

Poetry Series

alex sarich
- poems -

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alex sarich(9/9/51)

I was born in Swansea, South Wales and educated locally and went to work in the heavy industry until my retirement in 2006

I began to write poetry about eight years ago and it has now become a major part of my life. My inspiration can come from anything really: life, in general, is my motivation.

50th Wedding Anniversary

Illumination of a special pair
we come together to cheer and share
Reflecting on the years gone by
memories will make you cry
you two have come together
fifty years seem forever
the special bond that grew
between you, we all knew
to a couple we all adore
with all our love and more
Happy Fiftieth anniversary
together forever eternally.

alex sarich

A 30th Anniversary

We have been wed 30 years together
feels we have known each other forever
celebrating all our happiness
the toasting of lasting togetherness.
The bond we both share will never break
but keep our everlasting dream awake.
a glass is raised for the two of us
love blossomed like roses in a truss.
A companion, friend and a wife
all three I have together for life.

alex sarich

A Bird Losing Control (The Arctic Warbler)

This bird a conservationists concern
has disappeared from our human lens
while an oversight has discovered it's a return
only to be found in woodland fens.

Threatened species in decline
streaked brown back spotted
with pale underpants to its spine
forehead flattened, feathers knotted.

Not seen for fifteen years, East, West
of Europe, Asia and Africa late-year
needs to breed to solve our quest
a passerine bird small and austere.

Mixing diets of insects and berries
for promiscuous parents, they are
quelling hunger to fill their bellies
chattering from wide and afar.

alex sarich

A Broken Jigsaw.

This Child whose development
was stunted, stayed and suppressed
whose life had been dissected
into a jigsaw, a thousand pieces
no pattern or pathos reflecting
no emotional connection or affection.

A chapter in life when one needs
a path without scars or criticism
transforming into a deluge of emotions
into a puzzle to pain confused for gain
by irresponsible adults unravelling
their fury, baggage with befuddled bias.

One tortured innocent where memories
try to tackle a piece and place in time
to adjust intimidating broken ways while they
obsess over addictions with selfishness
when images may be vivid but the scars still
remain, an insight into a journey of adolescence.

alex sarich

A Chosen Path

Life can be valued through fate
A ride through roads at the top of life
Unbalanced, causing chaotic strife
Full of relentless despair
It lies with that person who fears
The middle ground for change.
Locked images in two mirrors
reflecting boundaries
For choosing a path of redemption
Seeking a message within
Though life being the only handicap
Challenging what to put in
For what to take out
A continuing journey to human
Happiness and contentment
Revealing that person without the mask.

Feb 2012

alex sarich

A Circle Of Life And Death

Grief grabs and grinds one down
it overwhelms and finds one is
in a different bubble which
doesn't burst even when one is happy.

It changes the moment suddenly
one floats through air releasing
emotions affecting mood swings
and blocking true feelings of grief.

A conflicted moment to happiness
which is not depression but grief
progression, nothing can change that
feeling as it slices through one's heart.

The endurance of pain will come again
but cleansing the soul of its residue
of one's sadness without ever escaping
but accepting will never change that emotion.

The healing can begin when maturity
has come about, although a black hole
will always remain, freedom to grieve
concludes hope and promise to heal.

alex sarich

A Lost Boy

He was a child who
remained in the mind
where only body flourished
A child in a man,
muted, abandoned,
repressed-condemned,
scarred intensely.

His voice resonates
in the night of past
my chilblains ached
for warmth, and body
was weak with hunger.

Crying himself to sleep
he wrapped himself in
heavy khaki blankets
no one wanted his existence
no one cared about
the timid lamb
in the flock.

(Jan 2010)

alex sarich

A Pencil I Am

A pencil I can be
rough on the edges
they sharpen me
left on the ledges
wood and lead
no heart, brain to live
soft and smooth instead
no more to give.

I shave no more
show me the door
I'm a splinter
spring to winter
leaves only shavings
end up on pavings
snapping all the time
was once in my prime

alex sarich

A Son Remembered

A voice to be heard
by angels above
with finely tuned bird
a holy white dove.
Soul to sanctify
and memories saved
respectful reply
to coffin engraved.

Visions in Heaven
outline his spirit
safe in God's garden
to edge of summit.
I walk on soundless steps
though feeling bereft
of fumbling footsteps
that's all I have left.

June 2010

alex sarich

A Tree

Dwell not on misfortunes
obsessions, rancour and
cynicism, memories age,
encoded in bark
I am a Tree.

Wrinkled and wise
rooted to the ground,
budding leaves of tears
I am but a Tree.

