

SPRING SHOWER

The air is gently graying

Birds call the rain

Grass reaches up

Trees gently wave.

The wind sighs

A screen door rattles nervously

Curtains billow

And the first drop plops upon the pavement

Diane Kemp
April 73

SWEET INNOCENT

Soft sapling greens and yellows

Blue sky

Mirrors a robin's egg

Billowing springtime clouds

And buffing breezes.

Spirit soaring

With expectation

Vibrant muscles ready for the challenge

Dear God

Let fate be kind

Diane Kemp
May 73

NIPISSING MYSTERY

Insane

namesake of the cold northern moon

Wailing the depths

of mystery

Distant epochs

beyond man's ken

To the virginal tangled underbrush

Where brooding mate

Attends and echoes

Down the centuries of evolution

Call

call

call

and echoing call

Til' the

Mesmerized moon

Shivers.

Diane Kemp
Jan 74

NEW SPONGE

Smell

of a distant shore

Salt, seaweed, sodden wood

Washed by constant tides

Upon a pebbled beach.

Screaming, sweeping gulls

Aflight at drizzle's edge,

As I print

My search

Among the treasures

Of the shore.

Diane Kemp
Feb 74

TAKAKA FALLS

Takaka River proudly throws
her foaming water
out
over the precipice
for the admiring sun

Then lets it drop

Thundering

onto a rocky outcrop

to bounce again

high

into the sunlight

Exploding white blossoming clouds

of spray

and smoky mist.

The cliff face sweats

Straining to hold the avalanche

and tiny rivulets race along

unable to keep up

Diane Kemp
June 74

LAKE LOUISE

Flashing bright to black
in turquoise moods
Grandeur sends her arboreal army
marching on the hills
Intent upon the heights of rock still bare
And all around the mountain giants preen
Their massive ridg'd cliff faces
Spilling gravel to their feet
Amid the tenuous junipers
While further down the lake in valley crags
The silent, sun caught glaciers wait
their narcissistic spring.

Diane Kemp
June 74

LAKE NIPISSING

Nipissing is always blue and grey
Rocks and reeds and crying gulls
And drizzle.

I've heard of late September evenings
Swept with flickering colour,
Of summer smiling in the waves
In cool and quiet reaches
Where silver pickerel
Laze the afternoon.

I've heard that otters slide along the bank
Beyond the white birch copse
And brilliant blue jays scream at breakfast
As busy tugs shunt logs across the lake.

But Nipissing
Was always blue and grey
When I was there.

Diane Kemp
Sept. 74

THE ROAD TO LYNX LAKE

Slanted maple trees in uniforms

of green and grey

press

struggling up the hill

Beside an open wound

of earth and stone

And on the heights

The older trees with waving arms

Entreat

The strugglers on

Promising honors yet to come

When watched with awe

They'll troop

The regimental colours, scarlet

Gold and green

Across the autumn hills.

Diane Kemp
May 75

COMING SPRING

Magnolias swell

Voluptuous buds and daffodils incline

Their heads

Forsythia fires blaze and grass

Is thick and damp.

Now a month's fecundity

Calls forth the cherry tree's white veil

The apple blossom's blush

And combs the heady breeze of spring

Laden sweet with pollen.

Pressed against the earth she feels

The overwhelming wonderment

The loneliness

That knows this springtide month

Has passed her by.

Diane Kemp
May 75

MUSKOKA MORNING

The day began uncertain

Grey clouds and water pondering each

other

The clouds held back the morning sun

Weighing all the options

Brooding thoughts of rain.

But now

The lake is rippling

The clouds are stretching high and thin.

Embarrassed with her tardiness

The sun is busy drawing up

the moisture from the grass

To make another

gorgeous day.

Diane Kemp
June 75

LYNX LAKE

My canvas
 can be any scrap of paper
For I'm the one
 that paints with words.

Today
 I'll lay a wash of early May
 upon a lake
 That's silent with the sound of loons
I'll set white threads of birch
 along the shore
 Amid the spikes of pine

And wash a haze early green
 across the hills
That fade to distant blue.

Diane Kemp
June 75

AUTUMN PRELUDE

The deepening summer

etches

shadow patches in the trees

Squirrels watch and frogs are stilled.

Now the quiet,

Now soft and soughing breezes

whisper on the hills

Humming a velvet prelude

To fall's fantasia

When woodwinds breathe in bronze

and orange vibrance

Cellos surge in saffron sweeps and cymbals

Crash

In reds that rend the hills.

Diane Kemp
August 76

NOVEMBER

Autumn colours faded

To November's peace in browns

And greys

That settle on the hills,

Subtle shadings of a year at rest.

Pallid yellows

Hold the day's brief sun

Of memories in meditation

Awaiting

Winter's sleep.

Diane Kemp
Nov. 76

DAWN'S POEM

High

above the river

Upstream over Mallorytown

a line of geese

flies penciled in the sky

Against the thin stretched clouds.

Suspended in the shifting wind

The struggling line

takes voice

And calls the sound of northern muskeg,

rivers thick with reeds

Cool summer's banquet on the flats

of Hudson's Bay

'Til overhead

the many throated echo of Precambrian wilds

In powered raucous flight

pounds rhythms of sedition

On the drumhead

of my Saxon constancy.

Diane Kemp - April 78

SEPTEMBER MORNING

Autumn's truest days
Are wet and warm
With mist along the morning lowlands
lush with fruit
Among the dying weeds.

A noontime sun can burn the mist
But now
The morning talks of winter
And I must drink
The muted colours on the hills
Before I put away the summer
For another year.

Diane Kemp
Sept.78

JULY

Capricious springtime's
Urgent blossomed hues
Lie remnant
After June's
Lush summer storms,
Green silver
Shades of certainty
Embrace a sated vibrancy;
The sun is high,
The breeze is warm
And earth's abundance swells.

Diane Kemp
July 80

WAITING AUGUST

A chain saw whines staccato_

in the woods

The breeze is nervous

Across the lake black, silent stands

of pine

Gather the last of August's sleep

Before the autumn marches

Down from Baffin Island

In triumph

Keeping the woods awake

at night

With call of geese

And shivering

Northern

lights

Diane Kemp
Aug . 75