

Poetry Series

**Nichole Webb**  
**- poems -**

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# Nichole Webb()

# Deep In The Starless Night

Pale blue as the dove,  
A floating disk in the sky.

Nichole Webb

# Granddad

You are gone.

Even now that I have said this,

My heart denies the truth.

I knew that your time had come,

But I still tried to block times path.

It was folly.

Time is as hard as dimands,

As slippery as smoke,

Nothing can stop it.

Everything fades away with time eventually.

I couldn't stop the enevitable,

Though I wish I could.

One cannot ask for a better life than the one we shared with you.

You are still alive through are memories,

We will always treasure these precious gifts always.

I will see you at Christmas time by the fire,

Alll of us laughing as you shout 'Humbug! '

Or overlookong the majesty if the rainforset,

The sun peering out through the mist cascading down the canopy.

You will never trully be gone.

All I have to do is peer into the mirror of memories and I will see your smiling face.

Nichole Webb

# History

A refraction in times still waters.  
At first the image is clouded,  
The past shrouded in misery.  
Then as the water begins to settle, an image is formed,  
Unfortunately not all the answers are clear,  
Only the origins and achievement are,  
The rest is blurred.  
However, if we look further inward,  
We find the answers.  
This is not always easy.  
Our sight is obscured by legends and myths,  
War And times harsh touch.  
The truth is just one of many illusions.  
How can we reveal what is fact and what is fiction?  
It is a arduous journey through what little account the people of the past left  
behind.  
Even now, at the end of our journey,  
We lack some answers.  
The past remains shrouded in mystery,  
In times still waters.

Nichole Webb

# Loquacious

It sounds like a river flowing into a faraway land,  
It speaks in whispers like the wind,  
Mysterious, quiet, as if hiding a precious secret.

Although it means talkative,  
It sounds like the quiet student in the back row.

Nichole Webb

# Midnight Wanderings

On a street corner in Paris,  
While everyone was sleeping,  
A shadow prowled the rooftops,  
A little feline out for a midnight stroll,  
Nonchalantly vanishing into the night.

Nichole Webb

# The Concert

A cacophany of thunder, wind, and birds,  
Adissonant struggle to be heard,  
The boom of the thunder,  
Tearing the winds fragile voice asunder,  
The birds wrestle against the fierce gale,  
Trying to call to their loved ones, only to fail,  
The wind grows bolder,  
Drowning the birds cry for help,  
Infuriated by the challenge of leadership,  
The thunder adds a bit of a flash to his show,  
The birds fearfully call louder,  
Despite thier efforts the ony thing that has changed is the magnitude,  
The fearsome batlle continues,

But wait! There is a new player in the game,  
However he has no voice,  
Thunder, wind, and the birds stop in wonder,  
At this golden stranger,  
The stranger spreads his golden rays like a barrier between the fighting sounds,  
dividing them,  
All that is left are the pure notes once hidden in the fight,  
The three working together,  
The thunder diminishing,  
The wind now little more than a gentle breeze,  
And the birds voices slightly hovering above the rest,  
The epic battle had been transform into a symphony of life,  
And all it need was the arrival of the sun.

Nichole Webb

# The Globe

A world of illusion,  
A spherical realm of princes and magic,  
The scene of betrayal and murder,  
Tempered by love and happiness,  
A place where reality is the illusion,  
Shakespeare's Masterpiece.

Nichole Webb

# The Howl

I am alone this night,  
underneath the starlit sky,  
Nothing but the stars to comfort me.  
I raise my head in homage to the moon,  
And my song shatters the silence.

It is a bitter song.  
A song about grief and loss,  
Her pale sapphire eyes still with me after so long.  
A song of betrayal,  
The white snow stained red.  
A song about failure,  
I am a banished prince,  
Humbled and broken.

Nichole Webb

# The Ladybug

The messenger comes,  
A billow of dust announces his arrival,  
What kind of message does he bring this day?

A bright yellow flag perhaps, signifying happiness,  
The fields yielding a splendid harvest,  
The church bells singing of reunion.

Is it festival already?  
A banner of silk fire swaying in the breeze,  
Telling of a day as unpredictable as fire itself,  
A day when jugglers and dancers preform miracles for little boys and girls.

No, well then hopefully nothing too bad,  
Hopefully just a brown one,  
A color as barren and without life as the crops unfortunetly were this year.

Surely there hasn't been a riot!  
The red of hate and suffering running unchecked throughout the city.

Then I fear the worst,  
Death has come to call,  
That slippery fiend that slips in unnoticed and leaves sorrow behind in its wake,  
The harbringer of woe.

What color rises o'er the horizon?  
Alas, he has come with death and vengence,  
Grinning over his shoulder and shaking hand,  
Triumphant over their evil deed.

The messenger comes with ill tidings this day.

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# The Rainforest In The Morning

The twittering of little birds and the clicking of insectes echo away in the distance,

A new world is born in the morning.

The sun filters through the majestic trees,

Revealing a hidden world with silver falling down to the ground,

The rainforest is awakening.

The flowers stretch their tired limbs and bask in the sun's rays,

A rainbow o f color erupt from the trees as the heralds of the rainforest start their day,

The Scarlet Macaw screams to the howler monkeys to wake up the late risers,

The Jaguar, King of the rainforest, roars grumpily at his men,

High above we see the Harpy Eagle, the king's assasin roaming the sky,

The rainforeat is alive in the morning,

Preparing for a new day.

Nichole Webb