

Poetry Series

Sona Wilae
- poems -

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Sona Wilae()

Devoted Wife, Poet, Writer, Author, Blogger, Christian Believer...Reading and writing have always been silent passions, gone loud. Published works are building, as God pours the literary foundation(s) . Blessings

Dreamers Matter

Mangled swollen skins arrive
bleeding bitter dark prayers;
loathsome chants of naysayers
detached dreams dying alive

Cross wrath borders seething gold
seek anchor, desert heat fumes
disgusted skeletal tombs
foreign bloodline wealth resold

Fortune steps circling schools
bouncing life, twirling fair hair
speaking foreign tongues of flair
bright dreamers stunned by dark rules

Come seek lands built on distrust
Come expecting hues of disgust
Seek out peace, as we all must
Seek justice from dawn to dusk.

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Living Eyes

Panache scripts parade parchments
Of opulent vowels verifying volatile verses.
Elegy echo earnest emotional soiree,
Typecast assonance, alliteration resilience
Regarding regrets reigning as righteous;
Yet, we write willingly, witnessing written life.

Talk, walk, rhymes as time refines defined
Resonance regally resonating empty souls
Embracing bliss beholden as eyes pry
Every line daring to share the joy of pain.

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Love In The Middle

Roses

scents growing love
nurture our middle-age
as young fragrant
flowers

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Marriage

Meaningful conversations of elations aim□
amores light, embracing echoing stamina□
relegating through a tumultuous third year, □
regrets of white lilies lining walls of despair□
incandescent kisses, loving trips to Hawaii□
all to regal for a first love, frolicking as mana□
grateful silver years approach the lives ebbing□
evanescence family dinners, but
not our love.

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New Sod

This day of sixty fruitful weeks shadow
pristine relics of bundled keepsakes
adorned in obsolete gazettes of passing
snow storms, puppy training and next door's
junk mail.

Transition logs re-call six states,
five military orders, four duty stations, six
rusted buckets of salted moisture
saturate St. Augustine sod transplanted
from pallets.

New horizons, new cacophonous chirps,
new frayed nerves of civilian jitters, quilted
furniture unveils new dust trails, and old
scratches of worn happy shoe scuffs
trigger goosebumps.

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Swamp Glory

fickle crickets:
serenading sirens
of retreat, as chartreuse digits
creep dark alley swamps;
hanging jungle themes invade
quiet dens perpetuated by
creation's wet glory...croaking:
ancestral tales of grandeur.

mammal sigils:
evoking tootling
trespassers of environmental legacy;
nature redeeming medicines
sustaining miracles of light...EPA
fance:
yet mankind defers pollution-free
toxic-free lakes of life.

scatter kingdom:
encroaching breaths spew
poisonous darts of entitlement
never biblically enforced;
gather eggs of free-will, lay deep
in vined elegance towering
beneath second-heaven despisers
of extant species.

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Talk Box

New vain wishing wells
compel lips of grace
eager to savor do-tells
prophesying spoiled space
aggravated raping cells
unleashes a silent race
two weary racist spells
spewing hate face to face
culture savagery dispel
no peace officiating pace
color lines line steel rails
spades caught another case
back to back two jail...
old vain wishing wells
dispel lips of race

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