


SONNETS



This vast, flat ocean has become my friend,
My confidant, as footprints in the sand
Trail behind, witness to thoughts that only
The water, the seagulls, and I can share.

ANSCHUL



Copyright 2008 by Anschil

All rights reserved.

south florida suite

5



**South
Florida
Suite**

...thicker than water

16



**...thicker
than
water**

...what i'm feeling

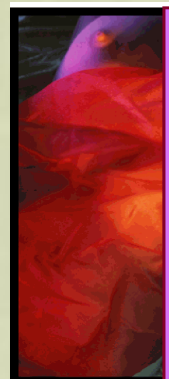
29



**...what
I'm
feeling**

erotica

45



Erotica



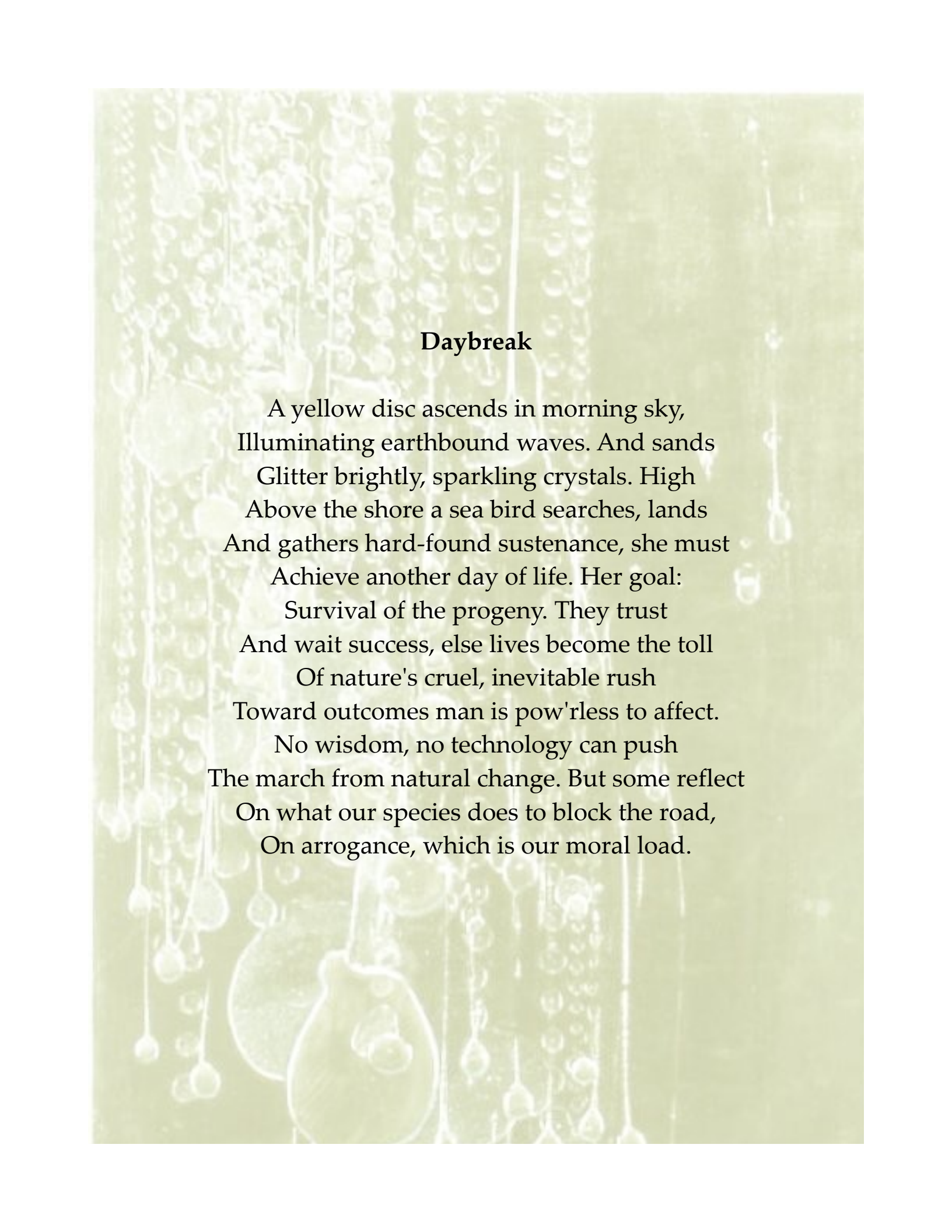
Sonnet Writer

This is a try to conquer something new.
I think I need to stretch my brain a bit.
I'll write one first, and then maybe a few
More if I can. I don't think I can quit
Making rhymes that others'd like to read;
Might even try themselves if they are bold.
Who knows where this new exercise might lead.
I want to make a mark before I'm old.
This guy who reads my stuff has made me think
Of what I might be able to produce,
To grow my mind, to take me to the brink
Of some new place. I can't declare a truce
On fighting time, of giving in to age.
This is a war I'm now willing to wage.



South Florida Suite

Daybreak
Ocean Drive
The Dance
A Beautiful Delusion
A Sailor's Quest
Paradise
Mistaken Identity
Rain
Conversations
Leaving Home



Daybreak

A yellow disc ascends in morning sky,
Illuminating earthbound waves. And sands
Glitter brightly, sparkling crystals. High
Above the shore a sea bird searches, lands
And gathers hard-found sustenance, she must
Achieve another day of life. Her goal:
Survival of the progeny. They trust
And wait success, else lives become the toll
Of nature's cruel, inevitable rush
Toward outcomes man is pow'rless to affect.
No wisdom, no technology can push
The march from natural change. But some reflect
On what our species does to block the road,
On arrogance, which is our moral load.



Ocean Drive

Flamingo clouds lighting the evening sky
Play red across the water to the east.
Still time before the dark descends; we sigh
And breathe hibiscus-scented air. The feast
Of color gives us momentary pause,
The stillness of the painted sunset lasts
Not nearly long enough. A lone gull draws
Our attention upward; then shadows cast
By strolling couples bring us back to earth
To appreciate this fine time of day
For few scant minutes more. This peace is worth
The price the coming darkness asks us pay.
The endless neon lights are for the crowds
Who jam the night, oblivious to clouds.



