Poetry Series

Keith Pakela

- 7 poems -

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close hatchet

is there ever just a time when we can be free thinking? left to our own regards, to wonder aloud, and see where the wind takes us. it is moments like these that i wish for, to be my own person and think for myself. to chase dreams and see how close we can get, before we wake up and wait for the night to come, so we can try to get closer to catching them. don't stop, don't look back, just continue on until the light, and let the stars lead our way.

Keith Pakela

continuuee, non, togetheerr

its a maze of astounding proportions. if you don't have all day you surely will want to skip it. the green shrubs that tower to the sky, the sun shining through just enough to light the path, the only thing you can see ahead of you is dirt so rough that it wants to keep you muddled and hold you there forever. lets do a tap-dance around it, so intricate that we have no choice but to continue on together and i haven't been this close to you in a long time. odd what brings us together, a field, and and how it feels when we shake.

Keith Pakela

i

a dark winter night, leads to my discontent. only so much snow can fall, only so many times can my legs tremble before i lose my composure, holding my tongue was never a part of this. With the brisk wind in the morning, hopefully a new light pours in, making it easier to wake up and start again. a poetry that words can't describe but simple enough that you know i mean you. come easy to me, lay in my arms, and make this night whole.

Keith Pakela

ii

sluggish the day goes, to and fro, with birds stealing my songs and trees leaning down to whisper words of yesterdays wisdom. come and take my patience, and take me with you. Leave me not lowly, lonely, but keep me by your side. I am ok with going where you go, or following you to the ends of the page, but not sure how much farther. My words have been misconstrued before and yet again they fall by the wayside, to deaf ears that pay no mind to try to interpret anyway. A long time from now is still a long ways behind us, because there is no such direction. How can i get home? This is not the place you were supposed to lead me. I thought your heart would be one in mine, and instead you pulled me farther off track

Keith Pakela

iii

We fell into the bush and have never laughed so loud. these last few hours have been magical, and it seems as if we've known each other forever. but against all that feels right, we will be saying goodbye in a matter of hours. all of the things we've done, from the morning rush under the quilted sheets, to our nightly indiscretions that would make the oldest of people blush. it was a time like none I've felt before, one that we will each hold on to, and make our fondest memories.

Keith Pakela

sit, wait moon

tonight i will sit and wait for you, i will watch the stars and recite the songs we used to sing. lay in the grass, and pretend that your coming around the corner for me, in that radiant white dress, just how we always imagined. and you look more beautiful even after all the days, months, years ago we had met. hand in hand, down the beach, and i swing you up and around and into my arms, and its perfection. I always told you i would reach up and pull down the stars for you, and ask the moon to shine for you, and never care who watched us, but tonight, i want you all to myself

Keith Pakela

UnTiTleD

did anyone hear what the hummingbird whispered to the honeybee..

Keith Pakela