

Poetry – From the Depth (5 Poems)

I Am the Dancing Girl

Alone in my room

I search the walls

Like when I was a child

For signs of life in inanimate forms

Made by the swirls of painters' brushes, blades and such

Scared by your touch

I make the walls my home

And climb into the shelters of the painted forms

I risk the storms that twist and churn

Until I feel the risk no more

I bring my focus back towards home

Wherever that might be

Come play with me

My dancing child has lost her way

And is not here to clap her hands and swirl to melodies

So long ago forgotten, but returned to memories

Dancing, swirling child

Among the painted forms upon the wall

I am the dancing child – so sad, so small

Can you see me, can you hear me

Do you know me, can you free me?

Alone In My Head

Alone in my head

I glance at the throngs of people

Around me.

Who are they?

What goes on in their heads?

Are any of them

Alone in their heads, too?

Nowhere to hide

I sense the droning of my thoughts

The clunking rhythm

Of my heart.

Emptiness is all I feel

Futility

Is my middle name.

Surrounded by a world

Of regrets and sorrow

Felicity is but momentary bliss

Sorrow, the infliction that follows.

Hurly burly tumult and

Disturbances

Leave their marks.

Alone in my head

I distance from the throngs

Around me

Who are they?

What goes on in their heads?

Are any of them

Alone in their heads, too?

Like Soldiers Standing In A Row

The flowers stretched from head to toe

Like soldiers standing in a row

Awakened from the starry night

All gently swaying to and fro

Their faces turned toward morning's light

They knew no time like long ago

They could not see their future plight

Like soldiers standing in a row

Awakened from the starry night

They did not have the voice to crow

They seemed to whisper, but not quite

Yet there they stood, their fullest height

The flowers stretched from head toe

Listen for the Sparrow's Song

All the smiles of yesterdays

Float by in memories' eyes

Sun-kissed days and gentle nights

Whisper their good-byes

Empty shells where life began

Laughter washed by tears

Footprints left upon the sands

Of time throughout the years

No gazing back to summer

No turning back to fall

Time has moved toward winter

Beckoning springtime's call

Listen for the sparrow's song

Let raindrops touch your face

Reach out, embrace the rainbow's hues

Another time and place

He Knows, But Knows Not Why

I wander lonely as a child

Who knows, but knows not why,

Whose thoughts are sometimes harsh, yet often mild

And many are the times when he has smiled,

Yet deep within his shadowed eyes has dialed

A loneliness, an emptiness which I so often spy.

A wander as the swan upon the lake

Who knows, but knows not why,

Who sights the world beyond as somehow fake

Yet never reaches far beyond the morning's wake

To find the image which his silent eyes have spake,

Who slowly and serenely floats and drifts on by.

I wander as the sleek and swiftest deer

Who knows, but knows not why,

Who listens for the warning sounds he often hears

To reassure him of the truth behind his hidden fears

That somehow, somewhere danger watches, crouching near,

He know, but knows not why he, too, must die.