giftedness faded,
secrets entombed,

how they tore at their bread, warped
their peace and wasted their enormous
budget of potential, their memory
makes me tremble,

in between an outer realm and an
inner realm, we sacrifice one for the
other!





Chapter 3

Reading Picasso



Girl in Mirror by Picasso



Picasso's Art

He was was born in Spain, the son of a painter and teacher of art, he was astonishingly prolific moving on to Paris,

as a theater designer, draftsman and sculptor, he was believed to be the greatest printmaker of the 20th

Century, and at last, there was as much interest in his personal life as his art, his love of praise was insatiable,

Despite all, his world was flat and his heart one-dimensional, he preferred ownership rather than loving,

he owned a model, a dancer, a photographer, a journalist, and a ceramist, and a child of 17 not quite ripe,

His Blue Period was 1901-1904

His Rose Period 1905-1907

His African influenced period 1908-1909

His Analytic Cubism period was 1909-1912

His Synthetic Cubism 1912-1919

when he found himself old, twisted
and torn, he paused for a rest at
Madoura Pottery in 1953,

where Picasso began molding clay,
and a potter by the name of
Jacqueline, whom he finally wed in
1961.

when he was entertaining friends at
dinner in 1973, with these last words,
he pleaded,

“Drink to me, drink to my health, you
know I can't drink any more.” He
died. She shot herself in 1986,
probably thinking of him.





Picasso's Paintings

Picasso's abstract paintings fill my head with fascinating narratives, he ran the females in his pack with wounds,

he should have felt and dealt with when he was young, but then painted them with feelings of mastery and omnipotence,

his favorite model was a pretty ballerina named Olga, his girl in the mirror,

I hear her begging to be space between Picasso's ears, I can see her elongated limbs and bulging breasts reaching out for him,

pride guides his hands around her 22 inch waist, I see him loving his women separately but tasting them all as one,

turning his backside to each after a cataclysmic orgasm, he painted torn pieces of himself in blues, reds and yellows.





Girl Playing the Tambourine

Bazooka, I see Picasso's done it again,
painting Olga dancing and playing the
Tambourine, a collage of many
sensual parts, a mystery to explore,

she's dancing to an unheard melody in
Picasso's head, it's magical getting to
know her in a cubic sense, even
though she looks kind of odd to us,

Picasso thinks she's perfectly mapped,
a massive tragedy of parts, recalling
them with an insanity he never-ever
sought,

he could do nothing more or less, then
to reconstruct his women as he knew
best.





Picasso's Women

I caught the glimpse and gleam of Picasso's
women...in my mirror, each invading my soul

with curiosity, sadness and fear,

all of us like stubborn toddlers, sitting in highchairs,
waiting to be fed life, a little excited, a little not,

we traveled with dark glasses of misconception and
misery, our faces wet with sweat and tears, our egos
plump,

each of us moving from one world to another, our
hands cutting the air into magic masks of unforeseen
circumstances we hide behind,

each of us craving and loathing the pain of the
perpetual wounds of living and loving.





Les Demoiselles

Picasso gathered five sisters of
prostitution into a collage of
strategic cubes of memento mori,
the death rattle of jilted lovers,
painting them as savages,
with angular and disjointed
bodies, some hiding behind masks,
while his hand-eye coordination
painted them all into the future
with ambiguous affection.



Chapter 4

Van Gogh & Friends



Chagall Collage by Joyce White



Oh, Starry Night

There is beauty, bravery,

and achievement in Van Gogh's

Starry Night, splendidly swabbing his
cavas tenderly, taking his own sweet
time,

while gifting each air pocket
imaginary wings fashioned from a cool
night light,

while the small village slept below, he
educated his eyes by surfing the clouds,
we educated ours by studying the merits
of his lines of composition, form and
color,

trying to lock in his essence, with his
soul hanging like a tadpole man in
each artistic rendering.

where we go to breathe in the darkness
of all the idiocy, we poets fall heir to
today.







