



blogbook



BREATHING LIFE

POEMS BY GAYLE BLANCETT





Breathing Life

Poems by Gayle Blancett

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<http://www.gayleblancett.com>







Foreword

Breathing Life



"I am fun, not so young, but certainly not done."

These words perfectly embody my mom's spirit. This collection of poetry written by her—a celebration of her love, family, and wisdom. No matter the age, she continues to inspire, proving that she's far from done.



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Breathing Life



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July
2012



SAME

Friday 6 July, 2012

We are all different, yet the same
We travel together the roads of life
Some turning left, hitting strife
Others turning right, claiming fame
But as we walk our paths
Differences blend to similarity
Simplistic conclusions
To life's questions
Gain clarity
Different and unique we certainly can claim
Yet we still remain the same
Gayle Blancett

ALWAYS EAGER TO HELP

Friday 6 July, 2012



IMPROVISATION VACATION

Monday 9 July, 2012



My eyes seeped through the willow tree
Walked along the grass and sand
And immersed in the cool lake water
My ears listened to the still quiet air,
The occasional passing hum of a tiny airborne insect,
And my own heartbeat, alternating with occasional intestinal
rumble
My thoughts flew across the sky to the water's other edge
Exploring the mountainside where I peeked into the mouth
of a cave
To see a mysterious creature napping quietly in the dark
coolness
From the porch chair I had not moved
Except my eyes to blink away the warm dry air

And my hand to swat away a fly
A rare reprieve I briefly found
Contrasting completely to the fast pace of modern noise
That most often engulfs and exhausts me

BREAD OF LIFE

Tuesday 10 July, 2012

In the name of power

Compromises are made

Twisted truths come down in a shower

As words are shaped to reflect a slightly different shade

What is this power driven monster?

Hidden beneath the surface so smug

That constantly mistruths bolster

Could it be the simple need of an admiring hug?

Our trusted leaders

Great responsibilities hold

Certainly they should be truth creators

For such character one must be very bold

True and lasting power is among the fruit that is given

It blooms in life as a most beautiful flower

Sweetbread created with a truth leaven

For all of humanity to devour

SAND

Wednesday 11 July, 2012



I love the sand between my toes
And for building a beautiful
castle
But when I eat my favorite cookie
The sand becomes a
bit of a hassle

CLOUDY CLEAR SKY

Saturday 14 July, 2012



My spirit is housed in an older body
Shallow lookers only see
A once clear sky
That is cloudy
Knowledge amassed through experience and time
Is wasted with vision
Filtered by weeds
Seeded in the mind
Those who only can see the surface
Cannot understand or know
The value of lessons learned
From those born on the eve of snow
Perhaps this is the reason
Progress can be slow
Many times we have heard

"History repeats itself you know"
My heart grows sad
Burdened with the wisdom earned
That falls to vapor around the feet
Instead of benefiting those that yearned
Clear away the clouds and eliminate the weeds
Take away those seeds that shroud the mind
Learn instead from the withered spirits
Great lessons harvested from precious time

MOUNTAINSIDE

Sunday 15 July, 2012



Where is the plateau we seek
Exhibiting everything perfect
With nothing bleak
Where is that mountaintop
When one is stuck in a valley
With lava flowing hot
It is the mountainside climb
With it's unexpected turns
That solace is arduously earned in time

FORGOT

Tuesday 17 July, 2012

I walked to the next room
And stood feeling gloom
For what I sought
I forgot
Empty and lost
Cruelly verified by mirror images at me tossed
I defiantly stood refusing to concede
Until finally remembering indeed
Filled with fear of an Alzheimer's fate
I trembled at that thought that I hate
"It's normal", they all say
"It happened to me just today"
Comforted for a moment
With empathetic sentiment
Until out of a store later I plot
To find my car in the parking lot

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR- visiting through the fence on morning bicycle ride

Wednesday 18 July, 2012



BLOW TORCH

Thursday 19 July, 2012

Hot wind blowing from the south

Scorching plants and drying out my mouth

Summer is beating at the door

Spring this year will soon be no more

Cool inside air becomes extremely attractive

Day plans become early, late, or just inactive

Let me sit under a tree in winter, spring, or fall

The summer Texas heat is not for me at all

A FRAGILE JOURNEY

Thursday 19 July, 2012

Deep and abiding love is so difficult to grow
For first a seed of interest must mutually exist
Between the minds and each accepting soul
Both must be focused and willing to embark
On a treacherous path of life
To be conquered together before the dark
The dangers disabled by the team along the way
Combine to form and strengthen the pillars
Upon which love is able to stay

LET ME SIT ON YOUR LAP PLEASE!

Friday 20 July, 2012



CONTEMPLATING BY THE CREEK

Saturday 21 July, 2012



TEAM POWER

Monday 23 July, 2012

Words spoken are heard

But often fade and fall to the ground

Without a sound

Actions kind and silent

Felt with the heart

Nurture from the start

Deeds devour hollow words

Digesting the nutrients

Growing confidence

But a team of words and deeds in sync

Make the words heavy with substance

Resulting in a powerful circumstance

CONTEMPLATING BY THE CREEK TOO

Wednesday 25 July, 2012



BIRTH OF BEAUTY

Sunday 29 July, 2012

Beauty comes from within, I know
But on the outside it best does show
Seeded deeply in the heart
From where sincere meaning must start
It germinates with nutrients gathered from the soul
And works its way to the surface to reach its splendid goal

TOTAL RECHARGE

Tuesday 31 July, 2012

I stood beneath the moonlit sky
Awed by its overwhelming magnitude
A magical glow illuminated the trees
And wrapped its arms softly around me
Stars blinked with an inconsistent eye
Some darting around
While others just shined shy
I became as a baby in the darkness
Cradled by the fresh country air
And soothed by the sweet melody
Of a gentle mother's song
The moonlit clouds warmly glowed
As they slowly drifted along-
The exhilarating evening beauty
Had instantly my hectic life slowed
I could feel my spirit lifting
Becoming one with the peaceful calm
Recharged, regenerated, and refreshed
For I was seeing, touching,
And talking with God



