

A vertical image showing a sunset or sunrise sky. The sky is filled with soft, wispy clouds in shades of orange, red, and purple. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright glow. At the bottom, there is a dark silhouette of a city skyline.

Words in the Wind

— *heard by shar*



Some photographs were kindly contributed by Tonya Lacey (pages 19 and 58) and Frances Saida (pages 29, 35, 37, 41, 42, 55). Thank You!

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Forward

These poems weren't composed. Really, they bubbled up due to extreme internal pressure. They had to come out. Mostly during those formative years when everything is in flux. Many had to percolate for years before they could take on words. These poems are an expression of the parallels of nature with our own lives.

Perhaps they express something of the wonder and anguish of love and life that you are also familiar with. We do truly, genetically, all belong to one another. So, my hope is that they will touch something for you where we converge.

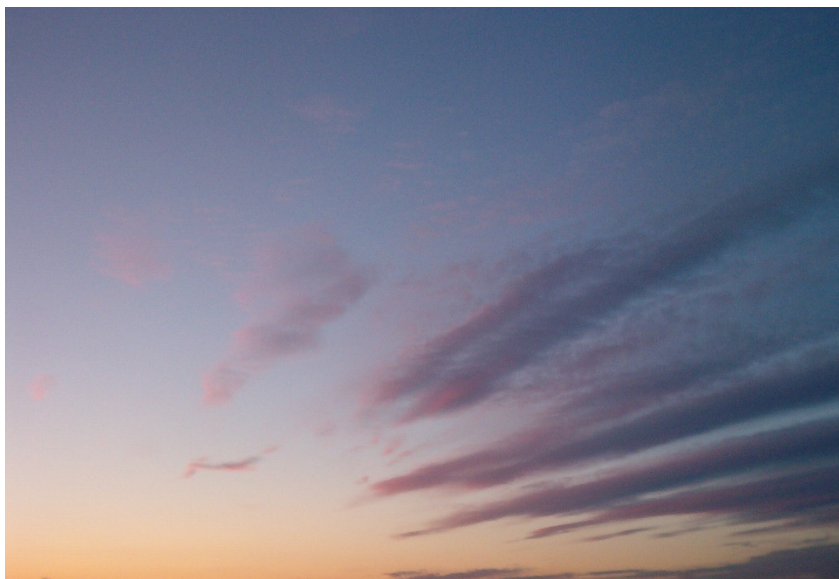


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Words

The wind that swirls across these plains
 cooled my face with Autumn's rains.
And as the wind was holding me
 I whispered words for you to see.

Then it pushed the rain ahead
But left behind the words I said.

Why could the wind not carry words
 ' Though it can push the rain around?
For "I love you" is just as real
 As the rain that splashes down.



Unsure

I wrote a song for you
 in my head.
I'd sing it for you
 but the words can't be said.

Words are an illusive thing
 sometimes harsh
Though the thoughts they bring
are so mellow, so soft.



Encounter

I know the peaceful liveliness
 of meadows in the spring
And the healing loneliness
 of beaches in the rain
I know the swirling coziness
 that snowstorms always bring
And the happy wonderment
 of seeing you again!



Possibility

In roaming out my loneliness
I came to where we met one night
And, wandering through our memories,
I questioned my sudden flight.

Funny, I'd never thought of you
in quite this way before.
I wonder. Could I have found
in you, perhaps, something more?



Today's

Today's come to us empty
for us to fill as we choose
and often in the mornings I remember
those I filled with you.

I wonder if they're really buried in the past
or if, perhaps, just around the corner
of our hearts - where love comes to rest . . .



Once

I've never heard the music
of celestial spheres,
Or rode upon the vernal breeze
as it wakes the earth with its tears.

I've only seen the stars at night
and walked barefoot in April's rain

And - oh, yes! - I've loved you
as I never may again.





Gone

I miss your soft kisses

but then, I knew I would
just as I knew someday
I would lose childhood's simplicity.

Yet I can dream
of those simple, carefree days
and of You.



With

In moments solitary and serene
I find that you are one with me.
And, with all the joy you bring,
alone I'm never lonely.