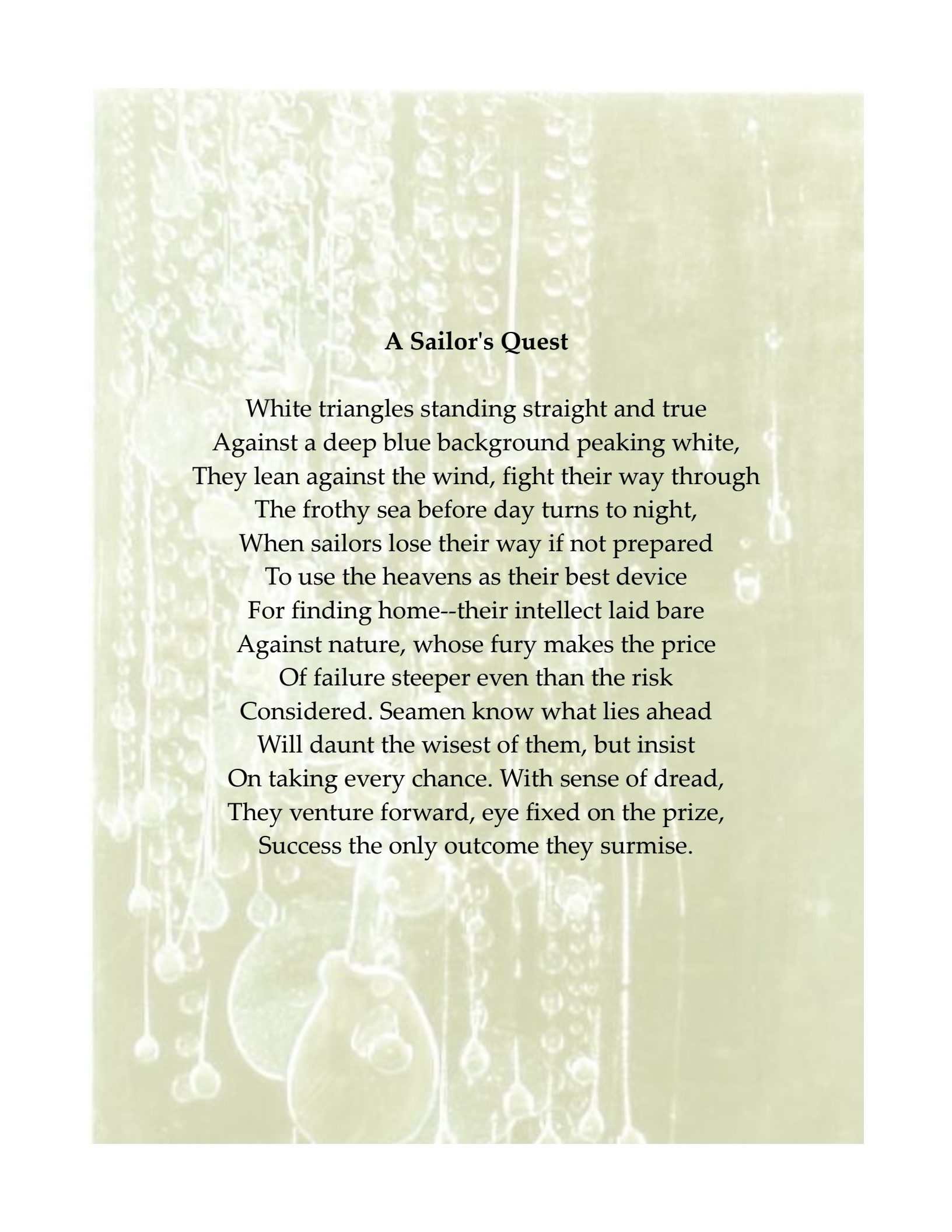
The Dance

We dance in the night, you in scarlet sheath,
Bodies swaying, so close I feel your heart
Beat fast and faster, your sweet, fragrant breath
Lingers warm and inviting. Then we start
A slow, passionate rhythm, to the beat
Of distant music drifting on the strand,
There for other lovers. In the fierce heat
Of a tropical night, you press your hand
Into mine, come to me insistent, we're
Face to face, hips to hips, lips gently touch,
Whisper words that only hearts can hear.
The message clear, the urgency too much
To ignore, we fall together and give
In to the primal need for which we live.



A Beautiful Delusion

They lay on blankets worshiping the sun,
These interlopers, followers of style,
Who gather here, pretend, feign seeking fun
And romance. Teasers, poseurs, dandies, smile;
Empty faces behind blank eyes. Bulging,
Saline-enhanced, barely-covered titties
Beckoning no one; tanned studs indulging
Erotic fantasies, seeking pretties
Who'll make them feel important for a while.
But momentary pleasure passes fast,
Replaced by empty truth. The wan beguile
Each other. Precious little here will last.
This empty, lonely parade paints a sad
Portrait of a lovely town gone mad.



A Sailor's Quest

White triangles standing straight and true
Against a deep blue background peaking white,
They lean against the wind, fight their way through
The frothy sea before day turns to night,
When sailors lose their way if not prepared
To use the heavens as their best device
For finding home--their intellect laid bare
Against nature, whose fury makes the price
Of failure steeper even than the risk
Considered. Seamen know what lies ahead
Will daunt the wisest of them, but insist
On taking every chance. With sense of dread,
They venture forward, eye fixed on the prize,
Success the only outcome they surmise.



Paradise

There's fragrance in the air this time of year--
Hibiscus, bougainvillea, liatris,
And sounds rock the senses: the birds I hear
Are calling for mates. Morning showers kiss
My garden, leave behind a loving drink
That keeps it growing when the afternoon
Sun would beat it down, leave it on the brink
Of thirsty death. Then May will become June,
Flowers will give way to the luscious fruits
Of our labor, rich, green jungle. Life fills
This world with healthy color. Summer suits
This Eden, this tropical wonder; thrills
Around every corner, behind each tree,
Await our hungry eyes, which ache to see.



Mistaken Identity

A dark bank of clouds comes in from the west,
Tourists scurry for cover and a drink,
They never told us it would rain! I guess
The chamber of commerce led them to think
This was indeed the world's most perfect place,
They brought money, fancy clothes, fantasies
Of catching some brass ring. But in their haste
To find perfection, they often leave the keys
To reality behind. The lonely,
Unnatural, artificial paradise,
The one these visitors see, is only
Just another sometimes hard, sometimes nice,
Place. But the lure of the exotic dream
Is hypnotic, the unknown reigns supreme.



Rain

The tourists hate those black clouds overhead,
The ones that blot the sun at two o'clock,
That dump a ton of rain on flower beds
And send the pale visitors into shock.
They come here just to be seen on South Beach,
They come to see Madonna drunk at night.
They never do, but say they did. They preach
Of Gomorrah from sweet suites locked up tight
Against the summer storm. They close their eyes
To the wonder of the beautiful rain
That feeds our farms and gardens. Hear their cries
Of indignation, expressions of pain.
The daily afternoon storm dumps plenty
Of rain, but then is over by two-twenty.



