Rhythms 2008
Sestina in Colorful Adjectives
by Darcey Ann Farrow

Downstream in this fluid river
lies a small but steamy hot springs
further down is a cove full of lily pads
there is a beach of powder white sand
and water that washes ashore seashells
every now and then birds fly high in the sky.

Ducks in V formation line the sky
as fish swim around in the river
out of sight is the fiery hot springs
frogs jump on floating lily pads
whilst two lovers stroll on the sand
beads and glitter are glued to found seashells.

Sea life resided in those seashells
clouds have hung in the sky
water has always moved through the river
once upon a time up came the hot springs
from small budlings grew the lily pads
many people have walked on the sand.

How hot and bright white is the sand
how pretty are the many seashells
how glorious is the endless sky
how wondrous is that flowing river
how extremely warm is the hot springs
how beauteous are those green lily pads.

Many river animals live beneath the lily pads
clams waltz to and from the sand
as sea creatures grow they leave behind their seashells
the clouds are always changing in the sky
sometimes fast, sometimes slow moves the river
ever churning, ever relaxing is that hot springs.
So incredibly comfortable is that hot springs
so serene lie those lovely lily pads
so wonderful between the toes feels the sand
so gorgeous and regal look the seashells
so glorious and ever changing is the sky
so cool and soothing is the running river.

Time stands still near the hot springs and the sand
Peace has come to the lily pads and the river
as night falls fog opens crystal clear upon the sky and the
seashells.

No Hope Here
by Darcey Anne Farrow

Poor as church mice
Many of us are
Looking to the Heavens
We wish upon a star.

The mirrored reflection of my soul
Lays in wait silenced by the night
It is not a night of enchantment
It is a stark reminder of the darkening light.

A light at the end of the tunnel
May not be forthcoming for some
Not all of us are us lucky
Not all can say the game was won.

We sit gathering the many broken pieces
To the parts of our hearts
Quietly crying and wondering
If we are constantly supposed to be torn apart.
Rhythms 2008

The hope that once shined above
The sparkling lights and twinkling stars
That rose in the Heavens have faded out
there is no more love.

Unlost Souls
by Darcey Anne Farrow

The broken hearted people
the lost and lonely
their tears stream down
like a silent running river.

Their hearts are bigger than the widest canyon
their emotions are never in check
they feel everything so deeply
exhaustion befalls them often.

Other people’s lives become their concern
the good, the bad and even the ugliness
become targets for reparation
so hard to know what should be done.

Thought processes slide to the wayside
as choices of action are sifted through
These broken hearted people are ever hopeful
as they say let’s give it a spin.

In dedication to my friend Donna, from whom the inspiration came.