August
2012



NIGHT LIGHT

Friday 3 August, 2012



CHANGING FORWARD

Saturday 4 August, 2012

Inevitable unavoidable change

Always lurks around the corners

Waiting patiently beyond seeing range

Keeping feet unsteady and precariously balancing on the borders

Commanding incredible amounts of serious thinking

Destroying the luxury of mindless routine comfort

Unwelcome consciousness in the creating

Disburses uneasy demands on personal effort

No turning back at yesterday to look

The new awakening of change will not content allow

New chapters building the pages of the book

Change personal expectations, perspectives, and force accountability now

GETTING TO THE HEART OF THINGS

Monday *6 August, 2012*



NUDGE A GRUDGE

Wednesday 8 *August*, 2012

Don't let yesterday's disappointments
Nibble away at today's delight
Nudge the grudges to the side
And pleasure will no longer hide
Emotion explosions cause pain particles
To assemble, resulting in barriers
Blocking positive opportunities
Eroding the essence of communities
Forgiving, learning, and forgetting
Must be deliberately nurtured and sought
For it takes a lifetime to learn
That happiness one must labor to earn

POOL COMMITTEE

Friday 10 *August*, 2012

I was but a single molecule

Minuscule

Witnessing people gallant

With talent

They sat

To chat

Focused on solutions

Not illusions

I gazed

Amazed

At genius

Generous

Individual

Calm and Casual

Pooling intelligence

For excellence

NAME THAT MONSTER

Sunday 12 August, 2012

The monster lurked around every corner
Stealing fun and building moats in which to propagate
Its path left littered with destruction
Leaving non-healing wounds and life altering barriers
Impossible to exterminate successfully once given a start
The roots lie deep and grip one's very soul
Are nurtured with the trusted love of infancy
And fertilized with multiple sources of well meaning intentions
Disguised behind the good
It feeds on love, heritage, religion and tradition
Destroying individual esteem unnoticed
Then devouring positive futures one at a time
The good turns to rot bit by bit
Until it is accepted as normal
It is a handy tool necessary for building
And used frequently to polish character
But when overdone it weaves itself into one's being
To takeover will and steal joy
Snuff out talent and altar one's fruitful journey
Until one becomes so filled that it consumes all
It is important not to help its cause
For although it may be invisible

It is everywhere and is devastating to confront
Eventually it becomes the monster that forever sleeps under
the bed

SLIPPERY POODLES

Tuesday 14 August, 2012



Abby and Emma
Sat on the floor
Carefully waiting
Not far from the door



Grandma's dogs
Jumping with excitement

While waiting
For a fun lap placement
Smiling little girls
Happily did grip
Wiggly little poodles
That quickly out of their hands did slip

PRAYER FOR TEACHERS

Wednesday 15 *August*, 2012

God, we ask that You be with all teachers today
And let them know
Their influence in their students' lives
Will forever show
Let patience, compassion, and vision
Temper the knowledge they share
And give them understanding for well-meaning parents
That sometimes can be difficult to bear
Keep teachers and students
Well and safe from harm
And make them sensitive
To important emotional and mental alarm
Fill them with the strength and endurance
To remember rewards are slow to manifest
And their responsible good work
Will certainly reap a beneficial harvest
We offer great thankfulness
For those You selected to teach
For the lesson plans today
Will infinitely shape the goals each seek to reach

ROADRUNNER

Saturday 18 August, 2012

Pretty roadrunner

What do you see?

Stopping and starting

Behind each tree

Busy roadrunner

Traveling so fast

It is clear to all

You will never be last

Clever roadrunner

Took wise advice

To stop, look, and listen

To avoid one's demise

PREDAWN VISIT

Monday 20 *August*, 2012

I stood in my favorite place this morning
Underneath the predawn sky
As the wind played with me
Bumping, pulling, and tugging sly
A silver sliver of the moon stood strong
While a single star played and danced
Darting in and out of the clouds
Teasing the night that allowed the glance
Rushing to make room for the morning sun
The dark cloud silhouettes journeyed fast and far
Morning soon would steal away
Remaining visions of the moon and solitaire star
I closed my eyes and took a deep breath
Of the cool and busy air
Giving sincere thanks to God
For this moment He so lovingly allowed

I CHOOSE

Saturday 25 August, 2012

Today I choose

Productivity over idleness

Happiness not sadness

Smiles sure to overcome frowns

Quiet meditation rather than imposing sounds

At least one good deed or unexpected kindness

A sincere act of forgiveness

To resist temptations of sin

And learn from the places I have been

Today I choose

Not to loose

But to win

EVERY BOY'S DREAM

Monday *27 August, 2012*



ADVERSITY TOOL

Thursday 30 August, 2012

Our lives are filled with special moments
All of which are a treasure
Happy, sad, or filled with torments
Are not the means by which we measure
It is the lessons learned today
That one takes and applies to the heart
Experiencing adversities along the way
Enable one's character to build or tear apart



September
2012



HANGING AROUND

Saturday 1 September, 2012



HAWK PARTY

Monday 3 September, 2012



We sat on our porch early one September when close to 100 red shouldered hawks circled overhead for a closer look at us then settled in the tree tops all around. This may not be a spectacular photo, but the event was quite exciting for us.

CLUTTER

Wednesday 5 September, 2012

Clutter is all about

In anger it makes me shout

There is stuff everywhere

All I can do is stare

Can't we do without just one time?

It is no fun waiting to buy in a store line

Where is that thing that yesterday I just bought?

I can't find it anywhere – I put it there I thought

To the store again I will run for another

I guess the last one has already turned to more clutter

A FRAGILE JOURNEY

Friday 7 September, 2012

Deep and abiding love is so difficult to grow
For first a seed of interest must mutually exist
Between the minds and each accepting soul
Both must be focused and willing to embark
On a treacherous path of life
To be conquered together before the dark
The dangers disabled by the team along the way
Combine to form and strengthen the pillars
Upon which love is able to flourish and stay

FALL INTROGRESSION

Sunday 9 September, 2012

The north winds raced across the field picking up speed
Greeting and pushing the trees aside
And swirling around the corners of the house
In a playful arrogant rush
The horses darted in and around the cooling wind
With equal mischief and excitement
Kicking up their heels in the air
In direct rebellion and competition with the changing elements
The whistling interruption of the hyper air
Synchronized to the exuberant beat of the horses hoofs
And joined hands at the opposite horizons
Partnering with the sky's stampeding gray clouds
It was an aggressive and expected announcement
Of the arrival of an old and dear friend
An Appropriate and suitable escort for
The welcome introgression of the seasonal change

LOSER LIES

Wednesday 12 September, 2012

Black lies, White lies, Gray lies,
Or lies of omissions
Hurt and stink
As foul and lethal as automobile emissions
All reek of deceit
Falling on their victims feet
With as much power and velocity
As a hurling block of concrete
So why is it so cool
Each other to fool
Putting best tricks in a pool
To carry home to the barstool
No one wins
Justifying the sins
Most often the loss is kin
And one's very own skin

