

Poetry Series

Anne Rhitak
- poems -

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Anne Rhitak()

Poetry is like music.....it writes itself, and you cannot force it.

Always The Rose

Roses always stand for love,
But why a rose and not another?
A rose may be fair, a rose may be sweet
But its thorns are sharp, and can cut deep
Just like simple words can create a rift
That cannot be bridged, not even by love.
So why a rose, why the two-faced flower
For something we perceive as flawless?

Anne Rhitak

An End Is Only The Start Of Something New

A tree stands here, majestic and proud,
Another nearby, drooping and old,
The trees stand alone, so far yet so close,
Spreading their leaves, searching for sun,
Pushing their roots deep underground,
All the while creating a forest
Existing both above and below.
A canopy of leaves, a tangle of roots
Grows from a wood into a forest.

Then the rain comes, bringing thunder and lightning
And raindrops fat and heavy
To pound the earth and strike the ground,
Split the heavens and shake the sky,
A mother of storms, a swirling maelstrom.
A bolt slips through the warring sky,
A shard of lightning that strikes a tree.
A flame leaps up, eager to devour
The forest, the ever-alive gathering of trees.

The rain abates, the clouds shy away
As the sun creeps over a distant horizon,
Its warm light highlighting a scene of death,
Of carnage, of skeletal remains,
The skeletons of trees, all that is left
In the tracks of the fire, hungry for power,
Hungry for life, a fire that in its hast
Devoured to greedily, and killed itself.
But from these ashes, plants come anew,
From the ashes, like a phoenix rising,
The first green shoots poke through
And in the now fertile earth, which is
Moistened by rain and seeded with ash,
The forest begins again.

Anne Rhitak

Captured In A Tide Of Thought

I gasp for breath as I break the surface
Of the raging storm-churned waters.
I feel the waves crash upon my face
As I fight to stay afloat.

I know I'm losing, but still I fight,
And look for something to keep me up.
I grab the timber drifting by,
It's the key to my survival.

I cling to this last shred of hope
As I float through lightless night.
I'm starting to think I'll just let go,
For I don't think I will be saved.

I steel myself, accept my fate
As the sunrise calms the storm.
I succumb to the embrace
Of placid water, as soft hands touch.

I fly free, away from the cold,
Away from the clutches of the sea.
I feel rushing air upon my face,
And then I know, there's nothing to fear.

Anne Rhitak

Cliche

I love you.
Just three words
To explain
My feelings.

That's how I
Feel for you,
There's just no
other words.

I don't know
If you feel
The same, but
I don't care.

I saw you,
Saw your smile,
Then I knew
I love you.

Anne Rhitak

Forget

I'm trying so hard
To forget your face,
But I'm losing my mind
To the memories,
Memories of happy days,
Memories of moonlight nights,
Of sun streaked dawns
And dusky twilights,
Boring school days,
And fun-filled weekends,
I'm losing my mind
To the memories,
Memories of us.

Try as I might
Resolve slips away,
Your face swims up
From the depths of my mind,
And the memories return.
They haunt my dreams,
My every thought,
I try so hard
But still can't forget,
I still can't lose,
Don't want to lose
Memories of you and me,
My memories of love.

Anne Rhitak

Heaven's Tears

Rain pounds down upon the sidewalk,
Flooding ditches, drenching earth,
People hurry to and fro,
Umbrellas up against the drops.

I stand alone outside the crowd,
Hands in pockets, head held low,
My face shadowed by a hood,
Watching raindrops splash in puddles.

Tears slip unbidden down my face,
Falling with the cold raindrops
As I lift my face to the heavens,
Teardrops, raindrops on my cheeks.

Anne Rhitak

Last Train Home

I'm walking on the train tracks
And waiting for the train,
I'm standing at a crossing point
And crying in the rain.

I don't know why I came here,
Although I know the place,
I think I'm trying to recall
A long-forgotten face.

I was just a child, and
He was just my friend,
Innocent and playful kids
Right until the end.

