Classic Poetry Series

Zorika Petic

- poems -

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Abandoned Houses

Abandoned houses are
illusion reaching
its end;

wind and rain and time
root for the
ground.

They have the calmness brought
by defeat,
the bearing of farmers

who are whittled
and resist no more than
enough.

See how easily the earth
takes them back:
an eye here,

a bone there, the same rite
as with the animate.
The open windows

are in the flight path of night
tired and bound
for home.

Zorika Petic

The Awakening

'The Awakening'

By
Charles L. East

There comes…
at times…
an insidious awakening
that stirs my soul to memories,
so faint,
intangible,
of past strife and death
…and life…
of glories faded, buried,
as though they never were.

Yet…
I hear the distant drums of war
and the heralding trumpet's muted voices,
and dimly see
a legion of shimmering golden helmets…
their plumes dancing in Sparta's wind.

I feel the blistering sting of cold salt spray
as I behold the failing sun slip quietly
beneath an unforgiving sea.

My life's blood absorbed by the warm sands
of Rome's coliseum…
I am aware
of the fragrance of the Earth
in Flanders field.

There comes…
at times…
an insidious awakening.

Zorika Petic

'The Keeping'

'The Keeping'

By
Charles L. East

Unto my keeping
wert thou given me,
that I might love thee
with all my soul
to the end of my days…
and adore thee in the autumn of my years.

I have loved thee beyond life's measure,
beyond the treasures of the earth or sea
or the boundless reaches of the deepening sky.

If the sun should quietly rise
upon a dreaded day…
and thy final sleeping mercifully unburden
the hours from me,
my futile weeping shall only cease
with a last and desperate breath…
and with all my failing strength,

I shall once more
softly whisper,
with love…

thy name.

Zorika Petic

'The Passing'

'The Passing'

By
Charles L. East

The hand of time
shall soon close itself about me.
The winds of winter foretell the final days
which demand I step into the endless depths of eternity…
powerless to deny it's irresistible command,
I must now accept repose beneath the silent
earth of the valley.

While reflecting in my quietest moments,
I sometimes ponder the hour of my birth
when I beheld in wonderment…
the fading, twinkling stardust upon my tiny hands,
and then how I followed, with such unfailing resolve and courage,
the burdened path destiny lay before me.

The softly tolling bell proclaims my journey near an end,
at last… my duty done.
Weep not, nor utter regret,
for I shall touch the stars once more
and with…stardust covered fingers…begin the
journey once again.

Zorika Petic

The Visit

I stand in quiet by the stream,
and wait for a key.
Either I was left behind or I
left something close;

a part of my life doesn't move.
There's a loss as if all
of history has been replayed
in the dramas lived here.

These horses don't know me,
and the epoch is new.
The fields are fields, the silver
air no truer than anything else.

Zorika Petic