**Salome’s Garden**

(Notes from Wolfe, smuggled from prison)

I

If we could have measured

The length of our time on earth

Before we began the journey

I would have hoped

for golden days

alone, in the garden

with you.

II

Will Pegasus fly

When waxed begonias bloom in

Mirabell’s Garden?

III

Is our garden lush-

Yellow marigolds touched by

Morning’s cool damp mist?

IV

Do our marble stairs

Come to life during the night

When the puti dance?

V

The ongerie waits

Near the end of the garden

Hidden, out of view.

VI

The scent of roses

Permeated my cell tonight

Just before twilight.

VII

Salome and Wolfe

Danced down pink marble stairs while

Hot candles flickered.

VIII

Lions guard our stairs

To the secret garden path

Where the dwarfs carouse.

IX

Raphael Donner

Created puti to frolic

On pink marble crests.

X

I miss your soft touch

Long to be near you at the

End of my journey

XI

You are the crown jewel

In the snow that melts away

Evrything I touch.

XII

When our garden fades

Icy frost covers windows

I will remember you.

XIII

Our children will dance

In gardens we created from

Imagination.

**Slowly, Suddenly**

# Summer afternoon

Ripe for contemplation

The sun moves slowly

To center sky

Stillness.

I remember

The springtime

Picking flowers

Things happen suddenly.

I drift in random circles

On the surface of quiet waters

Beneath clustered branches.

The day can change suddenly

No movement in the tangled leaves

Even birds seek shade today.

We danced through the wild flowers

Suddenly

We are immpvile

And grow old.

I shift forward

Undulating slowly

To an old rhythm

Summer’s sleep returns.

Random things bring quick changes

This evening is like

The moment before my firth

A full moon will rise this evening

Soft gray shifts to deep indigo

My whole world spirals backwards

A storm changes my direction.

A scattering of stars

No clouds to hide them

I slip deep into placid dark waters

My body heals in the coldness.

Accidents occur suddenly

Torn in half

I swim to the nether side

Wait silently in darkness

My hads cut through the surface.

As you embrace me

The moon will bathe my body

Winds blow my flesh dry

I am destined to live

In two worlds.

In the Storms of April – Plunge

We wait together beneath the surface

Of frozen waters in February

Dormant, settled, calm

We have already survived January

Of frozen waters in February

Winter’s sharp sun sears the surface

We have already survived January

Beneath heavy, urgent stillness

Winter’s sharp sun sears the surface

We begin to remember our faces

Beneath heavy, urgent stillness

Our names were carved in the ice

We begin to remember our faces

In the perfect snowfield of March

Our names were carved in the ice

Surrendering our identity to the sky

In the perfect snowfields of March

We lie prone, between vellum sheets

Surrendering our identity to the sky

Waiting to hold our ancient purpose

We lie prone, between vellum sheets

Submerged dragon-flies

Waiting to hold our ancient purpose

Beneath waters of shuffling script

Submerged dragon-flies

Forget the present happiness

Beneath waters of shuffling script

Anguish takes the future tense

Forget the present happiness

Heavy rains in the depths of night

Anguish takes the future tense

We are waiting to plunge deeper

Heavy rains in the depths of night

Our bodies purged in forgetfulness

We are waiting to plunge deeper

When birds awaken us at dawn

Our bodies purged in forgetfulness

Uneven breathing subsides

When birds awaken us at dawn

March is a dangerous month

Uneven breathing subsides

No distraction from the moment

March is a dangerous month

Note it in our journal

No distraction from the moment

Waiting beneath the surface

Note it in our journal

Slowly

Waiting beneath the surface

Shooting stars breed disquiet

Slowly

Isolated inactivity becomes justified

Shooting stars breed disquiet

Bursts of frenetic activity is noted

Isolated inactivity becomes justified

Pleasure is worth writing down

Our skins will shed in April

Dormant, settled, calm

One final flight

We wait together beneath the surface.

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**A Moment of Calm**

Homage to Max Ernst

A crooked blue sun

In a wide sky

Tumbles

Through blue, green, yellow

 Impaled

On spikey green stems.

Blackbirds squat low

Shout at the alligator

Resting in the dark corner

Watching for more

Pinks and reds in the middle.

A lone Dragonfly passes through

A painted arch

Relaxing

A moment of calm.

Head of a Catalan Peasant

Homage to Joan Miro

In the National Gallery

Just beyond the Motherwell

Is the yellow painting by Miro.

Black and red circles

Cover her outstretched hands.

A blue star sits above her left shoulder.

Her face is red

And her brown skirt dances.

A lady with yellow hair

watches across the pale gold room.

She wears a yellow dress

Her yellow leather shoes

were woven in Paris.

This is the head of a Catalan Peasant.

**In the Picasso Gallery**

In the Picasso Gallery

A docent’s voice warbles

About the Rose Period

And happier times.

Petrus Manach

Is named in black

As the first art patron.

It was a tough time

When he first saw El Greco’s

Monochromatic,

Elongated figures.

He stands with hands on hips

In a white shirt with red tie

Blue stripes

Across his forehead.

Step over here

A friend committed suicide

In the early 1900’s

In the Picasso Gallery.

**A Togetherness Poem**

By Bob and Lynda Lambert

Saturday, November 17, 2001

Early morning – 6 a.m.

Cold and foggy

I woke up with a headache

And asked for help

Time to write a poem

Together.

He shouted something about

Red roses and blue violets

Then left to take his morning shower.

At 8 a.m. I prepared breakfast

Cooked multi-grains

The perfect breakfast

For senior citizens.

I was waiting

To begin work

On writing a poem.

By 9 a.m. I realized the poem

Would have to wait.

He drove off on his Harley.

This man was on a mission

Today was his day to shop

For his new Harley Sportster

At Thunder H.D.

In the afternoon at 2 p.m.

I passed the hours in my studio

Cutting, pasting, painting

To music on the radio

While he shopped around.

So many different colors

Choices

Prices

Decisions

The afternoon shadows lengthened

Diagonally across the road

At 3 p.m.

I still held on to the notion

Of writing a poem today.

Around 4 p.m.

I heard the roar of Harley Thunder

The warrior in black leathers

Returned to River Road

And, I thought,

Maybe NOW we can write the poem.

Finally, it was 5 p.m.

I asked

“Are you ready now?”

He laughed and remarked

“You know I can’t write a poem.”

And, besides,

He came home without a new Harley

Too many discussions

Too many choices

Let’s forget about that damn poem!