

Poems by Frances Bildner  
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Aliveness

Creative impulses the human drive  
Must be the purpose for being alive  
Inside the machinery of expression  
The dearth of fertility-some type of  
ability  
To keep pushing forward  
Allaying the moribund the white  
sterility

That feeling of oneness in pure  
capacity  
The kernel the essence-perspicacity  
Trudging through sludge of the human  
quest  
Aliveness on the planet before final  
rest

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## **Trees**

Green brown black blue trees are  
rambling entwined quiet frosty  
rooted simultaneously bending over  
their roots yearning to be free.  
Stretching high into the sky  
entrenched in roundedness. So vital  
so strong so imminent majestic  
sheltering expansive. Wild contained  
blending confronting. Joined at their  
knurled hip sometimes spindly  
fingers explosive just true. I love  
trees, I love looking at their dancing  
shapes their sometimes human  
similarity, the poetic gestures of  
their movements, and how they  
communicate with one another.  
Saplings, forests woods canyons all  
embracing life. So constant day after  
day unmoving yet flexible not  
picking up and leaving. Sometimes  
for hundreds of years.

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# Rain of Colour

Jungle Rain colourful warm  
Spirits pervading from dusk to dawn  
Defined damp atmospheric no cloud  
Dissipated droplets of a vanishing crowd

Jungle rain bursts into view  
Forest vegetation Amazonian hue  
Hot and heavy jumbled release  
Temperamental tempestuous piece by  
piece

Dense vibrant no measured vegetation  
Drums and pipes signal vibration  
The feelings of the jungle and jungle rain  
Spirited and free allowing no pain

Rain in colour red and blue  
Jungle rain aligns me to you

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# Colour

Colour and movement go on forever, more than lines which can be broken brittle barren bare. Flowing blocks bantering with adjacent shapes, moving swirling swish into oblivion only to bob up to the surface again. Infintessimal, colour speaks volumes describes moods patterns voices-loud, clear, soft, didactic, mirrored in sometimes opaque ways.

Generous and spirited, playful, dancing clashing confronting singing. Color is everywhere in its diverse uniform, screeching, soothing, palatable unpalatable way. Color is life color is the universe.

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## **Fire**

Fire, lighting its way  
Like life's rocket  
Blasting through the tunnel of lust  
Igniting future present and past

Fire-life's pulse alive and kicking  
Dancing gyrating the rhythm of time  
Darkened hues flamenco flames  
In chaos freedom unharnessed no chains

Fire red rebirth and destruction  
Movement vital and with release  
Heat and passion uplifting strong  
Not easily tempered in the "civilized" throng

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