

Poetry Series

N.K. Trevor
- poems -

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N.K. Trevor()

Alot Goes Unsaid

A lot goes unsaid...
Despite the short moments between
And the time that runs so fast
Despite the tensions that build up within
And the butterflies that turns the belly a blast
Despite the touch that makes my world spin
And the addiction that my heart finds at last

N.K. Trevor

An Ode To A Broken Face

I have never seen anything like it before
I had underestimated its broken façade...
You should see it in the first light of day
It is very ugly indeed...

And it is not the wrinkles that make it so-
No- there is an in-depth hue of pain in it
The countenance it shares upon it, is absurd
Though weary it may seem, but ugly it is...

From one glance, one peek of it-
You will but search for one gay moment in it
But vanity is all you will get ...
The sockets of its eyes will fully acquaint you-

You have never seen a broken face, have you?
This one my dear I tell you... it is wretched
That you will even feel twice broken yourself
And you may - or you may not reach pity to it

But very well, if you insist to have a look at it
Then I must warn you `ere you make an attempt...
You must not let disgust shade your face over it
Nor laugh at it, nor try to comfort it...

For all those is a sum of all it has met
And it needs not to be reminded of any of it...
The vanity and sufferings that it has been against,
All these years and many more that we may never know

Who would tell its vacancy in such a dungeon?
Whence it was savagely buried
We may never know what really happened to it
Yet the invisible scars upon it has much a tale to tell

And as my heart is sunk and troubled...
So will yours be when you take a good look at it
For that weary face; you will put recognition to it -
And do not be staggered if it bears a veiled countenance

Of cherished affection that once stood 'tween us
For its blemishes have it partly yet richly displayed
That there is an awful impairment to the unpleasant face
An impairment that is perceptibly intolerable

I cannot tell how I came by it
Though we may never wish to be aware the whole of it...
Yet I'd wish to consider myself to an understanding
Of what made the face that was buried in the sand -

-So broken - and so ugly?

N.K. Trevor

Angel

You don't lie your name to strangers, that's just a shame
Though- still the 'first lie', it contentedly made its stain
Now I call you 'Angel', like it's your real name
And Oh no... Here it goes, often as it comes again

You were such an angel, -THAT- I always recall
Not much about it I can say now, or even explain
But the memory like a Rembrandt picture on my wall
Leaves my crusted heart thrashed with its own regret strain

I wasted so much time, and I have only myself to blame
With many at times, thoughts heavy like nimbus on rain
Now the past is running so fast, A state not easy to tame
Since the first moment we had... before the broken chain

Too much time is passed or 'is thought' as gone by
But never the less, the rail usually leads back the train
And sometimes may be the last call, would but try
...To mend the little bit of an uncertain wreck, that may still remain

Now as I look at you, I wonder in a- too awful for words- daze
What is it that your clouded head so much contains?
You seem much pretty but- time after time- lost in an occasional maze
Between your life's desires and what comes to you in disdain

Much more than the kaleidoscopic life, you relentlessly live
You border on a hazy magazine of rutted joy and pain
And copious concern is just but a fortification I can candidly give
In return, for what may be less a chance or a timid effort in vain

So I see a friend in you or conceivably much more
But a spoken word maybe a blade that someone may get slain
So I shell in reluctantly, sit back and watch you run the show...
But it's a long time now, yet the first memory still vividly un-refrains

N.K. Trevor

Beneath The Downs Of Gloom

I

There is a long way I have come to shed my tears
The road that has me made, impervious to fears
But still, there is that darkness that holds my cheers,
In its hands... as it has done in all these irking years

II

And now as I sit beneath this downs of forlorn seclusion
Watching my world wriggle inside the snared apparition
Where solitude is but mine; THE lone-man in isolation...
Who stands his fears, but writhe in the pain of his isolation?

III

What worse could it be than to live with his soul deceased?
A soul, a heart with blackness clenched into a vengeful fist?
For my undying life, my melancholies, my woes yet insist
That I must keep on walking down this black road displeased

IV

The shade of gloom has come again to cloud my head
As it does always- like the bell jar that Mrs. Plath say'd
But absurdity it would seem, if such thoughts I relay'd
As it would not be understood, till I stand on my death bed

N.K. Trevor

Charming Caroline

In line to what I define as fine, my cherished
enviable Caroline
Thy genteel beauty is by far, in the regard of
many and of mine,
An exemplar figurine; in my cloud number nine-
He chest where the rested praises of thy
memorials, I do enshrine...

