

Poetry Series

Aaron Wright
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

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

Aaron Wright()

The Crying Gentlemen

As the light slowly fades, the billowing gentlemen cascade across the sky,
Shadows become darker, as the light is slowly enveloped by the inkiness.
A smattering of drops begins to patter the ground like the small steps of a
dancing child,
The air grows cooler...cooler...the gentlemen grow angrier.
A rising cadence of gunfire begins, rivulets of molten glass track through the
streets,
Combining with the stained dusty ground, where the people gathered to talk,
The silvery light now becomes laced with pure blackness, no respite is given.
Through the misty bleakness, shadowy figures run from doorway to doorway,
Looking, diving and praying for cover from the tempest now growing.
Puddles become streams, streams become rivers, rivers become oceans,
The torrential downpour ceaselessly goes on.
As dawn breaks, the gentlemen have lost their fervour,
Replaced instead with a vibrancy of shade, with gentle rays of golden magic,
A splendid burst of multi-coloured brilliance makes a welcomed return,
The promised pot of D'or forever out of reach, yet coveted by so many,
There is a spring in the step of the once shadowy figures; a new day spurns new
life,
The oceans still remain, but slowly even they recede, leaving behind only
drenched memories.
No longer the crying gentlemen.

Aaron Wright

The Sea

I watch as the golden rays sink slowly beneath the horizon,
The shimmering light dances across the mirrored surface.
The lazy lapping on the etched sand draws me onwards,
As I stare fixedly at the strange eddying occurring just out of reach.
The sea seems to change and put on a new hat,
The languid waters now start to roil and toil.
The waves roar against the rage of the storm moving inland,
The sound of the ocean beckons for someone to play.
As dawn motions and the soft touch of the golden man touches my face,
My blurred vision slowly clears.
The sea is no longer roaring with intense anger,
It's alluring call is whispering soft words.
I am no longer afraid, I live....I love.

Aaron Wright