Terror and Mercy

I feel like I'm disappearing,
one painting at a time,
I'm drawing on empty, too many
paths and detours,
followed and not followed,
an agitation blowing through me,
like a cruel wind, between the rapture
of my brush and the dread of being
misunderstood, between groans and
grunts, and a thicket of lingering
passions, hand-picked, polished and
packed for delivery at my door by
unseen hands,
these things I do not profess to
understand, my life pieced together
laboriously with terror and mercy.





The Birth of Venus
by Botticelli



Aphrodite & Venus and all Want-to-Be Marilyn Monroes

Some call us man's first cultured
pearls, goddesses first birthed from
castrated genitals,

our all-seeing eyes of violet blue with
traces of emerald green, and our hair is
like soft wet straw, with traces of wild
flowers,

we are known as special tongue-n-
cheek divas, which are sexually
implicit phenomena and repository of
many a mortal's dreams,

man has tried to carve our beauty into
blocks of naked stone, with a lot of
arousal left behind, almost like flesh,
only cold instead,

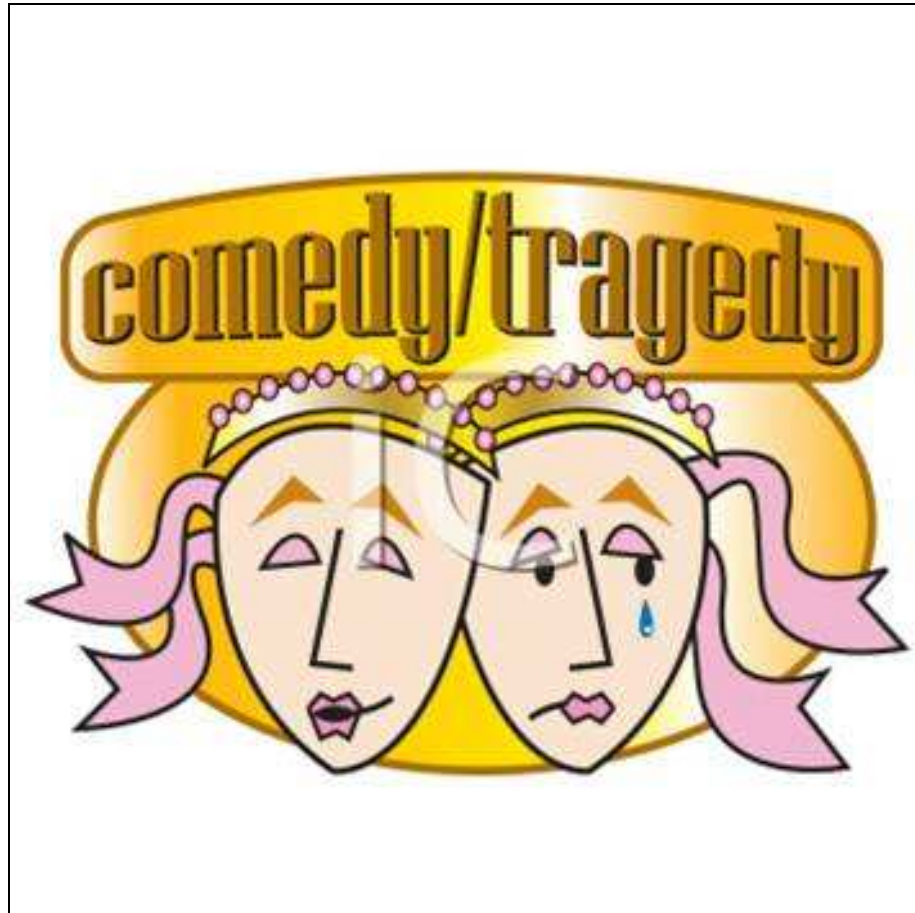
even though our hands are penniless
and empty, they are filled with man's
destiny to love and be loved,

so similar to the divine in repose, we
lay upon rose petals in our scalloped
shells nibbling on poppies, reading
poetry and singing songs of love.



Chapter 5

Drama, Drama, Drama





Tears are like Polliwogs

It is nice to think of tears like
polliwogs swimming around in a
mortal's eyes, evolving into well-
adjusted higher forms,

with better motor control and hand-
eye co-ordination, ascending rather
than descending,

bending rather than breaking,
reaffirming rather than hurting, and
smiling rather than frowning,

It's nice to think of sorrow as water,
and all those tears escaping where
swelling pain had been,

It's nice to think our sorrow will soon
evaporate just like our tears, turning
our attention to helping others evolve.