Though thy charms, obscured under a swarm
of an utmost clandestine
I will seek thee, to any depth of this earth,
where our baits entwine,
UNTIL no more azure gem, I can find; nor thy
golden name, in such sweet repine...

You have tasted my imbalances; and adored
the flavors of the un-scented wine
Though our love has not yet attested, the full
essence, the richness we are yet to refine;
O, these love, that even in its courting infancy,
you could not decline...
Then never shall in life; that thought, cross
thy mind, my charming Caroline

N.K. Trevor

Demons In My Head

There are church bells, hammers,
Cymbals and gongs-all in my head;
At once they clang and an intense ache
Begins to resonate within the walls of my head,
Like fire-flies,
These legions are trapped inside my head...
They steal me glances,
Yet they cannot tell why I have lost my head
Because these demons in such muddle,
Do not scream in theirs but only within my head.

And when they do not howl and scream
Like possessed owls and hogs inside my head;
They squirm like burnt vipers-
And hiss like rattles within my head...

These berserk demons in my head,
They are disguised under veils of hope`
Where, they have deviously mutated
Into an apathy daubed with hope
They perform these rituals in my head;
To comminate all my remnants of hope-
Of my mortal existence-

And to escape these demons from mind,
The grim reaper has drawn me a maze of hope-
A puzzling maze,
A stream that has its estuaries
Flowing home; to the underworld I hope;

These specters, these legions, these wraiths
From my past have risen from the dead;
To paint a picture of me, inside my head-
And not just an eerie picture of me-
Disturbed or in a disarray; but dead

And I in vanity, can no longer tell
If they are trapped inside my head,
Or I in theirs, as we are one now; both dead...

Them, from the afterlife living in my head-
And I, an empty shell; barely walking dead.
Not unless- well, I am in purgatory
And this is but a transition of me;
Half living and half dead.

N.K. Trevor

Goodbye While This Heart Is Still Too Young To Break

Goodbye: There, I have said it - while this love is still too young to shutter the walls of my heart;
I have tasted the bits of its sword, and from the linger of lust in its eyes, it can surely cut deeper
O, this love, which could not be pure, like many others strewn before my path,
And I could not disclose my fragile heart once again, upon the guillotin'd blade of such a un-loving ripper...
If this love meant different, fascination then, would not have longed for a way to tear me apart -

But I keen to heartbreaks; the lessons I have learnt, taught well by those of similar desire
My eyes had thought you indifferent, the façade whose disguise is concealed beneath innocence
But you must forgive me, for bidding such an early goodbye - An emotional quagmire -
There is no other way I could outline this puzzle, this deceit conceived in such correspondence
You have my heart, yet of fondness neglected; so let me have it back, inside of me, for only myself to admire...

N.K. Trevor

Inference To All Our Years Of Walk

I.

We set our path upon the frozen stream of the snowy bed
And our footprints mark the road where we have come from
The road that we might not find when we need to get back
For seasons will change and snow will crumble below its feet
And melt with the memory of our all years of walk...

The patterned footprints that we have cherished so far
However shallow or deep, will all be washed away with it
And there will never be any trace of us...
Nor anything that can be touched nor be felt; to remind us
Of what it used to be or what it used to feel like
When we were together, in all our years of walk...

II.

Soon, the darkness will set over us...
And the passing of time will not mean a thing
There is a day when the sun will come back; SOMEDAY
But not to shine for us; It will but come back to mark
The seasons that left the years of our lonely walk wander,
- To some pitched emptiness...

And in that darkness, there will neither be beams nor beacons
To light or guide our way back to some passionate existence
We shall but live beneath the separate tombstones of memories
That perished beneath the bows of our eyes;
Within the reach of our fingers that not once, attempted to stretch!
And all that will remain of our hands is the ruined sketches
Of all our wasted years of walk

III.

