

TODAY

My heart is full of morning hope

That breathes enthusiasm on the day;

Turmoil of the past is quiet.

Peace stay the tumultuous past,

Today I want to live !

Diane Kemp
Sept. 73

TO HANG ABOVE THE FIRE

Searching

the firmness of the ground

Muscles draw together

Once again

A spirit awakening

From the shock of living foolishly

but full.

Scars of living

form a pattern

fit

To stitch a tapestry

To hang above the fire.

Diane Kemp
May 74

AND NOW

The beginning of never, never land

I stand at the edge in awe

My turn now !

My turn !

The years the anticipation.

One plunge

One big delightful plunge

I've just to move a muscle

Oh

Great !

Wonderful !

Marvelous world !

I'm coming !

Diane Kemp
May 74

THE MOTH

I vowed

I'd never

Hook a shooting star again

Ride the dreamer's sky

And burn my eyes in brilliant admiration.

But here I'm streaking light years into space

On mesmerizing hope

Intent upon some pyre of consummation.

Once more

In some peripheral galaxy

A smoke puff briefly blossoms

And drifts away

Diane Kemp
Nov. 74

ENCASEMENT

Can this be death's encasement ?

Tomorrow

Doesn't worry at the edges of today

But sits

Heedless of time.

Tension unbends

Stretching free of yesterday

In a quiet cloister

Muffled from the world around

As on a winter's evening

Of softly falling snow.

Can this be death's encasement

With senses quietly slipping

Into an endless night ?

Or will there be a first bird's song

Piercing

This hour of still;

Calling the world to wakefulness

Before some trumpeting Dawn ?

Diane Kemp
March 75

AND ALL THE WORLD WENT EMPTY

At thirteen

I bought some cookies

Pink sticky valentines

That said, "I love you Mother".

Walking home from school

I fell and smashed them.

Diane Kemp
May 75

THE TEMPLE

The temple
Has a golden door
Marble walls and columns
Rosewood floors
Cool alcoves
Leather benches;
Sunlight filters through
The aura of a finer moment
Calling on the muse.

Diane Kemp
June 75

AMONG THE PAPER CLIPS

Among the paper clips

and rubber bands,

Erasure dust and scraps of paper

with forgotten names and numbers

In my drawer

You roll around.

I think

perhaps I keep you

As a sign of hope

A thought that deep within your shell

you hold your life

Tho' kept away from earth and rain and wind.

Tiny acorn with your cap on

Talk to me of hope.

Diane Kemp
June 75

AT THE WATER'S EDGE

Sluggish half-fish

Basking in the water's warmth

Waiting

For your legs to break their prison skin.

What dreams,

What hopes,

What unknown fears, what risk,

What awesome urge compels ?

The lake is mirror smooth

The day is warm

Today I'll bask with you along the shore

And wait release.

Diane Kemp
May 75

THE FADING DAYS OF SPRING

One day

When I am old

Before my mind has fully slipped away

I'll feel the teasing warmth of spring

And smell the urge of sweetness rise

Within the maple's bark.

And as rebellious fingertips

Push backwards on a pussy willow's fur

A half forgotten curse

Upon the world of embryos

Will murmur in the silence of the afternoon.

The day will stretch

Into an early chill

And decently I'll wait 'til darkness

Diane Kemp
Feb. 77

WHITE MOON

White moon

Hurrying clouds

Waving demon boughs

Sliding into shadows;

Wind assaulted tears,

Shoulders pushed forward,

Taut body,

Fighting,

Determined for survival.

Diane Kemp
Nov. 77

TONIGHT

Uneasy with the turns of life

Tonight,

Alone,

Knowing will

Is not enough

To meet the coming day;

A murmur softly rises

Speaking of so many yesterdays

Survived

And breathes a word of peace.

Diane Kemp
June 78

LOVING COMES HARD FOR ME

But I shall try.

One faith

That even disillusioned hearts

Like mine

Might sing.

No Song of Birth or Resurrection,

No Mass,

No Transubstantiation._

Perhaps a prayer

Which offers some relief,

Some comfort,

Some touch of peace,

A smile.

This

Frees my ear of insult.

And if the bells aren't ringing

Or,

If there is no choir to sing refrain;

Then too, there's no pretense.

This,

There is a chance

That I can hold.

And that's the greatest faith

This voice

Can honestly hope to sing.

This then

is my small love,

This,

Is my integrity.

Diane Kemp
Jan. 1990

I BOUGHT A POPPY BUT I COULDN'T PUT IT ON

You've pushed too far.

I guess I have to put my life up

on the line

And lose it all.

God knows I've tried.

It scares me so to give up trying.

But trying just doesn't work

Anymore.

It never did.

But somehow I had hope.

Hope

Doesn't work anymore

It died today

From suffocation.

I can't turn back.

There's nothing there to turn back to.

There never was.

Perhaps I'll stand here

Smelling the wind

Waiting for the sun to rise

Trying to get the lay of the land.

And

If there's mist or fog

At least there'll be some light.

I'll walk,

Plodding maybe,

But I'll walk.

And

Maybe someday,

Somewhere

I'll meet something

Along the way.

Or someone.

Diane Kemp
Nov . 11, 90