Beginning

for only a moment
a gentle summer breeze
brushed my life against yours
like quivering fragile leaves

quietly our love began
softly it will grow
how much is infinite?
nobody can know



Ever?

Sometimes
I just want to say
 "I love you"
Hoping once it's said
 I'll know I do.

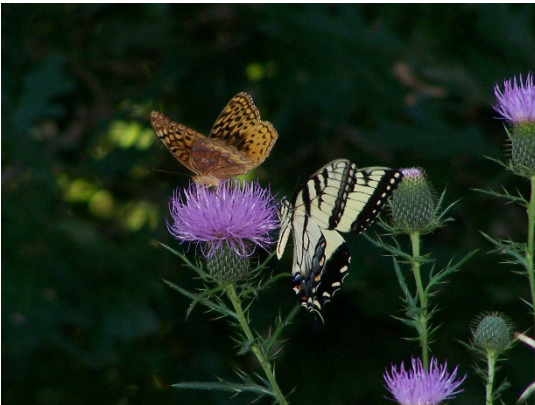
But then
I just smile at you
 and go on.

Will I ever know if I do?



Illusion

Memory is an illusion,
a trick to wrinkle time,
to conjure up your face once more
peering into mine.



With You

I long to go with you
to climb up on your wings
to know the earth through your senses
listening as your heart sings



Love?

I love you.

No!

My soul is bound to yours
as sand to the ocean's fury.
Sea makes, shapes the sand
yet, sand stills the sea!

How?

I need to know
to give you what you need.



One

we truly are one
I feel it when we're apart
like a rib aching

Hard

Darling, I know
love is hard to feel.

It's like the Wind
when it lies so still.



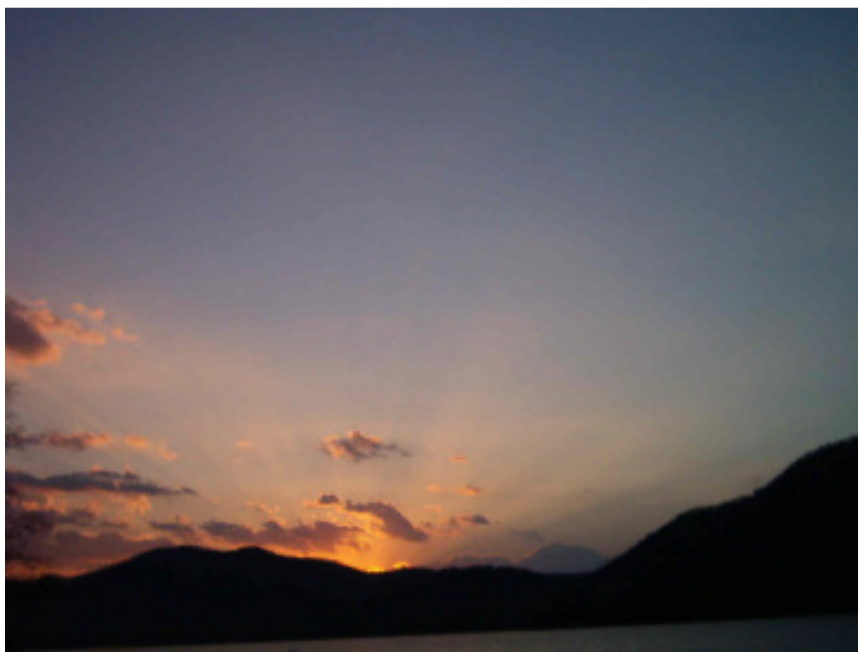


Still

Relentlessly
 water tumbles to the sea.
But the rivers remain.

Soft, rustling sound
 as leaves flutter to the ground.
Yet trees live and leaf again.

Time changes and heals
 swirling through seasons and years.
Still, my love for you, my pain . . .



Happy

Summer dew mornings,
light filtering through.
Sleepy stretch yawnings.
How I love you!

