

Poetry Series

Jody Talibart
- poems -

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Jody Talibart()

Living in Vancouver, BC, Canada, Jody Talibart has been writing professionally for over 20 years. A published BC poet and journalist, Jody worked for many years as a magazine Editor and has many feature story articles to her credit in widely-read publications. She was nominated for a national award of excellence in Journalism and has been interviewed on several Vancouver radio stations for her news-breaking editorial. With a decade of writing experience in the marketing communications and public relations industry and eight years of corporate communications success, Jody is currently a freelance writer for a Vancouver-based organizations and focuses her talent on the non-profit sector for causes that are near and dear to her heart. She spends her days off working on her own literary projects, including a novel in progress, and of course, poetry.

A Sunset Of A Different Kind

There are times in one's life, sometimes fleeting,
where it seems as though a camera shutter snaps
and they are locked forever in memory.

There was a sunset once, of a different kind.

Lake Memphremagog, July, 1986.

I sat on what seemed like the edge of the world,
or perhaps the centre of it,
on a stone made smooth by centuries,
and so leant to me by time.

There was no horizon,
the above met the below in one furious solid blaze.
The sun sat before me and we, like lovers in a bistro,
gazed into each other's eyes.

I cried. No one heard.

I saw between life and death

in a watery reflection on Lake Memphremagog,
in July of 1986, when the world came to meet me
and held me for a moment in her wisdom.

And I knew what the rock had known forever,
what the trees and the clouds have always known.

That was a sunset of a different kind,
for the world came to meet me on that crimson lake
and left me too soon,
and left me changed.

Jody Talibart

Bluebells

The bluebells now have finally gone
back to the earth that bore them,
all my life I'll dread their bloom
for they mark a time of mourning.

Their coming fills me with the
sweetest memories of you,
and reveals the garden of my heart
its sorrows, joys and truth.

The forest floor, all purple glory
and scented gently sweet,
one May we strolled its serene path
a meadow at our feet.

A year passed by then you were gone
before the month of June,
and came the anguish of my soul –
you left this world too soon.

If only I could hear your voice,
the tender things you'd say,
the earth itself bows to my grief
with bluebells every May.

Jody Talibart

Butterfear

Amber wings waft through my door
before The Scissors come cut out my breath
and rip the blanket from my grasp
that lies upon the sodden floor.

Braid my terror, knit my pain
with tender hooks and strings,
whisper again of innocence
and tell me I am not to blame.

I screamed until I had no voice
to blanch the horror and the hell,
I pinned you when I had no choice
Dear Butterfear, you taught me well.

So deperately you mustn't go,
for the light hurts my eyes,
where you lulled me from my shadow.

Will you escape another's fire,
and fluttering visit for a while,
untie my mouth and free the scream
or loose the knots where tears would fall,
and rest your amber wings?

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Author's note: Butterfear is the moment of grace in the midst of anguish. It is a combination of fear and release - cold, angry, protective alter ego, and warm, free, delicate butterfly.
For abused children.

Jody Talibart

Diagnosis

Quiet as the stars
submerged in the human ocean, undetected
until blood washed up and revealed
malicious, scheming, multiplying destruction,
mutating hopes to ashes
and tomorrows to dust.

Joy is stripped from days like corn from a cob,
discarded, obliterating the sun,
prying fingers from a frail grasp.
Time and the dog cringe forebodingly in the corner,
crooning in long tocks and whimpers
because they recognize a life torn to pieces.
One has begun to mourn, the other cares not.

I cannot carry the dark burden of the words
but refused to sink to my knees when the floor fell,
each moment stretched and snapped
lost and blind to the clock
below a thousand fathoms
from the look in your eyes
and the acrid urine puddling on the floor.

I, in my rage, have no choice.
Everything I thought, will not.
Thief. Cheat. Liar.
Venomous snake in green pastures,
man-made poison polluted still waters.
I cannot smile to mask the loss and pain,
although I am asked to.

There is no bright side, a waste of words.
naïve if not where I am standing.
Life does not go on for some,
but death does.
It is merciless.
Doors and windows shut and slam,
no grace will open them
as God in his maze, plays with us.