OBLIVIOUS vs. OBVIOUS

Thursday 20 September, 2012

Chickens peck, scratch, and rest
While the coop wire protects them all around
Not a care or worry they carry
Just eat, squawk, lay eggs, and scratch the ground
Feed thrown through the wire
Falls like golden rain to the earth
Anticipating the treasures from the heavens
They scramble madly for their treat of worth
Oblivious they seem of the opportunist squirrels
Who laboriously gather the wire-clinging grain
Briefly trapped between the beams
And the heavens from which they did rain
A cardinal redbird makes a fast red swoop
To grab his straggling feast there
As the squirrel retreats to hide his treasure
Not at all of the bird aware
Focused on their grain each day
Each to the other was oblivious
The big picture is only revealed
When oblivious is replaced by obvious

ORGANIZING A HURRI- CANE

Monday 24 September, 2012

Words swirling through one's head
Only to fall in a heap dead
A hurricane of thoughts circling aimlessly
Memories of which are cast aside unwillingly
Efforts are made of the words to catch
Scrambling for meanings to unlatch
Struggling to put in order
And neatly enclose with a border
Words heavy laden
With philosophical leaven
Overwhelmed with emotions
Desperate to share intellectual portions
So much is forgotten
And becomes rotten
In a huge grammatical collage
As unattainable as a mirage
Happy to gather a little bit
One meaning is a happy hit
One successful sentence out of so much to share
Makes all the confusion much easier to bear
A focus leak

Of which we so often speak

This likely may be

An infamous battle of Alzheimer or *A.D.D.

*Attention Deficit Disorder

STORM DAMAGE

Saturday 29 September, 2012

I hear the thunder of the approaching storm
Lightning decorates the predawn sky
Weathermen talking with an aura of alarm
Dangerous hail and floods threatening damage to the farm
The family is sleeping still
As I worry and sit by the window sill
My garden is barely ready for harvest
Will the hail destroy all the rest?
As the storm arrived
My concerns were of many deprived
Previous floods of a season of extremes
Already have accumulated to overflow the streams
Last year at this time we had no rain
Yet the news was still of the resulting pain
From unmade crops and suffering livestock
Nothing but worry done around the clock
Still I sit here in the comfort of my home
Safe, cool, dry, fed, and never alone
Helpless against the storms all around
Fearing what could fall next on the ground
Suddenly the storm is over
No hail fell on the garden or clover
The squirrels are out in such a scurry

No damage done here except for the worry



October
2012



ANOTHER TEXAS SUN-RISE

Wednesday 3 October, 2012



RIDING HIGH

Thursday 4 October, 2012



TRUST

Monday 8 October, 2012



MIRAGE

Wednesday 10 *October*, 2012

Following the path of age was long and treacherous
Mud balls of ideals and experiences
Carefully collected along the way
Stuck secure and heavy to my feet
Overflowing responsibilities
Carefully gathered, stuffed in a pack,
And securely strapped to my back
Simultaneously strengthened and weakened me
Priding myself with the treasures I obtained
And armed with undaunted focus on easy times to come
I forged forward, compelled and burdened
With dutiful determination griped on my face
Finally seeking to redeem earned treasures
Redemption had turned to a mirage
Always disappearing just as I reached to claim it
The unobtainable reward had simply been the journey itself

HER NAME IS FEAR

Friday 12 October, 2012

What is that loud sound?

No one should be around

Is someone at the door?

There it goes again

It was much louder then

I do not want to hear more

The gate is locked

No one should have knocked

I am frightened to the core

All my courage I seek

Tiptoeing to the door I peek

The horse is rubbing its butt against the door!

Smiling as I walked her back

To the waiting hay stack

Relieved that Fear was no longer knocking at my door

TREVOR AND THE EGG(click pic to see sto- ry—(no words))

Sunday 14 October, 2012









PERFECTLY CHOSEN GIRLS

Tuesday 16 October, 2012

Two daughter-in laws
Individual and vastly different
As all the seasonal springs and falls
Special and unique,
With they're perfected
Talents and technique
Sparkles from my son's eyes dart
Directed only to his
Very own sweetheart
Choices and affections are easy to understand
For they too are as antipodal
As the daily ocean sand
How happy to know each has found
The perfect mate
To hold his feet on the ground
Honest, smart, and beautiful, to see
Good loving mothers
They have shown to be
The same?
This,
They will never claim

But they are perfection

Each to their own

Love and direction

TWO ANGELS OF A HALLOWEEN PAST

Thursday 18 October, 2012



MUSIC IN MY EARS

Saturday 20 October, 2012

An iPod in my ear

Brings me cheer

Drapes my thoughts with a cape

And lets me escape

An iPod in my ear

Takes away fear

Can correct a mood

And help my troubles to elude

An iPod in my ear

Can restart my daily gear

Put a bounce in my step

So the floors can be happily swept

An iPod in my ear

Increases surprises from the rear

But there it will surely stay

Because we all know an "Apple" keeps the doctor away

ROOSTER'S CROW *(TMI)

Monday 22 October, 2012

The morning song heard through the cool open window
Is the rooster's crow hidden deeply in the shadow of the
moon

Laboriously, he hoists the sun

To once again close its journey circle

Anticipation for the day's agenda

Already lays heavy on my brow

Testing personal expectations

And creating deficiency apprehensions

How I yearn for the simple days of youth

When life burdens did not strain weakened muscles

And pull relentlessly against the tendons

Toughened through experience

Then, the roosters just crowed

The sun simply came up

Expectations were routine

And I did not comprehend the lyrics

**(TMI) a current acronym used in some circles for "too much information"*

WALKING WITH DINOSAURS

Sunday 28 October, 2012

I walk the earth with the dinosaurs

Divided only by time

Fossils scrapbook their journey

As the wind sings a same song

I share the sky with the *Archaeopteryx

When my eyes slice through the willowy clouds

And kindred winds tickle my skin

As I drink in the sun's consoling warmth

For each new earthly wind,

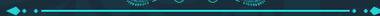
Cloud, sunshine, and walk,

Offer exhilarating freshness

For the dinosaurs, me,

And all the creatures to follow

*Archaeopteryx – "one of a family of extinct reptile like birds of the Jurassic period"



November
2012



DAD'S LESSONS AND A TRAIL OF TREASURES (Papa Stub to the grandchildren)