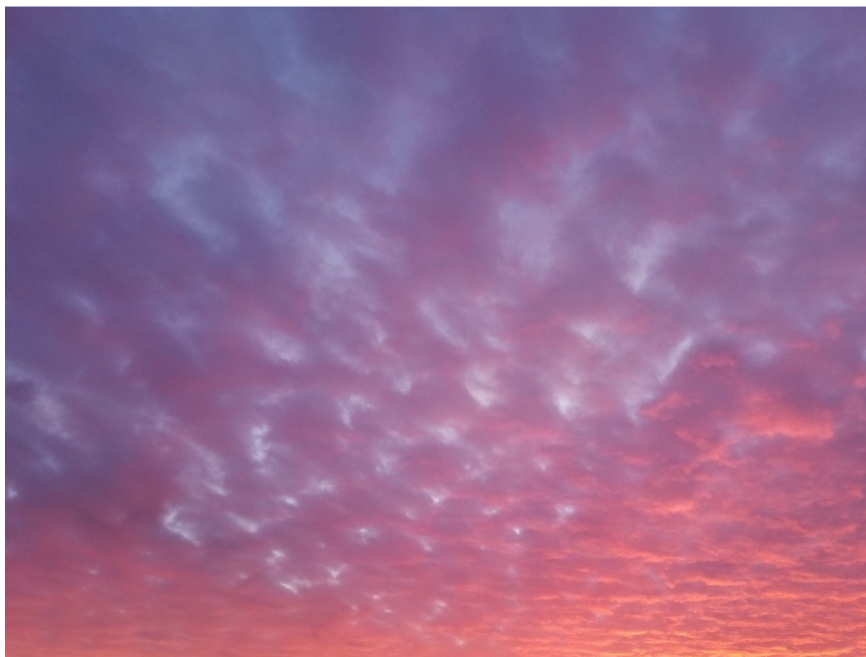
Your breath in my ear,
a smile in your eyes.
I love you all over!
Another day rise.



Heart Song

I'd sing you a song
of butterfly dew and gypsy clouds
if only I had the voice.

But as it is
I can only point the way
and with my heart silently rejoice.



Music

the music of your heart
so wildly serene
flows smoothly through the strings
beneath your fingers
and out your voice

it touches something within me
and lures me into your dreams



Lonely

It's a cold world

How I long to be warm!

It's a cruel world

I cry for safety from harm.

It's a wild world

I beg shelter from storm.

It's a lonely world

Please! Hold me in your arms!



Two

the summer's relief breezes
swirl across the lake
on moonlight glistening
they come to us cool, fragrant
as we lie awake
all senses listening

the wind's touch is refreshing
encompassing
like the way you touch me



Alive

I want not to make love with you.

I want to share love with you,

to show you the beauty around you
and the adventure in sun-glowing meadows.

I want only to kiss you with raindrops,

to embrace you with spring breezes,
to leave you dazzled by life.



Now

Love was fragile then
Still misty with the dew.
It quivered gently into life
When I bumped into you.

And through pale hours
Of early morning dawn,
It grew softly with the laurel
Cautious with the fawn.

Then suddenly it grew so boundless
It swelled above the shore.
It outgrew the both of us,
And led us apart once more.

And yet that misty morning love
Is now so strong, so joyous, so true -
And boundless still so that for all time
Some always splashes onto you!



Ours

I ache for kisses - clinging, moist
for looking in your face,

for love that melts us into one
when lost in your embrace.



Now

The winds of Spring
billow over the distant mountains,
rustle through the valley's treetops
and swirl through our almost-vacant room.

They bear now-familiar fragrances
that we can smell and taste and see.
They stir now-remembered moments
that will be our history.



