Poetry Series

ENOCH JOHN

- poems -

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ENOCH JOHN (30/07/1958)

Teacher/Poet, holds a teacher's diploma /Valsayn Teachers' College
A degree in English from THE UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES
Working on a postgraduate dissertation.
Has a passion for poetry.

Works:

La Renaissance
Le Gardien [both self published anthologies]

Ice Maiden

Oh, Ransomed soul.
Oh, heart aglow.

Divine sparks that fly
From the fiery anvil of tests;
memories dimmed by suffering
Float about my mind
in distant squeakish spasms,
Mesmerising my soul
in silent solemn awe
Like a beautiful ice maiden
Frozen in stride.

ENOCH JOHN

Reminiscing

In the solemn deep I hear
Echoes of distant memories
That stir in my breast anew
And rekindle that flame azure.

Burn within my heart afresh
Sweet melodies of your whisper
Soft as the candlefly in the dusk;
That stirs; that excites and illuminates.

ENOCH JOHN

Staircase

Yesterday was only the staircase that led to today
Today is the bridge that stands between
yesterday and tomorrow,
And tomorrow may be the dream we all have today
So then, dream on today,
For tomorrow may never come.

ENOCH JOHN

The Rose of England

'Twas a most solemn day
Of that most the world would say.
The Rose of England would pass
Her still form in a gun carriage alas.

Many called it the event of the years
As the cortege the Royal Standard bears.
The clip clop of the horses thru Hyde Park
As on history the Princess leaves her mark.

John Bull's joie de vivre now diminished
It seemed to many that an era had finished.
The clip clop of the horses thru Hyde Park
As on history the Princess leaves her mark.

Yet, even in dying she still lives on
In the heart of many, a love already born.
The clip clop of the horses thru Hyde Park
As on History the Princess leaves her mark.

ENOCH JOHN

Vapour

In a moment
    it's gone.
Just like a whisper
Or a silent prayer;
A vapour that rises
In the midst of the day
And steals the secrets of the heart.

ENOCH JOHN