

FREE

Please don't
litter!



Q poetry

by Theresa Marie Lennon

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Twilight

In the dark of the night,
I get lost in the moonlight,
Somewhere in the surreality
Of the computations in astrology.
It's such an interesting shade
Of violet and marmalade, and
I can see the romance,
As the flowers dance.
It's more than the wind
I know it is.

So, are you ever coming with
So you can listen to my voice on the wind
When I haven't even opened my mouth and
Get lost in the colors in the south
Just before the witching hour
At three a.m., can you feel the power?



Theresa M. Lennon

Q.

Querulous,
Questing conditions of kingdom,
Quoting quiet cues,
Quite carefully spoken,
Queer and curious inquiries,
Quavering in the asking,
Quaint little hints,
Quipped with wry smiles,
Quintessential busybodies,
Quivering with,
Quickly hidden glee, never
Questioning their own cleverness,
Quaffing a potion,
Quarreling within,
Quandaries and
Quadrants preoccupied by
Quarks and
Quantum philosophy (not
Quite physics) while
Quantities of angels dance on
Q-tips.
Quietude and sanity lacking,
Q-bert mentalities
Quartered and drawn
(Quill in hand).
Quails//
Quadrupling, sequestered and
Quibbling with
Q.

Star Trek

People,
like sun dappled
raindrops,
do their dances
on the
sidewalks.
Hand extended,
a form of
greeting,
A touch on the
shoulder, briefly
meeting.
I'm trekking a path
way to the
stars;
Driving around
in old
cars.
I went dancing
the other
night,
all by myself,
to just put it
right,
had myself
a glass of
wine.
How are you?
I'm
fine.

In Your Secrets

My inner sanctuary
Blood and bone and nail.
Do I have hollow convictions
Carefully hewn
Sculptured like vases
Full of water, salt,
Painted like a veil?
A place concealed from dances,
Whispers and contentions,
They wander about like
Traces of
Hidden, glossy
Gossamer....
I feel them
They do not know I'm here
I'm not hidden,
You just don't know where
To look....
Convictions strong,
Sculptured like
Blood and bone and nail.

My Winter's Rose

A winter's rose
Crisp and scarlet,
A bright ruby to interrupt,
Stark, virginal, reflective white,
Of a fresh January snow.
Would you pluck that winter bloom,
Even though it be
Unique...
Like gold, half buried
In the silt and the river
Sand?
Would you take it
Home, claim it?
And, would anyone believe
You had really found it growing
In the snow,
Or perhaps you would capture it,
A gift of photography, or a portrait,
To say, look
Beautiful flowers
Can grow when it's cold....
Or, perhaps you would then
Leave it behind you
To grow still more
For another to chance upon it
Thorns hidden all, like waiting
Buried there in the snow
Would it then remain
A snapshot in memory
To look back upon and savor
When in the silence
You choose to abide?

The Watcher

Watching
Through this window
Raining
Hard and driving, it's
Cold
Outside, people
Huddling
Scurrying down the street
Running
Grey like washed out
Ink
Waiting at this window. Why?
What
Was I thinking?
Dreaming
Of some romantic tryst
Lonely,
When there's no place to go.
Street worn
Crazy feeling wandering,
Wishing
To go home when
I'm
Not sure where home is.
Watching
Maybe I missed my turn
Wondering
At the things taken for granted,
Maybe
The rain washes it away for them.
Everything,
Is supposed to be disposable these days
Quick
Easy, convenient

After all,
They keep telling us we're
Lost,
Anyway, gonna live as fast as we can,
Until
It gets taken away
Fear
In people's eyes,
A little bit
Cold, like the rain.



The Raven Winter Solstice

(A group is called an "Unkindness")

Magic, Shapeshifting & Creation. Trickster in the Pacific NW.



8/29/2023

Crows are more aggressive than ravens.

The raven is the bird that did not return to Noah's Ark. Odin had ravens as messengers.

The raven has a history of being an omen. It supposedly stole sunlight from one who would keep the world in the dark.

