

THE POET II

A Restless Spirit Have I

JOSEPH G. LOPEZ, PHD

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THE POET II — *A Restless Spirit Have I*

ISBN: 978-0-9914441-1-3

First Edition

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Book design by Diane Papadakis ~ DMP Publishing
www.DMPpublishing.com

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Printed in the United States of America.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

~ DEDICATION ~

This collection of poems is dedicated to my parents, Celia and Jesse, my brothers Jesse and James, my son, Joseph, and grandchildren, Arielle, Julian and Madeline, and to all individuals who have been part of my life and to every person with a kind, generous heart and soul.

*“A restless spirit have I
Seeking pacific moments
In the words and thoughts of those
Who lived, loved and flew with divine angels
Leaving pieces of their souls on withered pages.”*

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THE POET II: A RESTLESS SPIRIT HAVE I

~ PREFACE ~

A poet sees and feels many things and strives to express all observations and sentiments with words. He uses imagery, memory, imagination, and words to simply describe what he sees, feels and seeks to understand. The poet attempts to understand the world of ideas and concepts that are natural to the human condition. He may use direct experiences but often creates experiences through imagination, that gift of power given to him by Prometheus or the God of heavens.

What is a poet but a voice for humanity and society of individuals who live life with all its dreams, nightmares and realities. We are all poets of a sort compelled to sing out a song, with speech in conversation, brush strokes on canvas, expression in body form and movement in dance, or with words falling on a page to reveal our most inner feelings, understandings and fascination with life.

As poets, we possess the spirit of mind and heart and a desire to express our sentiments. What choice have we? Since our first utterance of words the nature of poetry began. Later, our observations of story led to drawings in the museum of caves. In time, the printed word became a tool to preserve our thoughts and feelings, thus reaching out in some way to touch immortality and declare our unique existence no matter how transient on the time scale of eternity.

In Poet II — *A Restless Spirit Have I*, the journey of expressed sentiments and thoughts in words continues to speak on different universalities — love, life, death, society, youth, the aged, human spirit, the city, dreams, immortality, perseverance and more.

Come along beside the poet, take a walk, converse with thoughts, ponder and join the Poet's restless spirit. For we share a common, yet unique journey in the human experience.

— Joseph G. Lopez, Ph.D.

~ ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS ~

I wish to express appreciation to all teachers who teach our youth from early childhood years, middle school, high school and at the university level. My teachers greatly influenced my thinking and aspirations to understand the world of ideas, events, people, and cultures of the world.

Teachers teach us to believe in ourselves and about the power of the individual to shape his or her own destiny and the events of the world we live in. Teachers, those special ones, who are dedicated, knowledgeable, skillful, caring, and inspirational, such teachers are indeed positive forces in the lives of youth and society.

Think of those teachers who were always there for us, who were well prepared to teach and enjoyed teaching. They knew how to ask questions and taught us the art and science of questioning and thinking. Teachers motivated us to learn and think in creative ways. They used books, conversation, questions, the arts, science, math, social science, literature and language. They taught us about the possibilities of a world ahead of us, and how we could help shape and build the world and future before us, as long as we were true to ourselves and never stop questioning and learning.

Our teachers' faces and voices will never leave us. Close your eyes and you can still see them and hear

their voices. We often failed to really thank them for being there for us and becoming teachers. The legacy of these unique and great teachers lies in our works. If our works and contributions become valuable, no matter at what scale, and make the world a better place for family, community and society as whole, our teachers would express their appreciation with a gentle soft smile, place their hands on our shoulders and say, “Very good, very good. Well done.”

Yes, I thank not only my teachers, but the teachers and educators whom I had the pleasure and honor to serve with in Texas, Illinois, California and New Mexico, and all dedicated teachers serving throughout this great nation of ours. Because of these very special people, I have a better understanding about the words, “A teacher lives forever.”

— Joseph G. Lopez, Ph.D.

~ A DEGREE OF IMMORTALITY ~

We live as long
As we are remembered
Then again
We live in the veins of our children's children
Even when we are forgotten.

~ ANOTHER CROSSROAD AHEAD ~

Another crossroad ahead
and there's no fear for what lies beyond
I've grown accustomed to her face
the Lady of Change

Still, I wonder what old faces, places
and desires remain
As I return to the home of long ago
and rekindle the fading ambers.

~ A RESTLESS SPIRIT HAVE I ~

And so it's been since a child
The world of people, faces
 language, tears and smiles
 forever intriguing and so beautiful

A restless spirit have I
Seeking pacific moments
 in the words and thoughts
Of those who lived, loved and flew with divine angels
 leaving pieces of their souls on withered pages

A restless spirit have I
Knowing that knowing all is an endless quest
Searching for a scale of virgin notes never sounded
 into the air to grasp the heart and instill a beat
 as never before
Carrying the restless soul to eternal sleep

A restless spirit have I
A blessing, a curse, it does not matter
The wandering ghost is mine and mine alone —
 not true
For he knocks on the doors of many domiciles
 and lifts the window for some to see the flowers.

~ A THOUGHTFUL DISCOURSE ~

My thoughts were having a conversation
No, going beyond and entering a discourse
The posed question was, "To love or love not?"
They sought answers in all corners of reason
Much logic applied

The Heart made an entrance and simply said,
"Love is an adventure beyond logic and reason
If it is present in all good senses,
Its presence will bring joy as well as pain,
therein lies the twist."

~ AT THE RIVER'S CROSSING ~

At the river's crossing
I know not what awaits me in the stillness of the night
The darkness desires to be fully dressed in black
But the moonlight says, "No, not tonight"

I hear the waters softly bathing the rocks
at the river's edge
And see the river's body ever-changing
by rippling waves
A pacific form of nature at first sight
But danger hides with a welcome smile
and a dagger of surprise
Always lurking and waiting for the chance
to spring upon an unthinking soul

An audience of shadowed trees stand in line
to witness the events of passing time
I must cross or else never truly see
or touch the other side
Within my heart there is a stern courage
to set my feet into the stream
Moment by moment I will find the strength
Facing nature and man's elements
to realize my dream.