

Poetry Series

Mary Ali
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Mary Ali(7/25/1986)

Cxxi

A flame of gold
She was
Beneath my finger tips.
Skin richer than velvet
Softer than watered silk.
Her words;
The breeze that blows from Elysium,
Her taste sweet,
But yet sour;
Like life,
Mother Nature herself.
Every sweet thing has a bitter end.

The flame died,
You pulled away from me
You hid away in your sacred garments
And went back to reside in the temple of pretence.

Mary Ali

Cxxiii

She was dressed in white.

Her naked feet
Were barely touching the ground
Caressing the grass
Cool as the morning dew
Refreshing.

Her delicate hands
Were gyring in graceful arcs.
Like pine trees she swayed
Winds danced with her hair;
A sacred fire.

Her eyes were a sea of longing.
Longing for life,
Longing for love,
Longing for a miracle.

She was a vision
Sweet and pure
The goddess of nature
The goddess of danger
The sweet dream of light.

She was praying;
Dancing
Her dress cascading
In rainbow waterfalls
Emanating happiness;
Hope.

She was dressed in white.

Mary Ali

Lost In A Dream

The walls are closing in on me,
I cannot breathe.
I am longing for peace,
But I'm lost in a dream!

Mary Ali

Xciv

If all the star were to disappear or die,
You will find me standing here
Guiding you through it all,
Never leaving,
Never fading,
Till the last day of your life.

Then,
I will watch over your soul
I will lead it to the ethereal beauty
And to the Gardens of Eternity.
And I shall never leave you;
Till to the arms of Angels
I deliver you.

Then I will fade and melt away
For you will forget my name and face,
Since I only shined
By you remembering my embrace.

Mary Ali