

Poetry Series

Helen Crutchett
- poems -



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Helen Crutchett()



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Will You Dance With Me, Sir?

Will you waltz with me in the moist midnight air...
Take my hand to the passionate strains of violins
In our newly discovered rose gardens of
secret delights
Kissed by moon's bright shining
light
Enchanted by the calling of deep
Mystical sounds
Gaze deep into my eyes as you embrace
my waist so tight...
On a magical carpet ride
This enchanting night
When our dance is through, my dear
Our hearts entwined together its clear
As we sit at the feet of Eros' enthralling shrine
Our love will out-dazzle the brightest star's shine.

Helen Crutchett



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A Sprite's Delight

Take wing with me... soar o'er trees
To faerie realm's distant dreams
Mirror moonbeams flirted
Dainty butterflies skirted
'neath a sprinkling of stars
Dipping toes in rock spas
Cavorting in unfettered delight
Mysteries of a faerie night
Where elves and bats wing
Their midnight fling
Soon moon casts its hypnotic spell
We see the faerie Tinker bell
We visited often with these wee faerie folk
and listen to the tales they spake
As innocent children we thought this be true
It's ours for the asking whenever we're blue ~

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The Doves Have Flown

The fire burns with white hot fury
streets run with rivers of blood
The doves of peace can find no resting place
In this tormented world as the wolves of war
Howling overhead aim for their targets
Bombs find their mark and slaughter the
Innocent
Their screams piercing the thick poisoned air
As buildings crumble and deep craters appear
There is little left of people except body parts
Scooped hurriedly into plastic bags and makeshift
Coffins
Mothers clasp dead babies to their breasts
Too traumatized to ever cry again
People cower in fear of the brutes of men
Towering
Over them with guns and endure pain, unimaginable
As the butts strike their heads and lay open their skulls
The young men, cut down in their prime lay
Strewn on the killing fields, their eyes showing the pain
Of their last minutes on this Earth
Others are captured to endure the most hellish of
Torture and torment, in deplorable conditions
Oh, this wretched World says the dove

This evil blight on humankind...
This abomination...
This devastation
This greedy world of evil predators
Hell bent on killing humankind
Our sacred planet left obliterated
This man made hell on Earth

The Phoenix Bird is doomed never to rise
From the ashes again
The Doves of Peace fly off, never to return ~

Helen Crutchett

My Pegasus

It must have been moonglow
intoxication that entered
my being one night,
a night when I thought
all was lost in heaven and earth
suddenly the ink black sky exploded
in a burst of golden rainbow
colours clambering
to embrace this lonely
poetess whose pen had dried
like the shell of a fallen
star exposed to elements of
a changeable cosmos
my darling, my saviour of the night
rescuer of this woman
locked high in a castle
on cliffs overlooking
an angry sea
you came in answer
to a siren's call
never giving up
my prayers carried
on wings to your heart
come my Pegasus...
ride across the infinite
heavens, home of
uncountable stars
with your golden bridle
to the precious place
in my soul held only for you ~

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September Morn

you stepped out of my dream
into my September morn
dappled sunlight caressing
Autumn leaves bright and
perfect
love blossomed from shadows of the
night into the full embrace
of the warming sun
touching
our souls with the heat
of a poet's passion and
the haunting harmony
of a soft symphony
played in our hearts
beating as metronomes
in perfect rhythm to the
dance of love in
our
sacred garden of delights ~

Helen Crutchett

Dark

Through the dark night of the soul
With no treasure maps to guide me
No helpful signs along the way
No hiding from that bird of gloom
Through loneliness's grey shadings
Over starless and moonless slumbering
Under clinging shrouds of blackness
I have been one acquainted with the night
When hope was adrift on sea tides
Witches rode on hideous brooms
Cold shivers ran down my spine
To a grave of skeleton memories
When I lost my way in a labyrinth
Of disillusionment and pain
In one moment of time
I was one acquainted with the night.

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Storm

Storm clouds gathering
shivering
I close the window
feeling the chill
I smooth my dishevelled hair
stir my coffee now as cold
as your heart
grey somber waves
crash over the unforgiving shore
the lightning disturbs and flashes
electric emotions within me
with the roar of bellowing thunder.

The storm gods are angry
I am beyond caring
let them fight with each other
I'm ready to face the storm.~

Helen Crutchett



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Sufficient Unto Me

You could show me the rivers of paradise,
it would be nothing if your love ceased to flow.

