

THE UNSURPASSED JOY

KIMBERLY J. ROSENFELD

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Kimberly J. Rosenfield

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TO MRS. CRAWFORD,
WHO MADE THIS POSSIBLE.

SINCERELY,
KIM ROSENFELD

GRANDPA

*The unsurpassed joy
Each time I see you
Is like little rivulets of water
Rushing through*

*Rushing into the sea of Life
Where you once cast your line
Up into the mountains of Love
Where you still like to climb*

*And back into my heart
Where memories of you I hold
Entwined with satin ribbons
And locked in a case of gold*

LOVE

*The only way I can satisfy the thought of you
Is to think of all that we've been through
The joys, the sorrows,
The hopes, the fears
The ever flowing love throughout the years
This thought is just to mark the way
I think of you each passing day*

REMEMBRANCE

*Whose soft brown fur I've often kissed
With melting eyes
That had never ceased to watch my every move
Has died and left me here to brood*

*On lonely days she'd comfort me
Caressing my face with her warm tongue
Unlike any human being
She was my companion day to day
But, she has died and left me empty*

Reclining on my pillow
A milky sea of cream
Sheets and blankets like
Fields and grassy prairies
Here, I am left to dream

A COZY KING

As I sit in my house
Fit for a King
I listen to the fire
And the Tea kettle sing

I hear the ancient clocks
Monotonous drone
For I am the King
And this is my throne

And as I sit,
My pipe I smoke
Thinking all the while:
I am a man,
In a cozy house,
Living King style

LONELY FRIEND

Brushing away the cobwebs
Hanging on the rafters above
I noticed something I'd never seen
But I used to love.
In the corner of the attic
At the top of the stair
I came upon my favorite friend,
My good old rocking chair!
It looked so lonely and cold
Like it was begging me to remember days of old
Of petticoats and handspun flax
Dipping candles in homemade wax.
Now I remember something I was told
Old friends never die, they just grow old.
I slowly left the attic grey
But my rocking chair is there to stay!

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HUNGRY MOUSE

The mouse looks around
For some yummy yellow cheese
And will risk its neck for some
Even if the cats in sight

THE FAIRY TREE

Today I went walking
By the magic Fairy Tree
All the Fairies were singing
My Grandpa said to me
As he tenderly pushed
The covers to my chin
Start now Grandpa
I mean Grandpa please begin

Tell me of the wondrous Fairy Tree
The one that lies just beyond the shore
Oh please tell me Grandpa
You've been there before

Well yes I have son
And many times at that
So here goes the story of
The Fairies habitat

Pink cake and soda
Cover half the tree
And the glittering Fairies
Move about
By wing or bumble bee
Their dishes made of stardust
Their clothes of Fairy thread
Their food they gather
From Mother Earth

And make into a bread
Their golden shelves
Are filled with books
And all of them unread
They haven't any work or schools
And they never go to bed
Why, they....
You're fast asleep already
Did you hear what I've said...?

CARD CRAZE

One afternoon

I decided

To relax

With a deck a cards

Off to the table

I strode

With larceny in my heart

My match

Indeed was able

Enough as well as I

To get away

With murder yet

Stalk off

And win first prize

The deck of card slippery

And cool to the touch

*Thoughts of winning *

And championship

Was all my mind

Could clutch

My head so engulfed

With thoughts of greed

And pride

That I didn't seem to notice

That I was falling behind

*Son on
And on
My greed raced
Faster than my hands could play
My foolish attitude chased
All of my skill away
Leaving behind a record
Of a rapidly
Sinking score
Showing championship
And myself
Quietly out the door*

AMERICA

Looking up
With eager eyes
At the blacksmith's
Steady aim
Is a local
Orphan boy
Without a rightful name
But is called
By the name of "Tom"
Which is the blacksmith's own
And with the name they share
Their dreams are still the sane
To make America always be
The home of the free and the brave

Sparks dance
As the blacksmith
Wearily takes his place
Hammer in his steady hand
Sweat on his honest face
Strikes a blow
And then steps back a pace
Nodding slowly at watchful Tom
He again takes his place

On and on the day wears
The sun sets low
In the sky

Tom leaves the blacksmith's shop
And waves a reluctant farewell
For he knows
The blacksmith
Now alone
Must dwell