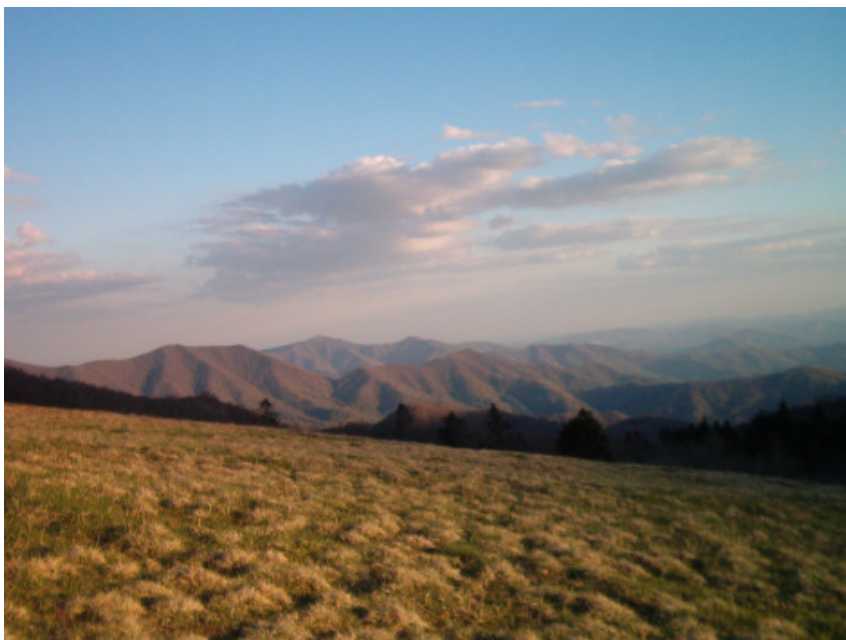
To Be Alone

Alone

is where I long to be
undisturbed by human noise

How lonely
I become when surrounded by man.

I can't listen to the earth and
the gently whispering wind.



Safe

A spiraling circle and back again
lonelier but wiser now than then

and just to stand on meadows –
high and windy –
is love exuberant enough for me



Emergy

It is in solitude that the soul finds wisdom.

In dreams, patience.

In unfulfilled love, inner strength.



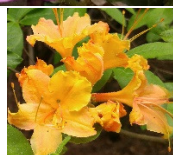
Converge

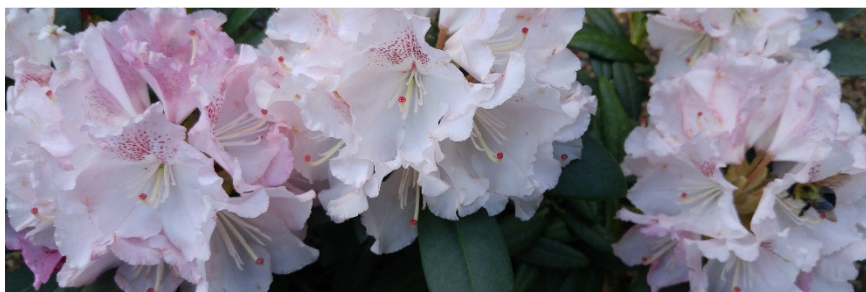
Walking along a forest path
 the moss, the rocks between my toes,
 I hear the trickle of fern-banked creeks
 and the song of a white-throated sparrow.

Walking along a forest path
 the wind catching, lifting me,
 I smell sunshine on misty rain
 and mushrooms in musty leaves.

Walking along a forest path
 following on and on
 the way leading deeper and deeper
 into the world where I belong.

Walking along a forest path
 I feel your breath on the wind.
 Then silently expect your arms
 just around each bend.





You ?

Have you ever watched
the swirling wind
play tag with the fluffy clouds . . .

Have you ever watched
a bumble bee
burrow and back out and buzz . . .

Have you ever watched
a butterfly
wiggle out of its cocoon . . .

Have you ever watched
a flower unfurl
in the soft light of the moon . . .

. . . and wondered what if that were You!



Dreams

vessels of hope
upon Life's seas

Unbound

I should have been born the Wind
wandering freely through earth's inner space
seeping through hidden places no man dares go
slipping out of grasp





Lot

On my way to somewhere

I cast my lot with the wind –
impassionate, reckless air,
drifting where it would send.

Rallying, I realized

I must choose my own way.
Resolute, yet resilient.
Yes! Still, a place for the wind.

Time

same places
but no faces
Time is a bitter foe

*Desire*

restless for places I have yet to go
and lonely for people I will come to know



Imagine

My spirit flows among the misty waterfalls
of vibrant jungle streams,
on through the pulse of galaxies
and freely surging dreams.

Throbbing ever, never resting
spiraling on and on,
that I am often left behind
so far, so empty and alone.