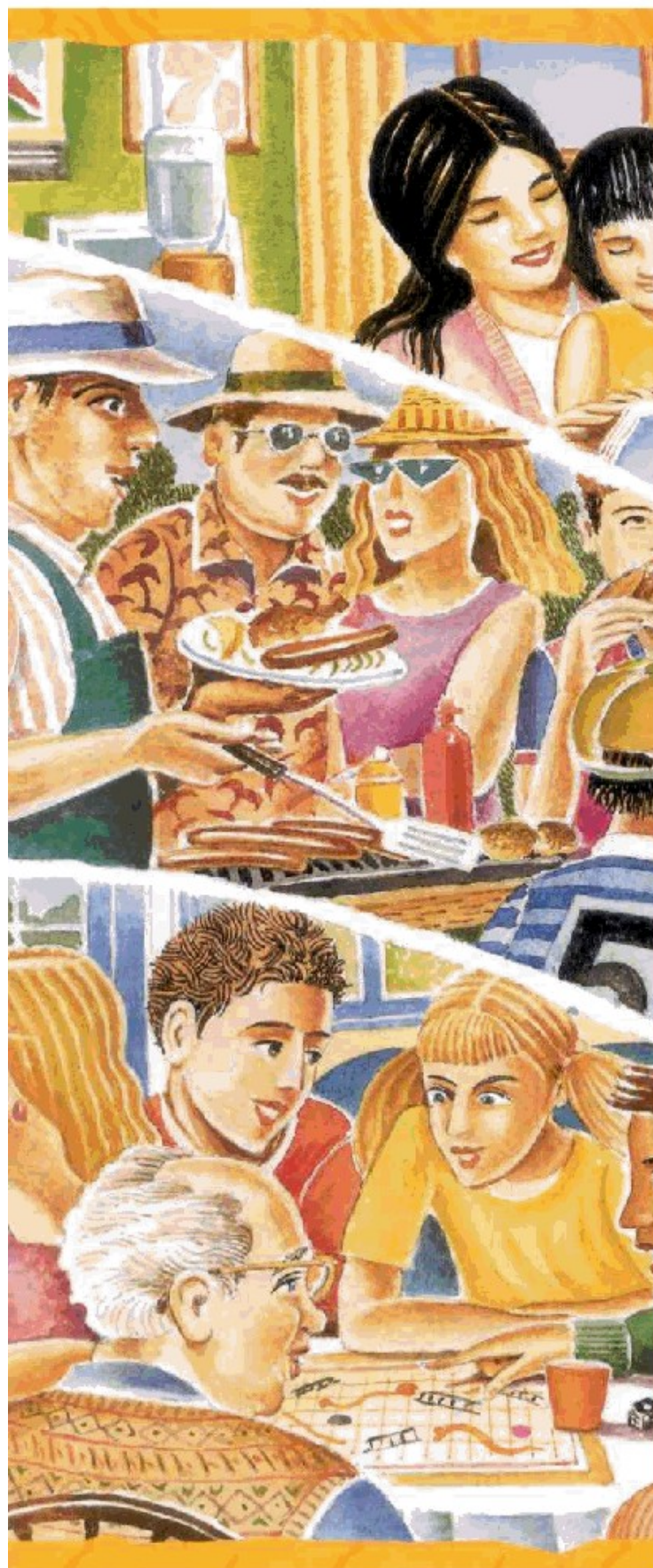
Conversations

These sunrise walks at water's edge will end
Much sooner than originally planned.
This vast, flat ocean has become my friend,
My confidant, as footprints in the sand
Trail behind, witness to thoughts that only
The water, the seagulls, and I can share.
That still, small voice that echoes the lonely
Child inside is safe here, while everywhere
Else it hides, obedient to a fear
Of exposure. But in this peaceful place
Where no one can get close enough to hear,
It shouts. The days are easier to face.
The man has found his daily precious walk.
There must be a place where the boy can talk.



Leaving Home

Leaving home is always hard, they say.
Been here so long this place is in my blood
Like too much alcohol. This sun-drenched day
Is melancholy, as fond memories flood
My consciousness: a love, a hate, a time
When many disparate parts converged to make
A moment, lingering sweet and sublime
Among the chattel I must try to break
Away from, and move on to other things
For other people. Time to take a chance,
Find a new adventure, see what life brings
In a new place, imagine now a dance
To different music, different beat. No rain
On her parade. A loss becomes a gain.



