

Poetry Series

D. L. Firestone Feinberg
- poems -

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D. L. Firestone Feinberg()

'A Stitch In Time Saves Nine, ' It's Said

'A stitch in time saves nine' it's said,
And that's a maxim wise —
But notice: 'time' and 'nine' don't rhyme...
Has not such crime disguise.

And furthermore, might I remind —
That time be immaterial;
Thus not to mend — unless intend
Miracle ethereal.

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Absent I From School The Day They

Absent I from school the day they
Taught us how to shoot a gun —
And no attention did I pay —
The day we learned to drop a bomb —

And tho' I did my very best —
Indeed — I managed to be late —
To take the final war-course test...
I failed Hate — didn't graduate.

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America Was

America was —
Or so I thought —
But maybe

I was too
Young
To know.

Now I see
What is not.
There are holes

Everywhere.

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My Sense - To Some - Insensible -

My sense — to some — insensible —
My words — too — indirect —
Misunderstanding — usual
Reaction — I — expect.

Forever I've been lonely, tho' —
As if in prison cell —
What be my way — too strange to know —
Impossible to tell.

D. L. Firestone Feinberg

So Very Tired Is The Man

So very tired is the man
From walking walking walking
Through Ages Ice and Stone and Iron
From Sumer and Babylon
Canaan and Lebanon
And Egypt and on and on and on
Without a day of rest
He's carried himself through millennia
And centuries of pain —

So very tired is the man
He shall not rise again
But sleep — now — at last
With his corn and wheat and rice
His oxen, sheep, and lambs
His eagles and his caves
His castles and his battlefields...

He will sleep and sleep
And rise not anymore
Until he goes home
To Africa.

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The Boy Of Words Who Never Had Spoken

The boy of words who never had spoken
Stood at the edge of a universe hurt
And silently wept for dreams become cursed
And daydreams and rainbows all but broken.
Yes. Even these he had barely known — when
Each one collapsed and each one deserted
What had already been a damaged world —
Where it seemed most everyone was no one.

His tears turned to ice — and then to diamonds —
A miracle wrought — and value declared —
Despite the sad stillness of the moment...
For beauty is beauty — never undone —
Nor be so true wonder — the child of care —
These — and love too — eternally present.

D. L. Firestone Feinberg

The Clock Sat Smugly On The Shelf

The clock sat smugly on the shelf,
As if upon a throne,
Contented with uncounted wealth
Accrued through debtor-loan.

One thousand minutes from the lad
Who tried some time to keep —
Two hundred hours from the maid
Who'd stolen off to sleep —

And twenty days the afternoon
Full washed away by rain —
And thirty weeks — owed by the moon —
For daring so to wane.

Then laughed and laughed the greedy clock,
And selfish sneaked his hands,
As screaming trumpets — tick and tock —
Exclaimed his steep demands.

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Think Not You Write The Poem, Friend -

Think not you write the poem, friend —
Since that be far from true —
Reality — instead — demand —
The poem must write you!

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To Give Is Good - A Forgone Fact -

To give is good — a forgone fact —
Tho' cast in vain deceit —
Since be it somewhat selfish act —
What giving — but — receipt?

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To See Another - See Yourself -

To see another — see yourself —
Reflection secret clue —
Of certain — person — need no help —
To recognize — he — you.

The self and other mirror be —
Tho' sameness most deny —
Lest fragile film identity —
Reveal there is no I

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Upon The Moon They Landed Once -

Upon the moon they landed once —
An act of bravery —
And yet it made no earthly sense —
Astounding tho' it be —

More dangerous the challenge here —
Beneath celestial dome —
Perhaps engender greater fear
The landscape here at home.

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With Friendship Comes A Sadness Deep

With friendship comes a sadness deep
Upon the human soul —
It sometimes rests — as if asleep —
Yet always takes its toll

Upon the heart — 'tis fear of loss —
Escape it — no one may —
For such of binding be the cost:
And who would not to pay?

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