

Postcards of Faith

Kevin Heaton

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Pretty Thing

Midst the dew in lonesome
mourning, subtle flutter
as he sings, seeking solace
in the sadness, tender song
on crimson wing.

Tufted messenger of gladness,
feathered courier of peace,
borne on wings no longer broken,
trilled sweet psalm of the redeemed.

Sacred Journey, 2010



Images

Raised on fire and brimstone
to live life modestly.
Can anyone be good enough
to see God's face someday?
Those with garments purified
set sail on heaven's seas.
Looking out the screen door
looking back at me.

Two angels beckoned, dare to reach,
to fathom rainbowed skies.
Higher learning, higher goals,
than dirt floors can provide.
The mission right, to give to those
more challenged and in need.
Looking out the screen door
looking back at me.

Hearts' whisked away in valiant arms
cannot be taken back.
Hero chosen young and sure,
bold Sir Galahad.
Braved the frothy torrent
to save a drowning lad.
Gallantry was destiny;
a glorious epitaph.

All alone and raised a child
to shine among the stars.
Courage having carried on,
a life fulfilling ours.
May ponderings be peaceful,
eternal home to see.
Looking out the screen door
looking back at me.

Dulcet Tones

Apple pie a la mode manifest
in dulce de leche chords

played in sweet, toll house
chapels on marshmallow keys

of good news. Homestyle faith
down life's rocky roads; split

and banana peel paved.
Generous slices of cherry

cheesecake served with a dash
of tenderness to saints

crowned in powdered sugar dust,
hence supping with the Lamb.

Creamy smooth filling in a crispy
shell crust neath an eggwhite,

light meringue kiss.

Cloud Lands

She sang to us so softly
and rocked each one to sleep,
singing bye oh baby bunting
little birdie in a tree.
Her voice that of an angel,
so young, so clear, and sweet,
singing bye oh baby bunting
little birdie in a tree.

She gave her heart to Jesus
then told us of his love,
salvation, wondrous, matchless gift,
of heaven up above,
about the cloud lands in the sky
if only we believe,
singing bye oh baby bunting
little birdie in a tree.

We were taught to work hard
to always be in school,
never miss church service,
and live the golden rule.
Keep our morals faithful,
to never selfish be,
singing bye oh baby bunting
little birdie in a tree.

A chocolate and an apple pie,
casseroles and ham.
All our lives in picture books,
burnt steak and some spam.
She didn't sleep till grandma slept,
well done, with Jesus be,
singing bye oh baby bunting
little birdie in a tree.

The Kindness

The calming voice of still
waters calling away wrath.

Peace that causes to surrender
the raucous billowing waves

with an outstretched hand
of merciful serenity. Casting

her burdens upon the pierced
brow and mighty shoulders

of her submission. Her heart
shared with the hunters

of earth and sky pursuing
higher bounty in unison;

arm in arm, tracking
the golden light.

Still Waters

Beneath the pall of Great
Depression, a candle was formed

and given light: a child
of invention; special gift

for the Greatest Generation.
A mind of innovation and vision

without compromise, born
of tenacity and resolve;

inspired to fashion miracles for
the people. Beans and cornbread

values steeped in modesty
and inherent traditions

purchased with blood, sacrifice
and faith. His heart bound

to nature's soul and to little
ones welcome on a knee

of compassion, intent upon
a voice of still, lucid waters;

imparting words of truth,
honed by loss and living.

From Grandma's Hands

Words of life to live by,
etched in crimson truth;
sent from heaven's altar,
to a humble servant.
Borne on splintered, bleeding
feet to earthly realms
of sorrow. Tidings great
of Glories joy, alms
on lips of clay.

Pages worn and wrinkled:
penned by blameless fingers,
stained by faithful teardrops,
placed in arms of hope.
Loaves and fishes leather-bound,
shared in wooden pulpits.
From nail-pierced hands
to grandmas; from grandma's
hands to mine.

Harvest Home

Long tall stalks of tufted gold,
waving in a warm June breeze;
shifting seas of ripened grain,
season ending, harvest home.

Trumpets raised, musicians ready,
set to sound the clarion call;
gather souls of those forgotten,
gleaning sheaves from days far gone.

Amber wheat now fully headed,
waiting for the Master's call;
fertile earthly fields to render,
granaries open, harvest home.

Grey Sparrow Journal, 2010

Jim

From crimson red in velvet
green, to Osage orange
and blackjack oak: a man
of peace with open arms
and calloused hands
caressed the earth of his
beginning; bearing gifts
freely given.

Watchman over souls asleep
on granite hills: shepherd
to babes with golden locks
and lips glossed in sand plum
jelly drawing breaths of innocence
from honeysuckle scent;
frolicking in fields of black-
eyed Susan and Indian paintbrush.

His heart as large as a country
yet free, breaching crowds
of confusion; touching
the garment of truth.

Post Card Sentinel

Shady grove sentinel keeps
vigil over Victorian parade

grounds, seated in a miniature
chariot hitched to a rocking

horse steed at eternal attention;
forever vigilant. Loyal

keeper of oak shadows shading
anonymous actors in permanent

roles of yesteryear, clad
in the latest finery: bonnets,

bows, linen and lace from days
of wine and roses. Photogenic

smiles adorn the faces of stable
guard chaperones squinting

at sunlight through fixated eyes
that will never tear, nor see

a cloudy sky. Auburn tresses
escape from under his tilted beret,

perched atop an unfettered,
youthful beam of light; held captive

within stationary borders, in a time
before encumbrance cast care

upon innocence.

Kevin Heaton

currently lives in South Carolina, formerly from Oklahoma where he published Country Music. He has just completed his first full volume of poetry entitled: "Harahey". His work has appeared or is forthcoming in: Victorian Violet Press, Elimae, Grey Sparrow Journal, Foliate Oak, Kansas Poems, WestWard Quarterly, Sacred Journey, Counterexample Poetics, Little Balkans Review, Hanging Moss Journal, and others.