

B/N Ingram, K. E.

POEMS

by

K. E. INGRAM

Poem

Here where the icy winds are
biting
Here where the blood like cold
wine's chilling
One sees a reason in our living.
Straying through the grass with
white flags flying
Over there the mountain like a
stark wave waiting
One draws a draught, for its well
worth having
Only coming to the valley where
the cedars were fallen
Walking through the fields where
our sires once wandered
Did one stop to ponder, is it all
worth having.

Poem

You are a watcher and you are
an actor
Of this globed pageant mazed in
wonder
There a bright flower will catch
your eye
Here a cool breeze called Love
flies by.
Is this all you have come to see?
Is this all your actor's fee?
Better you had stayed at home
Better you had never known
That a flower, that a breeze
Had the slightest power to please.

Poem

I love
The blueness of the sea
The greenness of the morning
grass
The diamonds on it
The pools of light
And dappled shadows.
O should I find the secret
In the wine cups of hibiscus
O should I learn the breath
That blows upon the stars
Oh should I catch the essence
Of deep orange butterflies
Then would all the world be
stained
Upon my eyes
Then would I cease to wrestle
Then would I wish to die.

Poem

The fresh rain sprinkling
The brown earth
And the sun
Pouring libations of liquid light
Into the valleys green bowl.
Amidst these simple blessings
The peasants move
Their faces one glad answer
Their faces one glad prayer of
thanks
And after rain they stand
Themselves like rich shoots of the
valley
The stout corn stalks
Bred in a summer's heat
Die with the golden ear unfolded.