

Poetry From The Urban Pilot Logbook

Seldom is Heard

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Derrick Publishing

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Blind And Deaf

A blind man who was deaf wrote one of the best poems I have ever read. This man showed more wisdom in his words without sight, than a man who had always seen a light. He wrote of things that could not be viewed with the naked eye. His views on life bought forth a tear, and I did cry. Only a blind man with no outside vision could look so deep into the soul. He warmed my heart in a world of cold. I can't remember his name. He did it for expression not fame. The words from a person inside cannot be denied. The movement and the strokes given to write words from the deep, unlock feelings your thoughts need to keep. To inspire to create, bringing a great fullness of a present date. Enjoy the now as long as you may, for the sun rises and sets in a day.

The Breath

The most forgotten is the breath.
The breath is the first to come.
The breath is the last
to leave,
once it is gone many shall grieve.
The breath carries many a song,
the breath has its day right or wrong.
The breath with its wings wide spread,
ah transportation through life till dead.
That loving breath.

Space Time Traveler

Alien Attitude

On board on a wing I see a bright ball,
the next thing I hear is a call.

A voice in the crowd not boisterous but loud, just had to say
what he would do that day. “For all that can hear both far or near,
I’ll fly in a space ship high near the moon, and fly back to earth
all before noon.

I’ll take a new flight the following night with no one in sight.”

Then the voice in the crowd proclaimed to the innocent and
endangered groups, who have seemed to have broken their loops.
“I’ll take you away from your unnatural predator, I’ll be your
editor. I’ll write you a new letter with life free and better.”

Then the bright ball disappeared, my life I feared, my eyes
they teared.

I knew not what I saw, I understood not what I heard.

If you ask me face to face, I’ll say there is no trace,
but it’s out there in space.

What Words?

There is a feeling that no words can say.

There is a thought that can't be expressed.

What do you do when it happens.?

It may be a sound, a certain turn, or smell.

I can not tell.

What can be expressed, when it cannot be touched

but almost felt. A sadness and a joy,

slowed by time, and framed in the mind,

that cannot be expressed.

Grandfather's Eyes

See Then reflect life,
They've seen hard times with family and wife.
They show me my history as viewed through their screen.
So kind, so wise, so strong, not mean.
As I looked at them I cherished those looks.
I learned, I listened, I studied his books.
If time writes a story and history is its name,
then greatness and glory shall one day they'll claim
grandfathers eyes.
The day that I told my grandfather how great a grandfather
ye be.
He could not walk or hardly see.
But I took a look into those eyes. I told him that day,
his last home the V.A.,
I love you grandfather,
I love you grandfather.

Illusions

Illusions in life are a constant, so be careful and mindful or live with regret. It is easy to see something the wrong way and becomes a lot easier after a long stressful day. Illusions that occur more often than not, it can happen anytime when it's cold or when it's hot.

You can see anything anywhere anytime. You can see wild creatures drinking port wine.

You may see the sun drop out of the sky, but if you see that illusion it would not be a lie.

You can see if you dare the things that cause a great scare. Illusions and fear can go hand in the eyes like wingless birds that fly to the skies. The illusions in space and time can be as different as day and night. The illusion from greed is different than the illusion of need.

The illusion of need fills a void, and the illusion of need must plant a seed. Don't let a known illusion multiply your confusion. Keep your sights clear and erase all known fear.