

Poetry Series

Paolo TMs
- poems -

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Paolo TMs()

A Revision And Idea Of Blake's Dreaming Version 1

And did those feet in ancient time,
Walk upon Australia's mountains green:
And did the holy Totems of Gods,
On Australia's pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Dreaming builded here,
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bough of burning gold;
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:
Till we have re-built Dreaming,
In Australia's green & pleasant Land.

Paolo TMs

Another Sunrise

Like every other sun rise, another day
Will it be Aurora arising from the waters?
Or will shine upon the mountains,
Emmett find his way?

Does the sun withhold the announcement of its rays?
Withold the announcement I can no further
That on that day perhaps in November lay
Does this child become a father?

Paolo TMs

Elephant Memories Of Nanna

Elephant memories of you Nanna,
Nanna as a neighbour
Nanna in Spain
Nanna in Dumpton

Nanna a friend,
Nanna visiting and to visit
Nanna's face a sun

Nanna tea and cakes
Nanna and political conversations
Nanna Lebkuchen

A great elephant in our lives now gone
With memories cherished
Loving and missing you Nanna
Your grandson.

Paolo TMs

From A Vision Of Hell That Could Be Life

Enter life eternal,
An eternity of all consuming,
Through the jaws of the never dying,
Bite hard they do, you survive,
You bear the scars of memorial wounds
Recall pains exquisite.

You hear that soft voice roar,
There we see it, walking away, its back to us,
Golden hair with flowing light.

We reach and scream,
Scream,
Trying to free ourselves,
We scream in vain.
Every scream ensures the engulfing of the limbs and the soul,
Engulfed into the guts of the demons that crowd you so.

It turns a glance to watch,
Entertains itself,
It then turns away with a blink of sadness,
Walks away with a certain grace,
Fades into the ever blinding colours of sin,
And acknowledges you with smiles you don't see.

Paolo TMs

Grounded Butterflies

Linear wings fluttering free,
Marching through the silver
With quickly flickering gold,

The clipped from the distance envy sees,
With wings tied down and not to fly,
Such are grounded butterflies.

Paolo TMs

Invasion Of The Sea

Under thick, hazy, dry white burning sun,
The white sand scours,
Stinging, baking, scraping into red peeling skin of hours
Our daughters and sons.

In the shallow sparkling sea,
Away from the deep our children in glee,
Treading the visible and invisible,
Ignorance and hypocrisy!

We celebrate, swim and play,
Holding our noses above the surface despair,
Naive to and denying,
Our unseen disrepair.

Paolo TMs

Never Mind.

Many minds manacle me,

Many minds a sea,

With your mind I ain't free,

Your minds the bars, prison me.

Paolo TMs

Rockets To The Moon.

We will be awoken from our slumber,
Awoken to the din of a distant thunder,
And skywards we will see,
Roaring pillars of smoke, penetrating clouds,
Obscuring the red rising sun,
An aspiration of man becomes,
A dawn of a new space age has begun,
Rockets to the moon.

Paolo TMs

Sleep

In the dark I sleep,
In my deep.

Starless above me,
comfort below.

Lie I low,
Through the land of dreams I go.

Paolo TMs

Tears Of Sap

Trunks, branches and leaves
Flowers galore
Seeds of life
Winds blowing green
The blood of the earth runs through our veins,

We were here before you
What becomes of us after?
Will we continue?

We give you life
We give you air
We give you shelter
We give you warmth,

We are the sanctuary of many
Many many more
Many more than you,

When will you wake up to the results of your greed?
Where is our voice for we cannot be heard?
What tears will you see
When you rid of us all till it's dry?
By then when we're all gone
There was no time to cry

We do live
We are life, can't you see,
It may not just be the sound of the chainsaw,
But the screaming of the tree.

Paolo TMs

The Distance To Heaven

Since I can't call you
Since I can't see you
Since I can't reach you
Since I can't sense you
Since I can't touch you
Since I can't feel you
Since I can't hold you
Since I can't be you

Heaven - you are my hell.

Paolo TMs

The Price

Raining stars from heaven.
Eyes of flame
Burning through the sky,
Rest upon the earth
Spread your mighty wings
Ablazing scorn all.

With your flaming hands
You embrace your child.
With breath of fire, you whispered:

"End their black hands,
"Halt their black feet,
"Black eyes of black mind"

"I feared for you,
"I teared for you,
"But do not worry mother,
"For they shall despair.
"The price of fire is fire."

That message unheard,
By that message we fell.

Children of heaven
Rain upon us all,
Flame fires in the sky
And cry upon you.

Breathe your flaming sigh,
Breathe us gone.
And the sky is heavy
And fell tears grey.
No time to despair
For light came,
Here dark fell.

Paolo TMs

Torn

I am torn
Lost in storm,

Dark clouds roll
Mists unfold
Mists cold,

Paths too many
Heart without flow
Desires without control,

Time sun burns
Days unfold
Where do I go?

Demons me
Winds blow
Mists away,

From this shore
The light in front of me
Far over there,

I don't see
Dim it be
Elusive you.

Paolo TMs