

Poetry Series

Eve Walker
- poems -

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Eve Walker()

Butterfly, Butterfly

Butterfly, Butterfly
flew so high.
Butterfly, Butterfly
caught my eye.

Eyes were a glisten,
wings winked in delight.
Sought such a current
so as he could drift
in warm summer's night.

But as the days shorten
he sags in the air.

Gracefully curves
downwards,
until he lies

motionless

so calm and fair.

Eve Walker

Cherry Blossom

Breaking from dirt, beauty grows,
Flourish, breath... until it snows.

Blossoms

Petals

Breaths

Dies

Growing from under thy wayward skies.

Eve Walker

Lay Me To Sleep

Eyes lay shut,
I can't remand.
Does this mean
my life's at end?

Hollow gaze
my parents cry.
If only thoughts could scream
as you die...

As I drift
only cascading ideas may fly..?
Bringing to a finish
my life's greatest lie.

Mornings of death
bring listless notions upon my door.
Most can't wait at all,
but my mind is conscious still...

As I can only wait fearing
even the slightest abyss of
nothing or darkness,
as believe do I:

That there isn't a world,
A way
A will
That waits for us all
after we lay oh-so still.

Eve Walker

Tune Of Justice

Today is here, as we're known to gather
most unknown... hear the blather?
But now it comes, bravado gone
in stake
as crystal eyes, shine like lakes.

Carpenter's hands,
shackled to feet.
Thoughts unknown.
Thoughts of meat.

Down in front,
all mourn and cry.
With expressions as though,
he's told no lie.

The hangman comes
to shake his hand,
as though a playmate
that can't break his band.

Cloth goes over,
he's dropped so near,
and though the sound,
is one we can't hear.

The cloth gathers close,
and we sit so near...
but to those who witness
what is sickening, it would appear:

That fiends of human
& hypocrites of the law,
are those who opposed
yet pull the bar.

These are the passings
of lines
we cannot draw.

But to those who it matters,
all cannot see to a close...

Spinning lifeless,
No shape.
No Hurst.
Instead it's only intended
to hang in morning's wake
but not that it matters...
nothing be at stake.

And there it comes,
from the seats of quality, above...
As does not prevail,
humanity's etiquette
feeling no shame.
As it may ring out...
with nothing but blame
to the sour tune of:

Applause

Applause

Applause

Eve Walker