

# 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.