

Poetry Series

Anthony O'Connor
- poems -

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Anthony O'Connor(25 March,1958)

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Retired U. S. Marine (20 years)

Married, (second) 3 daughters from previous marriage.

ages of my inspirations are 17,16, and 11.

I write poetry for the love of the written word and nothing more. The release of emotions that can saturate paper with words can also give release to those same emotions. Good or bad!

Cross Country

Winding, turning, rising and falling
over vast open ranges and meadows
climbing, switching back and narrowing
to tall mountain peaks and deep canyons.

Snow covered hills and peaks give way
to desolate stretches of deep painted rock
or moss covered hollows dotted with creeks
and the misty beauty of the waterfall lingers.

Colorful, changing, full and vibrant
paralleling the ridge the tower of trees.
Endless, deep, as the emerald sculptor
creating the parallel ridge on its shores.

From east to west and back again
this bountiful landscape of ours
deserves our reverence and awe

Anthony O'Connor

Dolphin And Waterman

Sitting on my east deck in the drizzling rain,
listening over the dunes to the ocean roar.
Surf line running hard like a westbound train,
pounding its changing landscape for evermore.

Nearer to the railing drops bounce from my hand,
watching consistent sets gracefully peel into shape.
Rising up at a center to peak and crash to the land,
forming cylinders left and right to my visual gape.

Climbing to the rail, water disbursing at my feet
seeing a school of dolphins just inside the swell.
Racing swiftly parallel, in their emerald retreat
bounding and twisting they rip and shred so well.

Running over the dunes, surfboard under my arm,
dressed in black and blue neoprene I hasten to play.
Paddling out into the abyss, their smiles my charm
All worldly stress and worries simply wither away

Anthony O'Connor

Owed To The Hero

Some hear that they are all gone in days of past
Some hear that all have gone on for fertile grass
Some say they remain and roam this great land
Some say they still linger to feed from his hand

Some gave up on them and search no longer
Some gave up on them and so to their hunger
Some continue to search and carry the light
Some continue to seek and prove they are right

If you say it and carry the light, you will find that they are out there.

Some wish and dream that they still were around
Some wish we knew where they could be found
Some believe they are here and never have gone
Some believe they have heard their praise in song

Some stopped looking for the signs and the proof
Some stopped believing it was more than a spoof
Some started finding truth by opening their eyes
Some started seeing beyond the harsh set of lies

If you believe it and open your eyes, you will find that they are out there.

Anthony O'Connor

Son And Sun

The sun, oh how it does shine brightly.
The Son, how bravely he stands alone.
The Son, oh how he touch life lightly.
The sun, how it does bring us home.

Glide home sun, glide home.
Ride home Son, ride home.

Anthony O'Connor

The Woman You Are

You used to tell me how glad you were,
lately my love you don't seem that way.

The times we now share have changed,
since the time of our first moon together.

Return to the peace you have brought,
take the time to become who you were.

You changed my life on our first moon,
return again unto the woman you are.

Anthony O'Connor