



Outlaw Poetry Selected Poems and Photos Vol. 02

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Author's Note: This general compilation of selected poems contains many photos and poems written in the traditional three-line (5-7-5) form of Haiku and the five line (5-7-5-7-7) Tanka form of Haiku, as well as and other forms of verse. This is a reference compilation album. There is no theme or organizational scheme with regard to the content of a poem nor the date a poem was composed or published. No such information should be inferred from these sequence of poems presented. Unless otherwise noted, all photos and content are by K. Lee Lerner and licensed under a Creative Commons License CC BY-NC-ND, otherwise all photos



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Autumn in Caramel
Before the leaves fall
caramel covers apples.
Anticipation.



Autumnal Harvest

Autumnal harvest.
Many grow jalapeños,
but this one is mine.



Tides roll and Tigers roar

In the SEC
Tides roll and fierce Tigers roar
Eagles freed to soar



A Southern Christmas

A Southern Christmas
Old times are not forgotten
Lights shine and obscure



Hunting

Rolling, rocky, rough.
Parching hot and freezing cold
Drought and flash flood prone

Covered with cactus
Rattlesnake disposition
Texas, my Texas



Pensacola: Old Florida

World's whitest beaches
Old Florida in a sign
Pensacola Beach



La vie en Paris

Heart and mind content
Sophistication caressed
La vie en Paris



Les Huîtres in Paris

The city of light,
Paris is human glory
Civilization



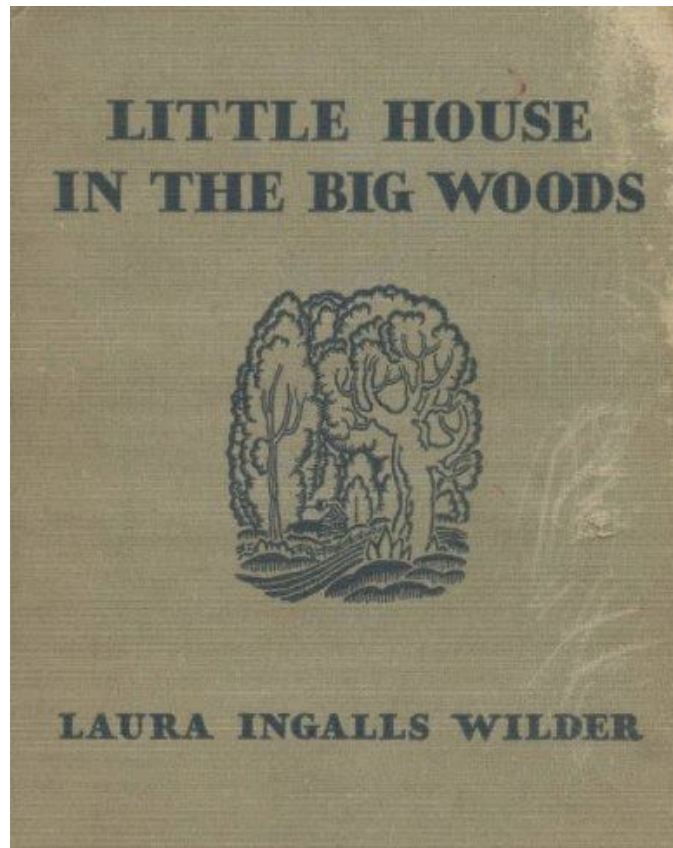
Christmas with Julia Child

In dim light we talk.
Julia offers me counsel
from her masterpiece
Our Christmas chat about bread
Flour, water, yeast, and salt



Horsing Around

Trotting down my lane,
with natural energy
of one horsepower,
a saddled, riderless steed,
horsing around in traffic.



Little House, Big Woods

Little House, Big Woods
Overcome adversity
Who will fetch water?
Pa and Ma and simple joys
We grow to face death alone

It's the birthday of writer Laura Ingalls Wilder. Perhaps one of my fondest memories of being a father of young children was reading Laura Ingalls Wilder's "Little House in the Big Woods" aloud at night in front of a fire as snow piled high during a cold Colorado winter.

Big Woods was an early "chapter book" for my eldest daughter, Adrienne, and for the droolers a captivating story of a family bonding together to overcome adversity and find joy in a simple life of survival. In the book, Laura's family (including Pa and Ma) are stricken en masse with scarlet fever (which left Laura's oldest sister blind) and a key concern throughout was the peril of death should no one in the family have the strength to gather water from a nearby stream.

