

Poetry Series

Ariel Rousseau
- poems -

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Lullaby

As I lay her down to sleep
My heart to her I give in deep
And sweet lullabys
I sing to her of skies
Of mountains
Of legends
Of lore
Of love
And if I wake in Death's great hand
I pray the Lord her soul to mend

Ariel Rousseau

Poems

Poems are hard
Yep...yep...
I don't know where to start.
Many things in my head,
But nothing that sparks the fire
Or rises from the dead
Of my mind.
The blank emptiness
That covers my thoughts.
How to overcome this?
So many have.
So why can't I?
Why not?

Ariel Rousseau

What's In A Name

What's in a name
But one's own title
To which one calls
One another
To avoid confusion
Why have many names?
Why not none?
Surely, those who care
Would not mistake you
For another.

Ariel Rousseau