Jody Talibart

Emmaline's Backyard

Hours of listening to the crickets and their revelations,
with heads bent over pots of tea,
and innumerable tempests in the china cups we dropped in the grass, were not
enough to embitter you from cutting the crusts off my bread, nor the countless
little idiosyncrasies which you so tenderly indulged, with the grace of Saint
Peregrine, under the shade of the weeping willow tree of my childhood.

I remember our fits of inappropriate giggles at the dinner table,
wiping tears of restraint from our eyes, while the family looked so puzzled by our
secret wordless language, that I hope you took with you when you left.
There was always something to talk about, that only we two could,
coaxing truth from each other like an inchworm from a marigold,
denying shame by refusing eye contact with each other,
focusing instead on spreading peanuts for the squirrels,
on those many long, dewy, Montreal mornings
in the garden of my youth.

Then there was a time I couldn't get far enough away from you,
that my suede boots were stained yellow from running through fields thick with
buttercups, headlong through the stiles, and across the Cotswold hills, that I
finally came full stop and looked around me,
you are everywhere I go, and I wouldn't have it any other way.
You are there every time I hear the crickets sing, when bluebells carpet the
forest floor, on nights when the stars seem unusually striking, whenever the cat
crawls under the blankets, and every time I look at the woman in the mirror.

Jody Talibart

Eye-Patch Girl

I'd guess she was about ten or eleven years old,
skipping along to her dad's long stride,
holding his hand and oblivious for a sweet while
to the taunting, whispers and giggles she must get from her classmates.

I saddened to think of what it must be like for eye-patch girl,
or braces-legs, or hare-lip kid, and all those others
who have had "carefree" stripped from their childhood monikers,
and endure the cruel life of stand-aparts in a fitting-in society.

I imagine her going to school on Monday
and hearing about the Saturday night sleepover party
she didn't get invited to, the ice-cream cake she didn't eat
and the new CD that she didn't dance wildly to with the other girls in pajamas.

But while she's skipping, I think she's lovely and brave
and I want to pitch a tent in my back yard, hang lanterns in the trees,
invite her to come overnight camping along with hare-lip, braces-legs
and all the other stand-aparts to my big misfit jamboree,
where I'll tell jokes, make them smores, and point out all the constellations, so
they'll learn to keep their heads up, if only to look at the stars.

Jody Talibart

Hail Mary

I said good-bye to a friend yesterday
and I didn't cry,
no I didn't descend into my catacomb of life's losses
or uncork the bottle of tears I've been saving
for a day just like this one.

I freed an albino moth from a spider web
and it felt so good, so good I wished
someone would do that for me;
I may have ripped its wing a bit,
but at least it won't be devoured tonight,
live one more soft and starry night,
because I don't want to be somebody's dinner either.

What did I do to deserve this?
What's the lesson I'm trying, trying to learn?
Would it be so lousy to admit
I get lonely sometimes
and desires burn a hole in my reason?

If I fall into that blind spot,
there is no one to set me free;
Mary, pray for us sinners,
sweet Mary, pray for me.

Jody Talibart

Release

In the hushed privacy of night
my heartbreak at last overflowed
bursting forth like a wild river, undammed.

Blindly I searched the sky for the Unseeable,
for a reason no God could appease me with,
each tear drop a kaleidoscope of stars,
every suppressed sob, the lash of anguish.

The universe ran down my cheeks
in a thousand shining orbs,
each one a filled with the endless space of longing
as I silently spilled out a despair
that no starry sky could ever quell, that
no flower would ever soften,
nor sunrise consume.

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Jody Talibart

The Scourge

I need to lie down and close the eyes of my eyes.

I need to slam the doors on what breaks me; to paint my mother's face in my mind.

To lift my soul to love that doesn't end with no expectation.

I adore these wracking tears of loss and regret. They tell me I lived, I felt, I had the whole of it in my hands. The scourge of the happiest version of life I might have had, lost.

There is no coming back from this.

I need to go away.

I need to wonder what God is.

I need you and I'm sitting in the dark, behind closed everything, trying to set myself free.

Jody Talibart

Without Indifference

How is it that letting go, and hanging on,
can be so different and yet painful in equal measure.
Why is hello as gut-wrenching to me as good-bye.
Can each feeling be as difficult as the next
until only indifference remains
as a comfortable place to be.
Since I cannot live in that state,
nor would I ever aspire to,
with complete lack of investment
in every soul that graces my path,
I risk everything
with every how-do-you-do,
and each see-you-later.

For B.

Jody Talibart