

Poetry Series

Laurence E. Bourke
- poems -

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Laurence E. Bourke(08/04/09)

I am a 20 year old student, not working at the moment but looking for work, love to write poetry and have done so since i was around 11 or so, always looking for a new poem to read or a new poet I've never heard of, I love to read also, socialise, play computer games(mostly rpgs) and I hope to have a good stay here and maybe get some recognition for my writings...hope you like them! !

April Drear

The world outside, a dark room of water,
quiet and unbearably bleak.
Movement limited to the grey tides
above.

I blink the blurry scene away.
April this morning is not the
Sporadic showers predicted
Earlier.

No, it is a tiring deluge.
Grimy roof-slates expel
there waterfalls, slippy,
amphibious trees drink the sky.

Flood-like volleys of clouds
poised, heavy as guilt.
Too encase us in a
Light less underworld.

Curb side drains, steel mouth-holes,
gulp the slithering torrent.
The road is a lamp lit
river.

April's waterlogged brume sweeps clean
the streets below. And I shrink
Down with the world,
Contented to sleep...

Laurence E. Bourke

Blackbirds Flight

The commonplace roof, caked in filthy years worth of grime,
Is surely no place for you, King of the sky!
Three terrific claws anchoring, perched atop the squared
house, an ungainly thing, it has not aged as you.
Warped slates flow from the crooked zenith,
apparently sheltering the dull bricked frame below,
it is nothing special,

What have you got to do with this place?
This stagnant block of talking heads,
walled in, glued to the regal talk-box,
You don't want to know them,

How definitive your gaze, how clear, Comprehending for fun,
neutral eyes gather the jaded light of the present,
ensphering our gloomy district in a precise image,
Then the feathered span appears, black and layered,
they heave, propelling instinctively, driving the faultless body
through gravity's unimportance,
you live for it!

Up into the topmost cacophonies, swerving,
leaving our grounded idiocies behind,
to blend with the others, your kind.
A pre-determined aerial assemblage,
Joining the Pulsing sheaths above making their way
Along magnetic lay-lines, a dark flock
bound for our adjacent hemisphere...

Laurence E. Bourke

Cat On The Roof

Fleet as wind, she slenderly navigates the
early morning world. A world unseen to the
sleepers, tinned skies distilling the blue of
the west, the yellowing east.

Her eyes are liquid black slits, binocular-like
and always moving. No sound betrays her tiny
presence, skulking over the shed roof.
A hunt at dawn seemed best.

Her watery amble is a river of black silk.
The wiry frame perfected over millennia.
I imagine her, proudly perched next to
some gilded pharaoh,

Her all knowing persona guarded by the
lack of speech, a carnivorous genius.
She sees a mid-shaded morning, her
flexing lens calculating effortlessly.

The hunt is on..

Laurence E. Bourke

Cloudy

Sluggish lines of cloud persist, interrupting mid-days
Glowing sheet, a spectacular explosion of blue.
Springs warming clime slows the cloudy migration above,
Dragging their dim underbellies beneath the skies bowled ceiling...

A world-weary platoon, commanded only by the wind,
Ever adrift on its gaseous currents, old, unseen convection's traversing All
we have and have not. And us, our lazy brains sculpting
Shapes into the flimsy masses passing overhead...

Can only watch the fat white bodies float, casually, through quiet space,
Absorbing suns penultimate rays, redirecting its scattered
Orange and reds earthward. Their thin-air tops stay cool,
Skimming the darkening limits of our world...

Laurence E. Bourke

Distortion Night

A violent wind-scape overwhelms the outer world,
Pry's open sleepy thoughts, hurling them
Headfirst into the rainy wakefulness roaming outside!

A window full of drops, spherical balls of night zig zagging
down, each trapping shards of the storming suburbs
In their shuddering, transparent forms,

Skewing and liquidizing the mornings first brave lights,
tentative drivers up before the sun, headlights ablaze,
oily beams bisected only by the flood.

It is a strange thing, this night of rain and wind,
we have woken unto its whorls
of elemental relentlessness...

Laurence E. Bourke

Eye Of The Storm

The doom-noise tumbles in. no colors flee the eye of it.
Miles on windy miles succumb, sunlight cant get in.
Nothing tells the day from night beneath this grey-black roof,
This charged procession of cloudy walls,

There is no way out, not now the eye has opened wide,
A zero gravity calamity, the lid wont blink till the world is done,
Closer and closer it falls, earths old face upturned, waiting,
Bracing, , for the torrential impact.

I am stormbound. But first the mountains must go down,
Wrenched from there age old foundations, the bedrock liquidates,
Cyclonic hands follow, they are livid. Vortices's eating ground
In soaring spouts, this is invincibility.

