

Poetry Series

John Mark Siklere
- poems -

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John Mark Siklere()

Another Day

When the day is o'er and the sun traces the abyss deep;

My eyes to the east are fixed waiting in earnest for another day.

As dawn blossoms from behind a sketchy hill
a sac of chances break before me:

a chance to gain,

a chance to wrestle the 'whys',

a chance to escape the pain,

a chance to wonder the skys.

Another day to tread in hope,
to trace the path of steady living and belonging or a day to slide through bushes
of a lonely hill worn out and expectant.

John Mark Siklere

City Of Thorns

If it is wrong why does it feel so right?
Why would darkness appear in the fragrance of light?
If it is a mistake then why is the Inner-Me striving to earn it?
If it is wrong why does my heart fight to claim it?
I see a Lily all alone in a city of thorns;
the warnings on high walls,
the demons and horns.
Yet I long for her petals like a bee,
for the Lily in the city outgrown with thorns is the one for me.

John Mark Siklere

Crashing At Noon

Blow me away; far away.
When in your heart you bid me stay.
Blow me away into the grey,
let me into oblivion stray.
Love buds are easily broken;
by a selfish heart and the devil's token.
We could have ended on the moon;
why do we part we so soon?
Tis true, men love forever or come crashing at noon.

John Mark Siklere

Dance Of Death

A wisper and a glance Death does his dance.
A stance of grey balance in a daub instance,
Death does his dance.
The light of life dims whiles the black clouds of mourners gather.
Terror and disbelieve fill the heart of onlookers.
In rhythmic succession cool winds swirl about: twisting and turning the coverings
of shivering mortals.
And yet with a snide stride Death does his dance.
Suddenly a desperate attack is snuffed: the struggle of a persevering spirit
comes to an end with a sinister smile from the unearthly visitor. His conquering
presence refusing the power of Life and Hope in daring movements.
The drama is interrupted and men hear the dialogue of the Spheres.
Their spoken testament reflects in nature the victory that comes from loosing.
Meanwhile the branded robber does his dance: twisting and turning his body to a
dark and lifeless tune.

John Mark Siklere

In Zero Dimension. [illudere]

I'm in a place where lines don't merge and contours don't fit.

A hollow under a bridge where the Meridian emerges
from the bowel of a greasy Earth.

I'm bound by no definition, X and Y and latitudes don't confine me.

There's no weight or mass where I stand, and darkness is a picture in the mind,
I am free like a ray of light, independent as a lazer beam streaming.

I'm locked in a dimensionless world, Emotions encrypt in unbroken codes.

Mountains are low and valleys are unreachable, touching the sky.

A mile is short and quickly gone but a millimeter is endless and trails the corners
of a shapeless world.

There are no birds no music, just a few grass hissing; no clouds no fairy tales
and no kissing.

This is where I am, immaterial and illusive; a mockery of reality.

John Mark Siklere

Love Is Two

Is love made to cripple;
to break in two?
To wheel around on tires of two?
When I think of love I think of two.
Two people, a pair, a set of twos.
I think of tied men bound in glue,
I think of sour men 'torn in' too.
Nagging wives; I see them too,
abusive men they come in too.
I think of promises, money and big lies too;
Wedding bells, honey,
all taped in two.
Bliss is a feeling claimed in love,
yet Bitterness is crammed there too.
Love is Happiness, Love is blue,
Love is Hideous,
Have I given you a clue?
Maybe I'm wrong, maybe I'm true; this is I what think:
"LOVE IS TWO"

John Mark Siklere

Melons

How big are her melons?

How far apart are they?

Are they standing trial like felons,

Or are shy and hidden as gay?

Are they sold on the open market?

Does she dearly give them away?

Do they fill the entire basket,

are they heavy or light as hay?

I desire to find me melons,

green, precious sweet bags

of ferocious looking villains.

Water melons, to bid a hungry wayfarer stay.

John Mark Siklere

Nature Rhymes

I came to dance
The night away;
Fireflies and burning spray.
You can dream
in a thunder storm
neath the dirt like brooding Worms.
Living lightly on the edge.
Now I see the flow'rs emerge.
The Lion's roar; Creators sword.
A natural gosple
the hunter's paw.
I climb the mountains to the top
and call Reality to bed.
The beauty is right here in your eyes,
feels like mountains of white ice.

The blue, blue sky and golden sun,
I love to see the brown Deer run.
The rivers slide,
The Eagles glide
And you can hear the Monkeys lie.
The fishes schooling in the sea
the birds are chirping on the tree
The Rhinos snore
the cheetahs' war
and you can tell that the cats are bored.
I sail the ocean to the end.
The Desert mocks the Camels back.
The Shark is waking from a nap.
I'm walking through Jurassic park.

The honey bee and singing lark,
The termites eating Noah's ark.
It is cool on the other side,
lying still in a python's hide.
Who can beat the spider's craft?
The boatmen sailing in their raft;
The beaches teem with turtle eggs,
The crab is pinching Eva's legs.

I rode these thoughts into the clouds
and made my mounds in firmer heights.
To think I saw some
dizzy Mites;
far away from flying kites.

Alas I tried to settle down
My bride appears to me at dawn
My feelings fly,
my bride is shy
While aunty Betty is baking pie.
The alligator's shiny teeth
I bet he'll shy away from wheat.
The goats don't quit,
the llama spits;
the hippos turn in the muddy pits.
I join the chorus of the stars,
the whales trying to show their class,
the serpent's hiding in the grass
I'm flying like a shooting star.

John Mark Siklere

Wise Lies

All that glitters is gold;
only if you'll be so bold
to ride upon a thought so old.
The Evil that men do is lying on the side walk.
Who said it can walk?
I dare him to talk. How do I move a dozen eggs to the market,
if I don't keep them first in a basket?
No one can stich time in other to save nine.
This too is a childish line.
Birds of the same feather belong in a species.
They don't hang around on sandy beaches.
If wishes were horses beggars would rather ride cryslers.
Who would need a horse anyway, when he can drive a crysler any day.
I hate to say
but wise sayings aren't wise I say.

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