

Poetry Series

michael john jackson
- poems -

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michael john jackson()

A Rainy Day

On a rainy day,
I watched droplets
Running down the window,
And wager on which
Will be first to reach the sill.

They mearge with each other,
To speed the way,
The one that gathers most,
Is allways first to stay.

Another allways fills it's place,
This is a race,
A train gathering memory,
Taking us somewhere
That we can't face.

michael john jackson

I Saw Time

I saw time take a pear.
No kiss touched it's golden skin,
No tooth tooth touched it's tender core.
The seed lay burried close within,
Withered like a child unborn.

I saw time take a tree,
That stood a span of nine like me,
No recourse to age or size,
Could quell it's slow, and soft demise.

I saw time take a land,
By axe and saw,
To barren sand.

For the love of life,
And lust for loss,
We take our time,
And time takes us.

michael john jackson

It's Strange

Its strange is'nt it?
How new born and ancient
Look the same.

Fresh drawn, in perfection,
Only to have time and codes
Etch their lines in soft slate,

And to have them fade
Into the anonimity
Of old age,

Like fallen petals
Under the harsh sun.

Dont burn me,
But bury me in white,
Black is for the living.

michael john jackson

Pandora's Box

And from the casket
Came to play,
Greed and anger,
Grim and gray.

Followed forth by
Hate and death,
Dread desiese
To still the breath.

But last to come,
Of all the things,
Sings softly from
Eternal springs.

michael john jackson

Pride

The proud of themselves
Make sorrows sad,
Like dust that falls on snow.
The cold beneath the frozen crust,
Can neither melt nor grow.

Like mountain peaks,
Wreathed in ice,
And cut away in clouds.
Too lofty now
To see beneath,
The ever present shroud.

Layer on layer the bedrock grows,
Each tier shed on pride,
Until the base fades to a peak,
Then nothing, far or wide.

michael john jackson

Temporary Glass

Now that things
Have come so vague,
My eye see's things anew,
Washed afresh, before
The morning grass
Could mourn the dew,
Then trampled down
By careless feet
Of time the marching plague.

And all the things
That come to pass,
The love, the hate, the war,
Married in the
Silent minds of
Those who came before,
All tethered in
A shallow plane
Of temporary glass.

Nothing comes to nothing.
We all await the fall,
Like autumn leaves
That once were green,
Await the earth to call,
They bristled in
The dawn of spring,
Then Summer set a flaw,
Autumn browned,
And winter downed,
For once, and evermore.

michael john jackson

The Cradle

She made a cradle
Of her hand,
With burnished stone,
And barren sand.

From her mouth
There fell a seed,
Upon the barren
Earth to bleed.

Salt and water
Drained her eye,
And fell upon
The earth to die.

Where she sat,
Her tears to spill,
Upon the grey
And blackened hill,

Something ached
Beneath the ground,
And far away,
And all around,

A fresh perfection
Filled the air.
Beneath her feet,
The Earth once bare,

Clambered with
A greening wave,
And made a cradle
Of the grave.

michael john jackson

The Sweet Belief

Harsh is the night,
Tender is for leaving.
Those gentle snapping strings,
When the sweet stop believing.

'Look', she said,
'Upon this face
Corruption holds no flaw'.
Tighten up, but just a touch,
And then a little more.

Till overwound, like clocksprings,
Slowly work our grinding teeth.
Then left alone, by night and day,
To loose that sweet belief.

michael john jackson

Untitled

Thunder could not turn my head,
The way it's turned today,
Toward a distant unseen room,
Within the distant day.

And drum beat rise impatient,
Beneath these finger tips,
That long to rest once more,
Within the hollows of her hips.

Scented sighs, and gentle cries,
Sough softly from those lips.

With darkened words,
Like midnight birds
I cursed the coming light,
And held my breath
To hear you breathe
Your soft breath,
To the night.

If Heaven sent its seeds to sow,
And grow what Heaven knows.
They could not grow
So dear and sweet
To me as Annerose.

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