And through the barred window
A silhouetted figure stands
Working on throughout the night
With swift and might hands
Using what he knows
And doing what he can
A symbol of
America
That mighty
Honest land

A THANKSGIVING POEM

Let us take time
From the day's fading hour
To remember our ancestors
Sailing the Mayflower
And having their first Thanksgiving
On an island vast and new
Near the close of the day
When the harvesting was through
Gathered round the table
All the Pilgrims were there
Giving their thanks to the Lord
With a humble Pilgrim's prayer
And the feast before them
Quite clearly showed
Why they were giving
The thanks that they owed

And this concludes my Thanksgiving poem
About Pilgrims
And God
And the thanks that we owe them

SWEET DREAM

*The afternoon sun
Sheds its warm glow
Upon the laughing stream
That gurgles to and fro*

*And on a small rock
The moss does grow
And frogs play
And fishes swim
And robins sing merrily
On the limb
Of a weeping willow
Growing in the sun's gleam*

*You can come here
And see the stream
All you must know is
How to dream*

Pools of lamplight
Encircling the darkness
Of the hushed street
Flickering
And wavering
Over sidewalk
And shops
Over invisible shadows
Of what has been
But has stopped
The noise
And the crowds
Begin to drain
But their uncaring presence
For Nature
Remains
And cannot
Be washed out
In the densest
Of rains
But the streetlights
Take no extra pains
To display
What we've done
Over again

S E A E C H O

Nature's reminder of the sea
An answer to the oceans call
Under crashing waves that rise and fall
Tasting of the briny foam
In summer, winter, or spring
Listen to the ocean's call
Uncoiling from chambers inside
Sun, surf, salty air, how does it
All manage to hide?

Gliding through the crystal water
In the peaceful lake
Young ones tagging behind her
Hear the noise they make!
Babies yellow and fuzzy
Mother grey and brown
Oh, what a noisy group!
AS they go round and round!

HAIKU *

Busy buzzing bee
Sucks pollen from a red rose
In the summer heat.

My friend and I play
In crisp leaves every day
Winter comes quickly.

The printed white page
Tells of special holidays
Halloween is best.

* Haiku is a 3 line poem of 5,7,
and 5 syllables respectively.

TEA STALLS AND BANQUET HALLS

I'm touring London
And my flowered carryall
Inside holds an Englishman's
Enameled tea-ball
This I bought at the local corner tea stall
Then I went to view
The Queen's private banquet-hall
The table set with linens
And rugs upon the wall!
And a display of the Royal tea-things look!—
My enameled tea-ball

As I walked home
Late afternoon 'twas getting close to nightfall
I thought of the Queen's good taste in choosing
My enameled tea-ball!

MY FARAWAY KINGDOM

When I'm alone often I wonder
About worlds that differ from mine
Where daily routines and loneliness

Are left far, far behind
Where gaiety and happiness
Spread like a trellised vine
And thoughts of love and caring
Flow like Brandy-wine
And upon frosted cakes
The people dance and dine
Or swing in graceful hammocks
Made from gossamer twine

And now I hope you understand
Why each time I recline
I think of this faraway kingdom
In hopes it will someday be mine

A Fool's Assumption

*More than once
My path's been crossed
By obstacles loved or hated.
But this day reeks of luckiness
The fool politely stated
For in the forest
Under a pine
Something lay shinning
A crown her assumed
With rubies and gems
Or a whole day's worth of mining.
He went on assuming
Day after day
And when he ran out of lies to say
He picked up the object
And stared in dismay!
All his dreams hit rock bottom
Nothing could he say
The object was as button
Left to decay
A tree branch rustled behind him
The Fool jumped with a start
The button slipped from his fingers
And under a bush did dart
The fool trudged sadly homeward
A tear glistened in his eye
Sadly thinking how
If only*

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*He wished
Intelligence money could buy*

Deep in the forest
The witching hour of night
Brings about Evil things
Before it gets too light
To chant and rave about being
Buried in the ground below
Withering beauty as they come
Destroying it as they go

Quiet streams break and quell
If long within their presence dwell
All pure life quick...
Run and hide

