

Poetry Series

Peter Levy
- poems -

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Songwriter/poet

I Am The Blame

Life is sold, and love is bought
I am the blame
And I weep into my constant thought
Of that, that has no name.
What was of me has left and gone
I am the pain
What point, I ask, of even being born
No choice, you say, again.
I feel no warmth in tired sleeps
I am the blame
Souls tossed onto countless heaps
All at peace, all the same.
And where are you in all of this
I am the blame, I am still here
Long from touch and smile and kiss
Our lives enraged in fear.

Peter Levy

The Owl

The owl has made its move
In splendor, as is fresh death
A peaceful rest for broken wings
That yearn no more for breath.
How soon, I wonder, shall they come
To triumph and then claim their own
This perfect form that lived beyond
Whatever now makes there its home.
I too took a magic feather
For reasons I don't know quite why
As if to somehow share in nature
Or keep alive some things that die.
Why this need after life's debt comes due
Who cares about the owl, or me, or you.

Peter Levy

The Rains Have Not Come Again

"The rains have not come again" he moaned
His eyes frozen to the skies
He wiped his brow with some oily rag
And steeled his face disguise.
"83 was tough, nearly lost the lot
And still we managed to survive
But this time I can't see the point
To muster one more drive".
I watched him slump as if he knelt in prayer
His fingers sifting through dry sand
"You city folk have got it easy
Drought's no fun when farming land".
About six foot four of solid man
He towered over me
My mouth was dry and wordless
I just stood there patiently.
"The bank will probably take that bit"
Raising a bony fingered hand
"And I guess we'll simply battle on
And do the best we can".
I knew it wasn't done that much
But I hugged him just the same
He looked at me and gave a smile
"I'm mighty glad you came".

Peter Levy

There Is

There is no future
We drift inside space
Illusion in delusion
We stumble with grace.
There are no country borders
No right or wrong
No god in heaven
No dream that lasts long
There is nothing outside us
No friend and no foe
No winning and losing
No debts that we owe.
There is no wisdom
No reason to be
No purpose in living
Just mirrors of me.
There is no salvation
No hope in the end
No savior to pray for
No soul to defend.
There is no protection
We die and we grieve
Wasteful of moments
Then nothing to leave.
There is no forever
Love fails in its brew
No today or tomorrow
Just now! Just you!

Peter Levy