



To the Children

by

Carol Lynn Stevenson Grellas

About the Author

Carol Lynn Grellas is a three-time Pushcart nominee and the author of *A Thousand Tiny Sorrows*, soon to be released from March Street Press and two chapbooks: *Litany of Finger Prayers*, Pudding House Press and *Object of Desire*, Finishing Line Press. She is widely published in magazines and online journals including most recently, *The Centrifugal Eye*, *Oak Bend Review* and *deComp*, with work upcoming in *OVS* and *Saw Palm Florida Literature and Art*. She lives with her husband, five children and a little blind dog who sleeps in the bathtub.

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Pinoined: The West Ward Quarterly

On Bended Knee: Munyori Poetry Journal

Black Horses: The Lyric

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Letter to a Tree

Dear tree because I happened by that day
and noticed how your glory filled the sky
the way the wind had begged your boughs to sway
in softest rhythms of a lullaby

imagining that I was hanging from
one twig transformed from body to a leaf
well how magnificent to then succumb
becoming beauty born to your motif

suspended by a sprawling amber wing;
a sail exposed unto the gusty sea
unsteady with each breath beyond the spring
yet how majestic you appeared to me.

Today I happened by you once again
observing you'd undressed the scenery
but raising amber arms you said amen
for all your fallen leaves of greenery.

Cloud Nine

Come lightness; find the passage through the dark
to thoroughfares of dimness, where I'll soar
about the sun; a shining sphere in space-
ignite the spark. Divine, the wicket door
unfastens where bright constellations form
sepulchers made of stars. Celestial reach
becomes what's yet to be. My elegy
of memoirs sleeps beneath the weeping beech,
with mortal pain released. O spirit's heart
all loneliness eclipsed by shadows breathes
beneath the Zodiac restored by songs
the night bird sings and crowned with wreathes
from fronds of maidenhair in braids of gold
where rainbows end and nights are never cold.

To The Children

She tells them all they're all striking with a glow
the way the moon appears in evening's sky
on wings of beauty, mesmerizing all
who wait in darkness when an orb flies by

and hangs itself in perfect placement. Eyes
that gaze with wonder, feeling waves of light
upon her head, succumbs to all the whys
as children leave her one by one each night

to follow dreams from childhood. Now they're grown
a mother never fully understands
a child's need to leave although they must,
her purpose is to guide, and love. Their hands

will reach to her the way the moon sends beams
through windowsills, she'll love them from afar.
She's always prized the moon yet would not shift
its glow, appearing perfect so they are.

Pinioned

Sometimes I touch your watch and notice how
the movement starts that ticking sound again;
as wheels unwind and oscillate past now
and then, slowed down yet counting time, but when
I measure all the hours that we've missed
in my horology of life without
you here, escapement far beyond a wrist
that's covered with a leather band about
my arm, yet this is how I count the years
a going train with gears in minute's time
to mark a face with numbering of tears;
your clock still calculating loss while I'm
just holding one last souvenir your wore
that carries on with no accounting for.

An Angel's Accident

Oh come and see this moonlit morning
surrounded by the drapes of spring
with apple blossoms in a row
children's voices echoing

Here, walk beside me in the garden
while breathing in the basil leaves
they overflow in jardinières
rising just beneath the eaves

I've never felt bright sunlight's warming
releasing streams of ribbon's hue
just pulling like a kitten's tongue
licking sweetly, love's review

Until I shed this weight of sorrow
teacups bitterness a brim
tipped over by a caring angel
whispering a loving hymn.

View from a Car

Magnolias grow majestic in the lawn,
with children winding in and out and on
the flower droppings; pearled like a swan.

A hostage locked inside my home of steel:
my robot's life with mothers all in line,
no room for movement, hands upon the wheel

except the sight of petals from the tree
as far as eyes can wander through thin glass,
while yearning to be young; a liberty.

If only I could have one chance to float
or ride inside a pink canoe today,
and dream within my blossom hideaway

Leaving My Ship

Leaving my ship as the moonlight prevails
mirroring stars that reflect on the sails
whimsical patterns of carousel wheels
spinning from Heaven on dolphins and seals,

Elfin's and pixies all sing in the breeze,
butterfly dancers with homes in the trees
peeking through shadows and hide from the light,
singing sweet madrigal songs every night.

Emerald's the isle that echoes with song
Beckoning wayfarers voyaging long
Basking in evening's kaleidoscope dream
Among all the creatures that glisten and gleam

Here all my worries will soon disappear
Departing the moment my bedtime is near
And when I awake from this magical trip
I'm tucked in my coverlet snug in my ship

No one will know all the places I've seen
Charmed by the seascape of aquamarine
Ever the sailor, each evening I wait
My journey begins at a quarter past eight

On Bended Knee

Unsullied acts that show compassion thrive
With mystic force to serve one's heart and soul
All other ways efface the kindness you derive
For artificial means another goal...

And when the gladness rises from your being,
Obliterates the calmness from the sea,
Shoots moonbeams dragging lilies o'er the sky,
That's when you'll fall and cry on bended knee...

As gratefulness starts blooming in your head,
Since goodness spreads a joy that's heaven-bound;
With glory for the coming of your bliss,
Immersed in lofty clouds above the ground.

Exalting all whomever was a friend,
Receiving joy, releasing it again,
Deciding that a life of amnesty
Is why we're in the Kingdom of all men.

Sleeping Girl

Now here's the way it works my child
while you are fast asleep
with dreams of fairies in your hair
and candy you might reap.

I listen for the jangling sounds;
the noises in the night
that keep you from your dainty rest
by causing you a fright.

I gather drips that leak inside
black raindrops from the dark
and turn them into something else,
a tiny brown skylark—

to perch atop your windowsill
so when you wake and play
your worries simply disappear
when songbirds start your day.

So that's the way it works my child
you're mommy's little dear—
and even when you think I'm gone
my darling, I am here.

Black Horses

I'll sing Black Horses of the night
Who gallop softly towards the light,
Oh beauties with their golden manes
Who steer the journey with no reins

Becalm the tender lifeless being
Whose escort seeks a land that's freeing
Beyond the whipping of the clouds
Your King awaits in blessed shrouds

and there the vespers never end
Black horses ride, again, again.