

A Collection of Poems

Jesse Nuno

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Chesapeake Bay (Prose)

Swiftly the current ebbs and flows in and out of place
Salt marshes drain silently and swiftly as winds caress your face
Sandfleas burrow away secret lives they live in the sand
Swellers break over sand bars, standing as you feel the withdrawal of the land

Static and stoic, the heron silently hunts through the marsh grass
Soaring in the serene sky, the Osprey hunts the school of striped bass
Swarms of menhaden splash ferociously, surrounded and pursued by scores of red drum
Softly sand tumbles across the beach, one with the sand a sand fiddler has become

Scores of sailors have sailed on its waters, here begins and ends the journey
Ships carry fisherman searching for a catch, though sometimes with some difficulty
Skirmishes she has seen and surveyed, seafaring navies engaged upon her waves
Storms have ruthlessly battered her shores, repeatedly shifting and shaping the bay

Scenic views from the bay bridge tunnel, timeless sunsets perpetually framed
Strangers gather galivanting on her shoreline, another sunset now her land is reclaimed
Still waters lap at the sand just past the shoals, peaceful she lay beneath the silver moon
Supporting the masses, she's the cradle of life, the Chesapeake Bay I wish to see soon

Silent Hallowed Land (About a Place)

If this land could speak imagine the stories it would have to say,
These green quaint and quiet hills, far different today.
By chance two armies met here, accidentally crossing paths.
The struggle of a nation center stage, the blue and gray unleashed their wrath.

Beneath that July sun that fateful summer day, met the flesh of human kin.
Two sides met, split ideals, peace and quiet gave way to aggression.
Rifles fired and cannons blasted, the soft brown earth gave way to red.
Across wheat fields, through the woods, and up the hills it spread.

Endlessly for North and South, waves of men engaged, relentlessly they came
For many fell on these fields fighting, but never was it in vain.
They fought and fought mercilessly, dragging down a house divided.
Three relentless days of bloodshed passed when finally the violence subsided.

Where once the cannons roared with life, they now stand eerily silent,
With secrets held of battles fought, stoically defiant.
Winds whip across the grains and grass, faint echoes of the fallen.
The reminder that this place now holds spirits of befallen.

Old and glorious Gettysburg, the things that you have seen,
The hallowed ground of fallen men, your rains their blood washed clean.
You need not speak of the time our country was at unease.
For when I walk these sacred grounds, I feel it in every breeze.

The Tree (From the Point of View of Something Non-human)

I stand tall and proud, hundreds of years in the making
My bark thick and rough, my canopy wide and grand
My roots run deep and proud, they connect me to earth
I stand silent and observant, witness to times relentless pace

I was a sapling once, breathing easy and free
Now I work overtime, the air brimming with contaminants
Going through seasons, the bitter winter was my favorite
I cherished it closely; Summers encroachment has spoiled it

I had many friends, flora and fauna alike
Owls, deer, chipmunks, wolves, and many more came aplenty
To share in my company, a reciprocal and respectful embrace
I felt safe and content, with my kin and these friends

I am the last of my kind, my kin and friends have been replaced
Felled by the humans, houses built in their station
Their bones made to shelter or even provide warmth, the rest rudely displaced
I stand here incessantly wondering, what will take my place?

A Poem for Her (Rondel)

Red hair, green eyes, my freckled muse
Pardoned your sin, for you'd stolen my heart
Before you, I felt my life had no use
You picked up my pieces that fell apart

You bore us two children, two works of art
You brightened my life, of that I accuse

Red hair, green eyes, my freckled muse
Pardoned your sin, for you'd stolen my heart

I feel like I caught the ultimate catch
Count my lucky stars that I am with you
Eyes that could kill, a temperament to match
My endless sunset, I'll stay for the view
Red hair, green eyes, my freckled muse

Ode to Winter

Nights are long
Days are short
Gone the times of nature's splendor
For when I wake
The sky is dark
I desire the dawns of summers past
Crisp cold winds
Bitter blustery snows
Taken root, the landscape of austerity
Barren landscape
Vacant surroundings
Season of numbness, evoking perceptions of death
You needn't look far
Mother nature's a trickster
Creatures and critters lay concealed in hibernation
Look even deeper
Just in plain sight
Flora hints at budding, awaiting spring's kiss
With stark contrast
Green against white
Conifers remind us that winter exhibits life
Flake after flake
Snow after snow
Slowly constructing a soft serene setting
Giggles and shouting
Ruckus and commotion
Children frolicking in your transcendent expanse
Festive glistening snowmen
Forgotten snow angels
Traces and vestiges of the amusement you offer
Solitude you gift us

Temporary transient death
Your ephemeral magnificence imparts a pledge of revival
From where you came
You soon will go
I mourn the rebirth of spring, oh winter I will miss you

El Vaquero (The Cowboy) (Paying Homage to A Person)

Weathered and aged skin, irrefutable evidence of the toll working outdoors took on your body. Relentless was your work ethic, and never did it waiver. Up before dawn, you labored in grueling fashion putting most men to shame. A jack of all trades one could say about you. You worked the fields, tended landscapes, worked construction, and many things between. But I can certainly say with your life's experience; While a master of none you were undeniably better than a master of one. That time I was twelve, and helped you replace a roof, I think of that often. You paid me twenty bucks and bought me a drink with chips. I'd pay you anything to spend another day on a roof. Constantly on the move, you were almost nomadic. Work moved you around Pasadena like Pac Man in your blue truck. Certainly, a man of the people, you were very well known. To those who knew you, "The Cowboy" you'd become. Though rough and tough, you had a gentle characteristic. The one that tended your garden. It was your hobby, but more than that it was your gift and legacy. The pomelo tree that grew with me, it shades us and provides an area to converse. And while we chatter, your spirit lives in that tree, and at times I can see you sitting there with us. Quick with a quip, you had a way with words. You minced none, from the outside it seemed harsh but it was only with love. A smack on the back of the head, or a cleverly worded zinger in passing left indelible marks in our hearts. Like the Colorado Rivers carving of the Grand Canyon, you left your timeless mark.

Cranium in an Eternal Oasis (Photograph of a Horrific Event)

Tender relaxed breeze moves across this beach, more than likely a result of Tradewinds – Like a vagabond from across the seas. This disturbs the cluster of palms, compelling them to sway to and from – Like a Child reluctantly listening to a mother. The heavens are soft and blue, promises of endless handsome days – Like the suns Golden hour it evokes emotion.

This human life perished on this warm sun kissed sand, sprawled amongst the tropical Rays – Like an eternal sun bather, lucky to never need sunscreen lotion.
Dark hollowed eyes recessed in that skull, last thing to see was likely a hail of bullets that Ended their life – Like walking through the rains of a summer’s afternoon storm.
Perpetually listening to the soft sounds of waves crashing, and exotic landscapes that Provide endless exceptional sunsets – This man died in ruthless violence; He now rests The silent observer of picturesque beauty.



Picture of a beach on Guadalcanal, 1951. Life Magazine (Photographed by Howard Sochurek)