Wednesday 14 November, 2012



Dad taught us many things

Through expeditions up mountains, along trails,
Sunday afternoon car rides
And picnicking at a scenic creek, mountain, or roadside park
Discipline, endurance, fun, and adventure
Stinging nettles, stink bugs, milkweeds and snakes
Digging in sand dunes, wading in a cool spring,
Skipping a rock across the water
All were lessons wrapped in fun
The pain of the hot mid-day July Texas sun
And the power of an unexpected rain shower on a hike
The feel of loblollies made at the edge of a stock tank
And the taste of frog legs deep-fried in granny's old country
kitchen
Moss grows on the north side of a tree
Don't go spelunking without first telling dad
Catch a possum by the tail, chase an armadillo,
But never ever disturb a skunk
Prickly pears hurt, although they can be good to eat
It is fun to make a bow and arrow
From a limb of a nearby willow tree
There is no need to hurt or kill another living creature
Not daddy long leg spiders, ugly insects,
Nor even killer bees
Clear the rocks on many hot days from a lake lot,
Then dump truckloads of fill stones on top
Quickly teach new depths of gratitude

For cooling dips in the lake
Dad could play happy songs on a French harp
Or on his personally made electric guitar
He fashioned flute like whistles from cane grown beside a
creek
And his drums were beautifully crafted from wood
He could walk on his hands from the front yard to the back
And easily throw us high in the air when we begged
He was loved and feared all in the same breath
And his lessons remain with us still today
His comfort in daily routine
And his lifelong passion for woodwork
Enabled the creating of daily objects of beauty
Marking his time spent in joyful productivity
And resulting in a trail of treasures for others to admire

PLAY DOUGH RECIPES CAN SAVE THE DAY

Sunday 18 November, 2012

A play dough recipe has saved the day through the years more than once with the children in my life. It is fun to make together and even more fun to cut, shape, and design. Add a few lids, cookie cutters, plastic utensils, and /or rolling pins and the imagination does the rest. Most all pantries already have the ingredients on their shelves. I never tried the Edible recipe, but it looked interesting when I found it in my recipes. The others always worked for me.

PLAY DOUGH FOR KIDS # 1

1-cup flour

½ cup salt

1-cup water

1 T. cooking oil

1-teaspoon cream of tartar

Food coloring

Combine ingredients and heat stirring constantly until the mixture thickens to a large ball. Dump on waxed paper and knead to remove any lumps. Store in a plastic bag or in air-tight container.

PLAY DOUGH RECIPE # 2

3 cups flour

1/ ½ cups salt

3 cups water

1 Tablespoon vegetable oil

1 Tablespoon cream of tartar

A few drops of food coloring (OR 1 package unsweetened Kool-Aid)

Mix together in a saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring intermittently until the dough comes away from the edges and is thick and difficult to move the spoon. Let dough cool in pan until it can be handled. Turn out on waxed paper and knead 3 or 4 times. Play! Store in airtight bag or container.

Play Dough # 3 EDITABLE PLAY DOUGH

¼ cup honey

1/4/cup creamy peanut butter

1-teaspoon vanilla extract

1 cup dry milk powder

Slowly mix honey, peanut butter, and vanilla flavoring in a mixing bowl until creamy. Gradually add dry milk a little at a time while mixing slowly. If mixture is sticky, add more dry milk. Add water if mixture is too dry. Knead for consistency.

Store in airtight bag or container and store at room temperature. Mixture can be stored for a few days.

If desired, place shaped dough on a cookie sheet in a pre-heated oven at 200 degrees for 30 minutes or until dry.

UNEXPECTED TREASURES

Friday 30 November, 2012

Proverbs 12:14 (NIV)

From the fruit of his lips a man is filled with good things as surely as the work of his hands rewards him.

On a cold snowy December afternoon, I got out of my car in the wide-open, windy, industrial area parking lot of the United Parcel Distributing Center, in Virginia Beach, Virginia. The warehouse, designed to streamline the handling of increased seasonal bulk, had been set up with a conveyor belt and efficient wrap-around waiting line. It was difficult and exhausting to make the hike from the car, laden with awkward and delicately balanced packages. The thought of seeing this enormous task to completion gave me the additional energy needed. Upon completion, I sighed with relief and practically skipped toward my car to return home.

While basking in joy, my eyes were captured and held hostage by an elderly woman wearing an outdated, mothball scented coat, balancing herself against the icy wind with a cane in one hand and holding her car door open with the other. She was struggling with four huge packages that must have taken her days just to tape closed. It was obvious she was attempting the impossible. I rushed to help her. After her task had been completed and I had escorted her back to her car, she smiled and thanked me graciously. We both went our ways never to see each other again.

The gift I had given her was much appreciated, but the gift she gave me was priceless. She had added personal meaning to the seasonal frenzy of gift giving. Her vivid image and the

gratifying feelings I received from being able to help her at the perfect moment, had captured the essence of the season. This nameless woman was given a place of honor in my Christmas treasure chest of precious memories.

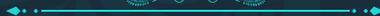
Prayer: Help me God, recognize the opportunities each day to act according to Your perfect example.

Thought for the Day

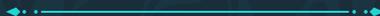
Unexpected fruits of our labors of love are by far the sweetest.

Prayer Focus

Unselfish motives



January 2013



TURNING LOOSE OF THE ARMS OF THE OAK TREE

Sunday 13 January, 2013



The rooster's crow will soon be replaced
By the sprinkling sound of the pool's artificial falls
The dancing trees twisting and bending in the wind
Now pushed away, replaced with wired music filling every
space
As it squeezes to escape through meshed rectangles imbed-
ded discretely in the walls
The safe hermitage hidden behind an automatic gate and
Protected by the ancient arms of giant live oak trees
Is now abandoned, traded for a prominently displayed wel-
come mat
Playing the opening act for glass walls and a magnetic pool
of captured water

Excitement, anticipation, sadness, and hard work confuse
the heart

Fresh choices filled with unseen horizons and perspectives

Stretch the imagination to extreme contortion

Refusing to concede to time boundary penetration

Limited by ones own decisions, helpless against destiny,

And bound by personal circumstances,

The journey is lived one second at a time

Awed by prospects and driven by a quest for purpose

With cherished friends and memories clinched close

Humility, compassion, and gratitude anchored deeply in the
soul,

Past and future hopes blend to reveal the present realities
and exciting

Possibilities of today soon to be followed by tomorrow



April
2013



CHERISHED CUP OF CALM

Tuesday 23 April, 2013

Sitting in my reclining chair,
Snuggled among the wee hours of the quiet still morning,
Savoring the abundance of calm
That is impossible to experience
In the light of the day,
The smell of brewing coffee beckons me.
In complete contrast to the ringing of telephones,
The chattering of media
That routinely invades the daytime hours,
And the rushing sounds of various motors and wheels,
Speeding on pavement and churning the air
As they pass in the distance.
In this time, I can savor a calm sip of coffee.
The peaceful darkness is only interrupted
By the occasional refrigerator and heat pump motors
As they cycle on to do their nightshift work,
And the slight movements of the dog
As he snores and dreams in his bed by the fireplace.
It is now, that I can truly enjoy another sip of coffee.
Not long before the quiet calm
Gives way to a bird's song and a rooster's crow,

My coveted visit with myself is replaced with
Invading thoughts of busy plans and noisy chores.
The light of the new day crawls slowly over the horizon
And now I empty my cup of its last cherished and invigorat-
ing sip of coffee.