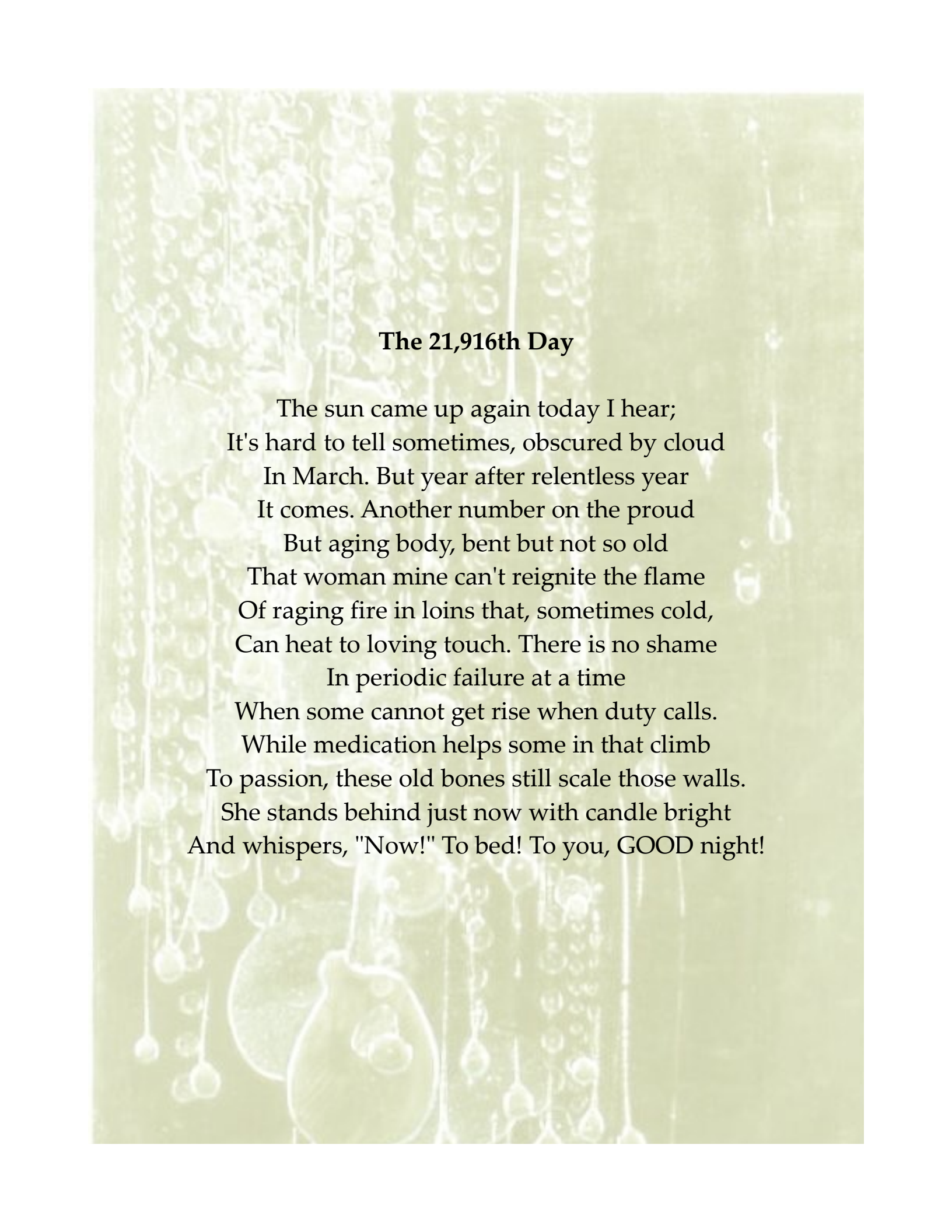
...thicker than water

Twisting in the Wind
The 21916th Day
The Helper
Daughters
Bluesman
Desire
My Woman
Sweet Dreams
Absent Heart
Indifference
While She Sleeps
Birthday



Twisting in the Wind

And now I wait. A verdict is to come.
I've done her wrong, she says. I dare not act,
And frozen by my love for her, I'm numb
And terrified. My only play is tact,
To be contrite, but not to appear weak
Of heart. It's confidence I need to show.
I think I've done no wrong. She will not speak
Of what she thinks I am, She wants to know
Who uses words like that if not to hurt,
She says that love requires hearts be pure.
One cannot shed one's feelings like a shirt,
And fall for other's words meant to allure.
I heard a siren's song and turned my head.
That turning's now the consequence I dread.



The 21,916th Day

The sun came up again today I hear;
It's hard to tell sometimes, obscured by cloud
In March. But year after relentless year
It comes. Another number on the proud
But aging body, bent but not so old
That woman mine can't reignite the flame
Of raging fire in loins that, sometimes cold,
Can heat to loving touch. There is no shame
In periodic failure at a time
When some cannot get rise when duty calls.
While medication helps some in that climb
To passion, these old bones still scale those walls.
She stands behind just now with candle bright
And whispers, "Now!" To bed! To you, GOOD night!



The Helper

She comes to me at evening, padding light,
To wake the beast within me for a while.
Her gentle touch can make my heart take flight.
The fingers trace a path across my smile,
My cheek, my eyes, my neck, then lower on
And lower still, send shivers to my brain.
I rise to meet her touch, my troubles gone
For one sweet moment. Amidst beating pain
She knows lives hard behind the plastic smile
That faces out. In darkest days the one
True salve, she wisely knows, is to beguile,
To distract, and to pleasure, till it's done.
In fleeting moments, pain can be ignored,
But always there, one never cuts the chord.



Daughters

Two small life-changing people make my days
More meaningful than ever. These two girls
Affect me in so many subtle ways.

I can't begin to describe how these pearls,
These precious gems of human nature prove
There is a God. And when I see them smile
At me with pure unconditional love,
They make the worst of times all seem worthwhile.

When out-of-control emotions take hold,
These miracles make can shine their magic light
Where darkness lives, illuminating old
Worn-down feelings and make them all seem trite.

Two gentle people can my spirits lift;
Their sweet existence is the greatest gift.



Bluesman

Sing me blues, my gentle music man.
Play me heartache, heal the painful soul,
The hurting heart with their sweet empathy.
The music cries loss, sadness takes a toll
On the musician. He feels acutely
Raw with the deep emotion of the song
He plays. A mournful rhythm, minor key,
Evoking distant memories. A long
Slow riff, slide guitar, sad refrain, he sings
Tragedy, wasted time, relationships
That, going nowhere, pull at his heartstrings,
Make him weep. Something deep within him rips
Music out to the surface. Hear his voice,
Transformative. We listeners rejoice.



Desire

Of all the wondrous things we daily find
In travels through our lives, the eyes behold
A miracle of beautiful design,
The shape, the human form of woman. Told
In liturgy that God created this,
The mind reels at the possibility
That nature set forward that tender kiss
Could boil the blood of men. What vision be
More titillating than the beauty of
The female shape unto the eye of man?
And more often confusing lust with love,
He lies, or lays, or fondles when he can,
Unmindful of his object's true desire.
His mission concerns only his own fire.



My Woman

When difficult problems strike at the hearts
Of little girls, she always knows the right
Thing to say, the right thing to do. She starts
Their days with simple words designed to light
The way for them. She makes each morning seem
Like the most important part of her day,
And sends them off into the world a team
Against all odds. She wants her babes to stay
Connected, partners, growing up as friends
Who will always be there for each other,
To stand forceful and tall against strong winds
That lead lesser folk to look for cover.
When pressure builds, and some appear to burst,
Priorities on straight, she's Mother first.



