

Poetry Series

WILLIAM SIENES III
- poems -

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WILLIAM SIENES III(January 6,1970)

Still an unpublished poet.: -)

Her Wisdom

Young and curious, she was told about
wisdom.

They told her that
wisdom
could come from any place.

She chose her places.
She stood along sidewalks.
Wisdom
came to appear
in many shapes and sizes.

Young and quivering, she was told about
wisdom
and the light and darkness of
wisdom.

She chose the light of
wisdom.
Then she tasted the darkness of
wisdom.
Then she learned about pain,
pleasure, confusion,
freedom.

She continued to wander
and searched for more definitions of
wisdom.
She stood in dark corners.
She walked on lighted streets.
She fell many times and was wounded.

Then she saw the real
wisdom.
She did not tell anyone about it.
She kept her
wisdom.

Young and stronger,

this time she had her wisdom.
For having it she laughed,
she loved, she cried.

Then one day
she died.

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Mirror

Look in the mirror.
That is not you.
You are not your reflection.
There is the exterior,
the interior;
the superior,
the inferior.
Look again in the mirror.
Your eyes have a secret
with the mirror.

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S L E E P

i go to sleep
to forget many things
for some time
including love.

i go to sleep
to renew many things
for future time
including love.

i go to sleep
to feel
what love has not yet made me feel.

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@@@ A Challenge @@@

stop writing about love.
almost everything has been said about love.

now write about steel cabinets.
i give you twenty minutes.

well,
it's kinda tough.

ok,
how about dandruff?

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@@@ The Couple @@@

They both got married
for many reasons
unmentioned.

Eventually
such reasons
were mentioned.

And then their hearts
were further partitioned.

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@@@ The Cripple @@@

The cripple can still dream
of walking without other people's eyes
looking at his legs.
He can still imagine
himself dancing with a smiling lady
on the dancefloor.
He can still fantasize
that he can dance and dance.
He can still want
to have his toe stepped on.
The cripple can still feel
the pain and he can still forgive
and he can still have some romance.

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@@@ Their Children @@@

their children caught them
kissing,
kissing with their eyes shut.
their children saw them
holding,
touching,
heaving,
moving
with frenzied rhythm.

their children
soon left their heaven.

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A Poem For Barack Obama

They saw your skin.
And they saw black.
They blotted you
with a black
as black as the ink
and as the night
which some storm had lashed.

They saw your sins.
And they saw black.
They cursed
and stabbed you
in the front,
in the back.
But waves of hope,
prayers and songs
swept you high,
so high that you commanded
stars to bejewel the black sky
and to spangle again
the limp banner
battered by many a storm.

They saw your skin.
And they saw the Dream.

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A Poem For Joe Biden

Your hands are strong.
Hold the president's hand
when there are storms
but only for a time.
Let go of his hand.

He shall suffer
to wrestle with the elements.
He shall beat his foes.
He shall do you proud.
Be ready to give him a hand.
The world will give you both
a round of applause.

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My Heart

My heart, muted by sadness,
has strings attached to my nape.
My head droops.
My tears drop.

I cannot lift my head.
I cannot move my lips.
My heart has killed
all memories of you and me,
happy and once one.

I droop.
Then I drop...

My heart,
a murderer.

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Resolutions

I shall use my eyes
in speaking to you.
Their lids shall be lips.
My real mouth has failed me
many a painful time.

I shall use my hands
in knowing you.
Their fingers shall be brain.
My real head has failed me
many a painful time.

I shall use my body
in feeling you.
My torso and loins shall be core.
My real heart has failed me
many a painful time.

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The Night Before The New Year

That night
the skies had agonies
of sneezes
and coughs
and paroxysms of colored
smoke,
fumes,
curly and dispersed
tails of disappearing
dragons,
phantoms
and evil spirits,
shot and almost killed
by bullets
and rockets of hope
and shouts of hope
and cheers of hope.

Wounded was the sky.
Wounded was that night.
The first morning came
almost looking healed.

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