

Poetry Series

Alyx True Edge

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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My Hat Gone Astray

Carry me far away,
dear thought of my hat gone astray
found you on my head!

['My Hat Gone Astray' by Alyx True Edge,2024]

Alyx True Edge



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A Lost Cause

With her eyes wandering along the kerbside of his face,
she forgot what she was looking for.

Her face is submerged in a surprised frown,
as her facial staccato resolves into innocent laughter.

With his bare feet ploughing through the eternal beach,
he lost his destiny under iridescent sand.

His veins pulsating in disordered rhythms of a lost cause,
as his smart watch flings open the gates for an endorphin storm.

With her coarse, ancient fingers, following the white thread,
she forgot the narrative she felt she was knitting.

Her mind adhering to moments of alienated daughters gone,
as scissors severe the yarn and fingers lose their grip.

With his staring into space, currents collect memories so cruel,
in dormant alertness he still sits in the armoured tank.

His currents fail to meet the grounds in their locked levitation,
as we err around lighter alleys, confabulated narratives unspool.

['A Lost Cause' by Alyx True Edge, 2024]

Alyx True Edge

Celestial Blood

Blurry bloody ballet of a summer sky
hear a wet weeping beyond arid walls
daily horror creeping into sheltered lives
hear the swearing beyond a thick fog isle
nobody there bestowing hope upon you
your eyes follow ultimate strings of light
as the night suppresses celestial blood

['Celestial Blood' by Alyx True Edge,2024]

Alyx True Edge



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Where The Creek Goes Blind

There, where the creek goes blind
and darkening woods meet fields of rye
wrapped in peace, the time and all sorrows pass
strip them off, leave them on this tiny patch of grass
what remains is a shell, carrying a comatose, vacant mind
while the birdsong, and the rippling stream dissipates
cautiously clearing memories of times so unkind
still, the loving one, the kind one reverberates
resting there, where the creek goes blind

['Where The Creek Goes Blind' by Alyx True Edge,2024]

Alyx True Edge



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Pestilent Chairs

A thousand times before this day
leaders cling to cracking, pestilent chairs
And even if knuckles turn white
so white they outshine a blue sky
chairs still know how to lead them astray

Alyx True Edge



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Autumnal Elegy

All detached leaves depart
hopelessly meandering
down to a soil they fear
Solitude of those half-rotten
searing in late summer's heat
separately indulging in
a lush past forgotten
rippled by the Mistral's breathing beat

['Autumnal Elegy' by Alyx True Edge,2024]

Alyx True Edge



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Driftaways

Highways protrude over horizons
protrude over highways
a silent sunset
interludes of lucid dreams

Spread across my dashboard
a weary night
I close my eyes, breakaway,
smell the realm of my dreams

My car swerves off the road
lost control
brace for the realm of my dreams
bumpers kiss the grassland

Tired tires leave the hillside
against gravity I depart
tired amber to purple flickers
lost control

Wintertide above a serene sky
the clarity cutting my senses
hear the nippy wind calling
here I want to remain
night time distending
pulsating dreams
a dormant body
a vivid sky
we alight
dreams
gone
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['Driftaways' by Alyx True Edge,2024]

Alyx True Edge

Free Fingers

My hand longs,
through the always open window,
in the floating storm of the midday sun,
for wide, golden fields of sunflowers,

Free fingers, they search and catch,
they grasp in the heat, the freedom,
that, through the always open window,
seems so bright and close to me.

[translation: 'Free Fingers' by Alyx True Edge,2024]

[original: 'Freie Finger' by Alyx True Edge,2024]

Alyx True Edge



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Freie Finger

Meine Hand verlangt,
durch das stets offene Fenster,
im schwebenden Sturm der Mittagssonne,
nach weiten, goldn'en Sonnenblumenfeldern,

Freie Finger, sie suchen und fangen,
sie ergreifen in der Hitze, die Freiheit,
die durch das stets offene Fenster,
so grell und nah mir erscheint.

['Freie Finger' von Alyx True Edge,2024]

Alyx True Edge



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Im Schatten Eines Geschäftsführers

Du stotterst deinen letzten Schwur der Treue,
Halt' inne und drück' ENTER wenn du zustimmst,

Deine Zeit verstreicht und du fühlst es nahen,
das Fenster zieht dich magnetisch in den Bann,

Du denkst nach,
Du meldest dich ab,
Du erwägst abzuschalten,

Ein CEO ohne Sorgen, der deine erledigte Arbeit missbiligt,
Ein Schatten der sich auf einen Schattengeschäftsführer richtet,
Ein unterbewusster Ruf zur Besinnung,

Deine Arbeit ist fertig, bitte denk' dran zeitig zu gehen,
Du bist fertig, bitte geh' um dich an deine Zeit zu erinnern...

[translation: 'Im Schatten eines Geschäftsführers' by Alyx True Edge,2024]

[original: 'Shadow Director' by Alyx True Edge,2024]

Alyx True Edge

Überhitzte Debatten

Eine überhitzte Welt,
bis ins Mark hell brennend und kochend.
Nimm die Taiga und die Tundra,
nimm was noch unbehandelt ist.

Immerhin, zumindest reden die Menschen,
grübelnd über die Art und Weise des Redens.

Metallisches Messing oder ein Nicken in Zustimmung?
Ein Versuch, Bedeutung ehrlich weiter zu tragen
oder sie durch das Betrügen boshaft zu zerstoßen?

