

Poetry Series

Melissa L. Pelletier
- poems -

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Melissa L. Pelletier()

Addiction

Plant her life in a window box
and let the roots look for a way
leaves and flowers reach up
to the sun, drown in a thick and
deceiving shallow grave
tape around her mouth
she cannot speak
poisonous words she swallowed
no one will hear
murky parts of who she loved
washed her memories away
thoughts of tomorrow
bleed her heart strings
like an old weeping mandolin.

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Autumn Equinox

I travel this path
of pine and earth
a new chapter
about to unfold

Dead leaves find closure
on the forest floor
familiar characters
with new costumes

Crisp air blushes
my skin
the planet spins
a little faster

collective memories
of woodsmoke
and cedar
I drink you in

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Far Away Lands

Enlightened breezes cast hope
on far away lands,
spices and gin flavour the words
of the lithe.
Nothingness and fledglings love
the mist of the eve.
Molds and pots and far away things
plaster the walls of the inns.
Slices of existence cut through
the landscape that was once a town.
Buried in the soil, seeds laying dormant,
tell a story of old and far away winds.

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Father Christmas

It is the way the color of the day
melts into night
Thoughts turn dark
with a halo on the horizon
Drown by words that pierce
like tiny stars of light
Crown of knowledge that hovers
singing praises of truth
beyond mortal men
Lifting us to a new dimension of love
we call heaven
An old man with knowing in his eyes
grief that takes lifetimes to acquire
Holy intentions just out of reach
heart still beats
in a withered society
It's indestructible force
when given away
will someday be returned
Stronger and more beautiful than ever
and needs no name

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Glimmerglass

Crystals cast a fickle
spell over the
afternoon landscape

Silver candied facets
flicker in liquid
symphony

Distorted surface
wages an epic war
of light and shadow

Suspended paradox
stripped bare
resonates my name

And speaks of the answer
to a question
I never thought to ask

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Grace

Within grace, there is beauty
and within that beauty, is kindness
Within grace, there is joy
and within that joy, is sorrow
within grace, there is peace
and within that peace, is pain
Within grace, there is happiness
and within that happiness, is madness
Within grace, there is color
and within that color, is blackness
within grace, there is power
and within that power, is leadership
Within grace, there is culture
and within that culture, is war
within grace, there is vanity
and within that vanity is the world
Within grace, there are people
and within those people
is you

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Heroes Of The World

Would you step aside to let
someone else climb
quiet your voice so another
may be heard
set aside a numbing bias
so another may find their way
close your eyes to the color of the world
and live your life in black and gray
rows of corn go on forever
perfect lines on the hillside
sway to and fro
golden light of a crescent moon
we share
love transcends the empty room
wishing you were there.

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I Am You And You Are Me

A small child
no more than five
a blue dress
and crooked knees

A dilapidated smile
with rows of imperfect teeth
if I get close to
you now, would your
messy hair smell
of baby shampoo?

Always laughing with
a twinkle in your eyes
without a care
I go back and
give you a hug
take your hand
and invite you to tag
along with me now

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Longing

What do you ache for...
the words that can never quench
the piercing noise
the heart beats that flow into a cauldren
of wishes long spent
the box that is created with
the walls made of lies
change to silent dreams of wonder
we understand that it is we who forged
the way with endless wanting
the time will come when we can
drift on a river of content so sweet
we lose the way.

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Mother Nature

Black fragrant soil is my blood
minerals course through my veins
to nourish my body
rich green grass feeds my greedy flesh
wind fills my lungs
every breath I take
I give it back again
stars are my desire
shining brightly in my eyes
the ocean is a vast connection to others
sometimes shallow
other times reaching unimaginable depth
my soul is a promise
whispered long before I was born
time is always borrowed
nothing is truly owned
and nothing is ever truly lost

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Painted Lady

Emerging from the darkness
into the realm of conscious thought
navigating through the rain
soaring in the sky
staining the sunlight with joy
spreading a healing balm
that soothes the worried mind
rainbows survive even when the
cold winter days settle in
and all we have left is a memory

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Poets And Painters

Words with many colors and textures
laugh at the canvas.
Paths of green mossy thickness
reverberate through the glade.
Satin layers of magenta barely
staining the surface.
Pacing the magic canopy
up and out of my head.
There is so much wisdom in just knowing
and too much education renders us
thoughtless.
The dance of time stands still
with the taste of freedom on our tongues.