Seasons sow tireless seeds
flowing prated themes
not yet known but still
I am a Tree.

Ages past it seems
without end and rainbows
circle unshadowed skies
for history remains intact
I am but a Tree.

Written April 2010.

alex sarich

Afterlife

I'm writing this letter
to you, Son to remind you
of all the memories we
had together.

Time is a lifetime clock
the epitome of goodness
a fragile bond through roots
which can't be broken but
both acceptors to each other.

Another fermentation of time
opening sacred ground space
to plant the seeds of grief
to heal so the sun can
shine through.

Wisdom beacons numbness
a temperature of sadness
falling from the skies
graceful as it seems
alleviating sorrow within.

I posted your photograph
on my heart with your smile
filling my chambers with liquid
love and feeling your breath on
my breast soothing, healing me.

alex sarich

An Elegy For My Son.

In a life
he is the absence of life,
death is meaningless
we give enough,
why take more
So desolate without him,
I mourn each hallowed bier.
My woes fill my eroded
heart and burning
flesh internally.
My shattered spirit
clings to hope
it could be a dream.
The cradle has become
an empty cask of ashes,
you Son I thought
would live forever.
Closing my eyes
I whisper your name
with softened voice
holding it near
my weeping heart.

Written January 2010.

alex sarich

An Elegy To The Memory Of A Special Lady

Her heart was soft and voice so meek
a gentle soul would often speak
so all her charm would carry through
to spread it equal to all anew.

Cheeks were pallid with passive eyes
spirit within beckoned to rise
was loved and accepted by all
until a signal was heaven's call.

Unfurled life burning beyond age
with another chapter and turned page
a daisy was planted to grow
appraising her with heavenly flow.

A guardian now looks over
her grave, by a four leaf clover
the final pang shall be no more
peace at last, so close the door.

alex sarich

An Idyllic Calm At Monkstone Bay

An idyllic calm sets the morning scene at Monkstone Bay,
awakening begins the movement with rushing high tides
of spume, in waves of silty supplanted sand,
screaming seagulls echo against curved rocky outcrops.
Pathway to the beach is located from the gated farm,
that descends down the winding steps, brushing aside
overhanging branches that block the path downward.

Speechless, soundless air tainted and battered
by nature's noises through slapping of a receding
tide on a ravaged rippled rock formation
surrounding a veiled image of an amphitheatre
exposing cracks, crevices and fissures.

The golden sands sweep against the ocean bed
betraying becalmed fishermen and fish alike
into constricting confusion of contested waters.
A coastal path, private beach where seagulls reign
setting beautiful scenes, treasures and wildlife,
portraying its vision of peace and serenity
at Pembrokeshire's Monkstone Bay.

Written in August 2010. (This beach is in Pembrokeshire South Wales)

alex sarich

Another Christmas Without You.

A lull in snow soothes the cold air
caressing silence in it's form
remembering you young and fair
and not the face of the storm.

Cold is the earth you were buried
warm in thought of remembrance
dusty, rusty stone worn wearied
an image held high in reverence.

Xmas brings me joy of reunion
a candle I will light for you
my faith is strong as the ocean
to believe in God, that I do.

My gift to you a hand to reach
your spirit sacred to celestial
secrets of wisdom I beseech
you, labyrinth of life that's fruitful.

Written on 9th Dec.2010.

alex sarich

Appreciate Your Life

Laugh so the world can laugh with you
cry and you cry alone
you take out of life what you put in
sorrow walks before you
serenity walks beside you.

Your peace inside
is your voice outside
be real and alive
the rest will survive
mirth and joy float in my heart.

I sleep in sombre times
but awake with a dream
to grace an untrodden
path of glory, from
a cruel world asunder
to a man with love immortal.

15th June 2010

alex sarich

Birthday Poem For My Son David

With each day passing
endless thoughts arrived
I walk away and dream
that they have survived
through each faded hour
my tortured heart burns
to welcome you in arms
for memory years.
When I lost you forever
I lost one unique
that can never be replaced
a Son with mystique
birthday wishes to you
God bless, sleep tight
loved today, yesterday
forever day and night.

2008

alex sarich

Bonded By Two Trees

Divided souls
but bonded by trees
a shrine has entombed
our Son's memories
your tree is ours
and ours yours.
We share the same
pain and heartache
but also share
the fruits of hope
through the abundance
of tears trickling down
the Weeping Willow
and Golden Conifer,
that was planted
for our Sons to know
they are not forgotten.
I often lookout
to the corner of
this garden on
a winter's morn,
yellow beaked starling
probing the earth
surface for worms
squirming in blades
of wet grass.
When I look toward
the Golden Conifer
a shrine for the Son you lost.
I know when you
are looking toward
the Weeping Willow
you are thinking of
our loss too,
both of whom are
bonded by those two trees.

