

Poetry Series

Steven P. Croat
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Steven P. Croat()

Ash

The pine forest must
burn to the ground for new
trees to grow from ash.

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Let Me

Everywhere I turn
two eyes look at me...
I just slowly burn
in trouble. I can't see
who is it, where is it...
Where is the way?
Let me cheat!
Let me walk away!

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Siberia

The hoar-spirited bushes hide and lie...
The old glacier of the ice sky
Wears the hard coffin of chill.
The moon feels cold. It becomes ill.

/The sound of a pack of wolves bites into the wind,
The snow storm roars echo throught the wild.../

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The Lost Star

The night ticking
and dissolved into silver dust.
This second can be the last.

Where are you?

(...frozen air...)

I fear
your secret
on the grey street.
There isn't a trace!
Just a huge dark space...

I see the upset sky.
I can't find you,
in vain I try...
your smoldering light
don't wave in the night...

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