Anger

I walk along paths
where not one flower lingers
and trees scrape my face
with their bare, bony fingers.

A cold, piercing wind
tugs at my warmth and seeps
into any corner, shattering
peace where it sleeps.

How cold, how strange
is this world, once a part of me!
Where does the comfort hide
that I once found so easily?

I walk along paths
where death and deception lie,
and I keep wondering
Why?



If I were Wind, I'd tickle all the clouds
until they, shaking, spilled their loads
and had to laugh out loud





Heart

My heart is a thorn-and-thistle studded field
driving away all who seek to enter it.

But stem by stem I am uprooting the daggered ones
and grass is sprouting to bandage the wounds.

Perhaps one day my heart will be a forest –
a sanctuary – inviting, sheltering, of rest.



Alone

Today brings me back to solitude
to the desire to walk through my life alone.

How can I explain this restlessness?

I long to uproot myself
and struggle on new ground,
to make every inch
of this small earth my home.



Haiku Night

a whisper of light
borne on the silvery breeze
trembling, yet so still

moon-washed winter night
sentinel shadows of trees
the earth is so real



Restless

Why must it be so very hard
to stay in one place for long?

In living and in loving
something tries to push me on.

Perhaps it's only that I'm searching
for the life and love where I belong.

Cradle Me

Mother Earth, cradle me
with your breath lift my load
pour out your fragrances to soothe me
with your voices fill my empty soul.

Mother Earth, cradle me
while my feet carry me home
to places my eyes haven't yet seen
where my heart is longing to roam.

Mother Earth, cradle me
shape my own thoughts, my own dreams
make me, again, one with your beauty
make me whole again, and clean.





Grandfather

a bleak November day
I walk through fields
where proudly he once
sowed and reaped and prayed

as the wind whistles
and the sun streams
through cloud portholes
I feel a warmth
of his memory
not the shudder of his death

One More

Funny, how
one more drop of vapor
causes the whole cloud to weep.

*And*

Funny, how
one more breath of sunshine
brushes the raindrops away.



Shell

a fragile shell hiding in the sand

echoing the roar of the ocean's fury
escaped from the sea's mighty grasp

so small for yet so much



Sunset

how I wish to run across tops of trees
and fling myself across a cloud
just to lie with cheek to vapor
and feel the colors in the breeze



Dawning

The dawning sun transforms the Ebony
 And splashes mystic mist with golden hue.
 It bathes the hills, illumines every tree,
 And melts the fog upon the grass to dew.
 The weed stalks sway in flowing harmony
 To stir the resting Earth awake.

The softened air's enfragranced tenderly
 From cloud-sparked sky to surging, sun-kiss'd lake.
 The stately iris gently pushes out
 Its fragile, shim'ring, multi-hued blooms,
 While early morning breezes swirl about
 And craft'ly sip upon her nectared plumes.

Through sunrises my love for life does flow,
 And learns from Mornings how it best can grow.



Haiku Spring

Dandelion fluff
braided by gentle drenchings
waits for Spring's warm puffs



Haiku Rain

rain
fall softly, gently
kiss the earth awake





Hurricane

Why does the Wind,
giving life its breath,

suddenly sometimes
bring its death?



Change

Today the winds are softly sowing seeds
of Autumn
as they flow through the mountains and valleys
of Summer.

Stop and feel them swirl around you
and let them sow their seeds of expectance
in your heart.



Come

Sunbeams filter through sheltering trees,
Extended shafts beckoning us,
“Please!
Mount us and sail the glorious breeze
Ride on the fabric of sunrise.”



Cycles

from winter-gray clouds
 come rain droplets chiseling
at earth's frozen streams

ice breaks, water flows
 downward from hills, tumbling
spilling through the seams

rainbow-dew petals
 among tiny leaves, dazzling
clothe winter's bare beams



Traveling

hazy blues to
gold-flecked greens
to hazy blues

shadow to
light
to shadow

traveling on and on

Self

There are rainbows in water drops!
But you have to catch them for yourself.



Listen

pine stalks
swaying, creaking
wind is
softly speaking





Sun

Sunshine races through space
and bursts upon the earth.
It jumps from waves into eyes,
it warms, it blinds, it dazzles.