(Written November 7th 2010)

alex sarich

Can We Survive?

If one doesn't leave the past

it will destroy the future

nothing is ever going to last

but can all be premature

what today has to give

is not what yesterday took away

but a chance for one to live

in a fair society, that matters today.

alex sarich

Channels Of Change

We see our life through an open door
the truth can be contagious
our defence is pervious
as honest human beings
we don't challenge the role
the vulnerability we oppose
we feel free to live
we feel free to fear
we feel free to navigate change
what our thoughts hold
a vehicle of emotions
an exposition of metaphors
that changed and enhanced
emotional regulations.

alex sarich

Chasing Shadows And Silhouettes.

One chilly Winters night
walking through the park
moving stealthily in the dark
staring towards the moon
a map of barren dust
circled by still stars
lighting the night skies
casting a beam of light
toward my skinny frame.

I engaged in a canter
while gazing at arcane
surroundings, I was
accompanied by a dark
stranger, my blood in
the body sank leaving
me cold and somnolent
unaware of what
was coming next.

Heart quivering, I shook
with fear, beset by shadows
slowing down to a stroll
turned around to my side
to discover no one there
just an imaginary jogger
being chased by my own shadow
a wry smile only blankets
the circus of events.

alex sarich

Dark Lonely Nights

Nighttime arrives and
the weekend begins
shivering molecules of
damp flesh on his slaughtered
limbs, clumsily dropping a
half-naked body to a cold
black tarred floor resuming
quality territory.

An arm supports his heavy head
like a pillow, the other wrapped
around his lower half hugging
his skinny frame, so as not to freeze
though he does have the comfort
of his Hendrix's hair.

Uneven curtains hang by cobwebs
over the window, dark and damp
the smell of coal dust from howling
eddies within the fireplace
the door closed between the wall.

His father was the other side with
his close friend whiskey bottle
his hope of waking to a dream of
contentment, as he drifts into slumber
were shattered, by morning sunlight
slicing through dark curtain seams
forcefully blinding him.

This lonely boy found himself growing up in a dysfunctional household and
wanting to be free.

alex sarich

Don't Need A Statement

I'm sitting on a bench in
sorry for myself, jaded and shitty,
Alone, broke no money in my pockets
in a place famous for rockets

Chorus

Guilt has travelled me many places
this child won't forget faces.

I need an ear to listen,
who understands me
Don't need a statement,
Just want my repayment.

I look at the world with the eye of an eagle
and walk the streets where some are legal
Temptation everywhere, being naive,
I won't find it easy to get a reprieve.

Repeat Chorus.

I need to fight this, I will find a way,

Cos I made a life for tomorrow and today.

A student of life, just won't give in,

Worse off than me, one day I'll win.

alex sarich

Dylan Thomas, A Human Being He Was

One says, one thinks, but who knows? ,
who cares? , charisma glows
historians, journalists and friends
opinions divided, dictum's and trends
writings in print of smut and smear,
shackled prey of stock appear
a master of literary talent
who remained fearless and gallant
battles feared and fought through life
thirty-nine years of pain and strife
a human soul was he, Dylan Thomas
though nothing less, that was his promise.

15th June 2010

alex sarich

Evolution. (It Will Happen)

Do you know what?
I don't know where to start
cause I think I'm wasting
my time trying to explain
a world like ours where
we are going where we will be
once these strange times come
to an end and get back to some
sort of normality and start
living again, but being realistic
it is not going to happen and what
I believe is happening in the
transformation of our world is
evolution of our planet and it
will happen because it has before.

alex sarich

Facing Life

Farewell our Son
he is safe now
a path for him is cleared.
his flesh no longer feel
the air we breathe
now a child of silence
listening to the voice of the spirit.

The few short years that were
a journey of life can begin,
he reached his summit then
so peace is now within.
our thoughts transcend into dreams
dispersing into the mist.

our grief is everlasting
but passionless, it would turn
a statue to dust and fill
a desert with tears.
we walk alone facing life
without him, we miss
and love him dearly, forever.

alex sarich

Flight Of The Red Kite

Centuries ago, a bird of prey
The Kite
Chestnut red, head pale grey
Patches white
A predator of skies
In full flight
Subdued by traction
Lives by predation.

Exterminated in most regions
The Kite
Hunted for its verminous threat
In-flight
Fork-tailed, with two-foot
Wingspan
Not large, aggressive
But how impressive.