Our Inner Poet

When art comes to consciousness,
whether it be Haiku, epic or free verse,
if it looks and sounds like a poem, it is,

whether it be paintings, photographs,
sculptures or any form of creative
expression, if you can feel it, you can
produce it,

you can even write an Ekphrastic
poem, just paint an image in your
reader's mind, Yeats, Picasso, and
Van Gogh, all dead,

when conversing with the masters, all
imagination gathers to a greatness,
leaving a chain reaction, of inspiration
by and large.





Money, Grammar & Endless Love

My brain is working overtime,
thinking about money, grammar and
endless love, what shoes I should
wear, how to eat and how much not,

I don't know what I'll do, if my
Yorkies won't stop barking, soon, I
drag my tired body, from place to
place, dreaming about justice and
injustice,

and gorging myself on winged poems,
and it seems like I never have enough
money to go around, and then words
worry me, too, like would, could,
shall, or should, and why not do?

Even though my pen may have a
moral plan, it cannot out-argue my
past because just this morning I
was dreaming of budding twigs in my
graying hair and dancing with an
endless love,

I was thinking how his eyes flashed
with fire when he looked at me and
how his always smiling lips tasted of
chocolate even in my dreams.





Pimping Out Love in Poetry

Some love affairs go on too long in our heads...the truth is we poets can easily become our own sad poems,

half falling over ourselves day and night, wearing mufflers, blinders and Mona Lisa smiles, our blowfish egos becoming nightly bridge walkers, roof servants, or chimney sweeps,

so Indefinable, Undeniable, breathing in the soot of our heart's desires and all the rest of the idiocy we poets fall heir to when conjugating our hearts and pimping our love into poetry.





Springtime Choices

My first choice is to open the windows
and tear the plastic away, and let the
sun shine thaw out my aching bones,
winter depression and other damages
unseen,

Soon my poems will blossom like
seeds, their roots nourished by the
warmth of a sun gone wild,

I will kneel and give thanks as
I struggle out of my skin like a sleepy
poet ready to dangle metaphors from
my pen,

we will all drink, eat, and feel more;
when we touch, smell and breathe
more,

we're so privileged to have two
working hands and hinged knees to
help plant the seeds that come to life
in the Spring.





Insects Compared To Man

Evolution favors us but
 compared to man, we're built
 inside out and upside down with
 an ugly face, We have no bones,
 our skeleton external, to grow
 we must molt which takes a little
 trouble,

Like man, most of us live to
 work, mate and die, no time for
 fun we live so briefly, Some of
 us have neither Mouths nor
 Stomachs and will never eat at
 all,

Can you catch the scent of your
 LOVE downwind like the moth?

Most like man, we are obsessed
 with light, following it even into
 death,

I pass my short time watching
 the garden spider weave his
 intricate web for me,

But its the constant buzz of the
 neighboring beehive that
 reminds me how sweet even a
 short life can be,

I imagine a tiny honeybee was
 probably diving onto a
 honeybee orchid

Some where, braking on a soft
 petal and tasting her candied
 nectar, while walking into the
 flower of love.





White on White

I like to play the “what if” game. How would we live in a world without color? I imagine living with white on white would be better than black on black.

When I’m shuffling through my mind, I imagine I wouldn’t know if I were winning or losing with a deck of solid white cards or a set of white checkers,

Without colors I wouldn’t know when to stop, to slow or go, I think about all the beautiful flowers and butterflies and what their colors mean to me,

I’m thinking about white pigeons cooing and cawing, hiding from white cats, hurling and twirling themselves into the air, all for naught,

I’m thinking about white birds, looking for white worms crawling around in white grass, and all their white bellies hungry for the prey they cannot see,

I’m thinking of white sea-caps on white rolling seas, and a white sailboat in distress, how would it be saved? How could we be taught our ABC’s with white chalk on a white chalkboard?

We can live without many things
around, but who can happily and
safely live without nature's colors of
red, yellow, orange, blue, green, black
and brown?





