

Michael Lee Johnson

Flower Girl

(Tears in Your Eyes)

Poems are hard to create
they live, then die, walk alone in tears,
resurrect in family mausoleums.
They walk with you alone in ghostly patterns,
memories they deliver feeling unexpectedly
through the open windows of strangers.
Silk roses lie in a potted bowl
memories seven days before Mother's Day.
Soak those tears, patience is the poetry of love.
Plant your memories, your seeds, your passion,
once a year, maybe twice.
Jesus knows we all need more
then a vase filled with silk flowers,
poems on paper from a poet sacred,
the mystery, the love of a caretaker—
multicolored silk flowers in a basket
handed out by the flower girl.

Silent Moonlight

Record, she's a creeping spider.
Hurt love dangles net
from a silent moonlight hanger,
tortures this damaged heart
daggers twist in hints of the rising sun.
Silence snores. Sometimes she's a bitch.
Sunlight scatters these shadows
across my bare feet in
this spotty rain.
Sometimes we rewind,
sometimes no recourse,
numbness, no feeling at all.

July 4th, 2020, Itasca, Illinois (At Hamilton Lakes)

Stone caved dreams for men
past and gone, freedom fighters
blow past wind and storms.
Patriotism scared, etched in the face of cave walls.
There are no cemeteries here for the old,
vacancies for the new.
Americans incubate chunks
of patriotism over the few centuries,
a calling into the wild, a yellow fork stabs me.
Today happiness is a holiday.
Rest in peace warriors, freedom fighters,
those who simply made a mistake.
I gaze out my window to Hamilton Lakes
half-drunk with sparkling wine,
seeing lightning strikes ends,
sparklers, buckets full of fire.
Light up the dark sky, firecrackers.
Filmmakers, old rock players, fume-filled skies,
butts of dragonflies.
Patriotism shakes, rocks, jerks
across my eye's freedom locked
in chains, stone-carved dreams.

**This year, 2020, due to COVID-19 I watch fireworks off my condo balcony alone,
share darkness alone, share bangers in the open sky*

Fall Thunder

There is power in the thunder tonight, kettledrums.
There is thunder in this power,
the powder blends white lightning
flour sifters in masks toss it around.
Rain plunges October night; dancers
crisscross night sky in white gowns.
Tumble, turning, swirl the night away, around,
leaves tape-record over, over, then, pound,

pound repeat falling to the ground.
Halloween falls to the children's
knees and imaginations.
Kettledrums.

About the Poet

Michael Lee Johnson lived 10 years in Canada during the Vietnam era and is a dual citizen of the United States and Canada. Today he is a poet, freelance writer, amateur photographer, and small business owner in Itasca, DuPage County, Illinois. Mr. Johnson published in more than 1072 new publications, his poems have appeared in 38 countries, he edits, publishes 10 poetry sites. Michael Lee Johnson, has been nominated for 2 Pushcart Prize awards poetry 2015/1 Best of the Net 2016/2 Best of the Net 2017, 2 Best of the Net 2018. 214 poetry videos are now on YouTube <https://www.youtube.com/user/poetrymanusa/videos>. Editor-in-chief poetry anthology, *Moonlight Dreamers of Yellow Haze*: <http://www.amazon.com/dp/1530456762>; editor-in-chief poetry anthology, *Dandelion in a Vase of Roses* available here <https://www.amazon.com/dp/1545352089>. Editor-in-chief *Warriors with Wings: The Best in Contemporary Poetry*, <http://www.amazon.com/dp/1722130717>.

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