One breeding female remained
The Kite
Incubating in oak trees, day
And night
March to April they feed
The young
Hunt or preen, eggs will hatch
Handing Kites a purple patch.

March 2010

alex sarich

Fragmented Families.

Their grief is everlasting
hope is their understanding
sweet, innocent, young
and old once graced this
fine Welsh land of ours.

Their memories will
never fade, their words,
thoughts will be treasured
throughout all life.

Their hearts belong
in the valley of song
a lost generation
with no explanation.

These families have a history
with lost ones so the tragedy
and trauma won't hinder
their will to build their lives again.

A disaster never was forgotten
but shared with grief and
memories of loved ones
forevermore, Amen

alex sarich

From Death Comes Life

' Oh young Son '

I know you have gone

but trust in faith

we will meet again.

Here you lie

in shades of darkness

the silence sleeps

in fields, they whisper

a lamented tune

in cornfields crisper.

Morn has come

and daylight breaks

unfazed flowers

in rainbow skies

peeking pining petal

on the stabled stemmed root

though a new life begins

in the very earth, you lie

in lasting memory

that will never die.

2010

alex sarich

Happy Birthday Sweet Angel

You are my princess of passion and beauty

my life, my wife, soul mate and friend

a husband to you I will be, that's my duty

every single day and night until the end.

A smile for me each day I have from you

I am blessed to have an angel sublime

my love and devotion is truly for you

however, blossom you do with added time.

I will build an arc to live on forever

therefore, spending a lifetime together.

alex sarich

Hidden Tears Within

Let the rain roll down the face
Hiding tears of sadness for
Our grief will come to us
Without even asking, playing
Different roles, so when
Comfort deny us pain
They see our faces and will
Know it will come back again
Even if disguised, praying
Amnesia sometimes. Tears
will always warm the songs
Of sorrow, subsiding the silence
Within our hearts, playing
Rhythms of grief.

January 2012

alex sarich

Homage To The Breath.

Listen to our mind and body
breathe the air,
channel energy to our organs
for this is a prescription,
a tool of life.
an aroma of calm and coolness.
slow, deep with no conflict
from a balanced mind
shaped by posture and poise
into silhouetted statues
with a whisper of rhythm
a silent safe breath,
repelling our past
into oblivion.
throughout life our breath
is liberty with puissance
that's why we pay
homage to the breath
to infinity and beyond.

alex sarich

I Know I Have Empathy

I read this book
it tells me I have no empathy
I'm cold, detached and preachy
and only knows what he wants to know
and what is known,
the reader can't understand.

If I judge someone and don't
understand my action
then I don't have empathy
this is an important quality
nourished to feed its senses.

Crisis a homelessness charity
benefited with one person
taken off the street for Xmas
bed and fed over the festive period
I did that and felt transparency.

My behaviour toward others was
a movement in growth in self-love
needing gentleness, voices singing
sustenance, suppleness and being
sensitive is the only way forward
a texture of emotion I want in my life.

alex sarich

Listen To Them

Listen to their voice
we could learn from them
do not criticize, or scorn,
though secure their knowledge.
Succumb to their observatory skills
follow their journey into
the wilderness and beyond
pursuing goals and dreams.
Their ability to learn is astounding
though should be judged on merit.
Everyday decisions based on rationality
forming the structure of youth
and are not afraid of change.
Adults we are, but still Neanderthal
in ideology so incriminate
ourselves beyond the pale.
Listen for once, to zealous youth growing,
it is in our beginning to understand that
their odyssey is toward a life fulfilled.

AM Sarich June 2011

alex sarich

Living Without You

You took your life,
it feels like ours
we are empty
without your presence,
as our thoughts aspire
to nothing, like
a river flowing
through a map
of ravines, out
to sea, lost forever.

our veins fused
together with
music of emotion,
drowning our bodies
in aspirin blood,
while sorrow seeps
into our heart.
Numbness is the
realization, not the
understanding, cause
we don't want to
we never will.

2011

alex sarich

Love

If hearts were not to be broken
there would be no love songs
then we can't be truly outspoken
about loves rights and wrongs.

alex sarich

Man And Tree Together

Within my heart, I see within yours
standing shy, thoughts moulded together
bodies breathing the same air
drinking from the same earth's flowing
breasts, you and I.

For all seasons due, arboreal ancestry
will awaken and birth will unite us
like no slave of death and torture
aspiring to greatness,
man and tree together.

Toiling through time together
entwined veins, suffused
our flesh, bearing fruits of joy
girth betrays age
but not wisdom.

