Upon Reflection

Hal Reichardt
Contents

Forever King .......1
Memorial Day .......2
Leave An Open Heart .......3
Silly Bugs .......4
Walking Prayer .......5
Traffic Light .......6
Even The Yankees Lost Today .......7
Which Christmas .......8
Back To The Mat .......9
Seasons .......10
Echo From The Sky .......11
Trumping The Blues .......12
What Do Lovers Talk About? .......13
My Truck .......14
Writer’s Creed .......15
I Love To Prevail .......16
Forever King

Once ago forever King
Blessed the water’s earthen spring
Stirred the air from basal mist
Enter Heaven’s holy kiss
Glasses like Andy Warhol
frog green and perfect round
pinching a nose
a thousand miles away

Shaggy bowl haircut
hair black as crow
some change bubbling in tiny fingers
silver flashes and copper tints
turning in the sun

A basketball bounced on by
but missed us
as a sixty-year chasm opened
like a crack in the simmering asphalt

A nine-year-old girl with black glasses
practiced her bunny hops
for no reason at all
her younger brother gazing up at the basket
minnows teeming in the uncharted plays of summer
freedom jumps and runs

I prayed for more friends that morning
they’re harder to spot as the years pass by
and smiled as I gazed down at God’s answer

He insisted that I take the penny he offered
it was heads-up and shiny as the sun
so I put it in my pocket
and thanked him greatly
for the message
from a thousand miles away
Leave An Open Heart

It hurts to leave an open heart
yearning life in petals soft
a look
a smile
a casual shout
forty years the making
now reckoning out

Scars of anguish
shame
and loss
seeds in darkness
bursting frost

Easy to harm
bright courage to heal
flowers never stop
they reach up
and yield
Silly Bugs

They ride a thermal blanket
float scatterways ballet
taunting at the window screen
tiny ushers to the day

They never touch, I notice
zoom skirt the setting sun
they float as one, but separate
glad zesting silly fun

What secret rhyme or assonance
what entropy or chance
how came you to my window
to unhinge time and dance?
Walking Prayer

I walk on water
on the street
and say my prayer
as I move my feet

Make me strong
and light the way
on my journey home
I pray
Traffic Light

Traffic light suspended
shine bold against the sky
witnessing existence
with your ever-changing eye

Green let me grow
red let me go
oh, yellow of the twilight
what do you know?
Even The Yankees Lost Today

Babe and Mickey couldn’t help them
and they couldn’t bat for me
the modern Yankees bombed them
but our opponents squirted free

Those pesky little bloopers
and advantageous hits
confounded all my heroes
and dashed my dreams to bits

So this sculpture I was building
has turned to lifeless clay
but who am I to worry?
even the Yankees lost today
Which Christmas

We never know which Christmas
is going to be our last
so we find a tree that’s tall and fat
and plant it in the past

We never know which Saturday
will get the last chore done
so we work our fingers towards the sky
to catch a ray of sun
Back To The Mat

Back to the mat
as we return to our practice
yielding to life
saying yes to what God sends

Breathe deep
and let the concerns of this day
slide into the mat
and slip away
never to return

Breathe deep
and clear the way for God’s word
to sink into your heart
always to remain

In this holy fire we learn
Seasons

Reborn in the spring
summer for grow
ripen to fall
winter
the snow
Echo From The Sky

Another drop of tea perhaps
will weather well this chill
another trifling measure
yet it moors a tembling ill

Such as warmth were well provided
in erstwhile coffers bare
where came a supplicant with cup
and left a beggar’s tear

It travels well
the loving cup
from each to realms high

It augers well
the tea
today
still no echo from the sky
Trumping The Blues

When all seems worst
when desire brooks despair
when my soul is but an ember
and the twilight is my lair

Then let me hear a trumpet
let it ring loud and cool
let the notes perceive my darkness
let the ashes roll and pool

Then these blues of mine continue
but somehow not so bare
my loneness finds a loner
sharp, loud, and clear
What Do Lovers Talk About?

What do lovers talk about?  
I can’t remember now  
it seems there were always so many  
things to say

Between the yearning embraces  
and through all the special time  
millions of escalating fleet moments  
and zazoo eyes

Strange that now I can only recall  
the things we left unsaid
My Truck

My truck is brown
and I don’t frown
when I see it roll down
the expressway

Put my radio on
and sing me a song
and I’m putting that rake
in the back

My truck is mine
and it’s dirty but fine
and I see it roll down
the expressway
Writer’s Creed

I write with pencil stubs
on griddy maize thin
pink erasers lost scrooming
ground black to wood tin

I bend sunshine savagely
till it burns in my eye
and moves leadstone fingers
that make my words cry
I Love To Prevail

I love to prevail
like a steel beam sunk deep

I love to ascend
with a bounder’s broad leap