Our Designer Future

I wrote this poem thinking about how our world would be if science begins designing kids in test tubes. Then there is the ozone thing. What will humans be like if all is bad becomes true sometime in the far future?

I woke one morning to find Mother Earth, is damn mad now, her rain forest so beautiful and strategically placed are gone because men needed toothpicks and chairs to sit their lives on,

looking out my window, my light-sensitive eyes detect a protective plate glass between me and the warmth of the sun, as it is fatally dangerous now with no ozone layer in between,

it seems now the fields of corn, wheat and all the good things we love to eat are gone, no green grass, only clay and sandy ground cover remains.

No cows, milk, chickens nor eggs, only nutritious red and orange chemical capsules with added steroids to purge on, Not Russian nor USA,

nor Chinese, everyone imprisoned yet saved.

Only unisex babies are born now,
incapable of love or emotional thirst,
sexual preference and degree of
intellect are now a matter of scientific
design,

those men and women who remained
true are considered genetic mutants,
and can be found in a new kind of zoo.

Mankind now practices levitation, and
uses much more of their brain. There
is no need to talk or sing, and can be
described as open vacuums of
knowledge with Mona Lisa-smiles!!!





The Ballet of the Cats

By day they sit and stare in unison, a
communal group, observing, waiting,
it is their job, height obsessed,
achieving lift-off, sailing like pieces of
air-blown tissues,

twitching tails, piercing neon eyes,
hissing and spitting in rage, their
operatic screams take the night,

cameling their backs with purpose, one
mouse in seven escaping, their mystery
prevailing as rumors suggest they see
through reincarnated eyes,

cats by day, and tigers by night, on
stage, on call, perhaps eternally.



Chapter 6

The Circle of Life



The Circle of Life



The Alcoholic

Rotted gutting, pickled lips and
Blood shot eyes, violent
limbs in the middle of sleep
Protruding wormholes where
the liver and heart should be
Fading in and, a stranger
A lover, a stranger, again
Coal black days for his enabler,
His breathing labored after
Kissing me, him licking
his lips loving the way
they tasted like beer
He drifted in and out, a boy,
a monster, a boy, again
who doesn't know his
his insatiable penis
will at some point devour him,

A stupefying sight,
him clinging to his fleshy brain stem
while pouring out his heart to others!







Blossoms Praying

There's nothing as sweet as falling for
a little girl in her gardenias world, she
loves the sight of us sprawling all over
the earth,

pink, white and yellow, some pods
pierced through the heart by a stem so
green, always singing, and dancing
side by side, dreaming of an amorous
encounter,

when the winds and rains come, we
are set free to take the ride of our lives,
we sigh for some understanding, some
permanence,

we don't have much time to
philosophize about our fate, we'll all
be back again the following
spring, blanketing all around, **where
we first and last touched the ground.**







The Boy and his First Dirty Word

His first dirty word tore at the sweet
meat of his brain, while he explored
many feet of earth, and everything that
really matters,

he was like most boys with years
behind him of chasing squirrels,
playing video games and pushing
music inside his head while putting
everything else off till tomorrow,

glued to the side of his ear was a shiny
snail whispering, go for it, go for it,
and it made kissing sounds, as he
jumped from hole to hole,

he would be a man when his twelve
organs were in place and his brain
stem was unencumbered by logic.





A Cowboy's Moonlight Ride

A Virgin Moon shining particles

of our forefathers, ageless and
weightless,

a movie camera,

Intake, Focus, Flash-On

an aged Cowboy and a lot of Bull
imbedded

deep within a plush, green, still-life

hemisphere, partly missing & partly
seen,

Intake, Flashback, Intake

callused palms and aching thighs,

booming echoes of bulldozing hoofs,

the unruly duo becoming the burial
site for the roots "Of Dandelions"

Intake Flashback, Intake!





Hermit Poets

It is a dilemma how we are always
digging in-between sand traps, cutting
us off at the waist, from the triumph of
imagination over intelligence,

Playing hide-and-seek, always on the
go, here, there and yonder, forgetting
to appreciate the poetry and creative
expression,

kindred spirits turn disorder into order,
they turn repressed thought into
attendant emotion, and ambiguous
words into dreams.

that transform us from displaced willy-
nilly crabs to spontaneous artists who
build elaborate series of defenses lest
their sublimated emotions and
motivations come disturbingly into
consciousness.





