

Poetry Series

**Johan Venter**  
**- poems -**

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Johan Venter()

# Graveyard Romance

Dreaming dreams never dreamt before  
Visions of love and hate entwined in all  
Dreams of life and death not making sense at all  
The smell of burning brimstone burned before

Marriage of the dead and buried  
A festive attire of decaying flesh  
The dance of life done lying down  
The birth of an omen with reason unknown  
An omen of love with a curse been blessed  
A honeymoon in hell under a crimson throne

Restless eye-movement in the dead of night  
Bloody perspiration of a prey in flight  
Seeking shelter in the hunter's arms  
In the presence of death yet fearing no harm

Finding peace in a merciless cold  
A peace of mind with nothing to lose  
The memory of a love once shared in life  
Realizing there's no chance for love's rebound

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# I Know She Lives Here

I look down memory lane - that's where she resides.  
Fear accompanies me as I force my stride -  
The shade of the trees is too deep,  
Every shadow harbouring a bitter cold.

The house is painted Winter green,  
The pavement soiled with Autumn gold.  
The door an illusion, a doormat without greeting -  
Windows reflecting only seasons gone by.

Her house a tomb for times gone by.  
In every room a bed I made yet never slept in.  
Pictures on wall: Some I recall, some alien.  
Faces and occasions - some empty frames.

I feel her presence - yet she's not here.  
She's all around - I taste her sweet in the air.  
Her bed left unmade, dishes attracting flies.  
Things left undone and so never will be -  
She is my past, and I know she lives here.

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# Perpetual Journey

It came in a dream  
-the journey never lasts forever-  
It was borne by a dream  
- every road has its destination -

A road less traveled  
seems the most arduous road of all.  
A journey unplanned the most animated  
- ensuing a distant call -  
brought on by their thoughts, their longings, hopes - their fate.  
Their destination already in mind's eye  
possessions sold for attaining a distant goal  
not knowing whether submission merits attainment.  
A leper reaching for Olympic gold.

Still - the uncertainty of what the future holds  
turns routine to adventure  
obligation to favor  
exploring together the reason for being in unison:  
Bridges crossed never are burned  
always having a safe retreat  
Springs drunk from always left to replenish  
an abundance to drown in on defeat.

## Traveling

A road leading in on itself  
a journey prolonged excessively  
a journey in itself justifying the destination  
the journey ultimately being the destination

Till then being cold feet on hard pavement  
seeking hold on the tunneled gloom of desolate track  
yet being at peace and contented  
showering the journey with roses  
reliving every moment whether grievous or elated

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# The Prodigy

Cold fingers touching the naked embodiment of truth  
Hungry ears thirsting for the heart's knowledge  
Searching truth in words always known in thought  
Looking for the pathway to the soul once known by heart

A mind a maze leaves others amazed  
A mind filled with knowledge yet torn apart  
A mind in pain cowering behind distrustful eyes  
A mind from sanity wanting to part

Depressing thoughts of depressing nature  
His mind an engine burning up facts  
Too tired to notice it is lacking emotion  
It descends into a lovelorn future

An intellectual hero in the eyes of society  
The only approach he gets superficial pride  
The only problem hanging onto sobriety  
An intellectual entity with nowhere to hide

A symbolic outcast welcomed by an awed fellow man  
A triumphant vagabond roaming the unknown  
A tyrannical dictator of his own emotional calamity  
A satiric psychic depending on human predictability

Dust to dust -  
One day he'll die alone.  
Wisdom in a coffin -  
A grinning skull and the whitest of bones

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