

Lisa Hecmanczuk

Snow Day



BookRix-Edition

Poems

Lisa Hecmanczuk

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The world is made new by the fresh clean snow that falls from the sky;
Big soft flakes land in my hair, eyelashes, and against my lips;
I revel in the newness of the world, covered by a blanket of white soft snow;
Exhilaration fills my soul as I remember frolicking as a child in the mounds of white stuff;
A fresh year dawns as snowflakes fall steadily;
Life goes on and is made new;
Bulbs below the ground soak in the snow--
Will burst forth in the spring with the radiance of the sun;
I savor the day and give thanks to the Almighty who created it for us.

Pink Sky

Pink Sky
Layered clouds
Light blue sky above the clouds
Pure, beautiful, desolate
No wind
The black limbs stand still, waiting
Waiting for the dawn of a new day
The heaviness end of the weight
The heart that retreated, ready to burst lifted
Welcome in love, acceptance, open
Become willing to embrace a new warmth
The winter of my discontent receding

Nativity

Weakness, great power
Vulnerable, exalted
Humility, strength

Foggy Glasses

Foggy glasses blur my vision;
The trees are softened around the edges;
A gentle haze covers the winter landscape.
I walk on, my breath further clouding my sight until at last I pull down the scarf and the fog starts to lift.
Ever so gradually, my vision becomes clearer;
The black trees now contrast against the light gray winter sky;
The cold touches my nose;
I inhale the cold dry air and hurry home--
Back to my sanctuary.
The heat momentarily fogs my glasses, but soon they clear again.
I embrace my safe, warm world,
Yet fear still lingers just beyond my fingertips: Angst in my heart asks what is wrong.

I retreat to my room;
 I close the door against the others.
 Is it that long lost anger that I fear?
 The voice that was silenced one crisp winter day as I lay in my crib napping?
 I feared that yelling and waited for it to return. What had I done to quiet the voice?
 What payment would be required of me to have silenced it?
 I wait still for the return of it, never addressed at me, but rendering the household still and nervous. Everyone
 waiting for it to end and fearing what would come next.
 Would he one day hit us or leave?
 Would he abandon my mother and us, too overwhelmed to deal with it all?
 He never came home that day;
 I awoke, expecting to be pulled from the crib by my dad.
 Instead, my sister lifted me up and hushed me.
 What had I done to deserve this? What had we done? Surely, he would return soon--
 I would wait.
 Perhaps the anger would come first:
 I would first hear him yell.
 Then the silence, then he would hold me;
 He would rock me and give me a cookie;
 He would play and sing with me;
 I would toddle to him and he would smile.
 I would make his world okay again.
 Just give me one more chance--
 I would make his world okay.
 He wouldn't have to leave. He could stay.
 I would help him when I got big.
 I would be a good girl.
 I wouldn't cause trouble like the others;
 It would be okay--he wouldn't have to yell.
 Mom wouldn't have to tiptoe around;
 I would fix it all if he just gave me the chance.

Jingle Bell Dog

Jingle pooch, jingle pooch, jingle pooch Kip
 Jingle tags swing and harness does ring
 Sniffing and pulling and bushels of fun
 Now the jingle pooch has begun

Jingle pooch, jingle pooch, jingle pooch Kip
 Jingle tags chime in jingle bell time
 Dancing and prancing and sniffing the air
 With a doggy stare.

What a bright time, it's the right time
 To walk the pooch today
 Jingle bell time is a swell time
 To go walking in the park I say
 Giddy up jingle pooch don't you go poo
 Jingle around the park

Mix and mingle with the other dogs too
That's the the jingle jingle pooch pooch bark!
That's the jingle pooch bark!

font;_boldNovember

Leaves now brown and crisp
scurry along thousand their the souls march sidewalk:
a toward place. The wind sun continues breaks to through, blow, forward.
The pushing The trees having shed their leaves buds
now to when burst the reveal open new in leaves springtime grow.

This Season's Look

Lime green, yellow, orange, pink and red line on the runway:
The latest glimpse of each fashion's color on display;
A Lime green is a scanty, revealing long, graceful out: limbs,
Yellow is a full skirt, flaring out widely,
Pink is dainty and petite,
Red is voluptuous and full-figured,
The contrast is stunning, harmonious and rich,
As only the Grand Designer can envision it,
We can only humbly admire the fashion show of the season.

Decision Couldn't you just tell me what to do?
I hate this adult thing where I'm responsible,
Can't I go back to leaning on you and blaming you
When it all went to hell
The joy and fun has passed and the dark clouds of guilt
Sit on the horizon, which guilt will be worse?
It's up to me to choose,
Stay or go, go or stay, call or don't call,
Scurry around or relax and pray,
God is challenging me, him?
Which action is trusting
Taking a step and going on the interview,
Staying in my cocoon of writing
Am I isolating more and more?
Or do I like to be alone and practice my craft?

Am I an irresponsible, selfish mother?
Am I setting an example of following your dreams?
Shall I go for it or run from it and
What am I going for or running from?
Won't someone else decide?
I only have to decide to give it to God,
Then what?

God Provides

When I've lost my way and think God isn't listening,
God I let go of trying to control, provides,
When I give up my plans and schemes, provides,
God I ask for help despite my fears, provides,
When I see no way out, provides,
God I surrender and listen, provides,
When I keep doing the next right thing, provides.

September Night

I regard the pink-orange sky as remnants of the sunset melt into the blackness of night
Crickets chirping in different rhythms and frequencies
The cool air caresses my ankles and chills my bare arms
I hasten my step around the track
Leaves on the trees reach out as if to grasp the last of summer
I leave the park and head home, the crickets chirp quieting
I see the big full moon glowing ahead, beckoning
The last weekend of summer fading away
The air is cooler; some leaves are crisp beneath my feet
I hurry home, memories of summer nights long ago, the race to get home before dark
The street lights are glowing orange as the darkness creeps in
Summer is ending, fall is coming, and change is here
I discover myself, my inner-beauty, my connection to God
As the trees prepare to turn orange, red, and brown
I embrace the cool air of autumn even as I long for the summer not to end.

Dandruff

Dandruff coming down
Not mine, but into my hair
Little bits of snow

Standing Up

You try to keep me down;
But I stand up,
You try to ignore me;
But I achieve here;
You pretend I'm not breathe
But I look at me with disgust;
Yet I smile
You invade my space;
Now I claim it,
You startle me with your anger;
Now I accept it,
Your anger you must own;
I walk longer rules away
My fear no longer be shut
God will no longer am myself
I will let myself shine;
I will God let myself lead me.
And

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