

Poetry Series

Wegen Gebresilasie
- poems -

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Wegen Gebresilasie()

My Living Room

A light revives her sight avoiding the numerous items of mess that filled the room. She sits on a comfy couch looking out of the window. Harmony expands familiarity in the conventional family room. The room is full of laughter, joy and sadness at times. A seven year old's toys, have not been put in place. There are glass cups everywhere. Beneath the faded, blue rug vanishing bread crumbs nestle. They pray the mother has not added, any attention, hidden by the shadows along the length of a low lying table. The ground is a reflection of scattered thoughts; in the opposite direction school shoes are flung carelessly, in a place difficult to be found tomorrow in time for school. There is a half attempted word search that Kevin seems to have started but didn't bother to finish. A little elegant looking table that consists of old magazines, a newspaper and TV Guide from past years, still lies beside photo display frames which seems to have all been vandalised. A couple of black cushion slightly sit ruffled, resting on the couch against empty white washed walls. Under the collection of cushions lie hidden things: a tooth pick, earphones, loose change, remote control batteries, and the occasional candy wrapper that constantly assumes the seven year old is at fault

Wegen Gebresilasie

The Magic Of Love

I recall memories
of old contemplations
I thought was merely
a imaginary of the mind
A fantasy in a dream, that was real
In a dark lonely night
of a sweet dream
It's an illusion,
its fake, I thought
And impossible to find
But the day I met you
I began to see
Love is real
And it exists in all
Including me
Who would of thought?
It's an illusion,
its fake, I thought
Now I see clearly
now i know evidently
how only wrong I was

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You And I

Time is endless
It is on our side
It built us out of rain drops
It is only the beginning
For you and I
I promise we will live
forever and a day
As if were immutable forever
You and I

Wegen Gebresilasie

Your Name

I wrote your name in Summer
But the sunshine's heat weaken the ink
I wrote your name in Autumn
But it below away with the leafs
I wrote your name Winter
But it faded away the last snow flake
I wrote your name in Spring
But it got lost in the in the gardens of my flowers

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