Classic Poetry Series

Leon Gellert

- poems -

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Anzac Cove

There’s a lonely stretch of hillocks:
There’s a beach asleep and drear:
There’s a battered broken fort beside the sea.
There are sunken trampled graves:
And a little rotting pier:
And winding paths that wind unceasingly.
There’s a torn and silent valley:
There’s a tiny rivulet
With some blood upon the stones beside its mouth.
There are lines of buried bones:
There’s an unpaid waiting debt :
There’s a sound of gentle sobbing in the South.

Leon Gellert

Rendezvous

Long before the dawn breaks
With a bird's cry,
I'll be hustling on the wind
Out where you lie -
Hurrying to our rendezvous
Under the April sky.
I'll step from out the sea again
To the shoulder of the land,
And pass the dead boy where he lies
Prone on the tideless strand,
Treading lightly lest I move
His fingers in the sand.
Do you remember how you stopped
After the sudden climb,
Sniffing the air as one who comes
On a holy thing sublime?
I'll meet you where the breeze brought
The first sent of thyme.
I'll meet you where we yearned that morn.
Under the April sky,
Waiting on our bellies there
For the battle cry.
I'll meet you where I left you there
Lying all awry.
You said, "We will continue the
Discussion by and by."

. . . . . .

If I could but remember what

We spoke of, you and I!

Leon Gellert

The Christmas Beetle

When Christmas comes the Christmas heat'll
bring once more the Christmas Beetle
The first inflammatory breeze'll
set him buzzing like a diesel.
Hear him open up his throttle
as he hums above the wattle!
Hear him zoom, and snarl and rattle
Like a fighter plane in battle!
Watch him dive to sink and settle-
Folding up his wings of metal -
Cutting off the engines sound
as quietly as he comes to ground.
Then watch some sparrows, frail and lowly,
Strike him swiftly, rend him wholly.

Leon Gellert

The Gecko

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitiation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Leon Gellert

The Jester in the Trench

"That just reminds me of a yarn," he said;

And look for the body of Lofty Lane

He had a thousand yarns inside his head.

They waited for him, ready with their mirth

And creeping smiles, - then suddenly turned pale,

Grew still, and gazed upon the earth.

They heard no tale. No further word was said.

And with his untold fun,

Half leaning on his gun,

They left him - dead.

Leon Gellert

The Last to Leave

The guns were silent, and the silent hills
had bowed their grasses to a gentle breeze
I gazed upon the vales and on the rills,
And whispered, "What of these?' and "What of these?
These long forgotten dead with sunken graves,
Some crossless, with unwritten memories
Their only mourners are the moaning waves,
Their only minstrels are the singing trees
And thus I mused and sorrowed wistfully

I watched the place where they had scaled the height,
The height whereon they bled so bitterly
Throughout each day and through each blistered night
I sat there long, and listened - all things listened too
I heard the epics of a thousand trees,
A thousand waves I heard; and then I knew
The waves were very old, the trees were wise:
The dead would be remembered evermore-
The valiant dead that gazed upon the skies,
And slept in great battalions by the shore.

Leon Gellert