Poetry Series

Alain Joubert - poems -



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The Dragonfly Inside

A dragonfly
Flies inside of me
Crawling itself around the swamps, the ponds,
And the marshes inside of
Me

Blind as a sunlight
Deaf as a noisy room
Not much room to fly for that
Dragonfly
That flies inside of me

It survives of the gnats and the mosquitoes it Captures inside of Me

The only time the dragonfly flies
In open air
The only way the dragonfly swims
In open waters
Is
When I allow myself to breathe through
My lines
With a blank screen in front of
My nose
Otherwise
A dragonfly keeps on
Flying inside of
Me...

Of Poets And Poems.

A poet...

A soul who will continue to write When there is nothing left to write About A voyager who won't stop until There is no place to travel To

A poem...

A bunch of senseless words Giving purposely a sense to the Universe

Poets don't write poems nor
Books of poetry but
Draw or attempt to draw small
Open windows
To let in breezes from the unseen world
Be breathed in the seen one
Or vice versa

My Writing(Tanka)

Blank memory, blank page give me right to dream away I let my pen be filling nothingness with plain letters that become ideas



Anew(Haiku)

Icy mountains meltskiing, no more but I'll fish in the new formed lake



Global Warming (Haiku)

Fear to cry: my tears will boil in a Summer vase

