

Poetry Series

Michael Kersting
- poems -

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Michael Kersting(02/05/1944)

I was born in British Guiana, now (Guyana,) South America, and was always creative as far as I can remember. I was selected as a semi-finalist in the International Society of Poets Annual Poetry Contest in Orlando, Florida (2004) I also won the Editor's Choice Award for Poetry in,2004,2006,2007 and 2008 respectively. I also find writing good therapy for both both mind and body. In 2007 I received a Certificate of Accomplishment for honors in poetic knowledge and creativity as published by the International Society Of Poetry and was published in the compendium 'The Best Poems and Poets of 2007'. I recently (July2008) was awarded a Bronze Medal and a Crystal Award Trophy for Outstanding Poetry at the International Society of Poetry Convention and Symposium in Las Vegas.

A Cold Windy Night (A Bit Of Humor)

The night was cold and windy.

I heard a loud knocking at my door

I went to see who it was

I open the door, looked from left to right

But saw no one.

The next night the same thing occurred

After the third night I became worried

And wanted to know if I was losing my mind

Then to my utter relief I saw the cause of it all

It was a huge black beetle trying to get in

Out of the cold!

Michael Kersting

A Shadow Passing By.

Goodbye, goodbye, noisy city

I have had enough of your crowded streets,

Pollution and incessant babble

I shall go into the Woods and build a cabin

Amongst the chirping morning birds and summer flowers

Where I can sit by the babbling brook

And listen to the pleasant sound of running water

And read my books of Poetry and Philosophy in Peace

Where I can look at the wonderful sunset painting the empty sky with

Its beautiful colours.

Where I can smell the uplifting fragrance of the wild flowers

And enjoy the beauty of Nature while I can

For, alas, I am but a passing shadow i

In this mystical journey called Life

Michael Kersting

A Touch Of Heaven

I felt at peace that bright summer day

As I lay in the shade of the big oak tree

Listening to the whispering of the quiet brook

Softly treading it's way to the wide open sea.

With the rustling of the leaves pushed by the soft summer breeze

whispering in my ear,

I watched in delight a delicate, golden winged butterfly

Flitting from Flower to flower in the cool open air

And my heart then opened to the might of the Creator and the

Everlasting beauty of His display

And felt a touch of Heaven on that soft floor of leaves that bright

Summer day.

Michael Kersting

Affirmation At Twilight

As I gaze at the sinking sun I send with it all my uncertainties, my fears and my insecurities.

The brilliant colours wash away the daylight and with it all of my fears and problems of the day.

The great yellow ball of the sun is gone in a blink of an eye and darkness falls

A time for rest, rejuvenation and a clearing of the mind for a brighter new tomorrow.

Michael Kersting

Ah, My Precious Love (For Valentine)

Ah, my precious love! How sweet you are
With your loving lips and soft curly hair
A masterpiece of creation! A gift from the gods! ,
Yea! you were built
From a single mould of love
That was later cast away by the gods
For fear of having another such as thee
I must have done something good
To have such a precious one like thee, my pet,
Ah pray, come a bit closer and be my love!
Come, sit on my lap, that I may caress thee my love,
And feel your warm softness close to me.
What beautiful eyes you have!
So dreamy, so full of love and warmth
Let me swim in their loving pools
And submerge myself in their splendour
That I may reach the depths of your heart
And emerge a perfect lover for thee
This wondrous night!

Michael Kersting

And The Gods Wept.

2050 A.D.

The war scorched Earth
Once teeming with vibrant life
Is now a
Cold,
Lifeless,
Silent,
And dead planet
Spinning quietly,
Ever so quietly
On its axis
All is still,
All is silent,
But for the soft lapping of the waves
Echoing along the deserted shore
Of dry bones and seashells
The Great Nuclear War came and went swiftly,
Destroying every man, woman and child
And all life on the Planet
And the Gods wept.

Michael Kersting

Another Night Has Fallen

As the evening beams

Of twilight faded into the dark recesses of night

The bright silvery moon emerged slowly from behind a

A blanket of gray scowling clouds.