To this day, whenever there is illness in a household (or dorm suite) of one my adult children, I'll ask them, "Is there anyone to fetch the water?" Meaning, of course, is there anyone well enough to care for the others. As long as one remains strong, the others need not fear the night

Grade School Valentines



Grade school Valentines.
Happy cards that said "Be mine!"
One for everyone.
Such was the generous love
of children under age nine.

Our affections change.
We become more selective
as we grow older.
Our advances grow bolder,
as hearts to some grow colder.

Wet lips, wild wanting,
we are always in the mood.
Love mingles with lust
and is easily confused
in moments of abandon.

Yet some find true love,
however they define it.
Cupid hits the mark.
Love transcends biology
to create homology.

In combination
words become literature.
So, too, kindred souls.
Yet nothing lasts forever,
every story has an end.

So lucky and few
are those who add to passion
small everyday things.



Dark Skies

The Cosmos reveals
a canvas of past starlight
under dark night skies,
Prometheus stole fire
now we obscure divine light

I have long supported dark skies initiatives. Light pollution is an increasingly vexing problem for humans and a dangerous problem for wildlife. It is also one of the easiest problems to tackle with just a bit of awareness, education, and vigilance.

I do love the dark skies over the Big Bend and at least remote parts of the Hill Country in Texas. The drier air

provides a spectacular night sky not even Bella sail under when offshore.

The photo of the Milky Way over the Terlingua cemetery is by Tim McKenna. I've been following his photography from the Big Bend and West Texas and he is incredibly talented. While we often share the same eye for vantage points and perspectives, he has the photographic skill to capture scenes with a depth and clarity few can match. I highly recommend that friends and colleagues check out his work.

Certainly I will never match his artistry, As I have long claimed, I'm a just a writer who carries a camera, not a photographer. Read more at <https://blogs.harvard.edu/kleelerner/dark-skies-help-bind-us-to-the-cosmos/>



Southern swimming hole

A storm-swollen creek
Shade from the hot summer sun
Southern swimming hole



Soul's Desire

A mythic story
of love this Valentine's Day
An ancient tale told
of love's trials and gods to sway
Love's darkness and its glory

Érōs' arrow flew,
filling Psyche's heart with love
Yet Aphrodite,
jealous of Psyche's beauty,
vowed their love she would undo

"Sacrifice Psyche,"
demanded Aphrodite
"or I shall send plague."
From a monster's mouth, Éróš
found and freed his future bride

Éróš was a god
and beautiful to behold,
yet he hid his form.
Forbidding Psyche see him
when visiting her each night

Shrouded in darkness
Éróš was tender in love
and intimacies
He made sure during sunlight
Psyche wanted for nothing

Aphrodite's eye
saw Psyche's sisters' envy
They schemed to divide,
laying foul plans to destroy
the couple's clandestine joy

Jealous sisters claimed,
"Your husband is hideous,
thus he hides himself"
Playing to Psyche's worst fears,
sisters filled her mind with doubt

Lighting a candle
Psyche looked upon her love
in his divine form
Éróš awoke and took flight
back to the realm of the gods

(continued)

With no place to turn
Psyche appealed to Venus
for another chance.
The goddess designed four tasks,
and the epic trials commenced

Of these tests it's said
they became more exacting
The first was to sort,
next gather, then fetch water
from the spring feeding the Styx

Only the fourth task --
Go into the underworld,
find Persephone,
and bring back her beauty creams --
proved too much for fair Psyche

Into the abyss,
round Charon and Cerberus,
Psyche bravely went.
Her prize procured, she then erred
by trying the creams herself

Not made for mortals
death-like sleep came upon her.
Aphrodite's curse.
From Olympus, however,
came rumblings of discontent

With Zeus' blessing
Érōs rescued his beloved
Giving her nectar
and ambrosia she revived
Their love to be immortal

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Érōs is often interpreted as the Ancient Greek version of the Roman Cupid, but the situation is actually more complex in mythology and translations thereof. To Romans, Érōs had a dual nature and thus was both Amor (god of sex and love) and Cupid who the Romans turned into the cherubic god of desire. The mythic story was written into 'The Golden Ass' a novel written by the 2nd century Roman philosopher and orator Apuleius.

Photo: 'Psyche Revived by Érōs (Cupid's) Kiss, a sculpture by Antonio Canova in the collection of the Musée du Louvre, Paris. Canova carved two sculptures of this subject. The other piece by Canova is in the collection of the Hermitage, Saint Petersburg.
Content by K. Lee Lerner.

