

Poetry Series

Joseph Manduke
- poems -

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Joseph Manduke(1956)

An amazing journey

Sorry the poems posted are incomplete

the entire read is at

Ill fix them when I have more time

Sorry!

JM

Coeur Befall

Coeur Befall

No time that makes the pleasures break
Vista across my river, stream, or seashore tells,
Now it may be a time to make
Love so tender that anew is none

Coeur so bold as to be abliss
without the smile, bright eyes to miss
Flowered lips to kiss

No time without the bloody gift
My love, so lost, so far adrift

So take just a moment to recall
All that in love must befall
Only the wind, sun, myself to recall
That time of love

Coeur befall

Joseph Manduke

God Himself Cries

Joseph Manduke Poems

Poetry and thoughts written after 1956

Friday, July 18,2008

God himself Cries

When love is true and lost the universe itself weeps

God himself cries when love is lost

Love is not contained

Galaxies weep when true love is lost

Nay, clusters of galaxies stop turning in infinity when love dies

God cries

The creator's heart itself, the infinite word

the power of creation that is love, waits

Takes pause in the tear

takes a moment from the foundation itself of all life and all hope

God sheds a tear

Such breaks the heart of the creator

When love is not preserved

Creation itself blinks out of reality,

And a moment is lost as God weeps for the loss of Love so precious

God himself cries

When Love is lost

Love is the creative force itself.

All is about love

God cries when love is unpure.

Creation stops and waits and takes a moment to mourn the lost lovers dream.

Preserve your Love.

Save the tears of God.

Sing a praise to having known true Love.

In the act of will that breaks a heart.

God cries.

Eternity wains under the creator's sadness

And we lose touch of precious binds to creation itself.

We lose our life and our fragile hold on humanity.

When love is lost,

Hope is lost,

Peace is lost,

And God cries

Joseph Manduke

Love In Ten

Love in Ten Joe Manduke Spring 2008

In a place that tells the tales of time by tides and windswept coast, I lie.
And when the moon peeks out of rushing clouds, I wept for that found and
unfound

No place that time has left such mark, a stasis of my heart
Without record beyond the scorns I find the deep silence in the night

All stays silent now awaiting the birth of the new day: renewed in pleasant
light as sky renews the heart and mind in a quiet time, renewed again
That the words I heard, of sparkling drops of glistening stream,
Renewed as in my passing dream as the final snows melt away.

No love is pure if heart is not the same
That passion fleets as memory wanes
And soon the spring brings life anew in the new spring, and it rains.

Without a pure heart I still cry in vain
As what is long distant calls again
A thought or hope persists that keeps me from my rod or house of sticks.

Voices that call of long past times but still the heart of mine
Alone, in the dark I pray of the joy of past times.

No place, no shadow will be without your innocent smile
And pleasant questions all awhile
I think of the duties that call
That I must say goodbye after all.

A prisoner in love I remain.
Bonded friends in all the worlds games.
But I have been a master there, and you a student, as the crocus in flower.

When I return cannot be said
Each night I stay awake, looking at the sea
My pier where coins are tossed means but naught
But to you and to me.

In strangers arms we have tried to hide

But it remains the always lie
That time itself will wait
Until we are together at the appointed time.

No love to replace the pain, only the sea
Coast east or west, cold or warm
Time itself waits for the storm. Forever.

Then all will be right again
Sea foam treasures and empty shells lifeless on our place of beach,
Then we stand together alone
Along the places that only true love reaches

others at mandukepoems@

Joseph Manduke

Lovedrops

Friday, May 16,2008

Lovedrops

June 12,2006

Gentle falling drops of rain,
Are your earthly tears mists of joy or drops of sadness?
Your tears, dew drops bring forth the life of the soils
Nourishing the powerful forces of mysterious life

Gentle falling drops of rain,
Your tears silent to the sleeping darkness in the cool
dampness of the moonless night

Gentle falling drops of my eyes,
The welling of my soul at the miss of your embrace
Your sweet softness, warm and damp satisfying as the first
rays of the summer morning
Soil damp from earthly tears

But are my teardrops drops of sadness, or soul-drops
of joy for having had your love?

O'Gentle falling drops of tears,
Nourish my heart with the sensations of having true rare love

Heart held within my heart

O'Well of soul that brings the warm water to my eyes,
Fall upon the world and profess love
Rekindle the seedlings of the mystery of soul devoted
And define a place for me with God.

Joseph Manduke

Northumberland Strait

Thursday, May 15,2008

Northumberland Strait

So emperors hear that glory fleets
In no way do memories sleep
Without my stream of youth, my smile, its play
Can I now find complete

No man would stay alone with sleep
Then dreamy vision will still creep
No place, no river, no bounds will say
That ever could ours have been a better play

Without our smiles our love our place
That moons moments less our embrace
Without that turn, that look of grace
Our lives, without goal stand in place

So its said that travel must abide
To, beyond new places, to find astride boundless skies
So no place, no newness will be new
Without that love, that travel, that you

Can not we be in a pleasant place?
Embrace, so herons and waves complain to me
That sea! Its place so stricken by a shore, a boundary,
So my passion must endure

Without that smile about without
That gloss of past glory be
But no is the word so says the tune
A place under the seaside moon

Eternal lends but a moment too-
So must I say, I truly love you
All our eternities are the present
The moment is all true eternity

Joseph Manduke

Raven

Thursday, May 15, 2008

Raven

To be alone on a snowy branch at night
the gale and snow according your rest of sticks
Alone-black against the brighter snowy night
Protected only by moonglo and garment God provides,

Living in anticipation of the sunrise
for the sustenance the lord will provide
My strong black friend I see in my window
On backlit branch, by the candle in my little harbour room.

You wait so patiently for the sun and gifts
of the Earth, I cower in a heated but cold place
Soft bed away from snow and gale of night
High above the ground.

You want for nothing beyond the rising sun,
an ocean sunrise and another day
I fear that someday I may be you,
with a dream of only the something new.

Joseph Manduke