Another night has fallen.

A calvacade of twinkling stars, bright and shining,

Emerged from the black canvas of the Universe

Twinkling like diamonds in the cold darkness.

Another night has fallen.

The night creatures emerged from their shelters

And began prowling in search of a meal

As the crickets began chirping

And the fireflies began dancing in the dark.

Another night has fallen.

And All's well with the world.

Michael Kersting

Cycles

Life moves in a circle,

Not a straight line I believe

What are the dynamics

I cannot conceive

Like a tree and it's seed

We return again and again

Until that perfection of the Divine within

we attain

Michael Kersting

Daddy's Little Girl - (A Prose Poem)

The taxi stood waiting at the curb

As he stood at the front door

hugging his little daughter

"Please don't go, Daddy! , she cried, tears
rolling down her cheeks.

" I must, honey, but not because I am leaving
means I don't love you anymore,

You will always be Daddy's little girl and I will always love you more than all the
treasures on earth! "

She wrapped her small arms tightly around his neck,

"but I don't want you to go, Daddy! "she cried

He felt a stab in his heart.

"You see, Precious, Daddy and Mommy doesn't love each other anymore, so I
have to leave."

"I love you, Daddy! , she said fresh tears springing from her eyes

"I love you too, honey, but I have to go." He replied softly giving her one last
kiss, "And remember, pet, Daddy will be always be there for you, I love you
more than words can say! " tears welling up in his eyes.

He set her down gently on the mat, took up his suitcase and walked to the taxi,
not daring to look back as she cried "I love you daddy! "

With tears in his eyes he gave the driver an address.

Michael Kersting

Dawn

The light of a new day
Spread it's wings
Over the proud land
With it's wide open fields
And lonely red barns
Making the morning
Birds sing a new
Song of welcome
To a new day

The fresh morning breeze
Whips up a stir
Blowing the daffodils
Across the bright
Fields of yellow daisies

The new buds
Burst forth in full bloom
Adding new colour
To the view
And new
Fragrances
To the air

The lonely squirrel
Pokes his head cautiously
Out of his safety hole
Sniffing at the
Fresh morning air
And looking
To and fro
For his early morning meal

The butterfly
Unfolds its wings
In welcome
To the
Bright
New day

Nature has
Awakened
And
All's well
With the world!

Michael Kersting

Descent!

A future possibility.

3000 A.D.

The misshapen caveman slept

And dreamt of flying machines moving to and fro in

The sky. He heard sirens blaring

Screaming people, with expressions of stark terror,

Etched on their faces

Running hither thither for safety

As tall steel-glassed structures

Crumbled, destroying all beneath

He saw a vehicle hurling towards him

And he awoke with a piercing scream that echoed

Through the cold, dank cave

And wondered where the dream came from

Later that day, as he was on a hunt for food, which

was very scarce

He kicked over a rusty metallic object lying in the

burnt out grass

Taking it up, he looked at the strange markings on it

turning it around and about in his hands.

Being unable to read, he threw it away in disgust

And continued on his hunt.

The markings read in a faded script:

Donated by the Red Cross Society USA

20 / 5/ 2050.

Michael Kersting

Getting Away From It All

Farewell, Farewell, noisy city, I have had enough of your crowded streets,
pollution and incessant babble.

I shall go into the Woods and build myself a cabin amongst the chirping morning
birds and summer flowers.

Where I can sit by the babbling brook and read my books of Poetry and
Philosophy in Peace.

Where I can look at the wonderful sunset painting the empty sky with its
beautiful colours..

Where I can smell the uplifting fragrance of the wild flowers and enjoy the
beauty of Nature while I can.

For I am but a passing shadow in this mystical journey called Life
with its mixture of Joy and Sadness.