Ribbons, Bows and Pink Lace

I'm six, no ribbons, bows or pink lace,
only curly long locks around my
freckled face, I don't want dolls or to
play with others,

I never got ribbons, bows or pink lace,
only long braided hair that hid my shy
face;

I was always alone, and for fun, I
chased lizards, slimy, slithery ones,
and turtles, slow ugly green ones,

I loved watching the frogs jump and
the birds fly, flip pity flop pity, high-
flying ones;

I loved the pretty colored rainbows
sent after a storm; and when I caught
falling stars, putting them in my
pocket,

I made wishes every day, for ribbons,
bows and pink lace!

I'm ten years old now, we live in a
shot-gun shanty on the Mississippi
River,

I wore new homemade clothes that
smelled old before I wore them, no
time for fun or friends,

it seems like the only warmth in our
shack came from an old iron “pot-
bellied” coal stove huddled in the
corner coughing up fumes of distaste,

like me, “Come on out and play!” The
kids in the neighborhood screamed
and ran away.

I’m older now, my gray hair hiding
my face, I have Ameren, a warm gas
heater, water to bath with and to cook,
now I’m wishing my kids and
grandchildren get their ribbons, bows
and pink lace.





Who Should Live & Who Should Die?

I think a lot about our men arguing
over who should die and who should
live, I think about how they worry
about the sky dropping fire and
brimstone on them and all they love, s

I think about how they end up sore
and bleeding standing on corners, I
always give them a nod, a word or
two, and they look at me through
swollen unforgiving eyes; what more
can I do?

Will it matter who I vote for? Will the
killing stop?

I'm recalling my own pops, who
served both in the Navy and Army,
from 17 to 40, even though his heart is
now cold stuck inside a box,

I think about my brother committed
suicide when he got back from Viet
Nam, I don't think he ever voted, I
hear them scratching and moaning just
outside my reach,

probably patrolling somewhere
between the living and dead, weighed
down by these last indignities.

Will it matter who I vote for? Will the





Purple River Currents

My heart is a reservoir for purple river
currents, not blood red, not lagoon
blue, not raging in a deep dark
mysterious abyss,

But passionately racing through my
body, my veins, lapping up oxygen
like long hungry tongues,

purple river currents cannot be
dammed, nor can resounding echoes
be ignored, I'm damned,

still, I'm counting on those purple
river currents flowing a long, long
time.





Growing Love

When I was a child, it was my mom I
loved the best, when I was a teenager,
I began questioning, was I worthy to
befriend?

As a young single mother, I wondered
if I was worthy of another love?

Now in the winter of my years, snug
under my covers warm and tight, my
inner poet whispers in my ears at
night,

to not be afraid to bare my bosom to
the moon and up gather my pollen like
a sleeping flower,

when my days are no longer that of
harmony, beauty and/or dramatic
expression,

Triton will blow his horn and I will
join my mom in deep repose both of us
eternally loved.





The Glass Dancer

After my mom died I sculpted a bust
of mom out of clay and sheer grief;
then wrote a poem to go with it.

Mamma, Mamma, don't cry,
lucky for us, we've been born again,
from rich moist clay and strewn love
each sand particle together mixed,
Sweet waltzes of time gone-by,
dancing with vulnerable glass quarried
limbs,
blind mocking eyes cold as stone,
Mamma, Mamma, don't cry,
so harried our beginnings and our end,
with so much desire and in quiet
desperation,
I cut your jade wrists than mine; my
bereavement pain has not been easy,
Twice no one dies, I wait in unhope,
A slip of the hand,
And we're together again!



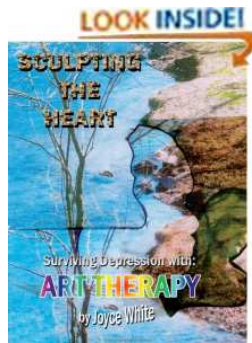


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