And not even the present delight-ness that we hold so amiably now
Between the tightened folds of our fingers and the cup of our palms
Will stand worth'd to be scribed on our headstones...
For now we walk... And walk on to some oblivious eternity
And as we walk separately in our minds, amid this passing fog

Of emotional pride or fears hovering over each of our heads
We know we are treading for the last walk. The walk of a lifetime

N.K. Trevor

Jaime's Vu

The cold solid rock silence is more than his story told
With each passing day, the frost getting severe from the cold
He wants to do something about it; but a stranger she's become
Speaking in such an un-familiar language of no words but harm

With the sediments of buried feelings molding into a huge hill
Soon enough, between them, there will be nothing left to feel
She doesn't hold him close any more or so he has deeply felt
Their bond between, like a wax strand set on fire is left to melt

The end is drawing close and helpless he is, standing still
Unreal she has become; even her smile is of plastic and steel
Their life like a bitter Jaime' vu, has begun with no visible end
With the outcomes only but broken hearts that may never mend

And finally he has given up holding to the none hopeful air
It's like the jigsaw fit, no more matches the puzzle with the pair
As today he lets it all go away with the desperate memory
At least the journey with her will be worth the told story

N.K. Trevor

Letters From A Foreign Land...the First Autumn Letter

It's over half a decade now,
Still I find your appearance so charming
Whether in dreams or in lost reality
Still my heart is fond with so much loving
You stand at my side here and now
Though in true seating, miles away from here
And thoughts of you wrapping my mind;
I still find you near...

I have loved you with unceasing fondness
Ever since I walked beyond your façade
Through your calmness and vivacity;
The truth inside of you which my soul heard
And perceived as love;
And not love alone,
But the pursuance of some yielding friendship
Far better than an apparent companionship

Yet words are meagre ... and they have failed
Even to find solely their- own tongue
Nor walk through the test of fading time-
Nor bid valor to drop whence they hang...
So here, with a burning on my hand
As well as a burning of the same in my heart;
A reflection; of my minds present occupation
Spoken through the distance apart...

I write to you a letter...
An quiet letter; which to you I may not send
For they are made of close, but distant words
Which may mean so little; in their very end...
And I would have sworn you, a banquet of promises
And seal them all, with bosom'd kisses
But kisses them-selves, have they not failed before
In their slim attempt to sling open that reality door?

And if twill mean to put our minds to ease
Then it is of pertinence to know
That even the alien ground across the distant seas

Has affirmed witness to my very knees,
That if it is to wait for another half a decade or more
A similar fondness of you; my heart will recollect-
As if it was only yesterday, we first met...

N.K. Trevor

Monday Graves

The graves of the cold Monday morning decent
beneath the dull chills of the cumulate mist
Scaring the wavering happiness into a dist...
The wild scornful clouds cradling from the
east, gather ease, in a manner of least...
To darken the more, with anger; which has
now clumped into downy ball of fist
Pre-positioning, what – omen;
it is yet to bring into our midst...
A day that in its gloom infancy, is already
deceased...

N.K. Trevor

Ode To Indifference

To indifference, thus my trifling heart is called
A heart that is resilient, a heart that is bold
A heart that understand the shadows of her cold
And still loves as it used to, in the days of old...

To indifference, her wings have rumbled below
The heart that has too much ego to show...
That she too, can be a subject to love; and more
Be in desire of mooring the companionship tow

To indifference, have we both been strewn upon?
This contrived disguise of an impassive dungeon
That trying means less than a reverie of trying anon
A procrastination that may become an eternal recon

To indifference, thus stands my intricate opine of fear
That she, who in all statuses, I hold precious and dear,
Will someday be draped into some apathetic sphere
And to indifference, thus the clock will filch our years

Hark indifference wizard! And bid us now leave
Before tomorrow upon diverged roads, we grieve
For love that waned beneath the blossoming sheave
Unspoken of; while still in some faint hope we did live -

N.K. Trevor

Ode To River Aura

I.

The waters of the Aura River is spreading
Gently across her deck;
Her surface dazzling with little quiescent reflections
From the thin sunlit sprays of the lustrous sun
Stretching - in stealing peeks...
From beneath the yellow-turning-red pillow of leaves
Covering the colorful parade of trees...
Which stand in uttermost poise on either side
Of the smooth green landing, kissing the fore
Of her robust stone-pitched banks...

II.

The afternoon humid air from her tender blow
Carries a slight cozy breeze to where I stand
On the short stout bridge,
A couple yards away from the magnificent state of art;
The Dominican Monastery-
- Properly renowned as the lands' central cathedral...

O envious colossal tower, looking down with prejudice,
At the silent charms of the quiet magnificent city
Standing at sole of his acute spread feet...
And prying o'er the intimate proximity that lies
Between the city and the curves of the lofty River;
He is not even a worthy squire for the proud river,
That bends her head away from His wings
Towards the concealed mouth of the Baltic Sea...

III.

