

Poetry Series

Maureen Travers
- poems -

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Maureen Travers()

Adoration

Prisms of light spark in the soft sapphire of your eyes
And I catch fire,
The blush of a rose caresses the sweet velvet of your cheek,
I melt with desire,
The silken torrent of your hair drives my senses wild,
My thoughts unwind,
I hear the beat of angels' wings whenever you speak to me,
Joy fills my mind.

To watch you leave rips a canyon deep inside my heart,
A grief profound,
The very air condenses, becomes the dark of a solar eclipse,
No solid ground.
Then I feel your tender touch and I am transported heavenward,
My spirits soar,
I am complete; my dreams are all fulfilled in you,
Whom I adore.

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Maureen Travers

Attention-Seeking

Look at me, look at me, the little girl said,
I can run and jump, stand on my head.
Look at me, look at me, the pretty girl cried,
I can sing and dance, play on the slide.

Look at me, look at me, the war child said,
I can shoot and flee, cast rocks at your head.
Look at me, look at me, the war child cried,
I can scream and bleed, find a dark place to hide.

Look at me, look at me, the little boy said,
I can ride and climb, jump on my bed.
Look at me, look at me, the smiling boy cried,
I can whistle, bang drums, play five-a-side.

Look at me, look at me, the war child said,
I can throw home-made bombs and laugh at the dead,
Look at me, look at me, the war child cried,
I weep for my childhood and the human divide.

Maureen Travers

Chrysalis

here I lie
in a sensory deprivation tank

my eyes blinded
my ears stopped
no smells reach my nose
no taste without smell
encased in a watery blanket
I feel nothing

except
inside my mind
where memories lie outside my event horizon

I see my past
I imagine my future
hear voices of people long gone
and the smell
and the taste
of strawberries and bread rolls

no man-made cocoon can suppress
the downy softness of a baby's skin
the feeling of sun on my face
and so I retreat to my homespun world
to recharge my senses
to break free

Maureen Travers

Climate Change

At first were the balmy days,
sunshine was your smile,
we generated electrical storms.

Yesterday was hot,
anger spilled like lava
down the volcano of your spite.

Now I am impaled
by your iceberg eyes,
buried in an avalanche of frozen tears.

Clouds of uncertainty
obscure our destined path,
no global warming seems forecast.

Maureen Travers

Dreamer

In dreams I live my inner life
No mere neural pathways, these,
A world of the possible in one night,
No handholds there for me to seize.

Instead I fall, I fly, I die
To be reborn, to laugh, to cry,
Observer and observed am I,
Simultaneously truth and lie.

In dreams I can the hero be
And bend reality to my will,
No limit to my imaginings,
I am all prowess, strength and skill.

And so I fight, I lose, I win,
I face my fears, lead with my chin,
Bringing all my experience in,
Simultaneously virtue and sin.

In dreams all timelines can converge,
I glimpse my future and my past,
Conflicts with loved ones are resolved
In moments of clarity that do not last.

For I must flit from scene to scene,
Each drama enacted on my mind's screen,
Awake, their meanings I cannot glean,
Simultaneously real and dream.

Maureen Travers

Evocation

Earth's teardrops pearl my window,
Sky smothers rooftops, grey on grey;
The dull day draws sadness from the well of me, my core,
Where race memory is embedded in strands of DNA
Too strong to be mutated; a history of fear and loss,
A family line leading to my life, my sorrow.

The generations march backwards to an unknown beginning,
One I long to know but cannot fathom, will never, never will...

Bare tree branches wave before my window
Whispering secrets of the ages to my eager ears;
I hear the ghosts of ancestors stir in my brain, my cells,
Translating my heartbeat into words of mystery,
Stirring in me a desire to live, to experience my life,
Giving me purpose that was also theirs, unasked.

I am the beginning and I am the centre; perhaps at my end
I will find the understanding to be still forever, ever still....

Maureen Travers

Inside A Rainbow

There is no colour inside a rainbow
you have to step outside
to witness nature's sweeping brushstroke
across an azure sky.

There is no life within a star
though the elements exist
you have to search through darkest space
to see beyond the fire.

There is no love in a broken heart
it seeps out through the cracks
time will mend and love grow again
you have to just believe.

Maureen Travers

Like A Sun

Like a sun, you are emblazoned on my soul
Like a moon, you banish my darkness
Like planet earth you make my life feel whole
Like the galaxies you fill my universe.