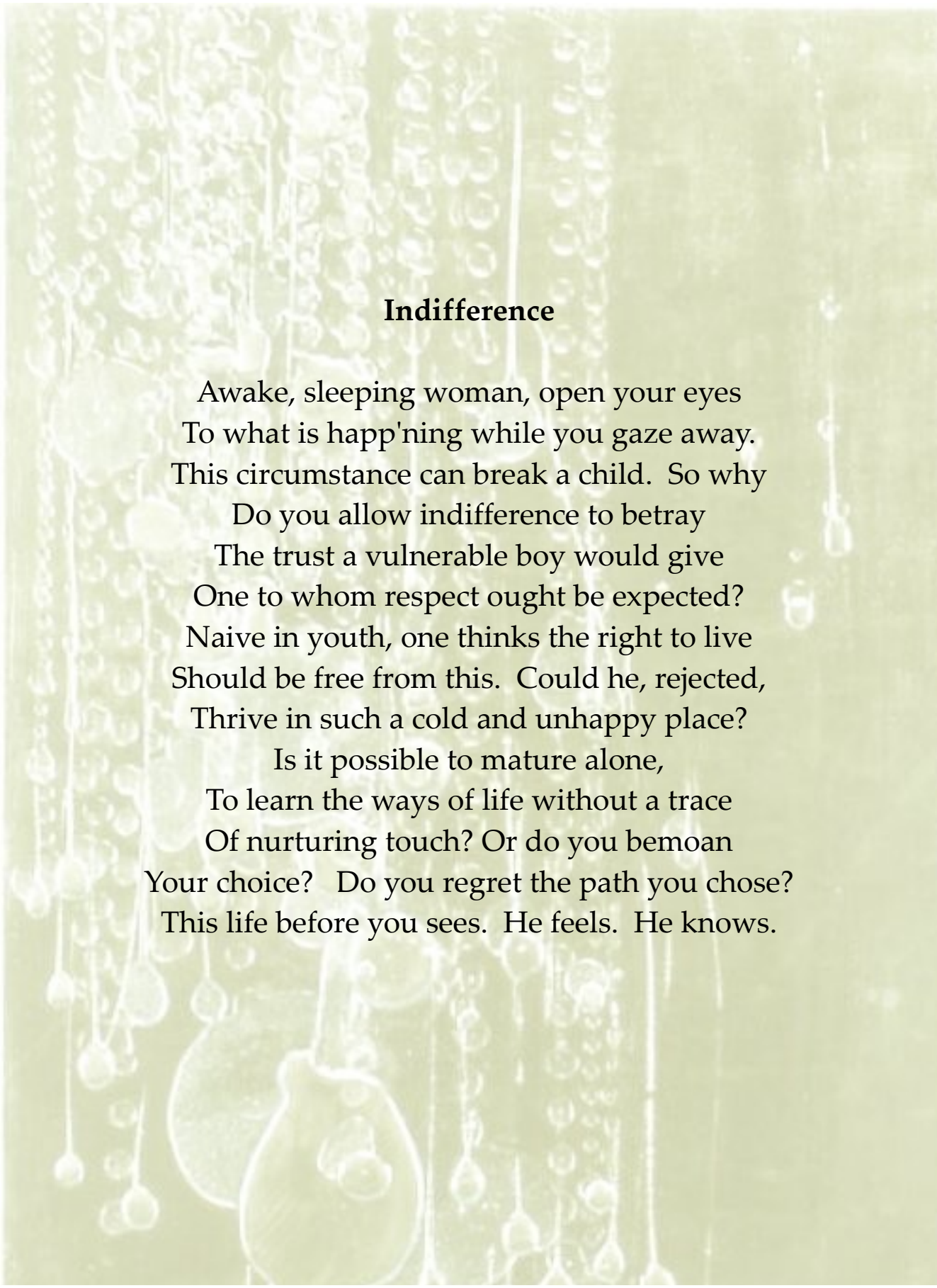
Sweet Dreams

These tender, vulnerable bodies rest
So still at midnight chime and lighthouse flash;
Below the window, roiling whitecaps crest
And fill the marsh with turmoil. Thundrous crash
Belies the vision here before my eyes,
As sleeping babes, ignorant of the storm,
Lie statue-still. Outside, black, cloud-filled skies
Smother a pale moon. A ship sounds forlorn,
Its lonely call disturbing nighttime still,
But shan't awaken those whose night is bless't
With peaceful dreams. A father's heart is filled
With joy at this pure sight of evening's best
Moment. I lie awake each night, it seems,
And revel in the light of their sweet dreams.



