Poetry Series

nishca koeries

- 21 poems -

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A Silent Suffering

When the light in the sky rests at night
I summon up memories of you
Memories of our sweet, devious planned moments
In silence
Alone

Your face to me
Not a guiltless remembrance
But a sin worthy of thought

If space should fold over and time relapse
I would place your heart in her hands
Her hands
Not mine
To guard it honestly
Not lust after it guiltily

I do pray that the heavens above be merciful on your soul
And that a sweet harmonious harp play the notes to your name
And do clear your heart with rhythm and song

As darkness enfolds us while the light in the sky rests, I pray

That my mind may fail to remember you in the coming new day

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Angels Weep

Angels weep silently
For wicked thoughts
Uncensored words
Malicious acts

Angels weep aloud
For fearless acts of forbidden love
Lust in the bosoms of the weak
The slaughtering of man

Angels weep

Angels weep
They weep for pain
Weep for starvation
Weep for poverty

They weep for the unjustly acts of a barren world
For wars
And hatred
Impatience and rage

They weep for the still born bundle
Cradled in the arms of death...
A grip too tight
A grip of might

Angels weep for hidden love
reckless vulgar
Guilt and suffering

Angels weep for broken hearts
Poignant tears
Strung-out souls

Angels
Our angels
Weep for us
Man; the savages

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Archaic Death

Her broken body
Almost mortal
In it's fragility
Lay lifeless following her plunge to earth
Her inevitable meeting with death

She tried to fly
Her young mind
Half of 36
Almost saved her
But trying to fly with broken wings in mid air
Is a task too overwhelming
So she fell
She fell
She fell

Mid air offers a timeless vision
Proof of ocular
As the wind sweeps her drapery
Endlessly flapping
Lifelessly flapping
Her eyes
Her dark eyes are open
Staring at the heavens
Waiting for a helping hand
To change her ever-fix'd fate

A noiseless plunder
Her death a mystery - for'ver wonder

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Archaic Smile

'Her wings still beat
As the wind sweeps her drapery...'

Little Angel
When will thy wings heal
Will they ever
Or shall it stay eternally broken
How much longer can you stifle your cry
You know it can never be
So don't wonder why

Where has your archaic smile gone
I've seen it last when yesterday's sun shone
Please
I beg you
Take this helping hand
I'll save you

Carnage, turmoil, confusion all over
Ready to fly at the top of the cliffs of Dover
So white, they make your skin look pale
Ever reflecting

Don't fly Little Angel
Your wings are broken
You'll die Little Angel
In your heart, words left unspoken
In mid-air Little Angel
You'll feel it disappearing and you'll try to fly
It's too late Little Angel
The ground is near; soon you'll die

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Broken Lullaby

Keats:
'...on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone...'

1
My ever-drowning soul
Does long to live when Keats writ
Breathed
And lived
To soak up such beauty in words
Such unreflecting love
A love set alight by poetic words
An undying love

Much unlike this loveless age
Loveless
Absent of Shakespeare's
Ever-going untold tale of a Lover's Complaint
A lover not yet his to take

2
My mind contains an unending quarrel
My thoughts pulled hither
And thither
By vice and by virtue
Virtue, with its decreasing strength

A mindless darkness dragging me down
Pulling me closer
It's nails tearing into my flesh
Away from undying love

3
Amidst this loveless age
Honesty lurks
While desire flourishes
I shut my vision
Restricting lust to enter my heart
To conquer my mind
To destroy my soul
To blacken it until I am no longer whole

4
My broken lullaby is now writ
When the sun has set
And light no longer blinds me
No longer exposes me

A lullaby to console
But how will it console when it
Too, like me
Is broken

Beyond repair

A lullaby this broken offers no refuge
No love
No fairy tale-like wonder
Or passion...

5
I am alive in an age where love does surrender
To earthly beasts
With cog-in-a-machine smiles
Vows that in lust, dissolve into nothingness
Unending critique
Judgement
Hatred
Unkind words
And desolate souls...