It is the knock of early October door and the breeze...
Pure and serene;
Swiping through the brows of my squinted eyes
As I look down over the winding nymph of river
Carrying on her back;
Three buoyant re-creation of huge swans from a dist'

It's a wondrous marvel; how such simple nature's beauty
Could inanely steal me from a crowded occurrence

Smudged in my mind, to a sudden standstill of clarity...
How can such an unfathomable sight in gentle passivity
Sooth ye, not to pensive thoughts? ...

IV.

And while it may seem a common disposition,
It cannot so be said, for eyes such as mine
That are skew in keenness-

For to me; such a sight, infrequent and courteous
I must say; is met with extolment and adoration
As once again I meet the river's magic transcending
Through my falcon eyes
And everything else under the cerulean sky
Stands muffled to intuition but the opera of River Aura...
The gentle serenade, the peace flowing with the river...

N.K. Trevor

Royal Purple

In a purple royal color, He dresses his Heart's shelf
The chest where he keeps the other being of his self
And in such special moments, he offers himself to her as a gift
The dearest of all, where his thoughts would stick never to shift

She fills his thoughts all the way from his heart to his mind
For whate'er they share is special, always one of a kind
Never wanting much nor being in limit in the thought of a lover
An understanding of what the book possesses beneath its cover...

N.K. Trevor

The 6th Sense

I see, I hear, I touch, I smell, I Speak and I ...

When I see you, I see a perfect beauty -
And when I don't see that
My 6th sense keeps the picture of you
And your inner beauty deep in my memory

When I touch you, I feel you...
I feel warmly alive-
And when I don't touch you,
My 6th Sense feels the warmth of your passionate heart

When you speak,
Sweet melody refrains in my ears -
I hear all you say ... and what you don't say
My 6th Sense just heard it.

When I smell you,
I smell sweet fragrance all around me -
And when I don't...
My 6th sense keeps the scent of all times...

When I speak to you... I speak of all that I am
I tell you of what we were -And what we could be ...
And when words fail ...
My 6th sense in silence makes the perfect conversation

And your lofty words...
Intertwined with wisdom and concealed affection
My 6th sense listens...
And whispers into me... 'Love is not a hidden face-
'SEE IT! "

N.K. Trevor

The Cloud Of Darkness Has Come Back Again

The cloud of darkness has come back again
To take away all the life's thrill that hath remain
The light is waning beneath the shade of gloom,
Oh Slave- you cannot flee this despondent doom

The arctic shell is rising from my insides again
To cage me within the walls of this lonesome-pain
There is no second spring to such miserable bloom
A bunk heart - swept as refuse beneath the broom

If love were to come back to me, true and real again
Without offering boons of hope upon the lies in chain
Oh have I heard it before; sadness that slain the groom,
With such misery that is to hang me, alone in this room

N.K. Trevor

The Fallen Cornerstone

Their Father, Prodigal ...
Closest to alcohol,
And dearly, a legion to pride
An egocentric being,
Full of own-self contentment
Of not self-achieved triumphs

His acquaintances lead-
In the way of his insensible life
With his own blood and flesh
Finding their - beyond the pale - existence
Within the labyrinth of his self-colonized thoughts

A fallen corner stone he is...
In his own homestead,
An un-symbiotic pest to his diligent wife,
A toxic weapon to impede her endeavors -
Constantly regressing
The upsurge of her toiled sweat
He calls it 'The inevitable fate'
- She calls it 'Marriage'

He affably appeals to the fictitious gaze
Of those insentient outsiders -
Who he regards much as acquiescent friends
Yet friends who but rob him off every day...
From the only sanity that there is for him -
-HOME -

And as much as he strives to relish them,
They jest him in the shadows as a fool

And a wretched stranger
Among the collar of his own natives

He condemns the gaffes of his fore folks
But in twofold,
Mimics the flaws of his fore father's
And it's awfully a pity, rather than ironic

That the dire wolf would in the end
Be cloaked in the sheep's skin...

Like a VENOMOUS viper
He is enthralled with an arsenal
Of disdained expressions
And deeply soiled words...
As an amour and a shield rooted to obscure
His paternal responsibilities

His mocks are ferociously profound
At the fall of his children-
Who without his credit
Have schooled way ahead to headway
And within shadows with his "conceited friends";
He viciously sharpens the blades
Of his indecorous tongue...
In a wait to attack his children fiercely,
In their time of weakness and despair

He laughs them off – Gravely!
As they struggle feebly to recuperation
And beats his chest hysterically,
In triumph over their anguish
But upon their resurgence to sovereignty,
He - on tenterhooks - clings upon them
For definitive dependence

Funny enough -
They still call him 'Father'

N.K. Trevor

The Fantasy Of My Poetry

I.

