



Autumn

by Kelly & Thomas

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Autumn is an inspiring season, especially when you're discovering its unique visions from a new city. Thomas was inspired on our many walks, mostly around Oost Amsterdam, and captured moments of fall colors, scenes, and intensities.

His photographs inspired the amateur poet in me. We hope your eyes and your minds are as inspired by the autumn scenes as we were.

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L'automne est une saison inspirante, surtout lorsque vous découvrez ces visions uniques dans une nouvelle ville. Thomas était inspiré pendant nos marches, dans le quartier d'Oost Amsterdam, et a capturé des moments de couleurs, scènes et intensités d'automne.

Ses photos ont inspiré le poète amateur en moi. Nous espérons que vos yeux et votre esprit seront inspirés par ces scènes d'automne comme nous l'étions.

Kelly & Thomas



There once was a trolley from Dam
Who transported the Jos and the Jans
He's now stuck by the sea
Serving coffee and tea
You could say he's been caught in a jam



Terminus



There is a bounty of beauty in a simplistic scene
On daily paths or misdirections, we can find
Such sensory contentment in the serene

Brick houses line waterways to form a city ravine
Where these morning reflections are one of a kind
There is a bounty of beauty in a simplistic scene

The sky so blue, daylight casting a sheen
With no ripples in sight - as if by some greater design
Such sensory contentment in the serene

On a bridge to capture the upside down, the in between
A vision to stop the grind, one not to leave behind
There is such beauty in simplistic scenes

On clear days, this water deflection can feel routine
Yet its appearance will always bring peace of mind
Such sensory contentment in the serene

Get lost and revisit paths already seen
With your memory and talents, make normal refined
There is a bounty of beauty in a simplistic scene
Such sensory contentment in the serene



Morning reflection



Ode to a City Raven

Perched with confidence, smart to the soul
Watching the patrons, black from cornea to claw
A cheeky actor, but he knows his role
Occasionally he calls out, projecting a caw

Ever the opportunist, he waits patiently on his table
Regal and medieval, a tapestry of bricks at his back
How does this end, we all know the fable
The crumbs are the crime, and away he will hack

For cleaning up discarded scraps, he's got a knack



Corbeau sur fond de briques



The warmth of the yellow light suggests
A subject for whom the stage is set

The light, the chair, the reddish glare
It makes me wait, lost in a stare

Who is home, is someone there?



The interlude



Bonjour Mme Appeltaart
Tes doux cheveux
Ta d'or peau
De toi, je voudrais plus qu'un quart

Triste à mon départ
Joie dans mon ventre et mes yeux
Tu m'émeut, me fait me sentir mieux
Tu es une oeuvre d'art

Tu sens des épices douces
J'ai failli tomber de ma chaise
Oh, mon coeur !

Tu aimerais vivre à Toulouse ?
Je pense que tu y serais très à l'aise
Dans mon réfrigérateur



Mme Appeltaart



Warm light on the grachts*
Vincent could also capture
This dark ephemeral glow

* Gracht: canal



Gracht reflections



From a serendipitous walk in the city
with nothing in particular to visit
no plans and low expectations

But on those blue sky days, you just feel compelled
to go looking for something
A story to tell, new faces, some action to see

That's when the art of the city scapes
Can wake up and sing — even scream
And you look up to snap a technicolor scene



Direction to clearer days



A bike's ballad

Come sit on me, you'll be happy
We'll zip across local lands
I'll get you from A to B
Just pedal and hold my hands

My ancestors — they ruled the road
But that was long ago
Monsieur voiture got all the modes
Just beware when his tires blow

Now is when I take my rest
Beside the metal fence
To my rider, I'm at their behest
For when new plans commence



Behind the fence



Mon beau tournesol
Tu es un enfant de l'été
Mais à l'approche de l'automne
Comment vas ta santé ?

Tes pétales sont encore dorées
Tes graines sont noires comme la nuit
Mais on dirait que tu as pleuré
Cesses de cacher tes larmes sous la pluie

Peut-être as-tu juste besoin d'air frais
Prends place à ma table
Si délicat et jeune tu parais
Attendons le printemps ensemble



Mon tournesol



Such mystery accompanies the autumn evening mist
As it crawls and sprawls along the water's surface
Sending a feeling of foreboding, a sense of eeriness

As the night is slowly closing the darkness in its fist
City lights cast shadows of life in earnest
Such mystery accompanies the autumn evening mist

Across the riverbank looms our antagonist
A house for which you are an unwanted guest
Sending a feeling of foreboding, a sense of eeriness

I imagine it a manor, haunted by a lovers tryst
A place of tangled possession, a paramour fortress
Such mystery accompanies the autumn evening mist

Or perhaps as a shelter for a reclusive alchemist
The fog an illusion from his camouflage of curses
Sending a feeling of foreboding, a sense of eeriness

I want to discover further, but alas, I must resist
For now I preserve this moment in memory and verses
Such mystery accompanies the autumn evening mist
Sending a feeling of foreboding, a sense of eeriness



Eeriness and mist



We meet the artist
His idea of mystery
Hiding in plain sight



Self portrait



Inside the brick and iron facade
You'll find a garden quite tropical
But outside the lush hortus, we're awed
The reality we see is autumnal

Looking at nature from inside and out
We witness a sensory cycle unfolding
Of color, and texture, and odors to tout
As life transitions from greening to golding



Autumn senses



Juxtaposition
The jester and the palace
Unique but normal



Juxtaposition



It was such a long day
Is it warm in here?
The wine is going to my head

What did I just say?
No idea if that was clear
Is it too early to go to bed?

Did we pay?
I cannot hear
Maybe just one more piece of bread

Simple thoughts dans la tête, unsuspected
While the mouth carries on, undirected
The missing piece, unreflected



Tête à tête



The bike parked alone
The leaves building a cushion
For its weary wheels



Parking



Look up to see the symmetry
Iron spokes prop up white washed wood
Like the underside of a parapluie
Both Industrial and Victorian the hood
Look up to see the marquee



Symmetry



Once upon a time, let's evoke this classic rhyme
That conjures mystic magic - from heuristic to tragic
With dragons and mages covering children's pages

But instead I insist on a commoners twist
There was a small river island, far from the highland
With a single stone home, for a worker alone

Now an isolated ruin, that gives the illusion
Of a grander caste, a storied past
But I suppress the fantasy and accept anonymity



Once upon a time



Like in spreadsheets, the walls that keep them clean
In the supermarket, you wait in these incessantly
Not to cross, you should really stay in between
Even found from transport routes to geometry
Stay within them, or on them, to be at ease



City angles



With natural light
Even the invisible
We are beholden to it



Natural light



Où est la vache ?
La vache se cache.

Où est la vache ?
La vache est sur l'escalier.

Où est la vache ?
La vache te regarde !



La vache



Which is taller?
Property or tree

Which more appealing?
Bark or balcony

Which more brutal?
Building or nature's sting

Which has the view?
Park or parking lot



Views



Reaching, ever reaching
For some sustenance
Like a virus spreading
Or its roots embedding
Reaching without leaving
Feeling the dissonance



Reaching



vapor
morning mist to cover, and hover
only a raven
to know
how
the
scene
unfolds



Beak to beak



This Hollandic view
With the bluish sunset hues
A Dutch city silhouette



City silhouette



Green, gray, gold
Amber, rust, and mold
This season where life declines
Reflecting great painter's designs
And when captured on camera
You grab its grim glamor
As nature falls in repose



Autumn



Thank you.

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