

Poetry Series

**Ella Yaron**  
**- poems -**

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Ella Yaron()

# A Cry From The Womb

I am not yet born

Keep me myself

When the easiest thing is to change

Everywhere you turn, tuts and sighs reverberate

Your entire self is squeezed into a ten centimetre 2D box

And stamped upon with red ink

That will never wash out.

An eternal dunce's cap

You become a walking statistic

Hustled to a camera lens or shoved into the dark

A chorus of colourful voices suffocated into one mechanic monotone

Tethered to a never-ending horse mill

Day in and day out

Until, every bone exhausted,

Your face a grey, unrecognisable cast

All you can do is raise your head slightly

In attempt at a nod

And rehearse your lines

    "Yes Miss"

The tent is lit with the rage of spinning lights

The audience wait in anticipation

As the child stumbles jerkily across the tightrope

The cheers float up towards her

Perhaps it was the excitement

Perhaps it was the height or light

But somehow

No one noticed

That the child was not a child

But a bundle of bones

Laced together with words of others

"You can't" "No" "Improve"

    "Surrender"

The crowd continue gazing up

Entranced by their own intricate illusion

And the fall of the empty child  
Is never noticed.

Ella Yaron

# A Visitor At Your Door

A visitor at your door  
Needing no permission  
Entering and devouring.

Often unexpected, unwelcome  
But occasionally, desperation summons it  
Hoping it will – like water to fire – quench.

Lifting you higher than the ground of reality and happiness  
Cradling you,  
You begin to ally yourself with it

It's your only company.

Drinking all your resources, running you dry of all that you are.

It can push you downstream  
Until...  
Deep under water  
You give in,

You give up.

Ella Yaron

# An Aubade Without Love

The impatient fire licks over the horizon  
chasing the blanket of darkness  
It creeps through the cracks in the shutters

alighting on hollowness

a painting of manufactured love  
hung crookedly, concealing a couple,  
paired for mere warmth.

Turn back the clock to midnight –  
like beasts, they mate,  
candlelight the only spark.

And in this vast, empty  
silence  
the sound of latex splitting.

Sunrise finds  
no star-crossed lovers  
yet her body has been granted a gift

No pause to question, the powder-white tablet slips  
down  
    down  
        down

to extinguish the flame that had begun to burn.

Ella Yaron

# Maternal Winter

Slowly, as a child makes its first step  
I hand over to you my trust

Within this basket  
Lie all my dreams and fears

And I watch you, watch them  
Your fingers cradling it hungrily.

Nestling my head to your cold breast  
I hear, within its cage  
Your hollow heart

Thud, Thud, Thud  
Your blood pumps only for you  
You live to live  
Not to give life

But as I, stricken, begin to turn away  
I hear an echo  
Of the unspoken:  
Your love lost in translation

Or was I merely hoping?

Not all mothers want to be mothers  
But all children want a mother

'Please mummy,  
I don't understand  
Why I still battle on  
Seeking the impossible

Please mummy,  
A fragment of love  
Not too cold, warm enough to last  
To grasp onto  
When the nights roll in  
When the darkness shrouds me

Please mummy,

I seek a mother'

Who cannot be found.

Ella Yaron

# The Life Of A Tyrant

Two men sit distanced apart at the table  
Gazing at the board lain out before them

Knowing smiles.  
Let the game commence

At first, steady,  
                    Careful,  
Spectators holding their breath

He's winning; confidence builds!  
For him, it's just a game

He has no battle plan  
Impulsively jabs his horse down

Just to be crushed

He gulps down a refreshment,  
Waves at his wavering fans  
It's not his hands that are dirty  
For him; it's just a game

Now the power's rushed to his head;  
Horses, Soldiers, Queens and Kings, long dead  
The fans are up in arms  
But he can't hear their cries

There's blood dripping into the night

But he's content,  
Soon to be in the safety of his bed.

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