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Refraction

Fine lines that constitute a border
blocking entrance or defining a role
smudge and constrict the thing they were meant to protect
to touch it, to think of it
elastic stretching over twisting desire to break
free spirit unlocking countless meaningless thoughts
a degree so small it is missed
knowing and wanting something that can't be ignored
it permeates the air and the earth
locked away in another time.

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Seeds Of Yesterday

How far does the human heart go
to the endless milky blackness of a galaxy
to the depth of one moment
echoes of that day melt into view
you saw me standing there
waiting for the world to open up
and swallow my torment
secret shadows of my life
you helped me sow
not a word was spoken
on that day so long ago you knew.

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Spirit's Song

Misty morning daylight dawns
ocean sings a ghostly song
lonely spirit sits and waits
waves are gently lapping
at the edge of heaven's gait

Shadows cross a weary pond
mother feeds her newborn fawn
a smile so real, a laugh so whole
a mask to hide a broken soul

Children playing in the snow
jumping from the rooftops
moonlight casts an eerie glow
was it your destiny to never grow old
I wonder, will it always be so cold

Spread your wings and fly
you never said goodbye
in our hearts we set you free
the way we knew you had to be.

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Spring Equinox

Velvet rivers of aroma
luscious and heavy
bloom in waves
of frantic shimmering climax
carried on an invisible wing
with an irregular pulse
begging for recognition
tempered by it's fate
of a million tiny deaths

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Sun

Ringlets of pure light
master of an ancient dialect
falls from the earth
only to be born again
in a new time
with a new mission
halos of liquid gold
ease suffering
and resurrect us
from the shadows

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The Bridge

Liquid luscious aqua green-blue
silky silently gliding on through
wallowing faintly in her deception

birds land on the intricate frame
like little musical notes they take flight
dancing, singing, lurid and sinking
then fade away

children play clinging to the skirt
laughing, jumping, splashing and content

majestic beauty stoic and mute
bears the weight as the world rolls by
sounds like old wooden bones

barnacles fasten themselves to life
with no regard to the breath they take
seashells clamour for attention
swallowed by the broken, crimson tide
never to be seen or heard from again.

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The Gift

Lonely spirits weep in a canyon of despair
will they ever meet the love waiting there?
stranger's eyes upon them,
cold and quick to judge
could not see the truth behind
the thoughts that bind them
to give would mean to not
have enough, when to keep
would only betray
the life that dwells inside them
that was meant to give away.

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The Mask

If I look deep inside myself
I would find that secret place
no one could ever know

The plastic molding
merely a ribbon of color
looking back at me

A room of quiet solitude
with windows to the sky
rain pouring down
only on the other side

Music softly heals from within
radiant light of melting truth
love of long last lies beyond
the weight of the human skin.

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Time

Shadows through
a breathless veil
clinging like cobwebs
to the righteous mind
illusions of perfection lost
in meaning yet defined
clarity from a
fractured light
fading in the dusk
on the cusp
of fleeting thought
a verse without a rhyme

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War

Thunder rolls in the distance
like drums of a heartbeat
stomping through the veins of
humanity

Fires of ignorance smolder
across oceans of contempt
Babies cry sorrows of the forgotten
beneath footsteps of elite

The sun does not shine today
we have been warned before
too much blood spilled on
her lovely face

Her children have not learned
from past mistakes
fathers killing mother's son
breeding everlasting hate.

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