

Poetry Series

Ina SchrodersZeeders
- poems -

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Ina SchrodersZeeders()

Born and living on the island of Terschelling, The Netherlands. My job is writer of light fiction novels (in Dutch) .

I am new in writing poetry. Discovering the possibilities is like an adventurous voyage.

A Mirror Is A Liar Too

How can I see myself in you

When you reflect my pain but not my soul

Am I to play another part or role

Than to be myself and true?

What can reflections really do

But show the outside of the complex whole

And not the depth, the relief that you stole

A mirror is a liar too

There might be more than what you see

So much is covered by what was

Not to be shown by just some glass

Reflections don't show the real me

So let this vanity just pass

As you are not my looking-glass

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Between Forgiveness And Your Spite (Pantoum)

Not to see the sadness in your eyes,
I'm trapped between forgiveness and your spite
I see the way your shoulders shut me out,
a battle in a war of hidden lies

I'm trapped between forgiveness and your spite
and you don't seem to see me where I stand.
A battle in a war of hidden lies.
Let's talk again to end this cruel fight

And you don't seem to see me where I stand.
I'm trapped between forgiveness and your spite,
let's talk again and end this cruel fight.
It would be wonderful to hear you laugh again.

I'm trapped between forgiveness and your spite.
I'm nowhere, now you are not to be found
It would be wonderful to hear you laugh again,
it would be my relief to know you'll turn around

I'm nowhere now, you are not to be found.
I see the way your shoulders shut me out.
It would be my relief to know you'll turn around
not to see the sadness in your eyes

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Death Is A Mockery Of Life

Death is a mockery of life
They who have lived it through, are dead
So what about death can be said
It lingers in the living room after the funeral

They who have lived it through are dead
We do not speak of death too much
It lingers in the living room after the funeral
We try not to think about the lonely grave

We do not speak of death too much
It is always raining in the grave yard
We try not to think about the lonely grave
Where no one seems to be, but only was

It is always raining in the grave yard
Some flowers grow between the tombstones
As nature doesn't care about it, live or death
Just carry on as usual

Some flowers grow between the tombstones
So what about death can be said
Just carry on as usual
Death is a mockery of life

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Don'T Go Silently Away

Don't go silently away
Please let me know
in advance
that it's time to silently say
that you go
But promise to be back one day
if you have the chance

Silently go when it's time for our eyes
after they've said all their soundless goodbyes
Silently go but
don't silently leave
before saying to me
that you'd much rather stay

Tell it to me with your eyes
as I know they will tell me no lies
and it is them I can truly believe
when you leave
silently

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Guilt

The air moves from your gesture to the tree
to move a leaf and make it fly away
across the street to land in someone's tea
before it's swallowed and the person dies.

You find a shell that washed ashore one day,
giving memories of when you were child;
this one, no other shell around could say
the stories of those times you almost drowned.

A whisper tells you where to go from here,
tall trees move gently as you walk beneath,
they say the neighbour should be drinking beer
instead of tea. It's not your fault. It's life.

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Home To Me

The tired houses leaning side by side
The rusty bicycle you always ride
The fisherman whose ship is work and pride
They all are home to me

The sand that's blowing on the lonely beach
The waves that bring the shore a treasure each
The wrinkled hand that's always there to reach
How that is home to me

The mother waiting on the windy pier
The cry of seagulls that are always here
The far away sons and the one who's near
So much is home to me

The grandchild who'll be born in fall
The silent men who've seen it all
The drunk man waiting for the final call
That all is home to me

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I Trust Your Lust

Your hand is a curious stranger on my skin
This teasing finger is making a perfect circle on my back
You write your name under my neck
I feel your breath and close my eyes in trust
That you will gently share your lust
Your hands are warm and turn me over
For a moment then you linger
And without fear I let you in

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Image Problems

I had this image of you
that you painted yourself
that I completed with my imagination
and a golden frame

my fondest memories
of events yet to happen
were in this image
that was supposed to be you

now we have met and at second glance
it is a picture of a too sunny coast
a painting with cracked vernis
and the frame is now falling apart

since I am back the image is spitting
green stuff
and I give it a week
till it's gone altogether

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Lazy Moments Before Sunrise

Love scent surrounds us like a cover
Sweet and bitter do you taste
Make no fun now, make no haste
just again please be my lover

Scent of sweat and blood and musk
Curtains dropp in our embrace
Torn up sheets and straps of lace
watch us sleep again till dusk

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Love Stolen Night

A pub full of people and you standing there
drinking your last glass of dark coloured beer
The music not louder than hollow hard laughter

Images fading in smokey thick air
somewhere in between, we were going somewhere
or was it after

An iron bed with torn and cold sheets
you opened the window to let go the white dove
it silently flew in the dark coloured night

Away from the people and away from the laughter
we shivered in a night stolen for love
we shivered in a love stolen night

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Marriage

So quiet are you now,
and words have all been said.
We should have gone to bed,
but we don't know just how.

Much talk there was, when we just met -
So quiet are you now,
as if we had a row.

