SELECTED POEMS / 2017–2026

Outside the Lines

Poems across the years

JOY CASE

A note from Joy

Poetry has woven its way in and out of my soul onto the canvas of reality as I've lingered through grief, trauma, changes, and self-inflicted challenges (who hasn't?). It may date back to prehistoric times, when I likely wrote on my parents' home wall with crayons. Always a little outside the lines.

Ten distinct poems. One from September 2026 is still a working title.

Seeking: Ground

Longing for shore
Can not fathom

Spray torrents
At Winds edge
A Frothy fury

Wages on breaks
Savagely on sands
Destined for end

Lapped quite assuredly
Then rush to retreat

Wave of making
Mind to fate

For elemental reasons
The tides that bind

Sparkle! Yet another grasp
At shores impeccable favour

In Return to Joy

Her oars have been etched in
Lines and curves of carved in
Longings, trusting that wood in
Sinking one more time in
To thick dark waters with weight in
Resistance yet on the row in
Motion a treasure akin
To Momentum arising sparkle in
Surface seeing turtles and minnows in
fresh water made now salty in
Tears of Desolation Sound In
Too Deep. Quiet. Stars in
So far from shore in
Journey sails of former direction in
Staged vessel. Still. In
Hopes to return to joy

Sunday Folly

With Eden’s courage
Should I forfeit evidence?
My soul drenched in oil
A bite of carbon
Smoked stacks
Was it a mirage?
A fistful of serpents?
Lapping up a luxury
Unearthed from roots
And unheard of cries
Dark Sunday
In the aftermath of
Discontent
Reason for folly to
Believe in dollar for dollar

Where will the paper
Lead us?
Over and over the
Ceiling is higher than heaven’s
Like fools we jest
That luck and liberty shape
The garden path that walks us
Home to the afterglow

Kaleidoscope

Push. Pull.
Cornered, or carved in stone.
Creatures of the within and the without.
The boundary of Being. Here. There.
Don’t touch.
Stay.
Safely distanced from the womb of water. Where no space can shelter a seed of
fragility and form.
Yet come.
Closer.
Covering canvas awash with crystalline; crevasse.
Dormant in lava;
lovers, leaving lesser ground.
Now we tumble towards ecstasy
in
equal mirrored prisms.
Sun dance image;
reclaimed at Rainbow’s edge.

Us

Poets and madmen
Playing lyre and harp
Pied Piper sad men
Layers apart
Stroll for a moment
Down another’s path
Put on new glasses
And have a good laugh
The opposite wasn’t
just as it seemed
The journey to home
we intervened
For lush is the garden
And full are the fruits
Of those who know
They were part of the show

Ear for you

Just stop and listen, even though you know what they are going to say, you heard it all before, and actually you are right. Wrong, it’s not about right.

Listening is about emptying oneself to be a vessel, a conduit for another’s voice, under which lies a veritable sea of demons and doubts. A trench so deep it could bury humanity. You may just be their only vessel, their only way across the divide.

Listen, empty yourself of you and Be One for a moment. Only when your container is neutral can you allow another a host, a home, a safe place to Be. In that moment of listening you are a heart, two ears together beating to the sound of transformation.

Allowing a home, a resting place for the sum of all fears & in the very nature of neutrality you detonate eons of generational traumas.

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

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

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

Writer’s Block

I couldn’t take sides
on level-tipped scales…
hazed happenings
pried my eyes
from soft landings.

In the middle, I was naked.
Showers stung like hot magnets
on spitting coils.

I couldn’t get the haze
to leave me alone
long enough
to forge the steel into sense.

Traces and elements lit
like silver strands,
where synapses and mildew
ensconce.

If only

all at once

back then.

Ink frayed,
tore the scroll,
but not enough to blur
the secret.

Writer’s Block (continued)

I let it go.

It tricked the wise.
It teased the full.
It tore the fabric
of my soul.

This ancient ruin
I tried to warn
soaked through sheets at night
and finally found its measure
in melting candlelight.

For all who heed
as night befalls
won’t remember the fitful lulls
where poets’ pain
and writer’s block
stalled memoirs
and broke the clocks.