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A Kinder
Bright

Poems of
Praise and
Remembrance

Jerry Fagnani

*Dedicated with love
to my wife Elaine,
and my daughter, Kimberly,
and my grandchildren, Ryan and Garret*

*We often choose to remember
our brightest memories.
But certain brightness can be harsh.
For me, I prefer a kinder bright.*

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Moments in Time

The Brew

It is a dangerous card you play
To gain a peace that cannot stay
For what magic quiets this fear you feel
Or balms a wound that will not heal

But I sing with you this tortured song
And celebrate your open mind
And raise the right above the wrong
To gather in the wealth I find

And so I tilt my glass with you
To lift your damaged soul and grace
And accept the fleeting embrace of the brew
And the fleeting rapture of your face

I hope never to mourn your goodness lost
To the killing breath of lurking frost
And bid farewell to triumph of the day
Remember it is a dangerous card you play

A Sad Occasion

Let us not on this sad occasion dwell
On what he might have been
For he is gone and that is final
Don't lift torches burning for over is his yearning
And ours has begun on this sad occasion

When the year turns over and the sun burns down the sky
He won't be there to see it
Or see the spring's fine sign
With no laughter in the meadow across the birches leaves will fall
Past strains of silence in the hall
And winter tears shall stain the snow

When he died amidst the roar of fury
And blood's rhythm in the field
It ended what began in love
And now he's gone to somewhere else
Dying for his crime which was to live
And how do we forgive ourselves

Time

The tired year trods on
Past the seasons and the sky
And still we feel the surge of pain
And still we kneel and cry

Who now will foil the acts of fools
And who will clear our path
When they rage and shake their fists
And who will face their wrath

We'll not hear that laugh
In bright of noontime sun
Or know the rush of glory
For decent pleasures won

We're not to feel the gentle touch
Which assures against the crowd
For our hero's gone to an endless time
Far from his wrapping shroud

Red Headed Woman

Where is she
Laughing gentle coming down the hall
Sparkling eyes straight at us
With smiling thought in beaming day
And tender grasp in silent eve
Making real the dreams we weave

There she is
Wide stepping red headed woman
In gather of the tired spirit
Consigning fear to flight
And making clear the golden haze
Reclaiming wonder for our days

Here she comes
Arriving on the way
Wide stepping red headed woman
Striding gladly to our needs
Glowing smiling filling up the eye
As we look and softly sigh

Hold her hand
In honor of this gentle joy
And in our homage soar
To the crimson reaches
Which fills the wizened soul
And breaks us through the ribboned goal

Before The Rose

Find it not difficult to conceive
That one day you'll enjoy the autumn leave
In the shadow of old age
When gone forever is the rage of youth
But now pursuit is in you
And there is no time for autumn's hue

You must gather all your stars
And draw a path across the sky
As a bird soaring to the sun
Away from conflicts won
For there is no rose without the bud
And the filling in your heart is youthful blood

Cravings

Have you desired to wake and live again the wonder free
As only time allows
And see the Earth's true morning beyond the gleaming pane
And know again the field's fine feast
Which sates the hunger of your soul's demand
And feeds the hope that will not wane

Have you known the yearning to explore again
Long past the gloaming
And visit places in the dark hearing rhythms of the night
And find your way through purest cravings
And pathways rich in nascent light

Are you uncertain on this landscape of the dying light
Of barren space and empty fallow fields
As you stand in recall of breeze on barebacked boy
In search of distant suns and skies
Of unabating joy

Mountains Stand

Wake and move to Earth's first rise
And its gradual mix of tears and dreams
And embrace the season's warming sun
But always know that mountains stand
And mighty rivers run

Surge toward the lofty goals
And make your own the burst of now
And race to own the glories won
But always know that mountains stand
And mighty rivers run

Enjoy the swell of love and gain
And thrill to victory in the bright
And revel in joy of mindless fun
But always know that mountains stand
And mighty rivers run

Know days of struggle in the storm
And chill from wind and stinging sky
When winter reigns and summer's done
But always know that mountains stand
And mighty rivers run

Rest when weary stance cannot be held
And turn away from fear and rage
When numbered days dissolve to none
But always know that mountains stand
And mighty rivers run

Youth Shadows

I.

He sees the sky edged mountain line
Above the speckle of the living light
And knows what's seen from splendid shadows
Of his nation's night
The muscled visions of the young and bold
And he feels so out of place and old
And out of time

The blaze of small town morning
Gives its heat
And all the Earth is passion's fire
Where he was once the pylon and the wire
Standing strong above the cold
And he feels so out of place and old
And out of time

He remembers friends who were his life
Who lived and moved at wondrous pace
And when the winds took them away
He struggled in the joyful race
And kept the dreams they'd bought and sold
And he feels so out of place and old
And out of time

II.

Weary eyes in wizened faces
Watch the building traffic's rush
Amid disordered melodies of youth
Before the gradual hush
But hope that glitters is distant gold
And he feels so out of place and old
And out of time

With any luck the song sings long
And upraised arms will greet the day
And keep at bay the river's wrong
And reach for glory one strives to hold
And he feels so out of place and old
And out of time

When time's enough you'll come to know
That dreary storms must fall
But energy once owned in time
Is yours forever to recall
Holy hours to be thought and told
But you'll feel so out of place and old
And out of time