

Poetry Series

Terry Edwards

- poems -

Publication Date:

November 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Terry Edwards on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Apple Poem

Her long elegant fingers
as talons,
gently grip
the fruit
of her pleasure.

She bites
in to
the succulent flesh
and glides
her sensual
probing tongue
over moistened
red lips
and tastes
the remaining essence
of her feast.

And then
having devoured
all that she wants
she casts the core
away.

Satisfied for now
but only for now
she moves on,
knowing the hunger
will return
as it always does.

Terry Edwards

Drought

I wish I could write about the drought

but I can't

It is too damn depressing.

I wish I could write about the starving Emus

lined up at the vermin proof fence searching for food and water

being shot in their thousands

but I can't.

I'm told the drought is an act of God

I dunno,

I think Man has a bit to do with it

others blame El Nino

it's good to have a scapegoat

Terry Edwards

Even Death

Even Death with her seductive embrace
offers no respite.

She too deceives.

For when the spark of life
reignites, however painful, however brief

She departs.

Unquenched desires

for a time,

an eternity.

Terry Edwards

Soul selling

It's easy to sell your soul

It's easy to sell your soul for a job.

You let your beliefs fly away like pigeons from a loft
opened in the early morning.

Some are caught by hawks

some return

others just disappear without trace.

Terry Edwards

Tee shirt

I saw a big man
wearing a big tee shirt
with a message on it
telling all yuppie scum to die
I looked at the big fellow
smiled and nodded in affirmation
Terry Edwards

We could have Flown

We could have flown
together
as in a dream

A leap of faith
from the sheer cliffs
of uncertainty

As one – but two
we would have soared
over snow capped mountains
through forests
of colour and wonderment
and skimmed the lake
of the Black Swan of Desire.
Bringing light and joy
to that desolate place

Released from the tether
of inhibition and expectation
our Souls could have
reached for the sky and touched
the stars of a winters night

And if then
we plummeted
to the eternal death
and life
of the mundane
Would it have
mattered?

For a time
we would have
madly
escaped
the sanity
of an insane world

For a time
our reality
would have been created
by the gods
of our dreams and desires

And so
if we plunged
into an oblivion
of our choosing
would it then have mattered?

Terry Edwards