September
2014



THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Monday 1 September, 2014

Wind blows a single strand of hair
Weightlessly across my face
Touching my eyes and tickling my nose
Just enough to annoy
The trees bounce and clap their leaves
As a golf cart speeds around the bend from sight
Voices carried by wind are delivered to ears unrecognizable
A hedge hides the green
From the walls of glass
Where eyes are always watching
And feet are constantly moving
Smiles are epidemic,
Fine tuned instruments played well
Where business is shared freely
In the neighborhood by the greens
Beautiful cultured nature abounds
Harmonizing with elements uncontrolled
A disparity defined by perspective
At the precise moment of personal interception



October
2014



SPRINKLING THE PATIO FLOWERS

Thursday 2 October, 2014

Wind lifts a single strand of hair weightlessly
Tickling my nose and teasing my eyes
As I sprinkle water on the patio flowers

The trees bounce and clap their leaves
When a golf cart speeds around the bend
Emitting a sense of urgency
To race the disappearing sun to the next green

Voices carried by the wind
Sift through the privacy hedge
To deliver indirectly to my ears
Distorted unrecognizable mutterings

Serene perfectly manicured green in every direction
Is beautifully accented by meticulously placed plants
And ever changing colors of the vast Texas sky

It is a typical evening in the village
Near the seventeenth green
Where the breeze is always lifting my hair
As I sprinkle water on the patio flowers

SAME

Thursday 2 October, 2014

We are all different, yet the same
We travel together the roads of life
Some turning left, hitting strife
Others turning right, claiming fame
But as we walk our paths
Differences blend to similarity
Simplistic conclusions
To life's questions
Gain clarity
Different and unique we certainly can claim
Yet we still remain the same
Gayle Blancett

ME (1 of 3 Trilogy)

Monday 13 October, 2014

I am sweet I am neat And hard to beat
Not speedy Nor greedy I know I am needy
Not ugly Nor bulgy Just a little pudgy
I am smart At least part Just very slow to start
I am complicated Not premeditated But completely dedi-
cated
I am lazy A bit hazy And a lot crazy
I am tattered Not at all battered But a whole lot scattered
I like to be Under a tree Just dreaming free
Happy today I must say I put all the stresses away

IT'S ME AGAIN (2 of 3 Trilogy)

Thursday 16 *October*, 2014

I am fun Not so young But certainly not done

I am shy Don't lie But can be a bit sly

Many a toy I enjoy Spoiled I employ

I cook Look at a book And then wade a brook

I sew Love to mow And plant vegetables in a row

Horses are cherished Chickens lavished And that donkey
admonished

I anger quick Forgive not a lick Grudges held as easily as a
stick

WANT TO BE (3 of 3 Trilogy)

Thursday 23 October, 2014

I want to be different Yet the same Unusual But normal Creative But not weird

I want to be individual But not alone Private But not reclusive Intellectual But not pompous

I want to be pretty But not flamboyant Outgoing But with reserve Admired Without jealousy

I want to be charitable Without disturbing dignity Compassionate Without suffocating Religious Without imposition

I want to be free But not without boundaries Fun But not wild Me But not without you

SUBTLE GRANDEUR

Saturday 25 October, 2014

The silver morning sky slowly brightens
As the sun's rays reach
From behind the horizon
To scout the lingering clouds

The trees stand as motionless statues
Waiting for the winds
To move them
To dance through the day

The air thickened by yesterday's cool rain
Rises to welcome the warm sun
With a ghostly white presence
That blends with the clouds
To erase the horizon's divide

The void of color is in
Striking contrast to the previous dawn
Yet its statement is equal to the others

It is magnificent to open ones eyes,
Breathe in a subtle grandeur,
And ponder the wonderment
Of infinite uniqueness

TOO BUSY

Monday 27 October, 2014

I saw someone today
That I never really knew
She was always there
But hello I never said
I was busy with the kids
I was busy preparing meals
I was busy with the house
So hello I never said
I saw her again in a day or two
But excuses were more than a few
She was always there
But still hello was never said
I stayed busy with the kids
And busy preparing meals
Was busy with the house
No time for hello to be said
I did not see her for years
I assumed that she was gone
When I could not find her
Hello could not be said
Soon the kids were grown
I was no longer busy preparing meals
I was no longer busy with the house

Only then did I find the time
To introduce myself to me

MEET GOVERNOR CASPER

Wednesday 29 October, 2014



Carpets are rolled up
Shoes are picked up
Cords are covered up
Anything left is chewed up
He climbs like a cat
He smells like a rat
He found my hat
And chewed it while I sat
His teeth are like pins
When he bites he grins
He plays and wins
And knows he's guilty of many sins

His energy is abundant
His appetite, rampant
Self-control seems reluctant
His toys are all combatant
He was the cutest puppy
Picked 'cause he was cuddly
Fur so soft and fluffy
Eyes looking at me sweetly
Governor Casper is his name
Nothing here will ever be the same
Those sweet eyes became
A wild thing deserving much blame
We knew from the start
That very first day
He climbed into our hearts
And with us he will forever stay



November
2014



FALL INTROGRESSION

Saturday 22 November, 2014

When the wind blows as it is today, it reminds me of a day a few years ago when I stood at the edge of the field watching my miniature horses run with the wind. It was that shared feeling that inspired the following poem.

The north winds raced across the field picking up speed
Greeting and pushing the trees aside
And swirling around the corners of the house
In a playful arrogant rush
The horses darted in and around the cooling wind
With equal mischief and excitement
Kicking up their heels in the air
In direct rebellion and competition with the changing elements
The whistling interruption of the hyper air
Synchronized to the exuberant beat of the horses hoofs
And joined hands at the opposite horizons
Partnering with the sky's stampeding gray clouds
It was an aggressive and expected announcement
Of the arrival of an old and dear friend
An Appropriate and suitable escort for
The welcome introgression of the seasonal change

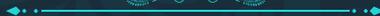
GINGER

Saturday 22 November, 2014

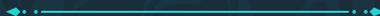


Ginger is 15 years old, missing a few teeth, walks painfully, hearing is gone, hair is thinning, eyes are almost blind, and she sleeps most of the time. She still eats hardy, tries to play with us, and gives us lots of love. We recently bought her a playpen to keep her protected from the overly rambunctious puppy that wants to fight her for her chew bone and pull her tail. We also got Casper (the puppy) a playpen to protect us all.