Michael Kersting

Haiti 2010

Haiti : January 12....2010-02-03....16: 23 hrs

The dreadful Earthquake struck suddenly
That unsuspecting day in January
From Palace to hut the indifferent Quake
Unleash its wrathful fury,

Buildings crumbled like falling leaves to the ground
Killing and trapping the unsuspecting thousands
In its round

Plumes of dust arose in the air
Amidst screams and groans of its victims' fear
Masks of terror and confusion etched their faces
Of victims fleeing for their lives to safer places
Poor Haiti what have you done
To receive such an awful Fate?

Michael Kersting

In The Blissful Garden (A Meditation)

Close your eyes and picture
A beautiful garden with lovely butterflies
Flitting from flower to flower and chirping birds flying
To and fro in a clear, blue sky
In the midst of the garden
You can see a beautiful
Marbled nymph pouring water
From a delicate vase into
A beautiful blue fountain
Surrounded with pretty delightful flowers

Take a deep breath and smell
The sweet fragrance as it lifts your spirits
Feel the cool breeze on your face soothing and
Refreshing you go across to the fountain
And dip your finger into it's cool refreshing
Water and stir then look at the ripples as they
Expand into ever widening
Concentric circles up against
The smooth marbled walls with soft splashes
And be at peace!

Michael Kersting

Legacy?

The war scorched the planet

Once teeming with life

Is now a hot,

Lifeless,

Silent,

And dead planet

Spinning quietly,

Uncaringly on its axis

No wind

No clouds in the now green sky

All is still,

All is silent,

But for the soft lapping of the

Indifferent waves

The Great War came and went swiftly,

Obliterating

All life on the late, great planet Earth

Michael Kersting

Life Is Waiting

Life is waiting for you to make your mark in the world

Life is waiting for you to contribute your share to the whole

Life is waiting for you to share the love in your heart with others

Life is waiting for you to get out of your shell and spread Love, Joy,

Hope, and Peace to others for they all lie within you waiting to be

Expressed

Life is waiting for you to help your fellow man for we are here to help

Each other on this stressful journey called life

For it is a disgraceful thing to walk this earth leaving only your years to

Show that you have been here.

Michael Kersting

Man Foolish Man

As I sit on this stump of driftwood
Looking out to sea
I am tired, oh, so tired!
All is nought but desolation.
O, foolish Man!

All is still, all is silent
But for the soft lapping
Of the waves on the shore
A shore of skeletons and seashells
O, foolish Man!

Where have all the flowers gone?
Where are the Birds?
Where are the animals?
Gone! Gone into the acrid mists of oblivion
O foolish Man!

Man had done it -the ultimate
He has destroyed himself and all
Life around him
O, foolish Man!

.
I will have to move on
The planet is void of life,
But Man, I will miss him
For In all his foolishness

He was dear to me

Michael Kersting

Morning In The Woods

The mist of sleep
Faded as I was awakened
By the sweet chirping
Of the morning birds
And the familiar gurgling of the
Little brook nearby

I looked out of my cabin window
And saw a splendid sight!
The golden sunbeams of dawn slanted
It's way through the branches
Of the surrounding Pine trees
Sending carpets of light dancing
Onto the leaf covered ground

This beautiful sight was balanced
By the sweet fragrance of flowers
Pushed by a gentle morning breeze
That freshened and invigorated me immensely
What a refreshing experience
Away from the pathetic artificial
World of man and his concrete jungle
Of stress and frustrations!

Michael Kersting

My Best Friend

My Best Friend

I miss his zest for living,
His vitality,
His powerful agility,
His enthusiasm,
His sense of wonder and appreciation of life,
His complete interest in the immediate thing he was doing,
His ability to extract
Fun,
Happiness,
Satisfaction out of each moment.
He never permitted life to become uninteresting.
Yes, he was my best friend and pet dog
Lucky.

Michael Kersting

My Mother's Eyes

When I look into my mother's eyes

I see Love, pure, unselfish Love.

I see a Love that is giving, sharing, caring.

I see a priceless gift I can never

Ever repay, yes, I see Divinity In

My mother's eyes.

Michael Kersting

Night In The Evergreen Forest

Night In The Evergreen Forest

I opened my cabin door
as the full moon quietly
slipped from behind
a spread of dark clouds
and shed its silvery light onto
the evergreen forest below.