Hände kommen sich nahe, aber widerrufen ihre Einheit,
sie wirken ansteckend in ihrer lauernden Unreinheit.
Gebrechliche Echos bahnen sich ihren Weg über Kathodenstrahlen,
unbekannt ist was sie mit sich bringen werden.

Mittlerweile erweist sich das Warten als Wonne.
Affekte rühren sich, fauchen und zischen
auf der fernen Seite des Flusses.
Neuronen entscheiden, verwalten und präsidieren,
der innere Kampf: ein erdrückendes Schaudern.

Halt' still deine Hände und geb' Worte von dir.
Die Feuersbrunst erscheint dort,
wo andere zur Entscheidung gezwungen sind,
gegen die Dunkelheit, für zerbrechliche Stunden des Lichts.

Etwas wird bleiben bis zuletzt,
nicht zuletzt ein brüchiger Gedanke,
ein brüchiger, seichter Blick, zu allem was Hoffnung gibt.

Der Eine, der sich der dunklen,
vergessenden, übergehenden, entleerenden Hölle entzieht
Der Eine, der uns in Kontakt hält,
mit all dem, was nun vergeht,
Der Eine, dessen Existenz,
uns das Trauern erlaubt,
um die hinterbliebene

Erde.

[translation: 'Überhitzte Debatten' by Alyx True Edge,2024]

[original: 'Overheated Debates' by Alyx True Edge,2024]

Alyx True Edge

I Am Tired

I am so tired in my entirety
locked in a strange encounter
to the dead is tied my subtlety

still I attempt to stride alive and free
but it feels as if I lost all connection
for the trivial pursuit of perfection

and turned into a faceless ghost
turbidly resting on a dusty shelf
becoming one with milk and toast

I am so tired in my entirety
the bleak blades of blames
they don't cut me anymore

so do the prospects and hopes
they don't touch me entirely
dissolved in the acidity of reality

['I Am Tired' by Alyx True Edge, 2024]

Alyx True Edge

A Crying Viola

You were the first mate of my soul
whose hands withdrew from mine

with signs of love no one presaged
my dreams appear so asinine

in my mind I caress these hands of yours
and only there, I tacitly dare to confess

my heart is vivaciously longing for you still,
for a kind, attentive soul in this world of a mess

for you I will throw away my shell of pride,
the dormant fear and protective frill

just to know that you are safe out there,
bears all sense and meaning to me still

I love to dream of you ardently dancing
in the aureate clusters of the canola

or dreaming to find you vividly prancing
to trundling barrels and a crying viola

From time to time I embrace you there
and sense your warm and mellow skin

one day I'll share with you the waves I feel
this time you'll see my luminous love from afar

now the gleaming lighthouse sends away the keel,
but someday I'll open up to chance another scar

['A Crying Viola' by Alyx True Edge, 2024]

Alyx True Edge

Needless

They sink into a bed of lies
arrange
the cushion of comfort
sad sigh
a bad night

Themselves to blame

Laced up crushed
entangled awakening
incapacitated
under a blanket of needles
from those with close ties

Themselves to blame

Needles clasp their body
incapacitated
make them cave further
down into a bed of lies
blanketing their lips

Alyx True Edge

Encased And Forgotten

All of this made you brittle and frail
and things ceased to be a wonder
Looking back on days so stale

Unfold the fine petals of a heart,
silently aching in cold summer rain,
let us take things back to the start

Again

Encased and forgotten,
things written into your skin,

Shielding from the rotten
layers of memories become thin

A courageous feat not to bury your hope alive,
captured in vigilantly suave, blue-green eyes

['Encased and Forgotten' by Alyx Thru Edge, 2024]

Alyx True Edge

Numb Nights

Take my distorted dreams away,
waking hours with no path to return to

Deprived of
floating hours of light,
something isn't right,
troublesome encounters of the numb

Light a candle,
and the wax always drains off in wide circles.

Light a candle,
though the wind is beating the colours out of the flame

['Numb Nights' by Alyx Thru Edge,2024]

Alyx True Edge



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Shadow Director

You stutter your last vow of loyalty,
pause and press enter if you agree,

Your time passes and you feel it coming,
the window draws you in like a magnet,

You ponder,
You log out,
You consider to turn it off,

A CEO without sorrows, frowning on your work done,
A shadow directed at a shadow director,
An unconscious call to consciousness,

Your work is done, please remember to leave on time,
You are done, please leave to remember your time...

Alyx True Edge



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Overheated Debates

A world overheated,
brightly burning and boiling in its bone marrow.
Take the taiga and the tundra,
take what is left untreated.

Still, at least, people talk
musing on the way of talking.

Metallic brass or a nod in agreement?
Trying to carry meaning honestly,
or crush it by viciously deceiving?

Hands come close but revoke their unity,
they seem contagious with their lurking impurity.
Frail echoes cleaving their way through cathode rays,
unknown what they might entail.

Meanwhile waiting turns out to be a bliss.
Affects move and hiss,
on the distant side of the river.
Neurons decide, administer, and preside,
the inner battle, a crunching shiver.

Keep your hands calm and utter words.
Blazes appear there,
where others are forced to decide,
against darkness, for fragile hours of light.

Something will last at last
but not least a brittle thought,
a brittle, shallow glimpse at the hopeful.

The one hiding well from the dark,
forgetting, ignoring, voiding hell
The one keeping us in touch,
with what is about to leave,
The one, by being there,
Allowing us to grieve,
over the bereaved,

Soil.

Alyx True Edge

Hebetation

Feet once moving lightly,
Nowadays lightly stay in place.

A strong will once insisting,
now silently persisting

In a past made present that has no tomorrow.

Alyx True Edge



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