We were running on the train tracks
And we were playing train,
We were standing at a crossing point
And splashing in the rain.

There was thunder all around us,
And lightning flashing bright,
We didn't hear the whistle,
We didn't see the light.

Not until it was too late,
I'm standing here right now,
He tripped and fell right on this root
Under the old willow bough.

I was dashing down the train tracks
And running from the train,
I was making for the crossing point
And screaming in the rain.

I didn't realize he was gone
Until I reached the station,
The footsteps that I'd heard behind,
Creations of imagination.

I went back along the tracks,
Shouting his name, calling it out,
Afraid I'd find a broken body,
But as I ran, I began to doubt.

I was stumbling on the train tracks
Far behind the train,
I was far from the crossing point
And searching in the rain.

A note of desperation crept into my voice,
A voice that was slowly going weak.
And as my legs began to give,
I heard his voice, I heard him speak.

I panicked now, where could he be,
I didn't see him on the tracks,
The rain was stinging, my vision blurred,
I couldn't hear over deafening cracks.

I was looking round the train tracks
Not caring about the train,
I was thinking of the crossing point,
So far from this rain.

I heard his voice, oh, it was so weak,
Coming from the bottom of the hill.
I slid down and there he was,
And then I heard the whistle shrill.

I told him to wait, and then I ran
Back up the hill, fast as I could.
Up on the tracks, the train stopped for me,
I asked them to help, they said they would.

I was going down the train tracks,
And riding on the train,
I was coming to the crossing point
Still dripping from the rain.

I've never been afraid like I was then,

I sat there and watched him breathe,
Watched his chest as it rose and fell,
Gripped his arm through his woolen sleeve.

That was the last time we played together,
The last time we ran on the tracks,
The single time that we raced the train
With the rain pounding on our backs.

I'm no longer on the train tracks,
But I'm waiting for the train,
I've finally reached the crossing point
And stepped out of the rain.

I still remember the party they had,
I still recall that final day.
His teary face now springs to mind,
The face he had as he was torn away.

Now the cobwebs are swept away,
Like dust blown off an ancient tome,
And now I'm finally remembering
As I ride the last train home.

Anne Rhitak

Little Bird, Little Bird, In The Cinnamon Tree....

Little bird, little bird, it's time to fly,
To spread your wings, and see the world.
Soar with the wind, and sing your song,
Little bird, little bird, it's time to learn.

Little bird, little bird, it's time to learn.
Watch the dawn, the brilliant sun,
See the sunset, and all inbetween.
Little bird, little bird, it's time to live.

Little bird, little bird, it's time to live,
So listen closely to your heart.
What does it say? It's telling you,
Little bird, little bird, it's time to love.

Little bird, little bird, it's time to love.
Find the one who can speak to you
With more than words, but so silently.
Little bird, little bird, it's time to stay.

Little bird, little bird, it's time to stay,
Live out your life, for all it's worth,
For the day, it comes only closer,
Little bird, little bird, it's time to leave.

Little bird, little bird, it's time to leave.
This world that you have come to know
Holds no further surprises for you.
Little bird, little bird, it's time to fly.

Anne Rhitak

Maybe Sky

The shining needle slowly
Swings, back and forth
Hypnotically.

The glistening point
Tips, to and fro,
Wavering, then swings full
Circle, all
Directions, stopping short
Of west, where the
Mountains rise in frigid
Peaks, fading snow-covered into
The cloudy surface of the
Ice, or maybe
Sky.

Look again, needle
Hops from point
To point, never stops
Until one sideways
Step halts vertigo.

Arm stretch, needle,
Body, spinning
Out of frozen base, then puff
Of snow, as it drops, disappears
Down into the
Snow, or maybe
Sky.

Ground is up at the
Bottom
Of the sphere, ice
Is air, breath is
Needles puncturing
Frozen passages never seen.
Turning, though up is down, left, not
Right at the top
Of the

Sea, or maybe
Sky.

