

Poetry Series

Arika Lloyd
- poems -

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Arika Lloyd()

Arika Lloyd is a poet living in Vancouver, Canada.
Her poetry and photographs may also be viewed at

Absence

Once it was
over,

the
sky crashed
on its
knee.

The sun
poued

your absence

between
the vines.

Arika Lloyd

Autumn

Brilliance
left
overnight

fading into
the rain

to a new
kind of light

dripping
with questions

that will
never glitter
again.

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Disappearing

The lines
are
disappearing

fading
into the
dark
scrolls

of your
eyes

hiding
the text
of the
mist

from
the ink
of the
petals.

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Eclipse

Heaven
alive
in an
audience

of red
moons

spinning
into each
other's
eyes

as the
mountains
watch

unable to
move

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Edge Of Winter

There are
not
many
words

at the
edge
of
winter.

Only
raindrops

preparing
for the
holiness
of ice

and
bleakness

calming
and
silencing
the
earth.

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Nymphaeas

In the
empty
glass
of January

the apothecary
begins
to transpose

a dimly-lit
fugue

about life
and the
unobtainable.

Nymphaeas,
at rest.

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Palace

A shoe
has been
left

on the
palace
stairway

glittering
disappointment

as the
spires
wait

for an
owner

that
doesn't
exist.

Arika Lloyd

Pearls

Lapis lazuli
floating
overhead

an island
adrift

on thousands
of pieces
of water

and pearls

swimming
in a
tiara

of
uncharmed
music.

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Reflection

It was
a face
vaguely
familiar

a portrait
from a
shuttered
window

where
the scent
of a red
suitcase

stood
waiting
by the
door.

Arika Lloyd

Terroir

Eleven
hours
of healing
sounds

water...
wind...
gong...

terroir
afloat

for one
more
hour

and a
sense
of
space.

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Time

This is a
new day

slightly
ahead
of time

and the
beginning
of spring

slightly
ahead
of you

the
eternal
sign.

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To Blackness

Finally
the branches
fell
into each
other

drowning
the last
flame
of tarnished
crimson.

And only
the stones
that
follow
the night

wonder
what sort
of star
will
appear

in this
blackness.

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Unlined

The roots of the day
tear open between her feet
twisting up, over
the first pink stones.

Tracing the path
above time and place,
between the lines and halos
of dreams and yesterday.

The arms of the sun ripen
across the lawn of afternoon.
Leaves uncurl, seducing a shadow
under the orange blossom.

Fragrance opens her palm.
Breath waits, the wind stirs,
and a moment returns
to its infinite place.

Branches yield
to the vase of night.
Where the roses are open,
and the tassels have fallen.

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Variation

They are
as different

as the
secret
geometry

washing
the sky

and
turning
the sundial

ticking
in the
rain

but none
is exactly
the same.

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