JOY CASE / POETRY MANUSCRIPTS

Collected poems

2024

A reading edition

Wording and source line order retained.

Typography and stanza spacing made consistent.

ASSEMBLED FROM THE POETRY SOURCES PROVIDED

Contents & editorial note

17 poems in this volume.
Wording, punctuation, and line order follow the supplied source.
Spacing and typography are unified; long source lines may wrap visually.
Undated calendar-year assignments are editorial estimates, not verified dates.
Exact duplicate copies and non-poem publishing notes were omitted.
Untitled is an editorial label, not an added line of the poem.
Where present, source emoji use Twemoji artwork, CC BY 4.0.
The original UTF-8 source is available alongside this edition online.

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Homecoming

I was an Intern
He was in the fellowship
I was a Hungarian Jew
He gave me bread
I was a blind soldier
He held my hand
I was drenched in gold
He gave me simplicity
I was an elder
He gave me Time
In all things
In all ways
In all
All
In
He guided me Home

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

02 / 2024

Lines out

I colour the shadows you won’t see
Between the lines
We ride strands of glass candles
Wicks the same
Cast prism on containers
Shipped
foreign
Colours
home
We celebrate hues
Mint air and lemon grass
Tints of turquoise
I’m many from palettes
Pure and
divided
My brush
oil washed
Ready for sidewalks
Of laughter
graffiti

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03 / 2024

Death is a child

For often times
The moss grows over
Graves we solemnly care
Once clover
Dawns fair laugh
Has raised a brow
For maybe life’s a parody now
When comes the reaper
Maybe a child
For once was said
Unless you do
The kingdom won’t be open to you
Thus the play
The trick
The stay
This only ends
As child’s play
And that is the best place to Be

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Gilded Horseman

Frozen in fools gold
Hoof beaten
worn copper
Edged sword
half arched in sheath
Molded to confluence
Radiation mechanics
Justified in foothills
Long range
hollow echo
Blasts torment
manes of sunlight
Can you hear them pound?
Day in and night out
Relentless memories
Hold tight she’s steering back
Retreat, it’s not even ground
Tho the stars fell
And the moon lamented
I still hear her cry
And then I become dust

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Time is a Pattern of Material Consequence

Scales
Hard taught
Tendrils stiff
Zero error
Gravity
Launch tight
Timeline activated
Bottom line
Is ruthless
Moulting cry
Lesser mortals
Shy.
This time it’s
Not imposed
But free
Radicals gathering
speed scaling
Unknown paths
Fervently
Dousing fire
Oil in water
Buckets
Tipping
Justice
To
The
Point
Of
Ending
Perfection
So New is

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05 / 2024 / CONTINUED

Time is a Pattern of Material Consequence

Born Free

06 / 2024

Fractal Mind

Freedom sovereign
Timeline right
No determined
Simulation
Freedom speak
Diamond in the rough
Can peace be without
Dichotomy
Is there a new way
An agreement we can do
A motion to elect
A wisdom in all breath
Rights Is a grace
Only the strong survive?
Is there a timeline
Where peace is the dance floor
Perception is not real
Reality is a mirror
It’s time for new agreements
On values we cherish most
Fractals
Combine
Refine
Define
Prophecy is not fact?
Our future is yet to reveal
A promise I hold dear
Is the rainbow He sent
Fractal colours hold essence
To mystery and grace
It’s enough for me

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06 / 2024 / CONTINUED

Fractal Mind

To rest in gratitude and
Peace
Lighten your heart
It’s good news
Love is your end game
Love loves you
Eternal bound
You are
Eternal sound
You are
Eternal ground
For all is
Part of
Love is
You

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Cut on the Chalice

Tasting.
silver toned orators. Brass.
Of choice words
undress my attitude in
velvet straws of verdant tendrils
clutched curiously
sulking in paraphrases
Mind if I salt your
rifle
through treasures neath pay
dirt your trousers are
burdened
smoke calibrates
reason to draw
a sword into parchment
this spool uneasy
bridge!
this harrowing lagoon
of mortal coil
this time is
the last one
crackly fire hurled
melting ink
it’s not this finality
but tomorrows’s heir will be a
vintage collection of my
muse and her
unwritten
soliloquy.

