

Poetry Series

**saifon treenawong**  
**- poems -**

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saifon treenawong(5 dec 1970)

# Cities Cry There?

I do not know whether she secretly cried last night.

But because of my own dreams.

See you again when the guard line.

She is the new sun bathing.

Gray, white, red and green

Everyday clothes, she received a hug from the light.

While the south wind blows gently comforting.

She looked around to wake up to yourself again.

With the eyes of the inspection.

And consideration that

Last night she cried yes or no.

Or just want to pass time when the expedition

To the hilarity of the dance

Until you hurt

Alone

Flows and release the tears come out eventually.

I did not know her by any means comforting.

I do not know how to behave in front of the sadness.

Second, because in the past I just cry yourself.

And never thought to solace himself off heartache

Albeit a sad time when it will pass.

Only bright eyes.

The new world view clearly than ever before.

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# Plumeria

Plumeria bouquet of a white wall.

Nestle cheek with the sad light of twilight.

Wipe eyes looking for some dream surface.

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# The Art Of Shadow

On blank paper and moving shadows.  
Shadow ran to catch the idea by idea.  
Own shadow, and meanwhile, it is not shiny anymore.  
But the sadness of the idea.  
Vision is a new image with the tragic  
And the taste of some of the reasons.  
When the conclusions do not reach insight.  
Duties of the Lord is born.  
Excavation for a realistic picture than the play of light.  
If a burner flame of the light stick up modestly.  
With a courageous and freedom of contemplation  
To go away from the scare and deceive quibble  
Paper blank reflex  
The interaction conflicts.  
Conflict is a war.  
From the war search for a destination.  
Peace and hope in death.  
Likely plays a grief from the shadows into the dark shadows.  
From idea to be close to God, to become estranged  
Like what is different between shadow and light.  
The display of shadows and paper idea.  
thought thoughtful  
To the art of shadow. For the unhappy few times.  
Before returning to the pop-up creation seriously.

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# The More Bitter Than

As more than a bare cage.

Even the sound of birds singing, it can not be confined

It has been transformed as a cat cage. Disabilities, one for cats.

This just in nick of it one day.

Disability is bitter over the second leg after fixing it with the stroke of the year

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# These Angels And Angel Will Always Stand By Farmers.

Moaning sound of the engine may call her back.  
Light up the sky above.  
Down to earth and mud puddle.  
Tears pour the water is flowing along the water irrigation canal.  
Slender white wings. Brown , gray, and black  
Poribahy move to the rhythm of machinery.  
Moving in a circle.  
Open space and tranquility to those angels, an angel comes down.  
Ko Sang surrounding grass and weeds of rice.  
Into small patches, brown, green switch down any other.  
End to free and open  
Water in the rice field. Circulate mud color.  
One night over  
Golden Dawn withdrawal of the sky.  
Drainage sparkling gold with rice field, which has not been sown crop.  
And the angel and the angels come down.  
Tread plate feet in shallow water over the blanket covering rice field.  
Like the noble Buddhist walking meditation.  
Onusei growth.  
Observation of self-motion and everything.  
Eye view and pan to fry the little fish.  
Seongkhar to the New England existence.  
Not for them, and she would go.  
Into the secrets of heaven and shrubs.  
Before appearing again and elegance when the harvest season.  
When the machine was moaning cry.  
Sounds like a Eporiiu them and you get back.  
Enib prance slowly in white dress gray, brown and black.  
The trees are like a row of these pilgrims.  
And the enlightened Buddha appearing in the midst of grief.  
To point the way for Oeuei people away from the burning fire of suffering.  
Trudge walk with own farmers.  
With trudge walk and cry among the peasants.

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# Tomorrow Might Not Come To Us.

Tomorrow might not come to us.

But send sadness and heart break came as a gift.

Wing tip sharpening our loneliness sharp for a few minutes more.

Rust and corrosion of life and send our decay.

Okhiuekhiu opposite grill on the road as to tears.

Tomorrow might not come to us.

However, sending a long night filled with nightmares as a gift.

Put us on the strength of the steel before a fireplace.

Wrist efforts to dampen down the hammer strikes the sweat.

Forming our hearts strong and brave like a sharp sword, magic

Tomorrow might not come to us.

However, submitting a dead calm, or hurt as a gift.

Draw our eyes to wisdom more apparent for a while

Look spirit leather wrapped even find the moon moon

Sun will continue tomorrow.. even not come to us.

Tomorrow will not even have the opportunity to experience our hearts.

We may see the dawn of life and immortality.

Among the fire brigade are destroying our Seongkhar remains down.

In peace.

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