

" Angelellie "
(03.0814 / Cascade)

My writer daughter,
she makes me so proud--
my love for her heart

that soars the clouds.
Ellie-Fiona,
my writer daughter,

with stories and poems
to flow like water.
She makes me so proud,

looking beyond circumstance;
for meaningful thoughts from
my love for her heart.

MICHAILA

My baby girl,
In the big world without me.
Can she forgive me,
Having left so soon?
Although
I love her, so much, my
Love to her is a mere word;
Against such an absence....

Johnny E. Mahaffey
BRCI-323863
4460 Broad River Rd.
Columbia, SC 29210-4012
<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/316/>

untitled
(042209b)

Got up today
But didn't I just do that
yesterday?
Must each be the same?
Some inequitable game?

In everyone's opinion
—none of them wrong—
no one at fault;
leaving only me
for blame.

But each day,
like today
I wake
I get up
and do the same.
Pushed from within
some inextinguishable flame.

Johnny E. Mahaffey
BRCI-323863
4460 Broad River Rd.
Columbia, SC 29210-4012
<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/316/>

WARM ABOVE NORM
(042209)

My life feels as if taken
yet here I am
what does that mean?
feeling taken
but never gone

Everything I know of, depicts death as male
Grim Reaper clad in black, sith by his side
But I strongly disagree, at least for me.
Death is female, a woman of beauty
with body of grace, sex and form
she taunts and tempts
from her hips to her lips, every minute
every hour
every day that's past
feeling taken but never gone
yearning to go on.

Everyone else hides cowardly--from her luscious
kiss.
Death to birth; birth from death!
Her calling forth, from a sorrowed world
with her tears of pearls for man's heart
of ice--despite those warm, above the norm.
No surprise, it's why I must stay
to write for those hearts
growing wiser each day, questioning
not where to start, since all places
lead the broken heart.

Johnny E. Mahaffey
BRCI-323863
4460 Broad River Rd.
Columbia, SC 29210-4012
<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/316/>

DAY 2DAY
(043009c)

lost
used
no longer wanted
remembered, just
confused.

Monday through Sunday
cast aside
not included
no place; no friend; play;
love;
or pride.

One thing needed
yet never obtained
my angel in white
my faithful bride.
Dream?
Or dillusion?
My heart of pain, torn and stained
inside, with no way to hide.

Johnny E. Mahaffey
BRCI-323863
4460 Broad River Rd.
Columbia, SC 29210-4012
<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/316/>

(Untitled from 2009)

Like a spider I'll sit
wait and hide
Patience is deadly, for a man of my kind.
My venom can kill
but never for thrill
vengeance is shallow
JUSTICE divine
in its true form, hard to find.
My prey can say
they meant no harm
we'll see how they feel
buried on a farm.
No headstones for them
not their kind
wouldn't want to leave a mark
for ANYone to find.

A spider's web, is intricately spun
but when its finished
is when its fun has just
begun.

Like a spider I'll sit
wait and hide
Patience is deadly
for a man of my kind.