

My

Published

Poems

by

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A SAILOR'S PRAYER

A sailor on a stormy night
Might have Thor in mind
more than gods reasonable and kind,
His rhyme, rhythm and reason
transcending both tide and season
To settle, now up, now down,
with each uncertain moment
Sown by the sea foam in inky furrows
plowed between now and nothing.

Carvings In Stone. 1996.

BAPTISM

I sometimes walk along the shore
To watch each wave as it meets its end.
One by one they seem to say,
"You, too, must retreat, my friend,"
As I always do when
I turn my back to the washed world
And head home
Baptized by the sea-foam.

*Between Darkness and Light. 2000.
Poetry's Elite: The Best Poets of 2000. 2001.*

PLASTIC REMEMBRANCES

Plastic flowers in a cemetery
Merit a little commentary.

Just hang'em, stick'em where e'er you want
And, come hell or high water, there's your plant.
Requiring the minimum of personal attention,
They yet give feelings dispensation.

They grieve all day long for me or for you--
A substitute for heart and conscience, too;
Weather the foulest of climates first rate
And last a mite longer than thick boilerplate.

Yes
(because lost love and remembrance
bless not with bearing,
but with brief, passing fragrance),
Plastic flowers in a cemetery
Merit a little commentary.

Theater of the Mind. London: Noble House, 2003.

roarin' on a sabbath mornin'

suburbia
could be a
heaven
even with people
who snub the steeple
if only grass were grazed
or ignored
instead of roared

The Best Poems and Poets of 2001. 2002.

ADIRONDACK

Uncle John's cabin
Was little more than a shack,
But painted in Adirondack,
Namely, brick red and black,
And packed with old
comfortable, discarded chairs and sofas,
And filled with memories and romances,
And fishing tales,
and tons of tackle,
and scores of countless card and board games,
and books galore,
And all the tame things
of Adirondack life, and more,
Not like the busy stuff of those
who spend a day here,
or a week there,
Or of those who inherited this glory,
But of those who built the place,
And wrote the story.

Eternal Portraits, 2004.
Colours of the Heart. London: Noble House, 2004.
Eternal Portraits. Winter 2005.
Tracing the Infinite. 2005.

NOSTALGIA

How is it so easy
For the breezy shore
To lure me away
From where I am to where I would be
Among the strayed yearnings of yore,
Made glad and warm
By summer morns
As fresh as those that kiss this beach,
Where I reach into each new day,
Yearning for a lighter life
More like an old one I knew and held so dear,
And still cherish as if it were here,
Which of course it is,
Except for the baggage
Everyone lugs but wants to loose
Along the way back to younger dreams
That always seem more promising
Than those of an already old today.

The Best Poems and Poets of 2004. 2004.
Labours of Love. London: Noble House, Spring 2005.

AFTER THE ORGAN ROARED

Where did that last chord go?
I must know, please,
To put my mind at ease.
I could tell
It did not want to die,
By the way it took its time
To say “Amen,”
First, with a roar of celebration,
And then again, and again,
With the measured rhyme of reverberation—
Music in a space so grand
It can't stand to stop
Until it finds our hearts
And starts to vibrate there,
Filling us as it filled the incensed air.

The Best Poems and Poets of 2005. Summer 2006.

Selected for “The Sound of Poetry” CD by the International Library of Poetry, 2006.
Songs of Honour. London: Noble House, Summer 2006.

AGING

I am nicer now, but I don't know how.
Perhaps I've learned to stop,
And sit, and stay, on my way to wonder,
And to look over and under
My imagination, as if it mattered,
With all its scattered hopes and loves and cares,
High above the put-on airs of age,
Where so much of life is played
On an empty stage: unlit, and bleak, and bare.

With only two eyes, I stare
Out of my dying past,
Where vast vacuums
Sucked out my soul,
And stole my will,
To cast it upon still, gray ashes
That once glowed with flashes of inspiration--
More welcome than long, perfumed hair,
Or any other diversion.

I am nicer now,
But I don't know why or when.
Perhaps, then, the sheer luck of life
Just led me through the strife
To find a way to say
I'm nicer now, but I don't know how.

The International Who's Who In Poetry, 2007.