Heed my words...
Keep thee inside
Safe away from their Evil stride
For they are from the Other Side
Satan's mind and soul abide
In their souls
And in their lies
Evil pours from out their eyes
Watching you with ghastly pride

Evil women gather alongside
Satan now will choose a bride
Sometime near the close of night
An honest woman died

THE GHOST IN THE MIRROR

Rafters creaking
Winds howling
Windows washed with rain
Made me wish
I could have
Helped myself restrain
But some mystic force
Led me to the door
Of the attic chamber
WHERE I HAD NEVER BEEN BEFORE

Through the door I floated
My feet
Hardly touching the floor
The candlelight
Over the room gloated
And cast wispy shadows
On the floor
I wasn't trembling or shaking
I HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE

Picking up
Forgotten objects
Their antiqueness
Floating away
These objects
Were the objects
I had used everyday

*My bonnets
And petticoats
My button shoes
Ribbons
And more
Soon again
I had that feeling
I HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE*

*All my new-found clothes
I simply had to wear
Never faltering
At buttoning
Shiny black shoes
Or tying ribbons
In my ebony hair
In split-second timing
The show
Of dressing performed
It all came
So easily because
I HAD DONE IT BEFORE*

*Over to the mirror
I strode
In heels
That stroked
The floor
The oldness
Of the dress glowed
AS IT HAD GLOWED BEFORE*

*Round and round turning
In the cobwebs was I
Not noticing t
The candle getting
Darker than
The sky
A heel gave way beneath me
I collapsed
In a heap on the floor
The candle flickered
And beckoned for
The wind
To shut the door
In the mirror
Was a ghost
With hair of ebony black
And ribbons
Fluttered gracefully
In the wind behind her back
Her show heel
Broken
And dress
Yellow
Rotted and worn
Gazing
At my
Reflection
From the glow
The cool mirror bore
I suddenly
Saw my life
AS IT HAD BEEN BEFORE*

THE HOUSE ATOP THE MOOR

*High on the English moor
Through the mist
Fog and rain
The lightning strikes
Most violently
Once and once again
Making "It"
Seem even bleaker
The house atop the Moor
Where rotting boards
And shattered glass
Framed with spindly trees
Bend and twist
In the rising mist
Of the violent
English seas
And the house is said to be cursed
By the ghost of an English lad
Who dived into
The English seas
Vowing he'd come back*

*So when the lightning strikes
Once and once again
And the English seas
Are storming
Listen for a pitiful wail
And heed my words
Take warning!*

*With curtains drawn back
In my cozy domain
I listened and watched
The unyielding rain
“How can it keep falling without legerdemain”
“How can it keep falling in this endless chain?”
(By now I was becoming quite rattle-brained)
So I stood silently watching the unyielding rain
My unanswered questions embossed in my brain
Then without fair play
The North Wind moved the rain from my sight
And carried on
Through the deep purple night*

THE FALLING SNOW

*Luminescent stars
Shine in the ebony chill of the night
Unaiding in slowing the snows
Ever-downward flight
Encasing trees
And stopping life's
Ever-searching plight
Creating beauty
As it glides
Aiding Death
As it presides
Over Life
From all outside
The falling snow
The icy falling snow*

The mourners in dark black
Trode upon
Fresh green weeds
Weeping blue tears
On cold marble stones

MIDNIGHT MATINEE

The clapping ceases
The doors are opened
The stage lights are extinguished
After a lively performance
The theater is dark and empty.
The plush velvet seats
Are folded for the night
Echoes of "Bravo, Bravo"
Fill the theater
The night watchman mutters
"Place is like a graveyard at night..."
And the whole theater seems to whisper back
"You're right."

A DARK DEATH

The new candle shines brightly for hours
Almost never ending it gives off its golden light
A warm glow is cast upon the small room

Melting, dripping wax
Slides noiselessly down the candle sides

The flame grows dim
The wick is burned to its fullest
The candle dies
The small room is in darkness once again

THE GHOST RIDER

Amongst the roses
Fragrant with life
Growing between the dead
Where soil turns
Underfoot
And stars blink
Overhead
The Ghost Rider
Dismounts from his steed
And removes
His plumed hat
And picking a rose from the earth
He puts his musket back
The life he was to take tonight
Was saved until the morrow
For in the rose
He saw his life
As fear...
Darkness...
And sorrow
A tear trickled down his cheek
For he was just
A young man
And the Ghost Rider
Was just a name
For the life
He'd never had
The rose fell from his hand
And onto its beauty

