

EXCERPT

Poetic Images
by Judy Davies



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In this first collection of poems, Judy Davies invites you to relax and settle in as she tempts your palate with her varied poetic images. Sometimes controversial, often elegant and frequently touching; Davies' poetry shows her freedom of spirit as she expertly weaves a kaleidoscope of color into her poetry. The addition of a few brief stories to her book show that she is equally comfortable in the world of prose. So sit back, put your feet up and enjoy!

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Thank You

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Elva Avara, Literary Advisor

Author Photograph by Becky Palmer

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To my husband, Ken:

*It's your fault I'm writing poetry again—
and I love it! This book would not
have been possible without you.
Thank you for your love, patience,
encouragement and suggestions.
You are my soul mate, my inspiration,
and every other beat of my heart.*



To my

children:

***Sherry, Patti, Sondra and Matthew,
and my grandchildren, Austin, Kaileigh,
Cody, Erica, Ryan and Christian***

*You are my heart and soul, my very core.
I want to leave something tangible to remind
you that even in this materialistic world
there is great value in all forms of art.
I hope you will explore them to the full.*

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Sapphire Kaleidoscope

*Medieval symbol of heavenly tranquility
Quell impure thoughts and wicked youth,
Caught up in rotational symmetry
Stir my heart to the color of truth.*

*Like pebbles raining from above
Colorful mandala of omnipresence,
Display your precious shades of love
Like a magic mirror of iridescence.*

*Translucent colors resembling precious gems,
Tumbling objects in brightest synergy;
Synchronizing, fractalizing, digitizing,
Fill my soul with positive energy.*

*Repeat again your vibrant patterns
Starry projections, shapes afloat;
Replicate your reflective symmetry,
Bold images in a sapphire kaleidoscope.*

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Afternoon Rain

Wind chimes whisper softly in the breeze as a gentle rain drips monotonously from roof to patio. The myriad of flowerpots on the deck begin to fill, the dog's outdoor water bowl runs over and dust from last year's porch furniture disappears as chairs and tables are washed in rainwater.

Shrubs quickly drink their fill. It's been a dry summer with exhaustive heat and oppressive humidity. Grass seems to welcome its soaking, at once appearing to inhale moisture into its dry bed like an expanding sponge, gratefully filling itself with the satisfying liquid.

What began as a drizzle intensifies beneath a darkening sky. A torrential downpour appears inevitable. Wind chimes ring furiously as they are pelted with water. Downspouts pour off water as rapidly as possible. Intensity progresses from light rain to heavy rain to driving rain.

Angry clouds burst releasing huge cascades of water, saturating yards, covering walkways faster than pooling liquid can be absorbed, a deluge flooding the street, surging outward, leveling itself. Walkways and driveways promptly become the bottom of a giant pool of swirling water.

Suddenly, as quickly as it began; it stops. Rushing water stands momentarily still before being swept to its lowest point, then hurrying toward a drain. Sunlight peeks from behind previously engorged clouds, moving to full sunlight as the drying process begins.

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Water continues to run off the deck, patio furniture dries in the warming sun. Flowerpots drip the last of extra water and soil remaining filled to the brim for emptying. The dog's bowl has had its washing. Rainwater retreats, wind chimes are silent, and God sends the blessing of a rainbow.



Mountains

*Mountains are
old and proud men,
smoking frozen pipes
in the icy air.
They recall white-hot youth,
rocking in velvet valleys,
and child foot-hills
crowd at their feet
to listen in awe.*