Poetry Series

Alexander Harford - poems -

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Alexander Harford(7 September 1980)

Decide In The Eyes

I don't know about this, I'm not so sure Then I look into your eyes, everything is pure The Victoria Falls, forest of Nepal Mount Everest, the San Francisco Shore

I've climbed a mountain to reach the top
I'm not going to fall, like a waterfall drop
Hope is important, it keeps us on track
Once I've seen I shouldn't look back

I don't know about this, I'm not so sure Then I look into your eyes, everything is pure

Perfect white snow on Christmas Day
A shiny new car, and you don't have to pay
Natural springwater, perfectly clear
Nothing sinister has ever been near

I don't know about this, I'm not so sure Then I look into your eyes, everything is pure

Soon we'll be gone, we'll be taken away At least though together, we're here to stay Decide in the eyes, it worked for me Open your own, then maybe you'll see.

(August 2002)

Alexander Harford

Stolen

Beautiful;

I would not envisage this in a dreamy delusion - it is not a hazy-hallucination!

Confirmed by sun shining from blue skies beautifully blemished by white-wisps; it's a paradise I'd never imagined.

Serene sound;

Sprinkling, splashing, dousing, washing nourishing water hushing like silk over stone, traversing without care, for it is free! A smell so cool and fresh, cup your hands and taste its innocence.

Air, water, flower and stone in harmony create perfection. The Garden of Eden's far-richer relation - flourishes of heathers and trees and grass, Shangri-La's European cousin, but this one is real - a green utopia of untouched elation.

Breathless;

If I wasn't below the clouds, I'd believe this was heaven.

Though;

To see the skies angered, overcome by grey, to see this gentle brute escape its boundaries and power!
Rains fall – thunderstorm!
Water bounds like petrol bombs, coarse crashing irrigations against a rocky facia floods the plain!

The falls have stolen my heart; My heart can stay.

Alexander Harford