

Poetry Series

Modi ...
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Modi ...(Lives in Adelaide, South Australia)

Started writing 2008.

Budgerigar

I saw you, resting your weight on one foot
Gazing around the strange environment
"Shall I fly off now" you thought
"Or stay a while longer? "

I admired your beauty
We talked a while, we parted
We would meet again another day
I was fascinated.

We met again, your plumage vivid
I was enchanted
Your tentative freedom an enigma
I tried not to fathom your depths

One day you landed on my shoulder
I encouraged you to stand on my finger
And lightly tossed you in the air
To launch you into flight.

You did not fly
But returned to my shoulder
Again I put you on my finger
Again I encouraged you to fly.

You did not fly
But returned to my shoulder
This is where you remain
Close to me, yet free.

Your wing is not clipped
There are no bars
There is no cage
There is no prison.

You are free to take flight
You choose to stay
While we are comfortable
Don't fly away.

Modi ...

Chameleon

He came in colors of beginnings and hope
He wore the colors like a name,
but what are the colors of fame?
He colored with friendship as a golden rope.

I grasped the rope and tied a knot to hold
Of course I already knew that one fine day
his colors would change, he'd be away
But forever I will have this precious knot of gold.

Modi ...

Driving Lessons Australian Style

My house has seen many students come and go
Many nationalities have been a joy to know
Min liked to live his life really Chinese
English often brought him to his knees.
A week before travelling for a Christmas break
He announced driving lessons he would take.
I suggested seven days may not be enough time
But he was confident that he was able and in his prime.

He said "a Chinese instructor I will engage'
This statement put me in quite a rage.
I told him his teacher he would surely understand
But the test examiner on the other hand
Was likely to be a "fair dinkum" Australian guy
And this would make the test a very difficult try!
I said "No matter how well you learn to drive
The language barrier you may not survive! "

The fee for the test was paid and a date was set
Min was confident his licence he would get.
He set off in the morning of the appointed day
I wished him luck and waved him away.
When he came back
His face was quite black
"I couldn't understand what the man said? " he wailed
Min was very angry, the test he had failed.

Modi ...

I Know He Loves Me

He loves me, he loves me not
I believe he loves me, what else have I got?
When I come home his greeting is warm
A big smile for me being quite the norm

In the evening I sometimes cook dinner
While I watch him eat, I feel like a winner
His appreciation he makes so clear
Ahh, to me he is so very, very dear

In bed at night, his warm body I feel
And every day on the carpet I kneel
To thank whoever's up there above
For sending me such a perfect love

Forever he will not be with me
But while he is my heart is free
He gazes at me with big brown eyes
And I know to love him is so very wise

I'm feeling a little emotional now
Oh how I love him, how
My eyes are misty, I'm looking thru fog
Of course he loves me, he's my DOG.

Modi ...

It Is A Dark And Stormy Night... (No Letter 'E' Used)

Ominous black clouds fly on high
A tin roof glints with pallid light
Animals constantly sigh
And owls sing loudly, mournfully.

A wombat stands in paddock gray
Wishing to hap upon a fight?
But possums run right away
And poison toadtools in an arbour grow.

No light, shining bright
Man is only a small thing now
It is a dark and stormy night
Look away, look around, go to ground.

Iron posts stand in long, straight rows
Flinging dark shadows upon all things
Sounds of this night a frog knows
Rats go into hiding, just can't stay.

Black cats run to warm dry nooks
But dogs act oblivious to comfort
And boys know it's told in many, many books
that
'IT IS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT'

Modi ...

Smell The Blood

Years ago I watched
as the seedling was planted
I watched it become a sapling
I watched it grow to maturity.
Now it is a victim,
the victim of a neighbour.
This morning I heard the chainsaw
I heard the first limb fall
A cloud of fine sawdust
drifts past my kitchen window
Now I hear the shocking clatter
of the wood chipper
I can smell the fumes from the saw
But far worse, through it all
I can smell the beautiful
Lemon scented blood.

Modi ...

The Writers' Group

I had expected to be an observer of sorts
At least for the first few meets.
But was welcomed warmly by cohorts
And sensed the promise of many treats.

It was a joy to listen as poets read
And short story writers told their tales.
Ray's Dencorub experience went to my head
And everyone laughed in gales.

Margaret took Gordon Ramsay apart
I think she'd like to give him a thrashing
Her poem came right from the heart
When she mentioned a good tongue lashing.

Kathy enjoyed surfing the ocean
And I even found the courage to read,
Sharon had, in me, fostered a notion
That one day my brain may be freed.

So on my second visit to the troop
I felt confident I would be strong.
But how large had grown the group
My strength didn't last for long.

I put my name on the list to read
And when my turn came around
"Can I change my mind? " I did plead
Then immediately went to ground.

"Next time" I told myself "I will do it"
"Not much difference between 10 and 30."
In this bigger group I had lost my wit
Next time maybe I'll read something dirty!

Modi ...

Today... Tomorrow

(No Letter 'E' Used)

TODAY....

So much to say
So much I can't say to you
So much passing us by

Alarms ringing, it's going wrong? Losing control
What do I do? No way out. Can't - can't what? ...
It's all wrong now....

Music always playing... Was that our song?
Laughing.. hoping.. living.. dying.. comforting
Hiding.. from what? .. knowing? ! ... you? ! .. us? !

Constantly wanting.... having... not knowing
Waiting.... pain... joy... agony... loss... hurt
By you.. for you.... with you..... us

Want YOU to say so much.
Go... NOW... go... go... go
TOMORROW.....Pray

(for Pablo)

Modi ...