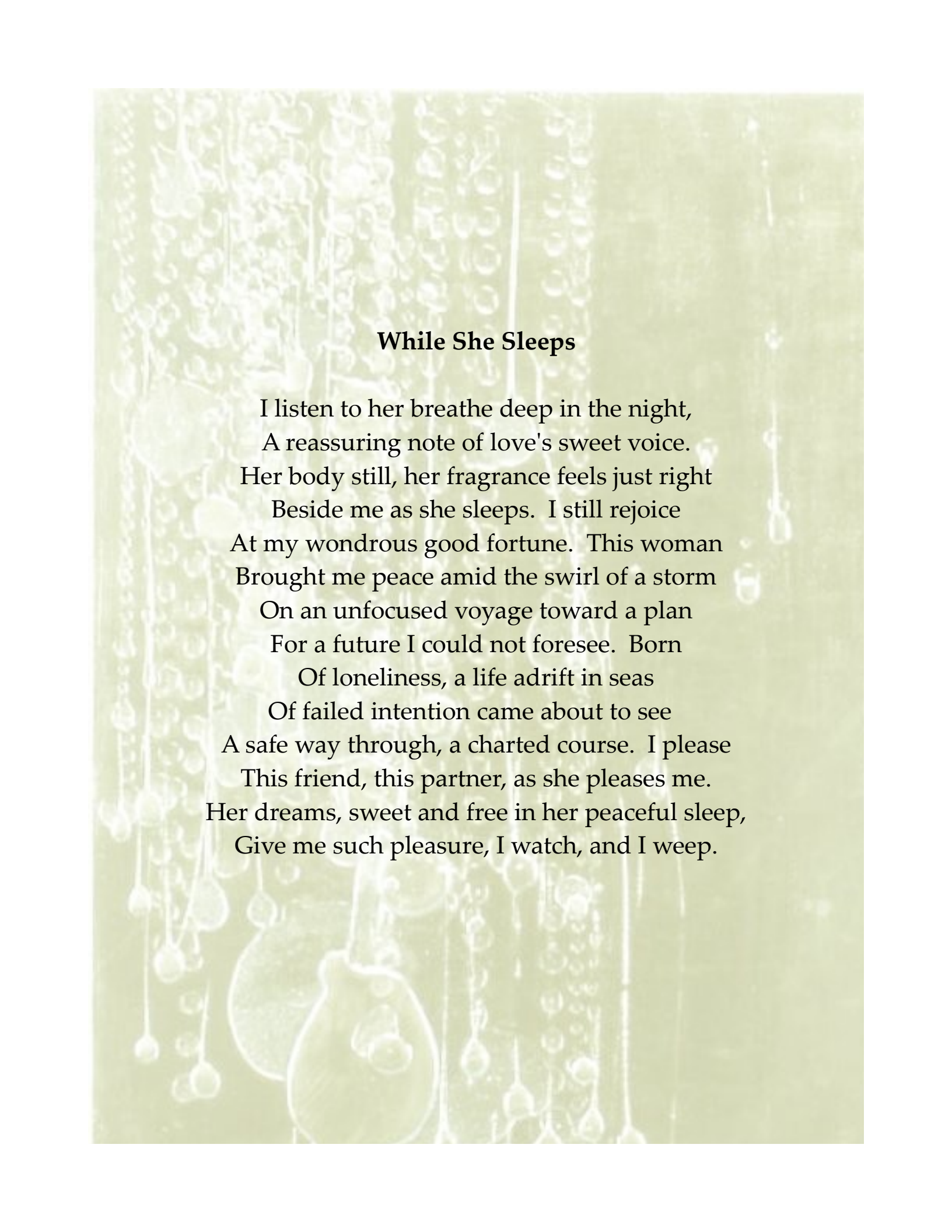
Absent Heart

The memory runs hot when ere I walk
On foot-worn paths oft traveled in my youth;
Eyes shut, but still with vision as the hawk,
Images flood the brain, can't paint the truth
In rosy hues. Not able to connect
With pleasant happenings that surely were
A part of childhood, time cannot correct
The wrongs done to a child. He was not there,
As growing up, the learning of the ways
Of a difficult world weighed down the soul
Of a troubled boy given to displays
Of sadness, loneliness, heart less than whole.
In pain of wanting more, a young boy cried,
But he who brought me out would run and hide.



Indifference

Awake, sleeping woman, open your eyes
To what is happ'ning while you gaze away.
This circumstance can break a child. So why
Do you allow indifference to betray
The trust a vulnerable boy would give
One to whom respect ought be expected?
Naive in youth, one thinks the right to live
Should be free from this. Could he, rejected,
Thrive in such a cold and unhappy place?
Is it possible to mature alone,
To learn the ways of life without a trace
Of nurturing touch? Or do you bemoan
Your choice? Do you regret the path you chose?
This life before you sees. He feels. He knows.



While She Sleeps

I listen to her breathe deep in the night,
A reassuring note of love's sweet voice.
Her body still, her fragrance feels just right
Beside me as she sleeps. I still rejoice
At my wondrous good fortune. This woman
Brought me peace amid the swirl of a storm
On an unfocused voyage toward a plan
For a future I could not foresee. Born
Of loneliness, a life adrift in seas
Of failed intention came about to see
A safe way through, a charted course. I please
This friend, this partner, as she pleases me.
Her dreams, sweet and free in her peaceful sleep,
Give me such pleasure, I watch, and I weep.



Birthday

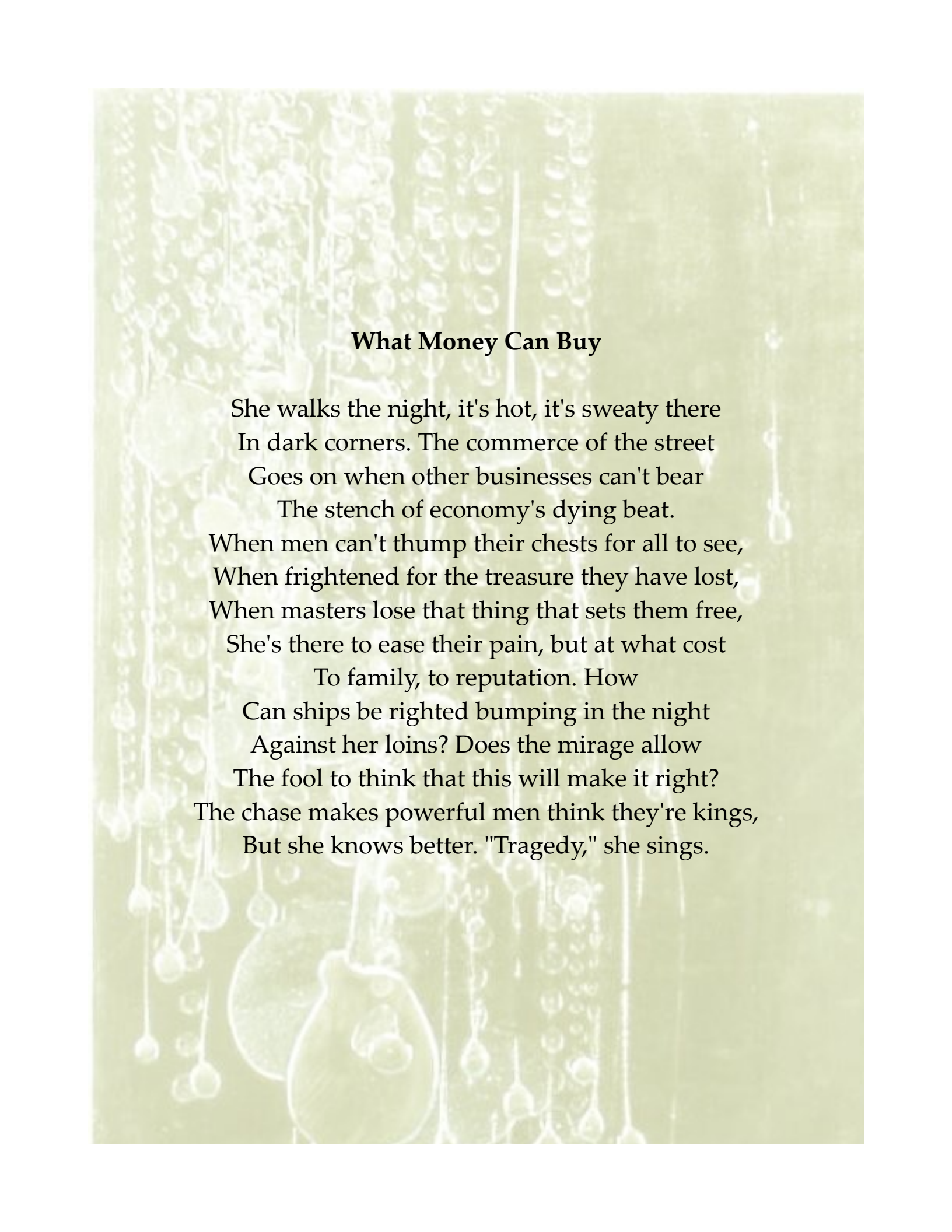
It's not another number, but a state
Of mind. You get older if you allow
Yourself to do that evil thing, but wait--
You're really getting better. Only now
You have the wisdom youth can never know.

And beauty? It's a transitory thing,
Perceived as a treasure by those who go
To awful lengths to seek the golden ring
Of artificial youth. But I, who live
A wondrous life, a gift from one who sees
What lies beneath, know true beauty. I give
To you a peaceful respite beneath trees
That worship longevity. May this prove
To you that what I treasure is your love.