Unfix'd remains my broken lullaby
Shut is my vision as if to stifle my cry

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Broken Thoughts

Your face brings about an automated smile to mine
Yet you don't notice
Don't see
Don't know

That I exist
That I love you
That I care

You do this not intentionally
But in oblivion

I shudder to think what you might say
How you might react
What you might think

If I ever told you
If I told you
That you're the newest, shiniest secret of my heart

The fear paralyzes me
And what strengthens me is the painfully devastating
Outrageously beautiful
Extraordinary love I have for you

I die a little inside when I think of you not knowing
Not knowing anything

At all.

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Broken Wings

One More Flight With These Broken Wings Will Be My Death
So I keep my feet tightly pressed
Against the dusty
Cracking ground
A dry, lifeless ground

These broken wings
They cannot fly
They know that if they try...
They will make her die

A dark-eyed angel
Too lonely to speak
To utter a word
Too broken to fix
To even try...
So broken without even knowing why

Oh This little angel
Held together by hope
She soon will plunder
To the dry, dusty earth
To meet her death

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Colour

'...I want my inner goddess to be the rain that falls thick above you...'

As innocence lingers
In his arms I was a rose
Wrapped in the black velvet fragrance
of LOVE
So free and so kind

Utterly devine was I
I was passion-swept
Perfection dressed in nudity

Something too beautiful to fathom.

It was me and him
Just us
Alone
As my inner goddess collapsed beneath him.

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Crumbling

The ground,
The dust,
The soil
Is crumbling beneath me

As I look on at you rumbling endlessly...
Saying 'I still love you'
when I know you speak truth,
Yet all I can do is push you away,
Stifle my tears
And tell you that I don't care

When we both know I do...

So as you leave,
With her -
I keep quiet and drown..
Quickly...
I surrender to the quicksand that is my sorrow
To swallow me..
Devour me...

You destroyed me.

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dead lake

1
Loosely drifting are logs
And leaves
And distorted flesh
Of animal and human
Both reeking with the stench of death
An unnatural,
Terrifying,
Fearful death

2
A coin toss for death by starvation
As carcasses and skeletons lay;
Unclaimed
With little flesh threading
And flies zooming above and around

Or maybe death by mutilation
Or torture
Or rape
Or jealousy

Crimes of passion;
Bathed in tears and horror,
And hopeless screams and confusion
With a heart cold of hate

3
The dead water dare not move
Or disturb the peace of mutilated corpses and dried out carcasses

Or move to tear away more flesh from these bones

But instead-
Is stagnate,
And still
With some twisted peacefulness

4
Becoming death itself,
The lake is dead

Abandoned screams
And broken dreams
And the beautiful stench of death.

5
Let my hand on your throat
become the beautiful, breathless twist in my story.

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Dying, Lying, Dead

Abominable lies float away with my breath
Each heartbeat a struggle
Each movement too much

My heart is dying
My mind keeps lying
My words are poison
My body is aching

Save me...
From the dark vices
Save me
Please save me

I am dead

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Elih

Two lips a line
Eyes that shine
With hands as small as drops of dew
A little breathe of life so new

His body rests in God's palm
His mind at ease; his mind so calm
I pray that tall walls never wall you
Bureaucrats never hector you
That foul rats never pester you

I pray that you never hear uncensored words
Never witness malicious acts
Never speak words of hate
Never be caught in an unethical debate

May skies sing to you
And trees dance for you
Most of all may God protect you

Welcome to the world Elih

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fantasy

She is hopelessly lost in a fantasized intimacy between herself and her lover
In dreaming, he gently sways from side to side as he holds her close,
So close that she can feel his living heart beat recklessly...
Beautifully,
Rhythmically.
She shudders, opening her eyes she sees her heart: drained of blood...it's empty.
This love: A figment of her imagination...
while he lives in oblivion.

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Guessing Game

I guess that if I stay forever quiet,
Forever invisible,
Forever unknown

That it'll protect you

I tell myself that every single second,
Every excruciating split second,
Through every breath I take
That it's best if I leave you alone

If I never bother you
Never speak to you
Never let you see me

I don't ever want to ruin you
Disappoint you
Or hurt you

I don't wanna be the cause of your pain
Or the core of it

So stay where you are
I am dark inside

I have vicious demons that will devour you

Don't come closer,
Ever.

