

Poetry Series

Mines Yours
- poems -

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Mines Yours()

Autumn Sonnet

Hues of deep burgundy, the joyous reds
Arrest the tree leaves as they softly fall,
Crying to each other as the blush spreads
And darks the veins. A season call.
A skylark carols merrily, and sings
Praises to her paradise, heav'nly bliss.
The far off church tolls noon, the brass bell rings
A chime for the sun, as the gold rays kiss
The earth, dappling the dry ground with shadows
And light. A mixture of love and death, is
Foreseen in the coming winter sorrows
Which make the world grow sad. Autumn holds his
Head up proud, not humble nor vain, and makes
Plentiful light shed on Winter's mistakes.

Mines Yours

Lillian, Ugandan Girl

I never saw her,
Only her words
Perfectly formed in ink on the paper.

'Lillian.'
I say it softly so that no-one but me can hear.
She tells me of Uganda, of her life.

She asked me once,
'What do you fear most? '
I prayed for her that night.

Me, guiltily living free
While she shivers, half a world away.
Lillian, my friend.
Ugandan Girl.

Mines Yours