

Poetry Series

**Gladys Acosta**  
**- poems -**

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# Gladys Acosta()

Veteran ed, Blogger, Photographer and artist. A proud grandmother.

# Brown Place Revisited

## Brown Place

The house no longer stands  
on the corner of Brown Place  
where it was the happiest once  
It succumbed  
from loneliness  
Someone torched it  
to put it out of its pain  
leaving behind a few remnants  
The old cyclone fence  
still hangs in there  
to protect  
the memories we've forgotten  
Dad's favorite shrub survived somehow  
Mom's stone bench  
covered with green moss  
Reminisces about the good  
old times  
The landscape carpeted  
with shattered pieces  
of the hopes  
that once lived there  
let the dandelions  
sprout and squeeze through  
to greet the sun.  
They form an unusual Mosaic  
fragmented coke bottles,  
mulch bits, newspaper clips,  
flattened milk cartons (with the face of a  
missing girl)  
crushed foam coffee cups,  
and hundreds of soda pop caps.  
Pigeons strut and peck  
at morsels of dried bread  
because someone still  
cares about them.  
Familiar sounds and smells  
recoup and seep through

my nostalgia  
recapturing serene moments  
of childhood play  
seeking and hiding  
and I hear Ivan's voice  
count and giggle uncontrollably  
because he was  
designated 'it'  
and I hear the shuffle of his shoes  
and he yells out,  
'Ready or not here I come.'

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# Poem Hunter

If you are a poem hunter  
you need a butterfly net  
to catch the elusive hyperbole  
you need to be vigilant  
to capture the metaphor  
escaping from reality  
you may have to go to  
the corner of  
life and love to see for yourself  
how deep love can be  
you need to be energetic  
to keep up with the rhythm  
to dance and celebrate  
the power of the couplet  
If you are a poem hunter  
you will need to be patient  
with the emotions  
and deep feelings that come out  
of the poet's heart  
Do not hunt it down  
as if it were a tiger, tiger  
burning bright  
Do not stalk it  
Rather  
delight in its message,  
meaning and sentiment.  
A poem hunter must be a  
gentle soul.

(9/01/09)

Gladys Acosta

# The Poet And The Muse

They meet by accident,  
perfectly naturally;  
like bustling bumble bees  
on a mission of love.

They form a unique union,  
elusive, exclusive,  
essentially right for each other.  
Neither knows  
why or how  
The end will justify the means.

The poet,  
lonely and desperate,  
devoid of divine images  
wants to inspire the world  
but cannot find the words he wants  
then suddenly he collides  
with the spirit of an unclaimed verse,  
and an unrhymed couplet

They conspire  
They concoct  
Together they undo all the rot

Ecstasy smiles and  
Fantasy wanders off  
To sing a sweet song.

Sunflowers stand silently in amazement;  
They watch as the  
bean stalks stretch their vines  
to lasso and squeeze the clouds  
and the dry fields quench their thirst.

then like magic,  
a poem is born;  
A poet rejoices  
and the muse moves on, looks back

and winks,  
Hasta Luego!

Gladys Acosta