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Blind

A million sunsets unseen
That I may know you only
By your Soul

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Final form

Messy
Boots and gumdrops
Saddled in the hot sticky
Tar sands of time
Take aways
bow ties and tornadoes
Have in common
twists of fate
Levers of right winged
Left brained salutations
Ours was a mixed palette
Of comfort and disarray
For in the pattern of moonlight
Muddy footprints etched
Cemented our gumboot
Dance

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Fifth Dimension 

In the enigmatic field of sustenance
I derive all quintessential dna
of maestro and maven
queen and minstrel.
Passions muted
generously longing for
lingering antidotes.
The effervescent anomaly
that speaks to
equanimity has me
short to anger
long to learn and
soft to love.
In hindsight the future is what we feel.

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

11 / 2024

Untitled

In the quiet hush of Christmas time,
When hearts are heavy, and bells don't chime,
The stars above, they seem to know,
The pain of loss that lies below.
For even God once felt the tear,
Of separation, distant and near,
When His own Son, in mortal coil,
Left heaven's throne for earthly toil.
We're orphans all, in this vast night,
Our parents too, took that flight,
But in this journey, we're not alone,
For every heart seeks its way home.
Hand in hand with strangers, friends,
We walk a path that never ends,
With courage, honor, hope we stride,
To heal the wounds we carry inside.
So, take your neighbor, hold them near,
In every stranger, see a peer,
For in each step, in every deed,
We find the love that we all need.
We're family in humanity,
In our unity, our sanctuary,
Learning that in the end, we're one,
Underneath the same golden sun.
And as we reach that final bend,
We'll see the start in every end,
For our destiny is not just to survive,
But in eternal glory, to thrive.
So let your heart be light, my friend,
For love and hope, they never end,
And in this celestial, wondrous story,

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11 / 2024 / CONTINUED

Untitled

We're all part of something infinitely more glorious.
Remember this, as Christmas shines,
In every heart, through tough times,
We're together, in love, in rhyme,
Marching towards a destiny divine.

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Untitled

WHY are we here?
Why ARE we here?
Why are WE here?
Why are we HERE?

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13 / 2024

The Gift of Impermanence

In the dance of the transient breeze,
Where moments fleet and forever tease,
Lies a truth, both gentle and profound,
In impermanence, freedom is found.
No need to grasp the morning's light,
Or hold the stars captive in the night.
Each second a gift, unbound and free,
A canvas of now, ever-changing, you see.
Surrender to the river's flowing grace,
Letting go, in trust, we embrace.
For in release, our spirits soar,
Finding peace, love, joy, and more.
The Creator's love, a guiding star,
Whispers of wonders that outshine afar.
In this journey, transient though it be,
In His embrace, we're truly free.
Earthly treasures, fleeting, won't last,
But in His love, no shadow is cast.
An adventure in the heart's open sky,
Where dreams live, and fears die.
So breathe in this moment, pure and bright,
A fleeting spark in the eternal night.
In the gift of impermanence, find your song,
With the Creator, where you truly belong.
In each heartbeat, a new world is spun,
Under the gaze of the infinite sun.
In letting go, we find our greatest might,
In the now, in His love, in the radiant light.

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Exchange

We put it between us
We couldn’t just share without a negotiation
Even in romance we’d calculate cost
Every movement had a price
Every artifact a value
Each notion a hierarchy of currency exchange
Only in the One who paid the price can we live for free
Eternally

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

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Stars Like Us

STARS like us
Stars LIKE us
Stars like US

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By Candlelight

In an age where quills danced on parchment fair,
Ink kissed paper in the candle's soft glare.
Before time itself had drawn its line,
Where thoughts in shadow and light entwine.
Beneath the gaze of an iris so deep,
Lies a world where secrets and whispers keep.
The gavel's echo, a sound so profound,
Divides the known from mysteries unbound.
Shadows cast by the flicker of flame,
Tell tales of glory, of loss, of fame.
In this dance of light, in this silent duel,
Lies the heart of wisdom, a precious jewel.
Let us cast our shadow, let us stake our claim,
In the annals of time, etch our name.
Or shall we let the light, in its gentle stride,
Divide the spoils, with nothing to hide?
Between comrades old, under starlit skies,
The ink flows on, as the old world sighs.
In this timeless struggle, this eternal game,
In quills and etches, we find our name.

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November Rose 

Fabled mist
Trenches, masts,
Dark room
Long light lingers
Over last breaths
Lullaby
It’s madness of decadence
That scorned young buds
Delivery
Sharp chimes
Warn winters bluff
In shadows, recreation
Spills dew drops
Lean and clad
Still drawn in
Evergreen pools
Taste bitter
In the night
Yet joy returns buds
Tender spring
Illumine

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