Toni Bee

Sample 1

WINTER'S WARMTH

Willow's weep

Sprout light green

Like shaven wool's sheep

in winter's warmth

Schools fly by

Sparrow's nest new

Under gray's sky

in winter's warmth

Eye screams truck

Tasty tinny sounds

Kids beam with luck

in winter's warmth

Garden's soil tossed

Flower tips burst

Grass gleams gloss

in winter's warmth

And love turns anew

Blues burn away

Tears shed few

Fear put at bay

Sunlight spills thru

Burning blushing dew

It is winter’s warmth

Sample 2

BEWARE OF…

(Ware St. in Cambridge)

tree lined streets, hidden sticks

ripe pears get beat

my days most tantalizing

treat

Yardi wisdom seeps

deep into my hive

then

honey darts derval-like

to the other side

plucking pinecones

sticky scented with slime

Eye

flirt upon departing

yet

his kiss remains fierce

leaving me an air

of beware…

Sample 3

GRIM

As you lean, the pain of

bent-ness screams his name

but you

refuse to give in

Work to do although no work

for you sit at home

among the embers of memories

cook, find things to clean…

and while I cover books

I imagine your story wells up

inside and you pack it back

refusing to hide

in that house again

My memory-eye sees

solid black ‘fro

but I still know he

sittin’ ‘cross from me

who now wears gray - wisdoms new dew

Oh Silver Fox

Me, your child’s, insides wince

from your hurt

Yet I remember when …

the winds of *Salem Willows* wailed

Grim beckoning from the sea

as you went further

grasping for the child's plaything

amongst the waves, the rock

the undercurrent snatching at your limbs

my angst balling, tumbling…

resist him that day you did

for only you were meant

to grow me and she

defying him

who lies

waiting outside or within

Sample 4

PASSING

You really don't know

Until you lost that parent

The wrenching pain, sometimes none

just panic

sudden realization

that dey ain't comin' back

reliving the nightmare

that keeps me out of whack

Am I manic? Depressed?

Strange emotions revealed,

One practices

how not to feel

Sample 5

BROAD…WAY Her tears verge

on edge of eyes

Bubble in the tummy

despite chanting Jesus

But since the words simmer too

She stops on that spot under awning

Splats her split on mortuary's stone steps

(relieved of summer's stare)

then realizes Ahhhhhh

'Tis possibly the coolest wait

on this 'Way…then

Phantom like

Babe calls 'Mommeeeee...

And she jerks from the page

(thedaycarethebaby)

wipes cheek pastes smile…

continues on

And this time singshouts her

Broad Jesus song