The myriad of stars
twinkled like diamonds against
the black backdropp of night.
The gathering of wild flowers
by my doorstep had
folded their petals
and were already asleep.
The gray screech owl
flew to its favourite tree
to await a passing prey.
The soulful howling
of a timber wolf
pierced the night
in the distance
and the noisy crickets
began it's chorus
of nightly chirps.

The flickering fireflies
had already begun their
ritual as they danced about
in the dark as other night creatures
emerged from their dwellings
to go about their nightly rounds
all's well around my cabin
as I closed my door
to another night's rest
in the evergreen forest

Night Train To Scarborough.

Union Station, Toronto

It is Midnight.

I stand and wait for the next train to pull in.

A woman plays a sax nearby

A jagged rendition of "Summertime"

her cap in front of her

waiting for a coin.

The train pulls in

I waited for travellers to get off

then I boarded and sat down

Inside is quiet

The doors are closed the train pulls away

I see people of all races get on and off

at the various stops along the way

and wondered at the multi cultures of Toronto.

The passengers are silent

Some wrapped in their thoughts

Some asleep; some reading

The young lady sitting opposite had unusual eyes
the pupils were cat like!
she was eating from a bag of snacks
Overcome with curiosity I asked her
if they were her real eyes
she nodded and continued eating
she got off at the next stop
before I could ask her further questions.

The train pulled in at my station
I got off to catch the RT for home.
still baffled if the girl's eyes were real.

Michael Kersting

Nuclear Event

Feasting on the bodies from the Nuclear blasts.

Those dreadful rats had quite a repast

Both rich and poor they feverishly ate

Squealing and shrieking as their hunger whet.

The so called "masters of the World" were no more that day

As the nuclear bombs exploded around the world in dismay

The aftermath of that devastation was a sad thing to see,

As the ruins of great cities tumbled into the great rolling sea.

A quiet calm filled the earth that dreadful day

As the deadly smoke rose to the sky in disarray

Now it's only a dry, empty planet dead and desolated in every way

Quietly spinning it's forlorn way into dreadful decay

A once vibrant planet teeming with life in full bloom

With it's advanced technologies, is now dead and in gloom.

Such is the possible Fate of Mankind and the Earth if the

Great Powers and Nations do not wake up and get rid of their nuclear

arsenals before it's too late

Michael Kersting

Reflection

In everything we can recognise ourselves.

See the tiny beetle that lies dead in your path? -

It was once a living creature,

Struggling for existence like ourselves.

Rejoicing in the sun, like ourselves.

Seeking pleasure, avoiding pain, like ourselves.

Seeking warmth like ourselves

And now it is no more than decaying matter

A mere shell - which we will be sooner or later.

So live and let friend

Think of the beetle

And we shall see ourselves in reflection.

For in essence we are all One

Michael Kersting

Sounds Of Nature

The early morning sounds of Nature

Echoed through the rainforest

Making joyful music orchestrated

By the wild birds of dawn

As a new day unfurled

From the scroll of creation

Michael Kersting

The Beauty Of Nature

Ah, let me enjoy the beauties of Nature

The lovely sunsets,

The elegant Waterfalls,

The beautiful Flowers,

The wholesome animals,

The chirping of the wild birds,

The babbling brooks,

And I thank the Good Lord

For giving me the opportunity

To behold these wonders.

Michael Kersting

The Fallen- Afghanistan 2008

The War! The War!

The Bloody War!

When will it all end?

Must there be more bloodshed?

Must there be more loss of

innocent, young lives?

Behold, the innocent souls cry out

in agony

From the indifferent dust 'Why?

Why? '

As it departs suddenly from

it's fragile case

By a deadly terrorist bomb

Precious lives,

Lying dead in the dust,

Far away from home

Michael Kersting

The Fiend (Horror, Not For The Faint Hearted)

The Fiend (Prose Poem)

Whitechapel District 1888.

He came out of the foggy night
With a vengeance,
His knife gleaming
Beneath the yellow gaslight.