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Humanity Is Inhumane

Pascale,
My bosom friend once said:
'Humanity has lost its humanity'

A war is starting

A war drenched in violence
A sweeping
Silent
Painful thing: being human

The human race has lost its heart
Has hardened it
And lost its significance
(it) has become a materialistic abomination
A selfish
Dishonest
Yet fragile thing

A thing that hates
A thing that so easily discriminates
A bureaucratic thing
Ruled by hierarchy
And men who lack integrity
Spineless (men)
If men at all

Being human carries as much significance as that of an
Inanimate thing
It means nothing at all

Humanity is too violent
Too over indulgent
Heartless
Spineless
Deprived of love

Deprivation
Starvation
Humanity
A cold cold thing

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it means nothing

I can no longer pretend
That it is my strength holding me together,
When we all know that it is not true.

I am held together by bits of tape,
Pieces of string,
A brittle sailor's knot,
A needle and thread:

Falling apart.

Desperately falling,

Falling too fast.

I am held together,
But falling apart rapidly,
Falling apart.

Expecting too much.

I can't keep pretending that it means anything,
At all.

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Love Spear

O;
Spear called Love
Your tears; they leave me sightless
Your pain; it leaves me nightless

Makes brittle my bones
Too brittle to move
You, oh spear of love
You pierce my soul
Peck at it until only little tatters of flesh are left hanging
Ghoul-like flesh
Dead flesh
Numb flesh

Sightless eyes are of no use
Sightless eyes due to your abuse
When will you stop your relentless pecking?
Ne'er have I been so brittle
I turn to dust at the touch of your tip

You come at a fast speed
From the hand of man
That same Helping Hand Keats so willingly extends
That same hand who kills;
Ends a life
Presses down too hard...
And kills

I ought to take caution after every bruise
Every open wound
Every sightless eye
And
Nightless nights
Yet:
I still believe
Still desire
Still am passionate
Still embrace you with arms wide open

To you Dear Love
I extend an eternal olive branch
Rich in colour
Hope the nectar within
Wrapped in green passion
With a glimmer of lust -
For appeal
So shiny a branch
It leaves you in a trance

You Dear Love in the hands of men
Are lusty
Is jealous

Holds grudges over ancient artifacts
Thou dost not remember sweet melodies
Dost not feel beautiful memories
But does hear unkind words
Does remember when things went wrong...
You, Dear Love, in the hands of man is a sad sad song;
A tatter of flesh
Dead flesh
Numb

O, Love you leave me sightless
Your pain: ev'r nightless

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My Brand New Picasso

You're a brand new Picasso,
Still wet
Unrealistically beautiful
Priceless

Therefore I cannot touch you
Or your value will decrease
And I will spoil your beauty

I cannot view you
For the anticipation will fade

So I'll stand patiently in line
To view you from a distance
Where I cannot harm you
Where I cannot spoil your beauty
Decrease you,
Or take anything away from you

Don't ever notice me,
Please

I need to keep you beautiful,
Freshly painted,
With love -
Forever.

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Oblivious Infliction

You are oblivious
Too oblivious to notice
Too oblivious to care
Just oblivious.

I am drowning in my misery
Conflicted by my pain
Utterly defenseless against this
Deep Dark Depression
This pool of poignant dreams
reckless abandonment
And lack of responsibility
But still:
You don't notice
You don't care

You just stay the same...
You stay oblivious
Just oblivious.

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Shattered Angel - Sonnet 24

His wings are broken
His mouth shut - within it lay words left unspoken
His body is tormented through violent eruptions
Years of drought - his soul suffered huge deductions
He looked back
He just couldn't let go
The shape of a human now molded in stone
Beware of his heart, it's broken glass
With pain overwhelmed
It cuts you open
Because of life it's broken
A rope around his neck, no clothes on his back
He is thrown upon a rack
Broken angel of stone - a piece of ruin all alone

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Soul

1
deeply etched
carefully engraved
upon my soul
with care and with love;
gently, i carved your name

forever, you
yes, forever

2
gently i sway
deep in thought
i am thinking of you
my thoughts are with you
my thoughts are you
you envelope them
smother them
set them alight
burn them out
exhaust them

and you fill them with love
kindess and affection

3
my heart is filled with yout scent
my eyes, heavy with your face;
i see you
my lips linger with your touch;
they wait
my fingertips barely holding on

dont leave me

4
you are etched upon my soul
engraved
you make me whole
all of you is all of my soul

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