

A Poetic Suite of Five (author unidentified as per submission guidelines)

Hard Fall

Pride goeth before the fall,
but just what happened to it all?
I'm free of you now and forever,
but my soul will leave you never.

I have not turned my back on you;
my love is still as strong and true.
I have for a moment only turned away;
what looks like an ending is an assay.

You are in my soul, my heart, my mind;
I could never leave you forever behind.
Your image is conjured before my eyes,
and the memories gather shape and rise.

It has been such a long and hard fall,
learning again to walk after I crawl.
Tumbling down long nights and cold days,
finding my way out of this love-made maze.

Yes, my love is changing with the seasons,
taking on a new form for so many reasons.
It is signifying to me a type of closure,
with a coldness that comes from exposure.

Although winter is coming on so very fast,
I know I will always love the one I loved last.
We may now be apart in body but not in spirit;
embrace the darkness so as to never more fear it.

And though I have lost the love that said forever,
we have a bond that distance and death can't sever.
For the rest of my life, you will be only an image away;
when death claims me, my soul with you will then lay.

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Subterfuge

Cheating, bleating, lying, denying,
it's what you do the very best;
running away from the truth,
always putting me to the test.

It is the autumn of our love,
if you look you will see the signs;
leaves are falling everywhere,
dropping like your many lines.

So many of us run to our dooms,
with open arms and open minds;
lovers who find solace in the lies,
they come in many forms and kinds.

Remember that tomorrow is forever,
you didn't leave me, I let you go;
what once was written in the stars,
has fallen down and it is far below.

Where did you learn this art?
Why did this subterfuge start?

You cannot love and lie forever,
the light will shine in your eyes;
I know you can live without me,
but to live you need your lies.

You have chosen this crooked path,
it leads away from all that's true;
you follow it ever so faithfully,
never looking back at what is you.

If you cross a river don't look down,
for your reflection, you will then see;
you will not like the stranger there,
for you'll see what you've done to me.

My heart can no longer forgive you
and there is now closure in this room;
I can no longer open my mind to you
and with open arms run to my doom.

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In the Dust

You thought you left me behind
languishing in the dust...
then the air began to clear;
so, I rose above the unsettled place
where you once occupied a little space.

The smell of smoke still lingers
long after a fire has gone out...
cold ashes bearing mute testimony;
the truth will live longer than any lie
and unrequited love often refuses to die.

You mean nothing to me now
and even less than that...
my memory lengthens like the dusk;
I have no need to know what I've seen
or who I've loved and where I've been.

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Nobody's Fool

The person in the mirror
staring out at me
has the look of someone who
knows himself as well as others.

I don't see a fool and yet
others want to tell me their stories
about whom they want to be so as
to present a pretty picture to me.

And the picture can be quite pretty
but upon closer inspection
one sees the flaws in the canvas
and colours that misrepresent reality.

Every actor requires an audience
and every painting must be admired
before a creation can be affirmed
with acknowledgment of its worth.

I am nobody's fool
 I want to shout out
except
perhaps
my own
 But my voice forsakes me.

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Schadenfreude

Definition: "Finding joy in someone's misfortune"

This is a German word;
It holds a rhythmic resonance.
It has a pleasing sound;
Yet points to a type of penance.

They meant me no lasting harm,
I believe this to be true.
The only damage they did,
It is clear, was to themselves.

There are those who find much joy
in the downfall of others.
Those who smile so knowingly
at someone's deep misfortune.

When I saw that red sunset
Burning bright in a photo,
It brought back such memories
Of loves first found and then lost.

I love words in German;
They hold such an appeal for me.
A language of such strength:
But like a lock without a key.