How tempting to capture a sunflake,
to hold it and watch it glow.



H₂O

It clings to branches rendered bare
And drops just when you pass beneath.
It sparkles on a spider's snare
And, frozen, forms an icy sheath.
It floods the ditches to the brim
And swiftly carries toys away.
It comes from clouds so fierce, so dim,
And seems that it will always stay.
It freezes up at thirty-two
And falls as sleet or drifts as snow.
It molds the clouds and beaded dew
And, touched by sun, makes rainbows glow,
And many times when I've grown sad
It tickles me and makes me glad!



Me

Lavender, whisper pink
 strawberries in my sink
Frisly curtains everywhere
 scent of roses in the air
Sunshine at my kitchen door
 all the forests to explore
Rivers to wander, hills to roam
 always cozy once back home
Gilded books upon the shelf
 perhaps I'd like me by myself





Forever

Tinkling rocky creeks and birds
chirping to themselves as they weave –
That mountain song inside of me
is striking up again.

Someday I'll set out to see
what's over – just the next peak –
And suddenly I'll realize
I'm back to where I began.



Wind

The wind is pensive today

it rocks the weed stalks absent-mindedly
and sits quietly in the pond

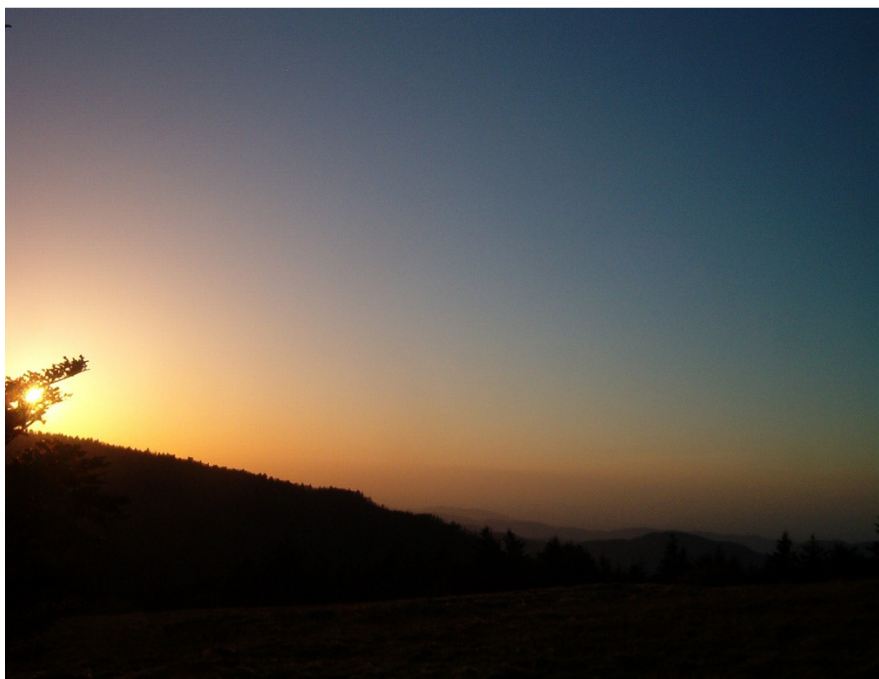
it brings me fragrances
of honeysuckle and grassy earth

it carries the birds more slowly
taking time to weave through trees

it swirls across my face
not daring to dry my tears

it whispers something of hope
I can't hear it over the crickets

yet, I listen still
to the Wind



The Last Goodbye

Only once will we finally say goodbye
to each other.

Strange, how we will never know that time
when it comes.

About the Author

Shar (Sharron) Saidla is a teacher by profession, a student at heart. Her father taught her a love for nature and learning. But untold people, including friends all over the world, have contributed to her journey through life. Most remarkably Bob, her husband and best friend of many, many adventurous years.

Bob and Shar built a log cabin in their beloved Blue Ridge Mountains, overlooking a pristine mountain lake. Their days are full – like everyone else's. But when they can, they love roaming about in the woods together, or just sitting quietly by a creek.

They live to give and learn and grow.