This photo was posted for those that asked about Ginger and for those that requested more photographs for the blog.



December
2014



DAWN RIDE IN TEXAS

Saturday 27 December, 2014

The calm early morning breeze
Blew across my face and past my ears
While vigorously I pedaled my bicycle
Down a quiet paved country road in Texas
A dove singing a welcoming song
To greet the emerging sun
Was enjoying the prospects of the newly born day
Power lines invading the natural terrain
Teamed with the wind
To sing their songs
In harmony with the dove
And the sound of a distant cow
The tall grass beside the road rustled
With the scurrying of unseen creatures
Disturbed by the approaching spinning wheels
That announced my invading presence
As I struggled up a slight incline
My speed became slower
And my efforts more intense
I was distracted for a moment with the arduous chore
Of conquering the hill
Beside the road
Surrounded by the weeds

Stood a misplaced garlic plant
Proudly exhibiting its sphere-shaped blooms
The soothing moos of the cows became closer
Each utterance different from the other
Some higher in tone, some lower,
Some shorter in duration, some longer,
Some calmer, and some quite excited
Their language had become easy to decipher
One cow had shared the news of my intrusion
The others turned their piercing eyes in unison
To stare with interest and curiosity
As I approached a bend in the road,
The trees held hands above my head
And the foliage grew deep on each side
A beautiful creek ran fast over the rocks
Where the cows and creatures
Waited to drink and cool themselves
Many times I had traveled this road by automobile
But I never saw or heard these morning treasures
The creek had been a quick glittering flash
All else had simply been unheard,
Unseen, and un-noticed
Sadness overcame me as I realized
That many others had also
Zipped by such abundant beauty
Without seeing or hearing it

My peaceful journey had awakened my attention
To a refreshing perspective and sense of discovery
I became irrepressibly compelled to share my experience
Of a dawn ride, on a quiet country road, in Texas



January
2015



WHITE FOG

Wednesday 7 *January*, 2015

White cold fog swallowed all shapes and colors
Wrapping suffocating arms around images
Rendering them unrecognizable
Light magnified the white
Forcing eyelids shut
In a futile effort to squint out the bright sheet
That blanketed all understanding
Adrenalin released by fear of injury
Became a constant companion
In the navigating struggle
Of simple daily existence
The face that once stared from the mirror
Was now erased along with the large green highway signs
Meant to guide one to a destination
Hopelessness was knocking at the door
But I never saw his face
For the surgeon miraculously locked it
Using his quick nimble hands
A clear blue sky replaced the fog
While confidence and gratitude nudged away fear
The surgeon's face became beautifully visible
But two very thoughtful cornea donors
Had faces that only God would see

MORNING SALUTATION

Monday 12 *January*, 2015

The sea gulls soar and squawk loudly in the air
As they dart and dive
Between the coming and going of the ocean waves
Fish smells cling to each moisture particle
Hanging heavy in the air
Undeniably branding the sea breeze
A distant tugboat hidden deep in the heavy morning mist
Slowly sounds its foghorn
And teams with the splashing surf
To create the unique misty circumstance of the harbor
ambiance
The wind plays its rhythmic song against the bows of the
moored sailboats
Creating a constant clanging as the boats rock in unison
In protest of their captivity by the docks
The dark silhouettes of regal ancient buildings
Stand calmly on the harbor edge
Undisturbed by the water, air, sound, and smells
The waiting flagpole joins in the clanging song of the sail-
boats
As the pristine sailors launch their flag slowly in robotic uni-
son
Respectfully hoisting it to the pole's top
An eerie yet peaceful feeling of history and mystery

Fills every space between the fog
And seeps deep into ones very soul
It is a beautiful beginning everyday that sets a most appropriate stage
For great world leaders to teach, study, train, and plan
World strategies for freedom and peace
A favorite place for both seagulls and I
Forever alive and savored in my memories eye
The routine morning salute and presenting of the United States flag
At Newport Naval Station, Rhode Island
,



February
2015

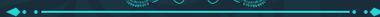


CLOUD CONSCIOUS

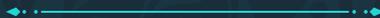
Monday 23 February, 2015

Mom showed us how to see
The beauty and mystery of the clouds
We learned to explore their magical shapes
Which ignited our imaginations
And infused us with infinite fun and adventure
She pointed out the marvel
Of the ever-changing sky
Exhibiting its powerful pallet of color
That splashes splendor to the horizons
Appreciation ignited her emotions
Spilling over into our consciousness
Forever honing our awareness
To the amazing world around us
By teaching us to see the majestic beauty
Barely comprehended and fully digested
Before morphing into another beautiful display
She instilled enduring values deep within our souls
Excitement remained firm throughout her life
As she frequently ushered us
To the edge of her driveway
For a clearer view of a cloud or sunset
Today mom looks from heaven
Peaking through the clouds

She still guides our eyes
To the exhilarating beauty above
When I look up high
I can see her sky blue eyes among the clouds
Enjoying a new perspective of beauty
As she smiles comfort down to me



March
2015



IRRITATING JOURNEY

Tuesday 17 *March*, 2015

I find it easy to initiate

Obligate

Then procrastinate

When the task I cannot eliminate

Friends assimilate

For my stress to alleviate

As they reiterate

My promises to deviate

They collaborate

To communicate

Attempts on me to illuminate

But instead all exasperate

When I separate

I vacuously circumnavigate

Eventually to instigate

Yet another similar journey to irritate

CARTWHEEL FOR GRANDMA

Monday 23 *March*, 2015





Grandma came to visit
She never looks the same
She lives far away
So on the plane she came
I drew her a special picture
And wrote her some words so dear
She loves these things I know
Because she always smiles with a tear



I showed her my best cartwheel
My sister played her song
My brother did his yoyo tricks
Then we giggled and hugged the night long
Grandma says we've grown too much
And she thinks we are all so pretty
But it is difficult to understand us
When our voices blend completely

MORNING

Thursday 26 March, 2015

The cold morning air pushes against me



While recently consumed coffee resists the assault
A log now in the fireplace slowly joins in battle
Quickly followed by the rising morning light
Light snores from the other recliner
Evidence a quick morning nap stolen

After the previous restless night
The air is still quiet
In comparison to the night
But is revealing labor signs
Of a wonderful new birth
Anticipation escalates
With the accumulation of internal caffeine
And the invasion of
Agenda gathering thoughts
Anxious muscles slowly forgo resistance
Until the chair concedes
To the welcomed
Birth of a beautiful and promising new day

GARDENING WITH GOD

Tuesday 31 *March*, 2015

I worked in my garden with God today
It is amazing how He makes it all grow
He watered it so nicely yesterday
Now I am taking out weeds as we go
I am always careful to thank Him sincerely
For the world He has rented to me
His guiding hand always given so kindly
For whatever the need may be
It took a lot of courage
But a question I had to concede
"I appreciate Your care for my vegetable voyage
But why must You also grow the weeds?"
God smiled at me with a compassionate smile
But He did not speak as I wished
I continued my labor for a while
Weeding in quiet redemptive peace
As we finished for the day
With joy, beauty, and gratification
I realized how in God's subtle way
He had taught me a valuable lesson
Without the bad
We cannot appreciate the good
Without the sad

How do we measure happiness, as we should?