Here where, I have longed to be free
Here in my nest, at the apex of my comfort tree
Here where, she meets me half-way in poetry
Here where, it's only her and me...
It is here in this big world inside my little head
Where the action of my poetry is as it is read...
The manner in which she comes to me,
Precisely as the path that I have intuitively made
And she stays with me, until the fantasy is dead

II.

Though it never really dies, as her again I will see
The sooner I am awake or the longer I sleep -
For in either way, she courts my mind peacefully...
To rest within the walls of this knightly dramaturgy
Where I am gladly sworn to her, as a soul keep
It is here, where time and time again we meet...
In green fields of vines, under the azure sky we sit
To feel the blissful visage of two hearts that beat
In two worlds apart, yet sharing a reciprocal spirit
Here we welcome ebullience and let trepidation exit

III.

I have found myself where I have longed to be...
I have found myself lost in my own poetry -
In the cumulate churn of my words; in my phantasy
In my imagination, where I am at last, free to be...
I look at myself through the mirror of my dreams
The silence in my mind and the pure words that gleam
As if they bear buoyance on a silent river downstream
To the place where - she is constantly with me'

IV.

The phantasma' in my mind is so amiable and grand
That I find a piece of graphite and canvas to steal my hand
And sketch a portrait of a young lady, holding my hand...
In a manner of words, that she will only understand
As an absolute admiration of my actions that stand bland

And time will pass and one day I will cease to write
For I shall be dead and my silent stream, will run quiet
But these words will live on and be met with delight
But to only one heart will these words, a spark ignite;
For it is there where she will be with me in the end
But here where I shall have made her my legend

N.K. Trevor

The Rhythm In The Woods - Ruissalo, Turku

The sudden rush of the sea bred winds roar
Over my head as they maneuver in stealth
Through the parallel cone hats of the pinus woods
For hours, they have been pushing each tree top
Against the other;
And not exactly meeting in the joy of that masquerade

Their trunks, swaying in a circular dance to embrace,
The silent symphony flowing through the woods
Meet the absorbed eyes of the lonely watcher,
Walking through the woods...
The pattern goes on; occasionally breaking -
To wait for the surging cumulate fist punch of the wind
The pause is long and dense with brim of anticipation...

Shhhhh... LISTEN!

Listen to the sound of the looming sea wind
As they gather from a distance in clandestine
Listen as they carefully plot the for surprise-
The gossip; in rustling whispers, mists through
The narrow unsymmetrical corridors -
And foot paths of the silent forest...

Then with a sudden rush,
They once again, ambush the anticipating woods
The branches tweak and the dry trunks squeak
And the aftermath laughter of the wind passing by;
Chants through the woods with the whistling of the pine
Accompanied by the falling of the small dry branches
And the last of the dried leaves...

And as the patterned ballet shifts through the woods
The smell of decaying leaves and cones trails it...
The feeling left un-dragged is distinct and primeval
Such is reflected with imagination on the canvas of my mind
A sketch of withered trees, the rough bark of pines
The crusty lichens growing on the deserted rocks and;
The scattered patches of soggy marshy grounds covered with
Dump cushions of liverworts and wild undisturbed ferns...

N.K. Trevor

The Song Of Melancholy

The violins will ensemble the song
To speak of my situations all along
A sad, lonely man in love's throng
Gathering, all the sentiments wrong

But if the truth will- always ought
Then melancholy sings my heart out
In such a sad orchestra where I plod
With my heart and love, both ignored

N.K. Trevor

The Turns Of Delirium

O wretched body, which has become an abysmal shell
Of neither a sense to feel nor words to write nor tales to tell
Has momentarily sunk into emptiness, in the pursuit of poetry
A body that absconds crowd and stands neither sad nor lonely...

