

Poems by Dr. Ernest Williamson

After The Noon

in the aloe
I reside
accosted by the ragweed
next to,
in congruence with,
cackle and blandness of your bird songs.
I've overcome the seeds of hate
but where were they?
what lies were in the basalts of my generalities?
if a canker sore fills the bowels of sanguine hurts,
why do I speak?
if a question answers it's intent with flaccid way
why do I doubt?
perhaps I'm too adorned in the sunlight.
too
branded and perched,
alone
residing with aloe;
though
a desiccant
is my heart;
for you are far from the streams.

Under the Train Tracks

In effervescent blues,
I'm a waterfall.
some vessels pass in the shade next to blades
of doves' wings
wading with want and languid play.
Grass,
that's what the air sends from lies.
smog is a fog of life;
a moment of honesty wrapped in squall lines of fine brass tears,
but I'm still a waterfall.
a bad splash lasting for tracks
and changing rifts in hives.

Rings and trills
splats and trash
life and rotten whatever,
air and water;
until
we
all
fall
down
up stream
over the shaved bruise.

Honey,
I'm still a bad slip of the tongue;
tacit buds of beaded meaning
lasting in the desert,
melding the prizes of cause and effect.
But you won't reach out and touch me.
just gonna stand there and take a picture,
knowing you need to feel something good!
something common to the rhythm you hear.
Under the rust of the marriage bed,
Under the tracks of our
train.

Treading The Fire

maybe beauty will remain an abstract dirge;
a mantra to be ruminated over
like a submerged leek
becoming tender in warm water.
as it seems to me
all as vanished
from our worlds
galaxies
and
cliques.
much poetry has propelled
into the bellowing mushroom cloud
of noxious gas.
Earth has garnished her seedlings
as the trees convulse in 4/5 time
leading scholars to compendious shame;
shaking with violence muttering
intellectual gibberish
to the delight of the spittle
forced out with the saying of it,
but what about me
the reporter,
the documenter of my purview,
what do I make of anything now
I say to myself in this pallid skin,
in these pallid days.
perhaps I should go tell it on the mountain,
given the effulgence of effort
not merely in mind
but of the being
directing my reticent walk
out of a crawling crowd.

Dr. Ernest Williamson III has published poetry and visual art in over 500 national and international online and print journals. Professor Williamson has published poetry in journals such as The Oklahoma Review, Review Americana: A Creative Writing Journal, and The Copperfield Review. Some of his visual artwork has appeared in journals such as The Columbia Review, The GW Review, and Fiction Fix. Many of his works have been published in journals representing over 50 colleges and universities around the world. Dr. Williamson is an Assistant Professor of English at Allen University, self-taught pianist, editor, poet, singer, composer, social scientist, private tutor, and a self-taught painter. His poetry has been nominated three times for the Best of the Net Anthology. He holds a B.A. and an M.A. in English/Creative Writing/Literature from the University of Memphis and a PhD in Higher Education Leadership from Seton Hall University.

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