April
2015



STOLEN MORNING KISSES

Friday 3 April, 2015

As I stood just beyond my door
In the very early morning
My not so brave little dog
Cautiously sniffed an inch of the darkness at a time
It reminded me of the roadrunners
That often venture through the neighborhood
Stopping frequently to check the surroundings
Then quickly sprinting to the next spot to repeat the routine
The strong breeze pushed against my face
Forcing the tiniest moisture drops to kiss my cheeks
As they disappeared into the black air
Escaping with giggles and gloating of their victorious mischief
I smile quietly now knowing it will be another beautiful day
Looking forward to the neighborhood roadrunner routine
And remembering the stolen morning kisses with my dog

COCOON

Sunday 12 April, 2015

A cocoon barrier to human consciousness

Is constantly penetrated by lethal emissions of information

It acts as a sieve for overflowing tragic realities

Until life's emotional impact is slowed to manageable

—GOD CREATED THE COCOON FIRST —

—AND THEN CAME THE BUTTERFLY—



May
2015



SUPERIOR HAZARD

Monday 4 May, 2015



Beauty abounds

All around

But Texas terrain

Can be a pain

Prickly pears

At you stare

Waiting for you to come near So they can stick you in the rear

Other plants anchored deep in the ground Creep low and climb high without a sound
Resulting in rashes and itches galore Pure misery from head to floor

Bees, wasps, yellow jackets, scorpions, and mosquitoes Are low flying jets fully loaded with poisoned torpedoes
Dangerous rattling and coiling snake surprises Slither from under the rocks when the temperature rises

But be aware of the two legged creatures With cunning smiling faces, pretty and agreeable
For they can be more danger-

ous and deadly Than all the Texas terrain hazards in medley

THE GLOW

Tuesday 5 May, 2015

The candle Stood tall Proudly adorning the mantle Sure of
itself Glowing bright Shinning hot And sharing its useful light

The mantle Stood strong Firmly anchored to the wall Sure of
itself Hanging firm Anchored strong And proudly holding all
that adorns it

The floor Laid flat Creating a solid foundation Sure of itself
Quietly dependable Loyally level Supporting everything that
exists above it

The person Living well Firmly footed to the ground Proudly
supporting family all around Sure of himself Focused on the
light Anchored in his faith And held eternally in the hands of
God

WHISPERS

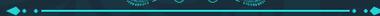
Wednesday 20 May, 2015

I was asked to write this poem for the consecration service of the new First United Methodist Church facility in Killeen a few years ago. The creek at the bottom of the hill is in Methodist Park. The three crosses are on the path between the park and the Church.

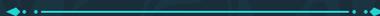
The wind whispers through the Oak trees Dipping briefly
to stir the creek water Before racing up the hillside Three
crosses stand Broadcasting their eternal story While the
wind slows slightly Bowing low in quiet reverence
Bursting to a roar In a swift upward lift from the crosses' feet
The wind reveals renewed vigor And determined direction It
quickly engulfs the church That stands on the hill so beautiful
and grand With panoramic views across the land

Cradling it lovingly in its arms It gives honor to the missions
anxiously anticipated And recognition to its consecrated
holiness The wind that began with the whispered prayers of
a few Roar with the excited shouts of more Then explodes
with the dedicated and arduous efforts Of many of the past,
present, and future Entrusted and empowered with a new
consecrated vessel All embark on the voyage with comfortable
assurance While facing the expected and unexpected
Faithfully knowing it is not without immeasurable reward

To the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost Homage to The Holy Trinity
Is now and shall always be duly given



June
2015



TUNA SANDWICHES

Tuesday 9 June, 2015

My posts are usually poems or photographs. However, I do vary from time to time. I am not sure when I wrote this true story, but the event happened very long ago and it was many years after that when I wrote the story. And that was a long time ago from now. I believe it was part of a church lady group project that collected devotions to be published for inspiration and possibly for fund raising of some sort. I found it today as I sorted through some papers and decided to share it with those that may take the time to read it.

Scripture: Jeremiah 17:10 But I, the Lord, search all hearts and examine secret motives. I give all people their due rewards, according to what their actions deserve."

Tuna Sandwiches

For years, I imagined the existence of some sort of sophisticated map of churches and parsonages, complete with current flashing notations indicating such things as "recent change in minister", and "easy pickings". I felt all homeless and distraught people across the nation surely networked and received updated maps on a regular basis.

It never failed that we would no sooner get our boxes in the door when there would be someone needing food, gas, or something critically important to their survival. The caravan of the homeless and destitute seemed to flow a steady stream from one church to another.

One of my early encounters with such a situation left a very large impression on my young life. The parsonage sat very near the church. My husband walked from the church office where he had been working as an old beat up station wagon,

driven by a battered looking man, and crammed with at least 10 children, followed slowly behind him. The absence of the mother was noticeable. I will never forget the numerous little faces, blankets, and belongings hanging from every window.

The man waited outside his car as my husband came into the house and asked me what kind of food we had in our pantry. In those days, the pantry was almost always bare (except for 10 bags of sugar and 10 bags of flour we had received from a "pounding" when we first moved into the parsonage). I had tuna fish and a loaf of bread. It was just past midweek. We had little food and no money to buy milk for our own baby. It would be a long four days before we would be paid and could cash the check. I did not want to give anything away and argued that point firmly but briefly with my husband. He instructed me to take the loaf of bread and tuna fish and make the whole thing up in sandwiches. I grumbled as I prepared to give away the only food we had for ourselves.

After they went on their way, he explained that the man and his children had been living in their car for some time. The mother had been struck seriously ill and the man was traveling across country to take the children to relatives. My heart was saddened for their misfortune, but my own personal worry would stay with me through the night. I was angered by the calmness of my husband and his assurance that everything would be fine.

Although I do not believe my husband knew what would happen next, it sure did teach me a lesson. The next morning the mail brought an anonymous card with a \$20.00 bill enclosed. We never knew who sent it, but the timing was unbelievable -- or was it?