He stepped
With a heavy heart
And tear-filled eye
The withered rose
He held at his side
And in the streaming
Illuminating moonlight
The Ghost Rider
.....Cried

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THE DYING TRUTH

*The house stands empty
On the hilltop
The flowers live in the rich soil
And grow in the warm sunlight*

*But they will soon die
For nothing can live
Without love*

Standing in the churchyard
I at Mother's side
Wept over a distant aunt
Who during the night had died

Yet, how clearly I remember
That at her
Mother would scowl
And her visits
She would dread
It's amazing how Mother reacted so
Now that Auntie is dead!

WILLS AND STOPPERS

Wills and Stoppers
Drifters and Pushers
Hushers and Rushers
Where are we going?
Is the calm
Blue sky
Full of
Rushing
And Pushing?
Are we the only ones?
I hope
It doesn't rain again
Tomorrow

THE WANDERER

All is dark and silent
A dog barks in the streets below
I rose and walked to the window
I opened the curtain
And looked outside
The dog caught my glance
With his sorrowful eyes
I opened the door and stepped outside
The dog appeared as if from nowhere
I held out my hand
He saw it was bare
The dog turned away
I tried to call
He just looked back
Not caring at all

HUNT

The silvery birch stands alone
in the dawn;

The geese fly overhead, hearts pounding
They wait, and listen:

Their beautiful wings move up and down,
up and down, faster and faster, soaring
and gliding they are too busy to notice:

Gun raised, finger just inches away
from the trigger; aims, fires!

Squawking, screeching, beautiful wings
mixed with blood, fall one by one
out of the golden sky.

Tall up, snout ready! The dog plunges
to them!

A pat on the head, a pop of the
saddlebags; the hunter rides away.

The silvery birch stands alone
in the dawn; watching
seeing everything. Telling no one.

*Beautiful and hiding
In thickets of tan and green
Why do you hide so?
Can't your beauty be seen*

*Wise and proud creature,
Moonlight reflecting every feature,
Sitting where gentle breezes blow,
Take me with you when you go*

*Beautiful brown eyes,
You are my one desire,
You fill my heart with love
And lift me ever higher*

A MAN WHO HAD NO EYES

*We have sight
And senses
It's visibly true
With no eyes
Your sight
Sees without
You
Showing you sights
As they seem
On the surface
Not digging enough
To discover
Real purpose
Looking and judging
Without providing turns
For the judged
To undo
The title
He earns*

*To take oneself in thought
Isn't easy at all
There's so many colors and changes
Like a tapestryed-wall
And if you tried to climb
The threads from which it was born
You had best be very careful
For tapestries get torn*

IN DARKENED CORNERS

In darkened corners
Of dust and web
Where rafters
Break and moan
The light of day
And its delightful way...
Upon them...
Never shone
And laughing voices
From people
On the ground below
Echoed through
The battered pipes
And sent
Vibrating sounds that set
The weathered boards to make
Melancholy music in which
All of them did partake
And into the bleak –
Blackness of night
Their moaning
Music goes on
Sounding
Like the call of Death -
As Life had come
And gone

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THE DAY I LEAVE HOME
WILL BE THE DAY I GROW UP
AND TAKE WITH ME MEMORIES
OF WHEN I WAS YOUNG

A SMALL TRIBUTE

A tribute to the lords of verse
Is hardly ample thanks
A thoroughfare they built with words
And filled in all the blanks
Trod upon it
With meanings and rhyme
And wore it to a fine brown grain
Then built it up with words again
Thus the cycle is ceasing never
Poetry will live on
For ever
And ever

Kimberly J. Rosenfield lives in Palos Verdes, California, with her parents, older sister, and two dogs. She was born in 1966 and has been writing poetry since she was eight. Kim is an avid reader and an accomplished pianist, having studied the piano for four years. She is also a collector of dolls of all kinds. She will attend Chadwick School on the Palos Verdes Peninsula this fall.

This book of verse is her first. We expect to read more of her verses in the future as this young prolific writer grows to maturity.

Rose Rudin

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