...what I'm feeling

What Money Can Buy
Friendship
March
I Hate New York
The Ghosts of New York
A Mayday Celebration
Lust
Destiny
Kansas
Hummingbirds
Spills of War



What Money Can Buy

She walks the night, it's hot, it's sweaty there
In dark corners. The commerce of the street
Goes on when other businesses can't bear
The stench of economy's dying beat.
When men can't thump their chests for all to see,
When frightened for the treasure they have lost,
When masters lose that thing that sets them free,
She's there to ease their pain, but at what cost
To family, to reputation. How
Can ships be righted bumping in the night
Against her loins? Does the mirage allow
The fool to think that this will make it right?
The chase makes powerful men think they're kings,
But she knows better. "Tragedy," she sings.



Friendship

One cannot measure how encouragement
Can lift a soul in need of friendly words
In time of struggle. Poetry is vent
When other forms give no sweet outlet. Heard
A kindness, wishing well, and just in time
To soothe an angry heart. The thunder near
This trembling voice creates a poison vine
That must be rooted out, else friends will hear
The evidence of unplanned emotions
Piercing the atmosphere. But thanks to those
Who lend their kindness selflessly, oceans
Of praise can mollify a heart that goes
Too often to inappropriate rage.
The gift of friendship helps one reengage.



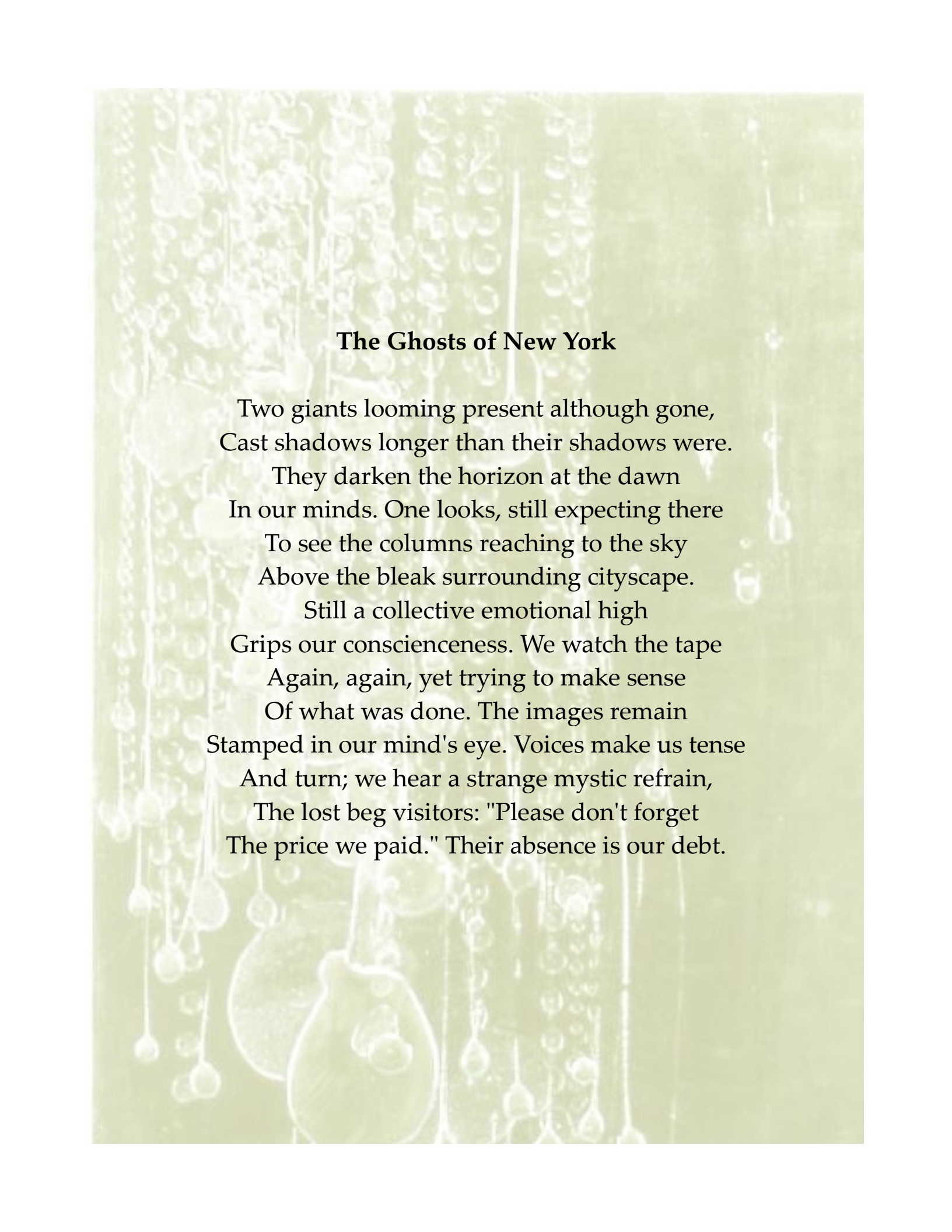
March

March blows its schizophrenic, furious blast
Of snow, of rain, of wind, of cold. It clings
To any ledge. It struggles, strains to last
For one more precious day. But April brings
The spring at last. It pushes some to live,
To sow fresh fields, to reaffirm the hope
In life reborn. And compelled then to give
To others needing more, who need a rope
To which to cling while one who has will share
A bounty born of labor on the land,
Of selfless desire, being ones who care
For hopeless ones who live lives built on sand.
They do but what they can, to do the right
Thing. Only men of God still fight the fight.



I Hate New York

The Staten Island ferry comes about,
Approaches bleak Manhattan to the east;
Miss Liberty afloat appears to shout
Her rhyme of welcome to the awful feast
That daily tempts the unsuspecting rubes
Who visit this place. Could a town be more
Unfriendly? Greasy sidewalks, sagging boobs
On aging hookers, pissing vagrants, sore
Losers hawking, always on the grift,
Hustle, bustle, tussle, always moving
Buses, subways, taxis, trucks adrift.
Movies make us think of people grooving
On "Gotham's" thrill. But I can't find the charm.
The crush of people evokes insect swarm.



The Ghosts of New York

Two giants looming present although gone,
Cast shadows longer than their shadows were.

They darken the horizon at the dawn
In our minds. One looks, still expecting there
To see the columns reaching to the sky
Above the bleak surrounding cityscape.

Still a collective emotional high
Grips our conscienceness. We watch the tape
Again, again, yet trying to make sense
Of what was done. The images remain
Stamped in our mind's eye. Voices make us tense
And turn; we hear a strange mystic refrain,
The lost beg visitors: "Please don't forget
The price we paid." Their absence is our debt.