The books have all been read;
We should have gone to bed
(remembering my vow) .
Not cold, but silence do I dread

"So, quiet are you now? "
"My mind is numb, so that is how."
"Was it something then I said? "
We should have gone to bed...

You smile and kiss me on the head:
"So well I know you, long as we've been wed!
So quiet are you now.
We should have gone to bed! "

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Moment

let's just sit in the dunes by the sea
nothing needs to be told
we shelter each other from cold
a ship in full sails to a far destiny
as the waves sing their song
like drowned sailors who died a long time ago
or are they just seagulls crying
let us stay by the sea
and listen to them
and don't think at all about dying
not yet

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My First Villanelle

Now you are in eternal sleep
My hand no longer rests in yours
The silence in the room is deep
Somehow it is not time to weep
Absent the feeling of remorse
Now you are in eternal sleep
And only memories to keep
As I will think of you of course
The silence in the room is deep
Why did your faith decide to leap
and take your soul to the eternal source?
Now you are in eternal sleep
a clock is ticking time to keep
as you were taken by cruel force
The silence in the room is deep
just memories for me to keep
My hand is useless to endorse
Now you are in eternal sleep
The silence in the room is deep

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Nightmares

When at night
fears come to do the dance macabre in cold uneasy dreams
And thick darkness can't hide those images of doom
No sanctuary is this room
Till daylight comes they haunt the restless sleeper
The reaper then runs off, the job undone
The sleep is not yet gone
In fact, is getting deeper
Dream on dreamer, just dream on
Goodnight

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No One Is Like You

no one is like you
no one
your words are not the same
their eyes see things differently
no one says my name
like you did
no one is so dead
as you are
now

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Nothing Left To Say

Words fail me now
They come in drunken processions
stumble over the threshold
and stare at me unwillingly to help out
Their eyes are red and their noses blue
and I won't bother to sober them up
or put them back on the barstools
when they fall over
I might even kick them instead

Because what is there left to say
So words could be of use?
Either way,
you go or stay,
I lose

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Over You In May

you were not much of a real friend

the stitches of the seam are torn

you were no friend at all to me

the black dress that I'll wear to mourn

and for memories of what could have been

I find no future there

nothing left to wear

but naked lies

how you thought the truth could be so bend

how you thought that you could lie to me

it was something I had never seen

now I know to be aware

it is like waking up in Spring

the welcome of a finer day

awaiting morning birds to sing

the black dress taken by the storm

at last the rain will come and wash away

this pain and shape it in another form

I am over you in May

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Shelley

It was over between us, and a thunderstorm came.
Books fell down from the shelf for no reason
like domino stones as the grave stones they were,
and my thoughts went with them below,
taking all that was you, they went falling, deep
into the earth taking you. Gone as our love in a blow.

But the wind started turning the pages
of the Shelley I once got from you.
It had to mean something important:
we read it together, lying in grass.
I did not want to look but started reading:
"Alas! This is not what I thought life was."

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Still In Love

So eagerly I want memory to reproduce
the time when love was me and you,
when easily I could seduce
you in rhyming whispers that I sent.

So desperately now I need you
to be once again my loving friend
and forgive if my intention
of reproduction turned you off,
this is merely just to mention
that I am still so much in love

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Summer Near The Sea

The way you were then, the way you are
I see you both times now
The silent evenings near the sea
where my skin embraces
the moist salty air
I have been waiting for you all my life
while you were actually here
so near
A husband and a wife
and now, as you will always be
the one whose trusted voice,
your timbre, sounds so good to me
I know that the way you move away my hair,
the breeze will just make it a chaotic mess again
but this gesture and your touch
is what I have been waiting for
Not too long
Not too much
Not in vain
We still are one
together
like the way we were
way back then

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Thank You For Leaving Me Behind

you took the ferry without me
and didn't talk about returning
separation, an indifferent sea
while my heart just kept on yearning

I couldn't be with you
and sunshine didn't comfort me
the way it used to do
as with you I longed to be

of course I knew that this was better
no future was there for our love
still I did hope for a letter
wishing you would care enough

I was sixteen, you three times my age
yes I know this was insanity, outrage
but you showed me I could trust
and what love is without lust

thank you for leaving me behind
it was not mean to do, but kind

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The Last Lover

Will you be the last lover
the one to hold me in my hour of fear
will you be the one then
to kiss away the pain and, if any, a tear

The white curtains moved
when the window was open
the breeze from the sea
was caressing my skin

It is getting so dark now
as the light has been fading
and I forgot: have I, or not, let you in?

Will you be near me in my darkness
or will it just be
the breeze of the sea
whispering a farewell to me?

Will the sea be
my lover
at last

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The Model

So I sit here completely naked and cold
In front of this art class of men young and old
Trying hard not to feel awkward at all
I shiver a bit on the stool that's too small
Hearing the pencils drawing my curves
I am smiling away what is left of my nerves
Someone is coughing, but no body speaks
A chair's loudly moved and the door slightly shrieks
Alone with twenty four eyes watching me
From nine till eleven in my nudity
And then thank heaven it is time for their break
I secretly look what it is that they make
Twelve sheets of paper all showing my figure of speech:
Three cubics, two circles and a triangle each...

