

Poetry Series

**Rob Sapp**  
**- poems -**

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# Rob Sapp(March 24,1955)

# Best Dads Day

Greeting cards and must do presents,  
this one is different,  
time is ticking.

it's Open week in San Diego.  
Torrey South is taut.  
locals a buzz,  
majestic grandstands stand century over virgin links,  
poised and ready for the ultimate test,  
sun shiny day,  
excitement building,  
have to get there.

time to go,  
now or never,  
me and my dad.

brother Rich in tow,  
we traverse the dusty path to glory,  
suddenly,  
we reach the land of the USGA,  
white tents and green letters tell us the truth,  
we are there,  
in the biggest of shows.

blazing the trail,  
what choice now,  
left or right?  
Across the oaken roots,  
we journey forward,  
destination glory.

soldiering on,  
across the paths,  
we take in the scene,  
fans in shorts and hats,  
electrified,  
by the theatre at hand  
we bump and glide,

today is special, game on...

walking the paths,  
sweet smell of grass,  
competing for the 'angle',  
shots in our group.

who are these warriors,  
with swords of steel,  
touch of a surgeon,  
earning their meal.

we watch and we wait,  
sampling the play,  
confident the show,  
will crescendo this day.

hustle and wait,  
crane for the shot,  
who are we watching,  
better or not.

smell of the grass,  
strictness of rope,  
Phil passing through, praying for hope.

me and my Dad,  
we wander the course,  
everyman in tow,  
we know who's the horse.

it's Tiger this day,  
maybe Rocco instead,  
we feel that we're sure,  
seen the best players,  
they've bitten the lure.

we sample the shots,  
golf soldiers they fight,  
circus we've entered,  
the battle the light.

Rob Sapp

# Christmas Eve Eve

[work in progress}

For once I'm home,  
again I'm blessed,  
my children are here,  
Lauren,  
Scott,  
Andrew,  
and my soul mate Marie

tonite,  
they talked,  
to each other,  
no TV,  
no ipods,  
no blackberry's,

just us,  
sharing,  
the holiday spirit,  
Christmas warmth,  
surrounds,  
Marie delights,  
exquisite cuisine temps,  
decorations tease with a seasonal glow.

candles,  
burn bright,  
with the hope of the season,  
holding very tight.

poinsettias abound,  
historical Santa's on parade,  
it's holiday time,  
and memories,  
of joyous Christmas past.  
coastal yule,  
providing inspiration for the season.

rejoice,  
my family,  
here together,  
holiday bliss,  
I love them all.

Rob Sapp

# Cycle Of Life

Trip has its highs,  
inevitable lows,  
battle is won,  
war is lost.

The secret of life...  
bridge the gap,  
claw to the next peak,  
hook on to the rim,  
hold on for dear life,  
peer over the edge,  
marvel at the journey ahead.

11.20.09

Rob Sapp



# Father's Eyes

it was his eyes that told the tale,  
the words,  
the logic,  
pretenders in the script,  
beacons to his soul,  
betraying the outer shell,  
sending me the message,  
his lips could not impart.

i have tried,  
and for once failed.  
castle walls are shaken,  
the mission is forsaken,  
and now unknown.

and in the gray,  
the future hints itself,  
humbled,  
i see it,  
a vagueness lurking,  
uncertainty...  
the foible of life.

the truth,  
undeniable now,  
leaps out,  
to claim us both.

a strange unsettling pause overtakes us,  
less is said,  
more is understood.

and in the ashes,  
an ember,  
a spark of hope,  
for a better time ahead.

the steel of life,  
molded and forged,

until the time,  
that we pass.

summon the strength,  
for the days ahead,  
now together,  
intertwined,  
in a life we can't slow down.

circa 2004

Rob Sapp

# Legacy

my words will be lost,  
blown away like shifting sands,  
my deeds as well,  
long gone and forgotten,  
as time will tell.

take with you the memories,  
as what we did was real,  
immortalize my intentions,  
and how I made you feel.

and when my soul flies free,  
think good thoughts,  
and do good things,  
carry on the goodwill,  
in memory of me.

December 12,2009

Rob Sapp

# Napa

the aerodome slips away,  
silver bay shimmers in the sunny fog,  
like a silk scarf teasing a beautiful body.

the valley unfurls a sensory collage,  
the amber earth  
of granite stone,  
of rusted wire,  
of gnarled oaks,  
evergreen.

dark has come,  
the central highway pulls us in,  
foreign, yet seeking friends.

eyes strain at the prospect of every hidden lane and crossing,  
fruitful mysteries lurking at every nip and tuck.

blissful steam envelops me.  
I gaze across the shadows of the valley.  
the scent of the vines,  
the wisp of burning wood,  
taunting my senses.

inescapable,  
she draws me in.  
so in love am I with this stranger,  
a mindless pilgrim,  
the world forgotten.

yet,  
i have known her before,  
the enchanting mistress,  
aloof,  
she beckons you back.  
love her,  
as you may never possess her...  
rhapsody.

11.30.2000

Rob Sapp

# Rain

wandering the dark,  
from room to room,  
searching the patter,  
the balcony,  
breezy,  
overlooking the clouds,  
cool ocean breezes billow in the pale pacific moonlight.

stairs glide,  
the clock ticks silently in the night,  
pounding out a rhythm,  
from another era.

finally,  
the courtyard,  
columns tall,  
solid and strong,  
drops fall gently,  
jump gleefully,  
they tiptoe playfully,  
and then they pour.

hard and crisp,  
they bounce and splatter,  
as if to say,  
we come and go as we please.

cleansing,  
the plants and grass rejoice,  
drunk in the pleasure,  
of this rare heavenly tempest.

coastal showers,  
tempting,  
teasing,  
dancing under the stairs,  
so fleeting,  
rain.

11.10.2000

Rob Sapp

# Sergeant Poet

towering,  
sardonic smile everescent,  
looking good in gray

(in the works...first draft lost electronically..damn)

Rob Sapp