

Poetry Series

MARIE CLAIN
- poems -

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MARIE CLAIN()

Melancoly Of The Soul

This morning in the small motorized coach
My song of the summer of my 30 years
Had gone with her.
Like a shooting star leaving behind her
A dust of perfume of my perfumed memories.

This morning on the blond haired man,
Floating my favorite color, the mauve, of my 20 years
She was leaving with him
Like the flag of the boat leaving in the wind
Farewell waves of my dresses worn once

This morning in the little child's hand
My 7-year-old raspberry scented lollipop
had gone sweet his sweet taste buds of innocence
As the pollen taken by the bee leaving on the flower
The first glimmers of my love awakening

This morning in the rays of the sun
Floating the drop of gold of my little newborn eyes
they were leaving their shrapnel on the hearts of lonely people
Like the beat of my heart leaving its noises
In the ears of those I love

This morning took my farandoles of life
For the scattered in the rivers of the clouds
Going to bring their scented sails
On the mountains of our hopes.

MARIE CLAIN

That's Funny, Is Not It? The Whole Of Nature Calls Me

It's funny when sadness is my perfume
The small leaf jiggled by the wind
Waved me to play with her

It's funny when sadness is my protector
The tree stands in front of me
Waved me to snuggle up against him

It's funny when the sadness gilds my hair
The butterfly stammering its first flight
Waved me to take a seat on his back

It's funny when sadness becomes the glare of my eyes
The flower dancing the farandoles
Invite me to take his leaves to make me twirl

It's funny when sadness takes the taste of the intoxication of life
The gentlemen and ladies green and burning beauty
My sadness becomes a restful happiness for my soul

Gratifying the wisdom of this time
Calming me in the ripples of my soul
Whispering low in the echoes of my soul

“It's funny, but we love each other
Take your sadness and bring it to us
We will do your mirth. ”

I sailed between peace and warmth

That's funny, is not it?

MARIE CLAIN

The Love Of The Swans

The love of swans is like the sweetness of the rain
Clear and clear as the first morning dew

The love of the swans is adorned with cries of the sun shining every second

The love of swans is the embrace of the colors of desires

The love of swans is the sound of glances on the satin feathers of his beloved

The love of swans is the incandescent flight of their painful feelings from the fires
of their love

The love of the swans is the eternal symphony of their fluttering wings in the
oxygenated air of their love sigh

The love of the swans is intertwined necks whose beginnings and endings are
unknown

The love of swans is the silence of their floating on the water that mirrors their
infallible attachment

The love of swans is that love which you have given me, placed on my soul like a
feather on the soft cushions of the air bubbles which turn endlessly in the
symphony of the winds.

The love of the swans carries the ring on which you have engraved your name
near mine.

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