

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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elizabeth wesley()

Sometimes time can mean nothing. It happens when you don't have it, when you don't remember when you did and don't know if you will ever have it again.

This has to do with my memory that vanished; it happened suddenly in the space of an hour and for five years I was lost, not knowing who I was or where I belonged.

I was placed in an institution and heard stories of who I had become. Some were funny, some were sad but all were about someone I never knew.

It finally ended and I started to live again; I found that I had a need to write and started my poetry a little over a year ago. My poems are drawn from life experiences, the hopes and dreams that we all share and I hope you enjoy them

A New Year

I heard the chimes at twelve o'clock
Ring in a brand new year;
And beyond the noise of all the news
I listened hard to hear
A chorus of lamentation
Ringing loud and singing clear
From many angels winging
Through the vault of heaven.
They sang of shame and sorrow
Of suffering and sin;
They sang of hope for tomorrow
That peace be found and guided in.

I knew of all the many trials
That former years had cost;
And all the dreams and pleasures
That were wasted and lost.
With awe I heard the music
That came to me there;
The voices all came pealing
Through the stillness everywhere.
'Take away the shame and sorrow
Take the suffering and sin
So that a new tomorrow
May find peace be guided in.

Then I offered up a prayer
With heartfelt words I pled
For a miracle for the living
And forgiveness for the dead.
Then the echoes of the music
Softly whispered as songs were sung
They came with phantom voices
From the joyful angel's tongue
Take away the grief and sorrow
Of suffering and sin;
And in that new tomorrow
Let peace be found within.

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Autumn Memories

Spring chased old man winter from his place
And silenced him with her capricious face
Sometimes a tear, sometimes a smile;
She would beguile
My lazy feet
To dance in some leafy bowered retreat.

Then dreamy delightful summer flies
And looks at me with laughing eyes;
She draws me to her clover fields
And my heart yields
To her winsome wooing
For her siren song is my undoing.

Then one day I saw the sudden flare
Of autumn's windblown crimson hair;
She stirred the whispering leaves and then
I felt again
A yearning glow
Of years remembered long ago
And I lived the dream I never knew
Of lost memories and my love for you.

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Camelot

Camelot

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There was a camel that trots a lot,
He trotted his way from Camelot;
With tasseled fringe and jeweled saddle,
He fiorded the sea with a golden paddle;
Up the dunes and across the sands,
He traversed the way to Arab lands;
Where there is no water to pump,
So he carried it in his camel's hump.

On the way from Camelot,
The rider found that he forgot
All the jewels and precious things,
Borrowed with haste from Hottentot kings;
So he turned his camel around,
For what was lost had not been found.
Then he steered his beast toward the east,
Where men of China drink and feast.

The man who came from Camelot,
Sat on his camel and smoked some pot;
He puffed with need on the evil weed,
Till his lungs were filled with empty greed.
He spent his days looking glazed,
And what he smoked caused some delays;
But the man on the camel that liked to trot,
His name of fame was Sir Lancelot

Now Sir Lancelot was very hot,
And he never found a shady spot;
But he had a drink from the camel's hump,
By using his hand to pump the lump.
And all the while the camel was panting,
While Sir Lancelot was loudly ranting;
And the words he spoke were poppycock,
All the way back to Camelot.

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Evening Dew

When twilight's spectral fingers fold
Sweet blossoms of each hue;
Some half opened bud will hold
Its pearls of evening dew.

Touched with every sunshine hour
The eternal earth has shown;
All the perfume of the flower
Till it finally becomes its own.

We that wait may never find
A chance to sing our praise;
For memories we seek to bind
Take the scent of fading days.

The poet who has never spent
His words in futile strain;
For him the misty dewdrops lent
Their diamonds to the rain.

Unfastened in their fragrant bell
They tell their own dear tales;
Then from the cloud from which they fell
Their haunting scent exhales.

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Gypsy Dance

Climb up the hill where gypsies hide,
And breathe on the wind of a restless tide;
Where notes of sorrow from a violin,
Cry out to the night from a heart within.

The day is dim and night is alive,
And gypsies dance like bees in a hive;
They spin and turn while the fire burns bright,
And sparks fly up to kiss the night.

Old men sit while weaving a tale,
While young men sit drinking their ale;
And the fires of night flicker and glow,
While the winds of night moan and blow.

They dance too fast, they dance too far;
They follow the light of a fallen star;
But there in the sky a sickle shaped moon,
Dances with gypsies in the fires of June.

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Light Meets Day

Each gleaming light shines like a sun
Expanding awesomely in curling fires;
Each cloud forms a grotesque face
A face that knows not its bizarre desires.

We ascend in separate ways toward the sky
To merge the fantasy that forms the trance;
We turn our eyes to engage the dream
And find the song that weaves the dance.

The violin throbs with threads of silver
The french horn sobs with tears of gold
And time found notes to knit the music
That was too tenuous to hold.

In the crowd were so many anxious faces
Ready to speak, to smile or frown;
They kept motionless in those quiet places
Where dark sorrows tied them down.

In what new time or space do we yearn
To pace the thousand steps that lead before us?
In what new light or darkness can we turn
Before time ends and darkness abhors us?

The lamp is out, the dream now forgotten
The music has stopped and a candle wastes away;
Through tangled hopes and dreams they passed
To find the place where night meets day.

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Need For Love

A light shone through my door
Liquid from the moon above;
I stood inside my bedroom
And felt the glow of love.

Shining in the moonlight
My dreams did float and dance;
And you were captured with them
In the arms of circumstance.

In the hush of light I saw
A dream almost come true;
From out of space where voices speak
Were words for me and you.

I came back down to earth
My room seemed just the same
But emptiness had filled the space
Where once I spoke your name.

I need to tell you more than this
For my love for you goes on;
Until it reached the open door
Then the need for love was gone.

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Neurosis

I go by myself walking
I hear myself talking;
Then as I deliberate
On the direction of my fate
That leaves me so anxious
With illusions atrocious
Invading my privacy
With the blight of absurdity.
It comes there unbidden
Like troubles forbidden;
Showing weird faces
In my secret places;
Peevish and fractious
Mindless and anxious
Blighting the laughter
With deeds that come after;
Trying to taunt me
To follow and haunt me.
In my mind they come festering
In my ears they are pestering
That my enemies are treacherous
My friends are ominous
And my life is dangerous.
The calamitous confusions
Bring perfidious allusions
Deceptions so diabolical
Fears that are comical.
And all these do vex me
With nightmares to perplex me
While Satan sits amused
Knowing I am confused

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