

Poetry Series

ms. carrot
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Bird And I

I sit on this chair waiting for the words
Secluded, I look at the never seen wonders of the bird
My mind strolls off to the unspoken words that could be mine
To the bird that assembles on the electricity line
The piercing beak of the bird that cannot speak
And my own words that are too weak
And sometimes even the bird cannot see very far
And sometimes I think that the only words that I can speak is au revoir
But maybe that thin form of the bird
Is like the thin rhythm of the words that I preferred
And the bird that sits on the same line for hours
And my mind that yearns for the same words to bloom, like flowers
And then the bird who's mind can think
And the miracles of the similes and metaphors that link
And the flight that the bird can seek
And for me the words that I wish to speak
And only then can the bird find its home
And for mine the deep thrusting sounds of words that spring like foam.

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I Stood There Staring...

I stood there, staring
Staring at the lifeless form.
Hearing faint sounds of voices in the background

I stood there, staring
Remembering what I had forgotten.
Guilt entered the evil heart
Why hadn't I remembered your warnings?

I stood there, staring
Swearing I wouldn't forget
That life is short and you will return

I stood there, staring
Seasons changing
Your warnings disappearing
Another soul leaving

I stood there, staring
You came like a storm
Giving me a warning

I stood there, staring
Remembering this cycle
My time will come just like the soul,
I have been watching all this time.

I stood there, staring
My, forgetting all those warnings
They're forgetting, all my existence

I stood there, staring

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My Form Is Like The World

My form is like the world

Filled with different emotions

A form filled with war that is triggered by feelings

It's a darkness filled with hating desires

The darkness overpowers the good

The darkness becomes the good

The good is hidden within

Desires that brings sorrow

Desires that bring hate

Desires that bring tears

When man grows is only then he understands

The good that was always hidden inside

Begging to be noticed

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My Quest To Find The Colour Of Rain

I loved how the rain danced down synchronizing,
As if they were the same shades of colour
And of course my little mind would discover and search the world,
The world of imagination
For the exact colour,
And I would drive into this wonder
And I would fall into clouds of conclusion,
A conclusion beyond belief.
Like believing that there once lived aliens on this very planet,
And of course my little mind would believe that.
But the thoughts of that colour of the rain exhausted my imagination;
It was as if the explorer in me would halt,
Halt and shatter, and would leave me to nothingness.
But my little mind did not stop
Like ambition, I would match those pieces of shattered frames
And glue them together.
My little mind would not shove but gently touch the tips of the frames
And my little fingers would run down the once shattered pieces
As if it was a smooth mirror that I could look into
And the frame would open up and reveal a world of imagination
And the colour of the rain that I imagined would appear
And a dozen conclusions would drop from my little lips.
That was imagination
I wish I could penetrate into this world of imagination
And quest for the colour of rain

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Old Man's Memories

The old man walks the broken streets of the land
Few bodies decorate the rubble path
"Indeed this is life" he thought
The young boy walked to the market
The smell of the divine red apples danced the air
Bright, delicious apples
Just then a few kids ran by
All laughing, giggling
The young boy turned around to look at them
Then at his mother
And smiled
His mother smiled back
The warm smile that melt his heart
He was a lucky boy indeed
A boy that was wealthy
Wealthy with family
The old man, walks toward the market
Children with fear struck in their faces, trudge by
The old man, snivels tears
The young boy lost his wealth
His family took their fateful places
Each memory taped into his heart
Some there feets in the oceans
While body in the ground
Some eyes, ears and nose united
He walked through the piles of ashes and fallen bricks
The old man walks an chooses his path
Through piles of bodies that lay coldly on the surface
Like autumn leaves that sprayed the path
Blood painted itself happily onto the broken road
The old man takes a deep breath
"This is my country", he says.

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Venom Of Disrespectful Words

Every time they mocked her; it was as if my throat would be on hiatus with the tune of the rasping words and my voice would desert its soul. It was as if the rage in my heart puzzled itself because she held my warm frail hands. Silence was what she meant. But my rage knew no limits; no stops, as it shot from my heart to the throat and into my tongue but the touch of her hands obstructed it. The egoists would look at her with distrust in their eyes. The viscous venom that poured from their lips; and now after those extensive years, each and every limb in my body, could remember the rancorous taste of it. That day I felt the light squeeze of her anger, run through the tips of her soft indulgent fingers, and onto the palm of my own, as our hands connected. It was as if two pairs of hands that bonded together this rage; a rage that was never expressed. And now, the venom would frost itself in layers into my limbs as if it was always part of my body. The untouched part which was my darkened heart cursed her for not pouring out her own venom. Even now I wonder why mother always keeps quiet.

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Who Are You

You are a wolf
Clawing and glaring at me with those malicious eyes
But tender and soft
With a touch
A word of anger,
And threaten me with those eyes
Your love brings warmth to my frail body
Your howl shakes me and all around the timbers
You are the king
Who loves and hates
Shall I love?
Or shall I hate?
You decide.

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