

Poetry Series

chenoa kai kanis
- poems -

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chenoa kai kanis()

A Dark, Weary, Lonely Night.

Dark, wery, lonley this night,
i had a touch, a tease of light,
a soft glow of human flames that drifted past my sight
But left again, the flames extinguished without a fight, youve turned from me
Like hope turns from blight.
Leaving wrongs we wrot that can never be made right
The sarcastic remark of your kiss is still burning on my lips..i see myself a soul
incomplete, a kind of human eclipse
As i tell myself lies, that nohing is amiss
But the bruning left apou my skiin is as new as it is old and worn,
my heart lies broken within my breast smoldering, beaten and endlessly torn.
How and when did i lose myself and become so lost, alone hopeless; forlorn?
Alone this moment alone yesterday; still alone in moments yet to be born
Percacuted by love lost, by chances gone by, forsaken my heart was left alone to
die, loving words left unsaid while cruel unwanted words fly
And the kisses left unmet watch the lips they left wanting shape loves goodbyes
Yearning i listen for turth in your words, yet when you speak i dine only on lies.
How sweet once time with you became when nothings left but voices long past
lingering on our human sighs
I scream in silence that was once so sweetly met, now my echos are the only
answers i get.
Once you once held me with such care, now my voice is still screaming how could
you dare? to leave, vanished like vapor into the air.
The arms that once held our embrace lie dorment as the dead, my gost are now
things you once said
Left or lost? Fight to win. But at what cost? In heavens bliss or earthly sin? Glory
is entrunal in what might have been.

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The Forest

Watching the forest coved in its green robes of moss reaching up, up, up to a
dizzing height. A loaming Gold, sliver and Green, its peacefulness silent in this
wonder land cast in so many shades of light
Thoughts of love now behind reach, I had once thought finite.. ferns strung like
footprints across the forest floor
their thoughts left to dwindle like long forgotten lore,
To bide alone by creeks and glens held safe within gifts that nature bore,
teasures all in her embrace, woven among the finest leaves all things to come and
have gone before
The life around what spring doth bring, the nymphs and fairies with voices rised,
to light and wind do they sing, to spread their love with so many seeds, like
mourning women they dance away widows weeds, laughing with life and limb as
they slowly forget last winter's needs.
Kept close within the secrets there; a world of mist and tangled vines
of earth and leaf and wild hare,
of beauty so vivid, strong and true the human heart can not compare, my eyes
behold such sights of nature's work within her most perfect lair!
With every sweep of hand and flash of eye she show us all how to care
and so ashamed of man I've become I could not meet her wild stare.
Keeper of the gate into this heaven born of wild things of seasons turned of pine
and wood,, if only we could truly see and know what nature has ever understood.

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When You Left Me Behind

Betrayal, no word cuts deeper than this
Lies, spueing forth from lips i still long to kiss
Trust, lost to me among your shadows and mist.
Longing, as fathomless as the depths of the sea
Hope, shattered left left to die so needlessly
lust, a living thing, a fire so hot it is consuming me, your heart a lock that has no
key
Loneliness, so thick it blocks the very air i breath, jealousy awoken like a bird of
pray, talons shining against the sky
Pain, all incompassing the tears ive yet to cry. And love, sweet love lies broken
and abandoned as you turn from me
and pass us by.

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Willows Of A Tear

My tears have fallen so relentlessly, they no longer leave tracks instead they take forms like leaves on a willow tree. now they rest swaying gently on the breeze my breath blows from the storm brewing within me. To find peace mine eyes search for thee, to find hope my hands reach for thee, my heart takes root and becomes that willow tree, where i will lie within waiting for what seems an eternity, my arms; branches bowed, my body its trunk and so shall i await you as this willow tree, alone in this storm, i will wait for you forever upon my knee...

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