Wearing a top hat and long cloak
He waited patiently in the alleyway
For the whore to pass by
Ah, there she is, he thought, alone and tottering
From cheap drink.

His beady grey eyes glared at her
The whore that had given him
The incurable disease
He knew he was rotting
And he vowed to take out as many whores
As possible before he died

She draws nearer and nearer
Click! Click!
Her shoes clicking on the wet
sidewalk.

He took in a deep breath as
His gloved hand tightened
On knife's handle

As she came abreast
He reached out and grabbed
Her by the throat and pulled her into
The dark recesses of the alleyway
Her stockened feet kicked the empty air

She tried to scream but it was too late
With a deft stroke he slit her throat.

She fell heavily on the filthy ground

Her warm blood splashing around in streams
As he began to mutilate her as he did the
Other three – gutting them expertly
From pubis to throat in frenzied madness.
He took out her intestines and began
Caressing it, delighting in the gurgling sounds
it made as he ripped it out of the body cavity

The foul deed done. His breath gasping
From his unholy exertions
He disappeared into the foggy night
Jack the Ripper had struck again!

Post Script: Jack The Ripper was never caught and speculations as to his identity goes on even onto this day.

Michael Kersting

The Lighthouse

The Lighthouse stood like a sturdy sentinel
On the windswept hill
Casting it's long, slanting shadow across the
Bright field of yellow daisies
The golden sun melted quickly below the
Horizon line as the purple/pink twilight sky began to fade

Beneath the lofty hill, the angry waves
Battered fiercely against the rugged rocks
With splashing sounds that echoed along the deserted beach
As the relentless wind rustled the palm trees' leaves that lined the
Deserted shore of sand and driftwood.

Crafty night approached quietly with its cavalcade of
Twinkling stars in tow and wrapped it's dark essence
Like a devouring serpent around the lonely lighthouse
Leaving only its faithful searchlight spinning and
Spinning like a carousel in the dark lonely night

Michael Kersting

The Lover

I was lost
in your sweetness
that lovely night
while the stars
twinkled like diamonds
in delight

While the fireflies flickered
in the dark sky above
and you whispered those
delightful words
'Come, be my love! '

A night to remember, among the few
when you said those
beautiful words
'I love you! '

Michael Kersting

The Meeting (A Love Poem With A Twist)

I met her on a ferry crossing
On a bright summer day
She stood at the bow rail
Her flowing hair in disarray

I stood beside her
And commented on the view
She turned and looked at me
And I said "how do you do"

After given me a "once over "
"Fine, thank you" she replied with a smile
I then proceed to chat with her
About the weather and scenery for a while

Then as the vessel was about to berth
I invited her for a cool drink
She then accepted the invitation with
What I thought was a wink

At the little café set by the shore
We sat down and ordered a drink
She told me her name was Sylvia
And what do I think

I comment how beautiful it was
How it had a dainty rhythm to it
She threw back her head and with
a musical laugh told me to quit

As the afternoon became dusk
She said she wanted to go
and said "Yes, we will meet again"
For I had wanted to know

She gave me her phone number
And told me to call
Which made me quite
Happy as I can recall

I saw her off onto the bus
And she sat by the window
And gave me wave, and a smile
And I was all aglow

I guess that you
Want to know what happened
After that grand show
Well I am pleased to say

We got married,
Have three children
And that was
Twenty years ago!

Michael Kersting

The Mist Of Time

The mist of time

Swirled over the misty Earth

That was empty and lifeless,

Silent and brooding

He Spoke and seeded it with

Living things, both in the land, the sea and in the air

All was good and in harmony

Then came Man the devil, the beast

And all became chaotic

And disorderly

Ruining a beautiful world

In his unholy quest for more

And more!

Michael Kersting

Twilight

As the setting sun melts
Below the golden horizon

The cloak of night,
With it's canopy of stars

Creep over the sky
Saying goodbye

To another precious day
Supplied by time

For us to tell our story
And seek our purpose.

Michael Kersting