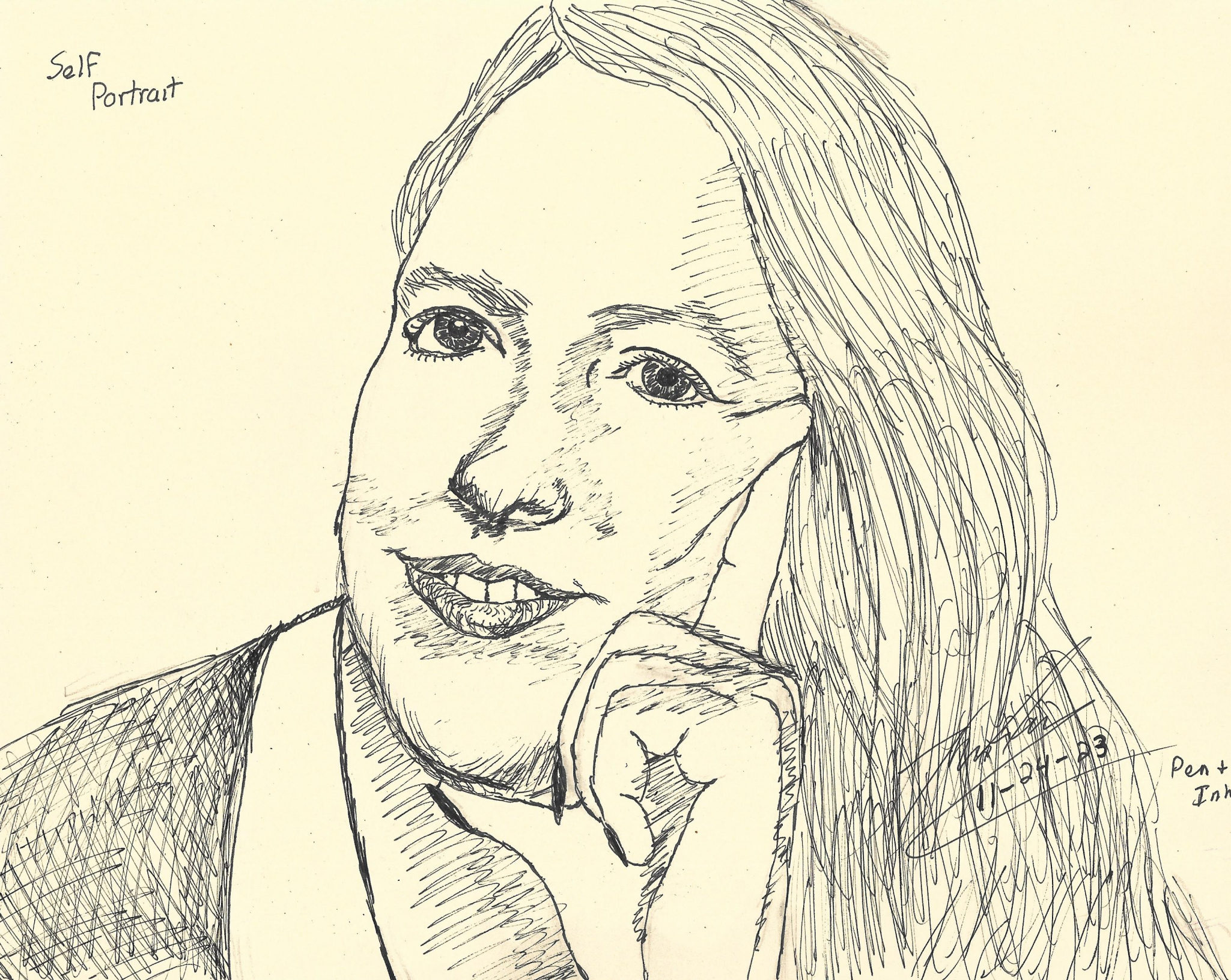
Ravens vocalize and can be taught to speak. They collect shiny things and work together. They are amorous, playful and are known to use tools.

They can hold grudges and will kill each other under threat.



Britney Spears

Self
Portrait



11-24-23

Pen +
Ink