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The Most Lonely Place

So much alone can one only be
in the mind for there is no one else
No other soul to keep one company

Where can one hide for all to see
In thoughts alone we find our hells
So much alone can one only be

In the mind where there's only me
The only one whose voice there yells
No other soul to keep one company

No, in the mind we are not free
As there the soul is and it dwells
So much alone can one only be

To find the language back he gave to me
Regaining taste, the sounds, and how all smells
And find a soul to keep me company

I am better off there where is he
And freed from all those nasty spells
So much alone can one only be
Without a soul to keep one company

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The Night Shift Of The Mind

All that we see in dreams is gone
the moment we awake
The night shift of the mind is done

When we dream, reality is none
and wide awake, forgotten is the dream
But for one moment it may just hang on

The colours of the nightmare fade
The fear we had is put in reassuring words
But there is no sense to be made

Deformed segments linger on
Though what was dreamt, forever is forsaken
And no more use to the awaken
All that we saw in dreams is gone
The nightshift of the mind is done

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The Pillow Note

all nights with you are like there is no tomorrow
moments as waterfall adventures by canoe
scents of earth and sin and sorrow
dreams of red and purple landscapes too

such moments of eternity and passion
and of all the nights I spent with you
last night most memorable in its own fashion
so wake up! and let me show all my thanks to you

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The Reed You Are

The reed stands
caught in a flight
halfway to freedom,
stranded in a swamp,
making the best of life.

Waiting in meanwhiles,
like you wait for returning
to the land you have left,
bending waves in all directions,
serf to the ruling wind.

Dreams of what lies beyond
make you whisper at nights,
rooting against all odds.
While the land means memory.
While the swamp slowly wins.

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The Whisper Shell

There was a moment when, together but alone
we stood close to the sea both far away in thought
The whisper shell the waves had brought
I held it to my ear as if it was a phone
and when you saw me doing that, I felt so caught
remembering the times we fought
when voices had a different tone

You started running on the beach
I followed you and we fell in the sand
like we had shipwrecked and found land
You had two more shells, one for each
It was the last time that I felt your hand

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This Must Not Go

The scent of the ripened fruit you eat
While I am sitting quiet at your feet
And just the whisper of the undertow
This must not go

Watching your fedora out of reach
rolling away over the empty beach
And just the whisper of the undertow
This must not go

The comfort of your body being near
The soundless spoken words so very dear
And just the whisper of the undertow
This must not go

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To Be So In Love

To be so in love that you forget to eat,
that you can only think of your loved one's eyes,
that cold rain feels pleasant to you,
that you don't need sleep yet always dream,
that you write poems in spite of dyslexia
and watching the full moon makes you smile,
okay we all can do that, but

to be so in love that trees start to shiver
when you pass them by, that birds
on their way South fly back to greet you,
that it is raining flowers wherever you walk,
that mountains roll over to let you go through
and the moon has decided to shine full and round
even it is that time of month when it is new,
now that is to be so in love.

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Unwanted Guest

filled with your absence
the house and I wait
both knowing it is everywhere

in the living room it is blocking the telly
and in the bathroom mirror
it is your face not being there
that I see

at night I can hear
your absence soundlessly sneaking up the stairs
claiming the bed
and it won't stay on your half
grabbing all blankets

your absence is becoming a frequent guest now
demanding attention
keeping me busy
filling the house
till you come back

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Waltz D'Amour

Shall we give in to long lazy loving
Shall we give in to sun struck romance
Fingertop striking your face and your neck
Shall we dance
Let's give in, shall we
Shall we give
And never look back

Let's give in to staying in bed
Let's give in to not getting dressed
Fingertop striking your neck and your chest
Let's give in, shall we
Let us dance
Let us give
And give it a rest

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When Words Have Lost Their Meaning

when words have lost their meaning
remaining shells with nothing more
their letters with no goal, just tired, pale and leaning
against the doorpost like some old forgotten whore
then poetry is dead and gone
and language lost its purpose all together
nothing to revive it can be done
no words are saved, no single useful letter
no meaning to the sentences is real
if you don't read my words, the ones I've written
you never know just how I bleed and feel
could language only be a messenger of love
sent with the wings of some eternal dove

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You Closed Your Eyes I Caressed You

you closed your eyes I caressed you
with this music not mine
this song not yours
the music
sung by this voice
you closed your eyes I caressed you
and all thoughts that came
with all that we felt
with this music not mine
all then was ours
together we were
you closed your eyes I caressed you
not just you not just me
in silence we bonded
with this music not mine
our tears were the same
when she sang
you closed your eyes I caressed you
with this music not yours and not mine

closing your eyes, I caressed you
with this music not mine
this song not yours
we heard this voice
and all thoughts that came
all we felt
all was ours
not just mine
not yours
in silence we bonded
our tears
were the same

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