Thought for the day: Pray and do what you believe to be right and best in your heart and mind at the moment.



September
2015



Friendship, Fitness, & Fun

Thursday 10 September, 2015

With the Stagecoach Inn closed for renovation this summer, the swim group still managed the fun this summer, got a little tan, kept in shape, and chatted all at the same time. As long as the water is warm enough we will continue.



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

Monday 28 September, 2015



END OF THE RAINBOW

Monday 28 September, 2015

The end of the rainbow was actually on our property. I could have stood at the foot of the rainbow, but I did not want to disturb the pot of gold. I will never forget the beautiful glow that evening.





December
2015



Just Love My Scrooge!

Sunday 13 December, 2015

Community Service once again! This time by way of our very own TABLE ROCK'S Goodnight Amphitheatre



our 23rd annual performance of "A Christmas Carol".







March
2016



Duck Pond Turtle

Monday 7 *March*, 2016



Tigress

Sunday 13 *March*, 2016





April
2016



BIRTH OF BEAUTY

Sunday 10 April, 2016

Forgive me if you have seen this one before on my website. It is in my 2012 archives.

Beauty comes from within, I know

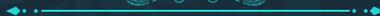
But on the outside it best does show

Seeded deeply in the heart

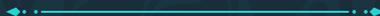
From where sincere meaning must start

It germinates with nutrients gathered from the soul

And works its way to the surface to reach its splendid goal



October
2016



FALL INTROGRESSION

Tuesday 4 October, 2016

The north winds raced across the field picking up speed
Greeting and pushing the trees aside
And swirling around the corners of the house
In a playful arrogant rush
The horses darted in and around the cooling wind
With equal mischief and excitement
Kicking up their heels in the air
In direct rebellion and competition with the changing elements
The whistling interruption of the hyper air
Synchronized to the exuberant beat of the horses hoofs
And joined hands at the opposite horizons
Partnering with the sky's stampeding gray clouds
It was an aggressive and expected announcement
Of the arrival of an old and dear friend
An Appropriate and suitable escort for
The welcome introgression of the seasonal change



March
2017



SUBTLE GRANDEUR

Monday 6 March, 2017



<http://gayleblancett.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/03/15-Ana-and-Christian-From-The-Fifty-Shades-of-Grey-Soundtrack.m4a> SUBTLE GRANDEUR WAS PREVIOUSLY POSTED OCT. 2014. IT STILL CAPTURES THE FEELING OF CERTAIN MORNINGS.

The silver morning sky slowly brightens
As the sun's rays reach
From behind the horizon
To scout the lingering clouds

The trees stand as motionless statues
Waiting for the winds
To move them
To dance through the day

The air thickened by yesterday's cool rain
Rises to welcome
the warm sun
With a ghostly white presence
That blends
with the clouds
To erase the horizon's divide

The void of color is in
Striking contrast to the previous dawn
Yet its statement is equal to the others

It is magnificent to open ones eyes,
Breathe in a subtle grandeur,
And ponder the wonderment
Of infinite uniqueness



January
2019



ROADRUNNER

Tuesday 15 January, 2019



Pretty roadrunner

What do you see?

Stopping and starting

Behind each tree

Busy roadrunner

Traveling so fast

It is clear to all

You will never be last

Clever roadrunner

Took wise advice

To stop, look, and listen

To avoid one's demise



June
2020



CARTWHEEL FOR GRANDMA

Saturday 6 June, 2020





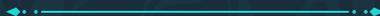
Grandma came to visit
She never looks the same
She lives far away
So on the plane she came
I drew her a special picture
And wrote her some words so dear
She loves these things I know
Because she always smiles with a tear



I showed her my best cartwheel
My sister played her song
My brother did his yoyo tricks
Then we giggled and hugged the night long
Grandma says we've grown too much
And she thinks we are all so pretty
But it is difficult to understand us
When our voices blend completely



July
2020



REPRIEVE

Thursday 2 July, 2020

<http://gayleblancett.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/2-08-Air-on-a-G-String.m4a>



My eyes seeped through the willow tree
Walked along the grass and sand
And immersed in the cool lake water

My ears listened to the still quiet air,
The occasional passing hum of a tiny airborne insect,
And my own heartbeat, alternating with occasional intestinal rumble

My thoughts flew across the sky to the water's other edge
Exploring the mountainside where I peeked into the mouth
of a cave
To see a mysterious creature napping quietly in the dark coolness

From the porch chair I had not moved
Except my eyes to blink away the warm dry air
And my hand to swat away a fly

A rare reprieve I briefly found
Contrasting completely to the fast pace of modern noise
That most often engulfs and exhausts me

FEATHER HAIR

Sunday 5 July, 2020



I dropped a feather in the air
It fell in my mother's hair
More feathers she grew
Until she almost flew
She gave me a squeeze
It made me sneeze
Then feathers were everywhere



November
2020



NURSE ANGELS

Thursday 19 November, 2020

Nurses skillfully maneuver their way through a jungle of
clear bags dangling from poles

With intestine-like twisted tubes precisely connected

To brightly lit monitors, loud alarms, and dinging bells

Fluids travel the tubes with deliberate speeds and measured
paths

To the unaware patient quietly dependent

While he is briskly pushed in his bed through the hall

To sophisticated machinery and more specialized testing

It is the Intensive Care Unit, better known as ICU

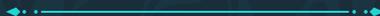
Where angels work feverishly daily to save lives

Carefully balancing a necessary self-imposed survival numb-
ness

With the deep human compassion that drives them



December 2020



CHANGING FORWARD

Friday 4 December, 2020

<http://gayleblancett.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/2-08-Air-on-a-G-String.m4a>

CHANGING FORWARD

Inevitable unavoidable change

Always lurks around the corners

Waiting patiently beyond seeing range

Keeping feet unsteady and precariously balancing on the borders

Commanding incredible amounts of serious thinking

Destroying the luxury of mindless routine comfort



Unwelcome consciousness in the creating

Disburses uneasy demands on personal effort

No turning back at yesterday to look

The new awakening of change will not content allow

New chapters building the pages of the book

Change personal expectations, perspectives, and force accountability now



Breathing Life
Poems by Gayle Blancett



I delight in living, breathing, and seeing the world through the windows of wherever I may be, in the eyes of those I meet, and in the air around me. My poems explore simple yet significant truths in everyday situations and observations to stimulate thought and personal growth. After years of traveling and living around the world with my husband, we are at home in Salado, Texas. Topping my list of prized accomplishments are my husband, my children, and a most wonderful crop of grandchildren.