Poetry Series

Alain Joubert - poems -



Publication Date: 2022

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive



The Dragonfly Inside

A dragonfly Flies inside of me Crawling itself around the swamps, the ponds, And the marshes inside of Me

Blind as a sunlight Deaf as a noisy room Not much room to fly for that Dragonfly That flies inside of me

It survives of the gnats and the mosquitoes it Captures inside of Me

The only time the dragonfly flies In open air The only way the dragonfly swims In open waters Is When I allow myself to breathe through My lines With a blank screen in front of My nose Otherwise A dragonfly keeps on Flying inside of Me...

Of Poets And Poems.

A poet... A soul who will continue to write When there is nothing left to write About A voyager who won't stop until There is no place to travel To

A poem... A bunch of senseless words Giving purposely a sense to the Universe

Poets don't write poems nor Books of poetry but Draw or attempt to draw small Open windows To let in breezes from the unseen world Be breathed in the seen one Or vice versa

My Writing(Tanka)

Blank memory, blank page give me right to dream away I let my pen be filling nothingness with plain letters that become ideas



Anew(Haiku)

Icy mountains meltskiing, no more but I'll fish in the new formed lake



Global Warming (Haiku)

Fear to cry: my tears will boil in a Summer vase