I hear the distant boom of rain. Before it touches down.,
No earth-sea could match this wave, this dark shield floating terribly,
Draped across horizons spheroid span, digesting the skyline,
I imagine this is the end,

Laurence E. Bourke

In Sleep

In sleep, in sleep, I wander deep,
Into minds un-ego'ed keep,
And swim in thoughts
And swim in dark,
To where all source of thoughts embark,

In sleep, in dreams, I saunter slow,
To where all conscious things must go,
And ramble on
And tumble down
And aim for something bright below,

I turn, I flow, through golden veins,
Connected to all other brains,
With every move
I touch the great,
The one connected living state,

In here, this here, I feel at peace,
As though all forms of doubting cease,
And this is me,
The brightest me,
The central source indefinitely,

Laurence E. Bourke

Morning Wakes...

The morning briskly opened its half lit eyes,
And me, walking out unknowingly into the dusky bedlam
Felt as though the world was one of wind and ice,
A world tilted on sleepy axis toward some distant night.

Above me, around me, and inside me, the
Ear splitting whir of a dark, revolving globe, driving
It's windy thoughts in strange and unmeasured directions,
Call the subconscious mind from its slumber.

Down streets enthralled by dawns design,
Smaller streets when wrapped in ice,
December is cold and unimaginably large,
Her sun is an extraterrestrial Snow ball, and just as white.

My breath became the Earth's, the skies bluing
curvature slipped up toward the bottom of the planet,
The pallid-sky light, like an illusion, grips us,
Takes us, wearily, to another time...

Laurence E. Bourke

November Cold

Winters transparent coat, the blustery cape of a November morning
Swings downward, erratically and with ultimate force,

A barbarous mixing of air and below zero climes, snatched
From some icy landmass and thrown, shockingly southward,

We are not used to it, the real cold, the killing kind,
Armed to the teeth with glittering knives, dipped in

The blind lakes up north. bloated pools of dark water,

Expanding and adapting, we can only settle in, hide away.

Our raw skins traipse from day to stinging day,
Living out our winters in the mind...

Laurence E. Bourke

Sea Cliffs

These are the cliffs, proving Ireland's finite edge,
Steep slabs, rugged hearts of olden things, of all forgot.
We tremble at the slope, skirting these stormy world rims.

Abysmal facade, you wear our souls, drown us in
Your booming laughter, hide us, dead, in your
Wailing depths, the unseen.

Rip tided brinks, your face is invisible, but
I know it is there, carved by watery hammers over time.
Marooned in Earths deep gut, confined to gleam,

To hold each setting sun in granite wound.
So stay here at this height, watch the futures malison erupt,
I have no need of you, I wont leap from your grassy head and fall,

Toward the sky...

Laurence E. Bourke

Storm Front, , ,

Clouds this morning bear no semblance to those were accustomed to,
Rimmed by tides of winter fire, dull goliaths, tired with rain, Yearning
to expunge their elephantine loads,

The graying gluts hoard the earths water, no ark can save
Those down below, Our old stars angular climb comes
Far too late, There can be no defense! !

Laurence E. Bourke

Summer Surfaces

The over-blue is full of noise, and bottomless, summer sinks its
Humid teeth into the sky, boiling tons of barely breathable air,
Dynamic flotillas of white clouds graze the illusory crown of sun,

The garden is a greenhouse, a sultry square walled hell,
No siestas here, just oppressive rays per square inch,
Squeezing perspiration from humans, full of sleep,

Somewhere, a lawnmower is growling hypnotically,
I envision the horrendous jaw, mauling a distant lawn,
The trees are as tall as ever, breathless, lethargic giants,

These are the thought filled hours, the high noon blue that
Summons the inner eye, we imagine piece, love and fantastical notions,
Daydreams flit in and out of existence, a sea of flowers....

Laurence E. Bourke

The Collision(Dream)

All night, you weighed me up, globular, a mad-god eye,
From your jeweled grove. What weight can measure the
Sky when you unbalance so. Dark sided circumference, always
Hidden, maybe you've lived forever,

Planetoid Eidolon, enlarging the night, your orbit incalculable, oblong
And ancient. It frightens me to death. Staring down and down
Through the filmy epidermal sky-layers, Weightlessly, Yet
Terrifically powerful, a back lit sea magnet,

I think I will die if I look any longer, you wade across the ocean
Like a conscious balloon, Closer, Closer, falling, your singular eye askew.
Bulging horrendously, The vertical approach begins,
Bobbing ever closer.

Now I'm finished, The sky is a moon, A billion liters of water
Rise up to meet the lop-sided prospect, Incoming.
I watch this enormous death-ball trundling upward, or maybe side ward,
A cratered catastrophe, the Earth converse,

The impact will end me, antipodal bodies obliterate each other.
A titanic gravitational expulsion... then nothing.

Laurence E. Bourke