The shade of the palm trees would not ease the burning
of my soul, if you went from my life.

They could show me the fading footprints of the prophets,
if you did not run toward me I would be lost
in the desert sands for all time.

I could smell the sweetest rose in the world alas
it's perfume would fade if I could not sense you near me.

They could offer me all the gold in the world
though not one ounce would I take if I lost you forever.

They could hand me the sun in my left hand
the moon in my right, even that wouldn't console me without my beloved by my
side.

You are my paradise, my sheltering oasis
my poet of sweet words.

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Tree

I chanced upon you one fateful day
bathed in your glory for the whole world to see.
The plunder all around you left you unfazed.
As thunderous sounds of trees falling down
cut through the air you stood your ground.
Your magnificent branches lifting up to the sky
like a prayer towards heaven, I stood in awe.
Did you feel sorrow when the others
were felled, to make way for the buildings
where people will dwell?
There was something about you
so proud and serene
defying man's uncaring and greed.
Oh, most beautiful tree
may you always stand tall
to welcome the birds to their nests
and give them sweet rest.

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The Whisperers

They are the weavers of daydreams
The gypsies of your enquiring mind
Leading you on paths to worlds unknown
Sending your thoughts to heavenly heights
Lighting within you eternal flames
They fly to the moon on angels wings
To gather the moondust of ideas
Where seeds of creativity grow
In fragrant rainbow gardens of peace
They dazzle your eyes with glorious visions
Until immersed and swimming freely
In the sea of beauty, beyond a poet's imagination
They are the eternal dreamers since time began
The gentle whisperers deep within your writer's soul
The unwritten words within you
Awaken to their caresses
The kisses from the muse you serve ~

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I Am Muse

I am Cleopatra Queen of the Nile,
Miriam discovering Moses in the bulrushes
Sarah bearing her long for child in a Bedouin tent.
I am a princess locked in her ivory tower,
Elizabeth reading Brownings' poems.
Florence Nightingale tending her beloved soldiers
I am Helen of Troy, who launched a thousand ships.
I am Gaia, Earth Mother suckling her needy children
Demeter of the Bountiful Harvest,
Persephone innocent maid, Queen of the underworld.
Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty
Sister Moon and keeper of the stars.
I fly with the Phoenix Bird who rises from the ashes
I am an angel mostly, a devil sometimes
Running with the wolves at full moon
I can be a lamb or a tigress, meek and strong
Saint or sinner, you decide.
I can be all these things and more
As I am your Muse to do what you will.

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He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not..

Valentine's Day, a special day they say...
with flowers and verses delivered
to lucky sweethearts', chocolate hearts,
sugary kisses, sweet nothings
whispered on moonlit strolls.
I ponder Valentine's Day petulantly
plucking petals cupid's arrows are sharp
swift never missing their mark
turning the driest heart into a green oasis of love.
He loves me, he loves me not...

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A Work Of Art

A creative urge adds brilliance to my canvas
new brushes sweeping sweet abandon
Paint thick from nature's nuances
ready for a renaissance charcoal sketches
will grace my easel each daub of paint
creating colourful coalescing harmony
I shall hang my painting with pride
knowing whatever happens
artists will still practice their art
poets will forever compose their poems
and life goes on without you.

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The Mystical Way

I am the weaver of your dreams
the gypsy in your soul seeking
revolutionary paths
I am the gentle breeze beneath your wings
floating to heavenly heights
telling spiritual truths
I collect the scattered shells of
your heart and piece them one
by one to become whole again
I gather rainbows in baskets
wrapping you in the
fragrant garden of peace
I will fly you to the moon
to gather the moon-glow of your thoughts
where seeds of creativity grow
I, the Mystical Dreamer,
the mystic within your dreams
the dreamer of your soul ~

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The Energy Of Life

Come, sit with the beloved in the gardens of tranquillity
where nature's essence flows like the ancient Nile
swirling with the twirling dervishes as drums beat spiritual oneness until you hear
only the pounding of your heart
life's energy is the timeless dance of ecstasy beyond human understanding
whereby you have reached the joy and the mystery of enlightenment.

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Fantasies Forest

Night-time adorns our hearts with wings daring us to fly.
Restless spirits wrapping cobweb threads of
endearing sonnets capturing words of soothing
soliloquy beyond the sound of silence.
Sky meanders as keeper of the stars
following the moon's path as two lovers of truth trespass on hallowed ground,
entering night's fantasies forest.

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