Compilation #4: Loss

A Selection of poetry

By

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Contents:

Morning

the ticking and clicking
of the clock on the wall
the sound of the train
in the distance
birds chirp and flitter by

Waking

the taste of coffee
bitter sweet
the pink-blue-orange
watercolor sky

petals open up
their hearts
wet grass
now dry

faintly
the moon
still hangs on
grasping
gripping
to the day

but the sun climbs high
and bright
a goodbye wave

and the moon
fades away

The Woodpecker

I woke up to
The sound of
the woodpecker
intermittent and
incessant
like a phone
ringing
ringing
with no one
to say hi
like the sound
of my heart
shattering
rattling
in time
as I wait
for your hands
your eyes
thinking
thinking
what if's
if only's
and why's

Horizon's Moment

The sun drifts between layers of clouds, moving toward the horizon. They meet with a kiss, exploding into colors both cold and warm in tone. For that moment, all is quiet, all is still. For that brief moment, all seems right in the world.
But then the moment passes, and the sky is shrouded with the cool blue of evening; the deep black of lonesome night… and the wrongs of the world – the painful truths – are all illuminated by the stars and their sorrowful moon.

Remembering

I remember your hands on me,
I remember your kiss goodbye.
I'll never forget inhaling you
And how you made me high.

Pain Changes with Time

Everything I like reminds me of you now.
Depending on the day, it either makes me smile, or cry.
I pour a cup of coffee, and smile.
I go out into the woods, and cry.
I keep wishing you were here, but my wishes don't come true.
Each day it hurts a little more, and a little less.

Sand Castles Crumble

and the castles we build with these grains of sand
will all be washed away or torn down by hand
when our flesh is no longer warm and tanned
and though we can't explain it we must understand

I'll Be There

Wherever you go,
Wherever you are,
I'll be shining above you,
The brightest star.

Rainbows

the rain bows to me
arches away as i walk
pushing clouds from my path
make way
the sun shines
bathes me in beams
warmth saturates my skin
and the gray
slips away

the storm clears
and the day breaks
and the rainbow
encircles my head
as i lie in the grass
hold my breath
pretend I'm dead

stare up at the shapes in the sky
they dance for me
and smile
the green blades press lines
into my flesh
cut and healed by
nature's soft fingers of air
as they swirl in my hair

the searing light
red through closed eyelids
like the blood in my veins
the dry blood stains
and i hold the day
tight in my hands
but still it slips away

a line through another box
another number on the clock
another day
onto life tacked
another handful of hours
i can never get back

and at the end of it all
i lie in bed
and the memories
abandon my head
and in the morning
i will wake
to start again
and the rain may not bend
and the clouds may stay
but i have to go on anyway

You Were

You were the sun and moon,
The stars and the sky they drown in.
Your love was the air in my lungs,
And I suffocated.

Can't Erase You

There's no liquor strong enough,
No drug hard enough,
To erase the torturous joy
Of your memory.

More Alone

I have waited and wished and wondered
how to get free from this spell I'm under.
Your laughter is my favorite song,
your hands are my home,
and every day without you
makes me feel more alone.

Lonely Sunsets

Sunsets remind me of you
And I guess that's why
Each one I see
Feels so damn lonely

Sadness

Sadness doesn't leave you at the airport,
Doesn't bid you farewell at the gate.
Sadness follows you on your journey
And lies in wait,
For things to calm down and
For you to relax,
So it can jump in and
Dredge up the past
And make you feel lonely,
Even in a crowded place,
And force your feelings
To show on your face.
Sadness doesn't wait
For you to be ready.
No, it waits until you're
Cool and steady,
Then sneaks up to slap you
With sorrow and tears and
Unwanted thoughts and
Lost hopes and
Deep fears.
Sadness gives way to nothing,
Not sunshine or rainbows
Or beach vibes or booze,
It lingers over every moment
Waiting for you to lose.
Sadness reigns over the
Good times and bad
And it's there in every single
Moment you've had.

ANOTHER MORNING

The coffee is hot and the streets are cold, wet and glistening with spring rain. Rose-scented smoke twirls through the air from a burning stick on the sill. It is calm and quiet, yet I can't seem to relax. My body suddenly aches to have yours near. It happens on mornings like these, when I am alone and the world outside is just as dark and cold as my heart.
The coffee is bitter and the clock seems to tick louder as the seconds pass, a stern reminder that time moves forward at a steady pace, whether I like it or not. Days will continue to pass with mornings like this one, similar in loneliness. The puddles will quiver as the rain continues to fall, and I will go on wanting you.