

## Poetry Series

**Rena Silverman**

**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

February 2009

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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### **Rena Silverman (1985)**

A native of New York, Rena Silverman is a freelance poet, speech writer and journalist. Her work has been published in Marie Claire magazine, and other online news sources. She is the owner and creator of Shop Gue, a natural beauty line for hair, skin, and household products.

Works:

Scattered and Other Poems. Coming soon.

## **Diptera**

between the scene and me  
the glass  
is empty but  
a belly land  
tethered in  
black casings  
antennas  
wired wings connected  
legs hooked a  
vacuum sucking mouth  
slashing the white blue crashing  
against something invisible  
under my thumb impotent  
it capsizes the sea and the sky serene

Rena Silverman

## La Statuaire

Chantez au statues,  
Leur esprit enracinées.  
Leurs yeux ardents de pierre  
qui sont présentés à travers le couvert de lichens et les oiseaux de passage pieds.  
Ces statues ont les yeux qui ne bougent pas.  
Ces yeux sont fixés sur une marque.  
Cette marque est au-delà du vert qui change avec les saisons.  
Cette marque est partout, au-delà de la lumière ou d'obscurité.  
Cette marque est précaire dans ce parc.

Et dans ce parc, les enfants sont liées.  
Ces enfants ne comprennent pas l'importance de leurs jeux.  
Ces enfants sont en riant grimper aux arbres.  
Ces enfants sont de rire parce qu'ils font face les médias par le carrousel.

Et je suis comme eux. Je suis pris dans le verbe actif mortelle.  
Je laisse mes yeux pleurent transitoire.  
Je casse une larme pour chaque jeu rapide torchage.  
Chaque groupe d'enfants, chaque ensemble d'arbres, de chaque ensemble de nuages.

Mais dans le même temps, je suis coincé avec les statues,  
Je suis dans une fugue, je suis indifférent  
Comme les yeux de la pierre est en sécurité dans la roche.

Rena Silverman

## Mourning Marks

Oh, why do I dread going to bed?  
Why am I scared to sleep?  
Am I afraid I'll wake up dead?  
and should I be counting sheep?

Why I do dread going to bed?  
Is it fear that the ghosts will haunt?  
or was it something that somebody said?  
or worse, something I want?

Oh, why do I dread going to bed?  
Why am I still awake?  
I should be snoring and dreaming instead,  
or trying to for heaven's sake!

But here I am, up in my head,  
typing away these words,  
and browsing books that I've already read-  
Oh, HELL, here come the birds.

CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP will you be quiet?  
What time is it any way?  
Why do they always cause a riot,  
And what are they trying to say?

Why do I dread going to bed?  
Oh great, here is the sun.  
Rising in yellow, orange and red,  
Apparently, morning's begun!

Here's why I dread going to bed,  
Because by the time I do,  
Everyone else is so far ahead,  
And me...I haven't a clue.

So if you're like me, listen and learn,  
To my few words of advice.  
If night time brings you worry, concern,  
Then bedtime will charge you full price.

Rena Silverman

## **Oil on Canvas**

Feverish, the earth  
sweats from green to rust-  
hygrophanous tincture,

pile of dust.  
The sorry moon,  
trapped behind,

the great brush wash,  
How inopportune.  
Table of land,

hushed and daft,  
listen to the Sky,  
(what lack of craft.)

Rena Silverman

## Scattered

I have too many random crafts  
that hack my fragile brain,  
instead of writing final drafts  
I sort of go insane.

Let's start with art, because at heart  
I know i cannot paint,  
But in that moment when i start  
I just have no restraint.

Green, purple, yellow, grey-  
it doesn't even matter,  
as long as i completely stray  
from the stupid need to flatter.

I'll also tell you of my 'blog'  
it really drives me mad,  
it's all the worst in one prologue  
to a book of latest fads.

Worst of all there's web design  
a skill i do not own,  
but when my mind is on decline  
i get completely thrown.

Last of all my deviations  
is a need to play with words,  
when life feels like an abbreviation  
it's best to be absurd.

Rena Silverman