N.K. Trevor

The Vulture's Apparition - The Scavenger

In between the claws of its annealed, temper'd feet
The stubborn bird has clawed to its scavenged meat
Not a kill, but the rotting of some fresh, flesh feed;
That is still ostensive; of slit scars - whence it bleed

Like the raven, it has come to bid the heart farewell
A heart that has its hues from scorching, turned pale
To be elaborated no longer by solipsism's reflection
But gloom; that gleams from the vulture's apparition

It is not by despondency, that the bird is an illusion
No, my heart cannot be wolfed by such imagination -
But she; who bears the arms of a friend, yet a fiend;
An embodied vulture, a seamless incarnation blend-

Who lurks no more, in the dimness of my deliriums
To petrify me at the plague of such forlorn tedium's
Where my heart - half devoured, bleeds to its death;
While the scavenger; bargains to my waning breathe

N.K. Trevor

When I Grow Up

When I grow up, I will grow wings to soar like falcons
To the unreachable edges of this distraught world;
I will fly - or sail beyond the reach of waters and dust;
Beyond the very anecdotes of any legend ever told...
Beyond any kingdom lying on either cardinal side;
Beyond the touch of any frail peasant or Kings bold...
Or slaves, or masters... on wolves or horses, I will ride;
Beyond any enflamed furnace or the dire winter's cold

When I grow up, I will be a master of my very own words
And fashion my very words into lightening swords;
And mold myself into a vanquisher; a victor in wars....
And I will cloth my chariots in flags and sigils of gods
And my horses will breathe fire through their steel jaws
I will be a paladin lord of words, a lord of all overlords
And when I grow up, my words will fashion into laws
And walk- and work to oblivion through the not-taken roads

And when I grow up, I will have made the difference...
I will seek peace beyond the celestial world of stars
And place my ears upon every word of reference-
Words that will recollect humanity to the jilted universe
Like everything else in the heavens which has fond its existence
These words that I have collected over the years will speak to us
And show us a path leading through perseverance and resilience
And when I grow up, I will part of that resilient class
That stood for the art and made poetry; a life's course insurance

And when I grow up, I will take the road not taken
The road less traveled by; And while I might quite be mistaken
Through this unique path that that I have chosen
My mind will: As it is now, remain perpetually open
And I will go to places where I have never been, inside my head
I will be a falcon or a salmon - Anything I want; Inside my head
A Jew or Hebrew or a Roman, and Indian or Persian; inside my head
I will be Black or Caucasian, I will just be anything I wish to be read

For when I grow up and I will be everything or nothing at all
I will neither be anything beneath the ground nor above the sky

I will be a king, a victor, a bird, a wolf or just a mere passerby
But above all, I will be my words and my words will be I
Each and every day, until the day that I die...
I will be a word-smith, to my skin, to my bones and to my soul

N.K. Trevor

Where The Lichens Grow

from the collection - Notes to the Passing of Nature
- Ruissalo, Turku December 8,2014

The air is cool, humid and wet
And silence hovers amid the dense face of the spread woods of pine
Even the rocks pushing from beneath the marshy ground
Have a slight feel of it.
Their faces, imbued with an extensive undercoat of pale greyness
Bearing no luster at all;
Except for the peach and white mossy patches of molds and lichens
That draws a dull sketch.

A dull sketch enunciating the magnitude of the sodden ambiance

-

There is hope; though meagre it seems at the berth,
Where the expectant palmettos lay; Young and shy-
Yet still expected to deliver a hankered supply of green beauty
That will liberate the dull imprisoned air...

Perhaps in due time they will unburden,
The ill state of the stale monotony wrapping the woodsy panorama

?

Now and then you can hear a mass falling of tiny water drops
As they hit the drenched carpet of dried, wet leaves of the woodland bed,
Bringing forth, the distant sound of the diminishing light rain
Each on each, the drops are heard; or is it the sound of pinus trees
Making frail attempts to shake off the clinging water droplets
Stuck on the tip of each branch or leaf?

There is a fallen tree by the sidewalk trail of the vanishing footpath
Lying neath o'er the ground, un-attended;
Its bowled-over shallow roots have but denuded the ground covering it
Revealing the poor layer of rare loam and writhing earth worms beneath it.
Above it, the convection smell of compost loam rises to invade
The passing of the distant fresh air; the ambience is distinct and mystical

It is past the midday hour and time in its unrecognized occurrence

Seems to depart as quickly as it comes - as if unnoticed
By the overwhelmed poet, who ambles ardently about the woodland.

His mind presently occupied by peeling barks of these pine trees
And a longing in his eyes that admires the setup
A sad smile twitches o'er his face from a distance,
Followed by a long hard swallow of shuttering reality
However long the transient atmosphere might stay,
It is a borrowed comfort in a foreign place;
And he is but sitting on a time procured in debt...

N.K. Trevor

Written For Comfort

'Tis been long since the last time to write; he sought
His heart which in its primeval existence is but in rot
-and in decay... Tired from the loneliness it has fought
Thus here, it seeks no further than to write for comfort
-and comfort only....

N.K. Trevor