Like a comet I orbit the worlds in your eyes
Like a meteor freefalls from above
Like a nova radiating light in the skies
Like a nebula forming stars with your love.

Maureen Travers

Mindstorm

The wind raging in my mind
Carries words and feelings and thoughts
They burst through my bones and skin
Released in a tangle of knots.

The rain pouring out of my eyes
Brings rivers of misery and pain
Flash floods of anguish and woe
Threaten to drive me insane.

The heat scalding my insides
Is the powerful fury of fear
Boiling and churning my blood
Lava flows savage and sear.

The cold diffused from your heart
Freezes the love in my soul
Your merciless glacial shards
Are an iceberg beyond control.

The climates I have to surmount
No forecast could ever predict
I must cope with rejection alone
And survive the storm you inflict.

Maureen Travers

Miracle

Be my miracle and bring me to the light,
I have lived in melancholy far too long.

Be my anchor and save me from the drifting tides
Of emotions in the cruel sea of desire.

Be my blessing and sing to me your song,
To give me comfort and the will to carry on.

Be my genius and solve my life's conundrum,
So I may comprehend the path ahead.

Be my spirit and lift me to a higher plane,
Where angels fold me in their sweet embrace.

Be my lodestar and guide me to your tender flame,
For I will flourish in the aura of your soul.

Be my messiah and show me the gates of heaven,
That I may find salvation in the power of your love.

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Maureen Travers

My Passion

You are a whirlwind inside my head
I try to capture your essence, your spirit
But you elude my slender grasp.
I ride the storm rejoicing,
As the filaments of your web bind me
Ever closer to your soul.

You are a meadow within my heart,
I feel your serenity and your heady scents
Transport me to the delights of Eden.
How can life a precursor be?
When all of heaven greets my astonished eyes
With each moment that we share.

You are the music of my soul,
No symphony is equal to your grace and charm,
No aria lifts my spirit in the way you do.
Each hour with you is a hymn to love.
Wisps of wonderment seep like mist from my mind,
For my passion is requited.

Maureen Travers

Neglect

Wilted peonies in a dusty vase
Presage a warning to my faltering hand
As I open the door.
You are gone and the light has gone with you,
my heart.

In the tracks on the floor, your hasty departure
Is evident to my weeping glance
And I know who to blame.
I left you alone and unloved for too long -
my fault.

No note left behind to deliver me hope
Your hurt must have met its last frontier,
If your love drooped and died
Like those sad little flowers,
Then my neglect
destroyed
my world.

Maureen Travers

On The Discovery Of The Higgs Boson

We thought that the gods were giants,
Mighty beings with universe sized minds,
But today we learned the awful truth -
A particle so small it cannot be seen
Has been discovered; using man's ingenuity
And a huge accelerator, the Higgs Boson has been found;
A tiny particle which gives us mass and form;
Without it we would not exist.
Perhaps it also gives us soul,
Perhaps this is our god.

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Maureen Travers

Questions

Are your ideas grand or grandiose?
Do you have the figure to strike a pose?
Slapstick or irony, which is your thing?
What is your karaoke choice to sing?

What question would you ask if you met God?
Would you break the child or break the rod?
How would you spend the lottery if you won?
Will you have many regrets when you're done?

So many questions does each life hold,
So different the numbers the dice have rolled,
So many directions every life could run,
So find the answers for yours, my son.

Maureen Travers

Stars

We are made of stars,
Origins of the infinite,
Atoms combined in beauteous ways,
Gods in our own creation.

We are the essence of thought,
Energy electric,
The macrocosmic circus ring,
Round a universal nucleus.

We are the speed of light,
Concept pioneers.
No limit to our needless ambition
To be the stuff of stars.

Maureen Travers

Time Traveller

I am yesterday,
A genetic map
The living proof
Of survival

I am today,
A blank diskette
On which I burn
My story

I am tomorrow,
A compass pointing
To human godhood
Or extinction

Maureen Travers

Triple Haiku 3

Happy revellers
By end of evening will be
Regurgitated.

Caterpillar crawls
Leaf bows to kiss earth's feet
Broken leaf meets ground

ripe juicy cherries
burst onto the tree branches
like teenage acne

Maureen Travers

Triple Haiku Again

Dandelion clocks
blowing in the summer winds
a seedling rush hour

In a tight spiral
galaxies spin bright star webs
among dark matter

Seaside holiday
no sandcastles built with spades
it's raining buckets

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