

Selected Poems

Alpha Beta Gamma, 1950

w e d n e s d a y, 1966

In Memoriam, 1970

The Knife, 1995

August 2, 2000

In The Spring of Peace, 2002

A Fickle Lover, 2009

Desert Storm, 2017

Prayer, 2021

Alpha Beta Gamma

I am the bride
without a groom
I am the child
doomed to gloom

They play with me
just like a ball
they toss me
from one to
another

Each says he'll stop
if others do
yet I've made
my home
on new
grounds too

I scatter everything
to pieces
mother father nieces
they've got me now
and keep me so
that if I want
to burst
they can't
say no

Gigi McKendric 1950

w e d n e s d a y

i lay my troubled soul upon the earth
from deep within murmurs i hear
shash... shash.....be still
the axel is turning taking me along
over and over spinning
trough this layer and that
memories long past but not forgotten
come back
oh this body can say nothing
once a friend remarked
we spin
a scratch here a bruise there
the body arches as awaits
gushing out with a cry it says
penetration
nay i know pain but i also know joy
i see streets i remember well
corners where people's souls
have come together with mine
forever to be one
tunnels.....long.....dark
i travel
no stops
no one waiting on the other side
no end
we spin around and around
the merry-go-round of our childhood
time goes by
nights of trembling fears
mornings of blazing sunshine
as we await
for the rays of the sun to warm
plasma sperma frozen flesh
to no avail
ding-dong ding-dong
the earth is singing
ding-dong
the body is dead.

june 1966
giselle l. mauer
91 crest drive,summit

IN MEMORIAM

I have scaled five mountains
and miles and miles I walked
until I reached you

Slowly slowly before my eyes
You unveiled your many
folded beauty until you
were assured of my love

Today I stand at the
gates of freedom and weep
for were once there was
strength and tolerance
blood is spilling high

I see row and rows of dead
yesterday's truth are
today's lies
military alliances are made
and broken
and you the young
are dead.....!

Young so young!

Took so long to learn
how to walk
and more time out
to learn how to talk.....

And then one day.....
You were old enough
old enough to die

But do not go gentle
into that good night
Dylan Thomas once said
"rage rage against
the dying of the light"
for life is ugly when
youth is dead"

I stand at the gates of freedom
and ask
Freedom.....why let your young tomorrow die...?

GLM. 1970

August 2, 2000

I am about to walk
 through the "Gate"
wondering
will it be
 Hell?
 Heaven?...

Journeys of past
 riding on high
waves of tide
 land him
 on a pebbled
 beach...

The waves
 rise
 with nature's
wrath,
 following
high winds
 thunder
 sweeping me
on unknown
 land...

In the distance
 whispers of
soft music
 perhaps an illusion...

Yesterday
 Today
 Forgotten
 Dreams...

2.

Words fill the distance
 between us
 eyes quietly
 search the soul...

Moved by desire
 body
 demands recognition...

He speaks of his children
 not of his
 “other”...

Intruding
 A small window
 opens
 gentle thoughts
 feelings revealed...

Moments
 later
 curtain
 time
 descends...

THE KNIFE

THE KNIFE

CUT THROUGH

AND THE BLOOD

BURST FORTH

CREATING AN

ARTESIAN FOUNTAIN

RUN ITS COURSE

AND LATER

ENCAPSULATE

THE LAST DROP

BETWEEN THE STICHES

COVERED BY A THIN LAYER

OF GAUZE

A DEEP WOUND

CLOSE TO THE

MAIN ARTERY

THAT CARRIES

WITHIN ITS CLOSE
CIRCUIT
SUPPLIES THAT
FEEDS THE HEART
DEVOID OF
COMBUSTION
TIRED OF PAIN
EXHAUSTION SETS IN
WITH TIME
THE SCAR
WILL BE
THE SAFE
CONTAINER
OF MEMORY
AND THROBBING PAIN
PULSATING
THE ENGINE /HEART

HAS A SLOW RHYTHM
A SOFT BREEZE
WOULD BLOW AWAY
THE HEALING BLANKET
THAT COVERS
THE WOUND
REVEALING THE GASH

Gigi McKendric , April 4, 1995

IN THE SPRING OF PEACE

A hushed silence covers the earth
with only a whisper coming
from deep within

The snow meant as protection
has melted away
leaving the earth trembling

From far and near blood is bathing
children and women in the red crucible of
cruelty and mayhem

No crocuses indicating spring
what evil has wrought
left the earth barren

Destruction is everywhere you look
greed soon follows in its path
taking food and sleep away
from those in need

Roses lost their fragrance
plucked from foul ground
they cover the coffins
of unborn children graves

The monsters of evil blow themselves up
taking with them unspoken dreams
leaving hearts scorched by fire

Vultures are hovering over the bodies
stripping apart the silken fabric
that shelters the soul

They succeed inflicting pain
while the soul remains untouched
dreams continue to be born
until the Spring of Peace arrives.

Gigi McKendric 3,31, 2002

A Fickle Lover

a fickle lover...!
our bodies and mind
close together ...
holding hands we strolled
in unison....
during the day
we look around
and listen to the
sounds that intrude
between us....
the birds are singing
the breeze sway the
trees this way and yonder...
a butterfly sweeps by
caressing my forehead...
closer we continue
thoughts swept away
art/works forgotten
rejections/ awards
grants not given
we continue
our journey
with a fickle lover
night descends
thoughts and plans forgotten
once engaged
the lover never
leaves
just lies dormant
in waiting for
the next aspiring flight
of fancy
shadow of yesterday
loom close to the
horizon

glm.3/1/09

DESERT STORM

Standing on a wall

Neither here nor there

Indecision indecision

Drawing a red line

In the desert storm

Blown away by

Unrelenting winds

Dying children whispers

Falling on deaf ears

Body lay unburied

Mother father brother

Sister cousin

Tossed in the rubble

Gigi McKendric May 13,2017

PRAYER

Let your thoughts

Halt with sorrow

For the day

That has not come

When time will

Have united all

When pain and hunger

Will not be met

With anger

When ignorance

Will not be bliss

And all shall be willing

To share God's gifts

When one's thoughts

Shall go for better

Not for worse

A B C and H

Would stop

And Peace Will be on Earth.....

glm 2021