

Considerations
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MADE IN THE USA

Dedication

For my sons, who help me see through new eyes.

E.K.
2007



Considerations





Foundations





A Woman

There was an old woman who lived in my house.
I'm more than sure she wasn't always old.
I felt her in the wallpaper,
In the furniture in the spare room.
I smelled the powder she used.
And felt the heaviness of her sorrow.
She had no voice to tell her pain,
So the walls carried it to my skin.
She wrote me no letters to explain her fears,
So the floors creaked her sorrow-filled tune.
There was an old woman who lives in that house.
I suppose it's still there,
But for her sake I hope she's not.





The House

There was a house that should have been by the sea.
It would have been perfect by the water, but it was not.
There was a house where ghosts ran about,
Everyone said so.
But it didn't plague me much.
Maybe they didn't mind me.
There was a house that everyone thought was a problem,
But I thought its curves and bends and unexpected places
Were cozy and unique,
Except that it should have been by the sea.

Hollow Places

I had a doll with a plastic face and eyes made of glass.
Her skin was pale and features delicate.
Her dress was ivory and lace
And I imagined myself as her.
And then I grew up.





Certain

“I am so certain,” she says with a scoff.
The world around me has no clue, she thought.
How bright and brilliant am I
No one knows better, than I.
Youth gives a peculiar perception,
A method of rebound that feels forever.
Then years go on, and life continues,
And even the strongest wear down in attrition.
To all of those she dismissed,
She now looks at again, more closely,
And listens contritely.
“I’m not so certain, not now” is the murmur.
And they know, and are patient, because they know.

She Is

She sits and watches with compassion,
with a need to help in her heart.
she sits and feels helpless,
with only the desire to heal what is raw.
I wonder what she was like younger,
when worry didn't weigh so dearly upon her,
when the world was stretched out before her,
like a rainbow of possibility.





Ghosts

The past is a distant thing,
that doesn't draw breath or reach our world.
It can't scrape its fingers along our reality,
nor tear rips through the thin drape that keeps us separate.
It can't bring us pain,
nor pierce our emotions.
It can't walk near us
or next to us
or ahead of us.
We can't hear its echoes clearly in a silent moment,
as though those who live there,
are just a footstep away.
It can't do all these things,
be all these things.
How could it?





What About. . .

What about the people you can almost see?
The ones traveling between the flickering of a light,
Who live between the flash of an instant, and
make my infant laugh and giggle with joy.

What about the people who have passed from our lives
But you still feel deep down to your bones that they wonder
about,
That they watch you and laugh with you, and
Cry for you when you are lost.

What about the people that you can almost see?
The loved ones that you ache to touch again,
That you need to confide in,
That you need a strong hug from.

What about them.
Are they here right now?
And if I turn around very quickly,
Will I catch that fleeting glimpse?





New Orleans

How can you explain it?

It's not something you see,
although it lives in the wood and the bricks, and the cement.

How can you describe it?

It's not immediately obvious,
though its unique qualities can be described by those who pass
by.

Why is it so special?

Its history radiates from far-off corners,
and its electricity crackles like an old friend renewing an
acquaintance,

one who's been gone for ages,
but now seems only for moments.

How can you explain it?

Why is it different, and why worthy of attention?

You can't.

It simply is.