A Mayday Celebration

They danced. Virginia Reel, I heard it said.
White girls in pink pinafores, Mayday ball.
Back and forth, round and round, the dancers played
A game of remember when. They recall
A different time, when "proper" was the word
That defined society, a coward's thought.
But "proper" wasn't what some others heard.
It meant "Them, not us." As they justly sought
To live on level playing fields, they met
Resistance at every turn. "You can't drink
Water here; you can't ride this bus; take your set
Somewhere else. Don't tell me what you think!"
They danced Virginia Reels to honor, what?
Don't let MY young participate in that.



Lust

In darkest, deepest corners of the mind,
There live the memories that love imprints,
Tattooed in places only time can find,
Guarded by defenses. Only hints
At where the keys reside, how to unlock
The doors behind which precious rest is found
Can be deciphered. Will it take a shock?
A jarring moment? Flashing sights rewind
By newfound passion? What this moment brings:
A momentary purging of the soul,
A frightening new ability. He sings
A painful song, but pain unchains the whole.
It cannot change the past, but love can light
A momentary flame that lasts one night.



Destiny

The gray clouds gather heavy in the west
For prescient travelers wondering as they look
To what lies beyond, wondering what the rest
Of time will bring. Proscribed, the karmic book
Illuminates the names of those on board

This one last journey to their destiny
Of finally fulfilled passion. The sword
Of surrender tightly grasped, not ready
To pass on gently into ever night,
Not willing to go softly off the land,
And not prepared to accept this, they fight
For precious time. They pray that he might wait,
For some to make amends, if not too late.



Kansas

Amber waves of grain, fertile land gives back
The sustenance the rest take for granted.
America's heartland, Kansas keeps track
Of values lost in places where slanted
Minds obfuscate reality, for their
Own agenda. Out there where daily bread
Is at once a way of life and a prayer,
A hardscrabble existence isn't dread,
But rather the way things are, ought to be.
They work the land, they consume what they make,
And never want for everything they see;
They share with others, rather give than take.
No hurry there, no good to move too fast,
Hardworking folk, a culture built to last.



Hummingbirds

Two inches flitting by, a needle beak
Plunges into scarlet petals, thirsty
From a thousand-mile journey. Mustn't speak
Too loud now, been waiting since last Thursday,
When first I heard the hummingbirds were back.
The skittish little ruby-throats appear
When winter's chill gives way. We leave a sack
Of dryer lint for their nests. They wear
What's left of winter plumage 'till the sun
Beats warm on the flowers that my garden
Gives up to them. They drink and then they run,
Fickle, to some other chintzy bargain
Feeder in a neighbor's yard. But each year
They come back to us, knowing food is here.



Spoils of War

The soldier boys go blindly off to fight
A battle not of their choosing. The war
Of today's fashion is a show of might
By coward suits with agendas set for
Their own ego or enrichment. They know
They cannot bleed, they cannot die. They send
Another's precious young to maintain the flow
Of dollars to their deep pockets. The end
Of innocence for a nation comes when
The people understand their young must die
So power's fortunes won't. It is, again,
The tragedy of history. And why
We keep repeating this sickness, I can't
Say, but my experience fuels this rant



My Muse

I'm channeling a poet that I knew
When I was just a student learning how
To write and make verses rhyme. And a few
Of the lines I've written in this form now
Force the discipline needed to express
All the emotions built up in the years
Before I found the courage to address
The tight knot that lived inside. My heart hears
Now the words that spill from these old fingers,
And they ease the pain a bit. These sonnets
Driven by hard choice, like dust that lingers
Bright in the wake of a streaking comet,
Illuminate the sky long after, while
In the moment, the poems make me smile.

Challenge Helper

I cannot think of anything to say
Today. And so I write this little verse
To keep my thread alive. I will not pay
The price of starting over, and no terse,
Or cute rhymes will cheapen this strange attempt
To produce sonnets every single day.
By writing this, I risk poets' contempt
At my feeble, uninspired words. Oy vey,
I've managed to write fourteen lines that rhyme
Abe, be a bee. Si? Dee? See D-E-F?
E, Ef. Gee, Ji. Embarrassed now that I'm
Wasting my readers' time. So I'll go chef
The lunch at Bijou's place, where I'm no clod
With pots and pans, but rather, I'm a God.



Stuck

And once again I find myself without
The inspiration to write gold. I search
For something meaningful so I can shout
"I'm worthy of this challenge!" So I lurch
From word to word, conjure up one more rhyme,
I need to keep momentum one more week,
Complete the challenge, write the fourteen lines
That make these sonnets fit the form. I seek
Important themes and feelings, not just trash
To fill the page, to finish what I start.
It might be easier if there were cash
At the end of the line. I'll find the heart
To make the last eight poems say as much
As the first twenty one, regain my touch.



Finis

Job left is dealing with this nasty stuff.
It' certainly a gratifying thing,
To bring a mighty challenge to its knees,
To chart an unknown course, make a brain sing
Some difficult tunes. The soul's mirror sees
The jump into this raging river as
A torrent conquered. The calendar keeps
Moving, leaden foot upon the gas,
And challenging the mind to make these leaps
Into the wake, pulled along, writing down
Word after word, line after line, until
The last day comes. But the finishers crown
Only themselves, completion is the thrill
What difficulty lies ahead, the tough
Job left is dealing with this nasty stuff.



Erotica

**Sweet Relief
Mistress**



Sweet Relief

Come to me, my precious, come hold me close;
Kiss me in ways that make my heart flutter;
Touch me in those places no one else knows
Fray my senses, make me shake and shudder
With unconstrained rapture. Knowing fingers
Trace gentle lines in circles round and round
As I lay supine, your sweet touch lingers
In electric memories. Tightly wound
Inhibitions vanish, body is free
Of tension, pulse quickens, the breath grows short,
The heat rises, the brain crackles, the plea
For sweet relief is answered, you exhort
To screaming release. You watch and savor,
Knowing I will now return the favor.



Mistress

Arms tied behind my head, you sit astride,
Fingers circle my nipples, fingernails
Seem sharpened, scrape the rosebuds, scratch my hide
Till tiny droplets appear. Make me wail
With rapture, beg for more, "Please, MORE," I scream,
And you just laugh, your eyes betray your vice.
"Before I'm done, you'll wish it was a dream,"
You sneer, "You thought getting fucked would be nice
And safe. You didn't know what you would get
When you walked in. You didn't know that pain
Could be so thrilling." I feel your cunt get wet
Against my belly, you scratch me again.
My breath grows short. I explode. Loins afire.
After, in your eyes, I see raw desire.