Anne Rhitak

Mirrored Heart

Shards and shards lay on the floor,
Not of glass, but of my heart.
Only one thing, but so many pieces,
How can I ever mend it again?

I loved you, I still love you,
I trusted you, I still trust you,
You lied to me, and still you lie,
And you left me alone and broken.

What did I do to make you lie,
If it was me that made you lie,
Why did you hurt me? You knew I cared,
But still you broke my fragile heart.

I can't deny feelings still exist,
I'm trying not to let them win,
But you though you talk, you still don't help
For actions will always show the truth.

Love me or leave me, that's all I ask,
Make up your mind, then please tell me,
Was it all just a game to you,
Or did you really love me too?

Anne Rhitak

Only The Fool Loves

Foolish love, that's all it was,
A foolish girl, that's all I am,
Yet here we are, and I'm still loving,
I'll try to forget, but I can't guarantee.

Feelings too strong to be forgotten
Sometimes lay dormant in my soul,
Yet other times, like a tiger leaping,
Spring to the surface, no longer cold.

The fires of passion burn anew,
The torch is lit, but will it kindle
A love for me, a love for us,
And then I know, there won't be an us.

We'll be just friends, the best of friends,
Nothing more, but to tell the truth,
I'll always care, I'll always love,
I'll always wish it could have been more.

Anne Rhitak

Passionfire

Your bright eyes danced merrily
like the flickering tongues of flame
that rose before us, dancing madly
and casting ever-moving shadows
about the darkness of the room.

Humor slowly turned to passion
as we fanned the glowing embers,
fire burst forth from the smoldering ashes,
flames rose quickly from their slumber,
but just as quickly were controlled.

The room now echoed with the sounds
of the brightly roaring fire.
Firelight danced around the room,
eerie shadows played their tricks,
tricks that went by unnoticed
for no one was watching anymore.

And again the flame swelled and then grew smaller,
again the embers glowed and dulled,
again the logs flared bright and crumbled
as the flames turned all to dust,
and the firelight was quelled once more.

Anne Rhitak

Realistic Fantasy, Or Fantastic Reality?

I reach to grasp, my hands pass through.
The words evade, they are but smoke.
Thought has escaped, it is far gone,
My witless mind can work no more.

Past is slowly slipping away,
Future melts into the present.
I cannot know what this may mean
For reason wanes as does my mind.

Reality fades, disappears,
As fantasy takes brutal hold
Of weakened state, then recreates
The world which I will know no more.

Colors replace the sordid grays
That stood so long in des'prate hope
This day would come, to whisk away
The mind which held me prisoner.

Anne Rhitak

The Ticking Of The Clock

The clock ticks, and rings a chime,
A signal of the passing time.
The night outside is brisk and cold,
But here we are, and you I hold.

Quiet words of passion and love
Wing from lips like a graceful dove.
Hands fly over bare body and skin,
Pausing gently above your chin.

As we speak though, the night is fading,
Nature takes hold, she does no waiting.
We kiss again, wishing we could stay
Instead of leaving to face the day.

Anne Rhitak

These Hands

As I sit on the old chair
I look at my hand lying
On the table, both so worn
With use, and lined with age.
Both relics of a bygone era,
Both have seen so much use.
These hands are scarred,
Criss-crossed with reminders
Of old wounds, and old times.
These hands are old, and as I look
The steadiness fades, and they shake
Reminding me that maybe these hands,
These ancient hands,
Stiff hands, scarred hands,
Old hands, and worn hands
Aren't what I remember them to be.

Anne Rhitak

Topsy-Turvy

There is no truth to the person I am,
ev'ry detail's a bold-faced lie.
What seems to be is really not
in this world of confusion.

Then I met you, and upside-down
was turned upside-down.
So maybe now it's right-side up,
but I would beg to differ.

Upside-down was upside-down
yet turned over it is no better.
Lies will be lies no matter what,
yet somehow lies will always be truth.

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