Our minds caressed
listening to sounds of
roistering grey squirrels
scampering over spines
exuding poise,
beauty and balance.

God gives life to allure
our roots to spread
oils, witnessing growth
for all creation through
all our senses.

alex sarich

Me, Me And Me.

I grew into me
for all you to see
so if you aren't happy
with this happy chappy
then let's not bother
to analyze each other
just get on with it
whatever been writ.

alex sarich

Mental Health

A stigma it carries (mental health)
discriminating against all
emotions in society, sending
them to hell and back, but through
our trusted advocates picking up
their bleeding hearts of
these vulnerable jewels in society
are welcomed in all drop-in centres.
A vacancy for mankind from all levels,
however obscure or having legendary status,
their liberty is sacrosanct. a safe haven
is created for each dishevelled,
distressed and distraught individual
willing to share their pain,
grief and trauma. Their minds are
motorways to heaven and hell, ravines
revealing their soul through cracks
and crevices to their character.
A map of their destination lay
in confused minds, so changing
perceptions and behaviour will
voice opinion which will build
solid foundations for the future,
end a chapter of this emotional journey.

alex sarich

Mindless Muddle

Still, I am

calm not consternate,

I am a ripple on the ocean.

Behind a mask

of confusion

is a mind of illusion.

Still, I am

no more, the

calm subsides,

thoughts thicken.

Genetic maybe,

anxious definitely.

22/08/14

alex sarich

Missing You.

Each one that passes through
life into death and beyond
leaving scars behind
our insufferable pain continues
a dream it is not
though I wish it were true
the first soul to the last
remain in our burning hearts.

Every year, every visit, a smile
from your tainted photo
laying weather washed
stirring stained memories
while the wind blows dead
foliage through scattered
headstones, our love for you
undiminished, embroidered
on my heart, in silence
and solitude a song of laughter
and sorrow is the seal of our bond.

alex sarich

My Brother

Brother, I don't know how I'd cope in life

without you, this world and all the strife

my friend, you are true, in my heart

each day a challenge not knowing where to start.

I beckon you in brotherhood, you never let me down

even in sorrow and pain, there's laughter or even a frown

I hold you in high esteem that's what you deserve

we have this special bond that I will preserve.

Amid all life's trials and traumas you never wane

with aura second to none, a link to the chain

a cherished soul to me, a mellowed calm inside

that won't diminish as long as you're by my side.

March 2011

alex sarich

My Cat Willow

Sat the cat, name of Willow

On the mat? no, my pillow

tortoiseshell, always missing

Knows me well, though she's hissing

Loves the birds, prefer the mice

Divided thirds, or half-alive

Like toys played, when I arrive

Punish her, now that's absurd,

Cause a slur, she is savoured

Pamper her, feral feline

Household stir makes the headline

Special cat, our Willow

She is that, not a minnow.

AM Sarich

2011

alex sarich

My Changing Self

I would like to translate
my mind of mangled mess
to those who have less
thoughts of profound hate.
cleared of self emotions
with a body of compassion
conceding to my devotions
toward guided aspiration.
the qualities of contentment
changing from resentment
twinned values of realism
transforming through altruism

Jan.2017

alex sarich

My Legacy

Mine deep into my heart

digging for footprints

to fertile feelings and piety.

evoking, exiling anger to anxiety,

dismissing stimulated suppression,

aimless aggression through

alleviated conditioned,

volcanic vanity and vexation.

a path turbulent sustained

distortion and emotional upheavals,

to reduce the inner conflict of

mind games and human sacrifice.

the gateway to wellness and

happiness and freedom in mind and body,

free of fear to change an identity.

alex sarich

My Mind

Tattoo my mind to the wall
follow the footsteps of fear
trekking thoughts through fostered
mapped motorways of congestion
triggering traffic through endless enclaves.

Cocooned in myriads of anger
I pause the journey of thoughts
that lead to anxious moments
substituting to a path of peace
and stand against all consumed.

Emptiness is fuel to the fullness
to nourish tranquil, tenuous, and tepid
mindfulness meditation practice
pursuing an inner balance
which holds a special silence
to contentment, insight and wisdom.

alex sarich

My Mona Lisa

You may not appear in a Vogue magazine
you are certainly not best dressed
but you're everything to me Geraldine
even if it's no to a beauty contest.

You are my bird of paradise
mirrored throughout all seasons
a show of beauty, to be concise
to repeat this line need no reasons.

You light the room, your silhouette
a shadow reflects across the floor
my heart performs a pirouette
while standing by the door.

A portrait of you I'd put upon my wall
it would make Picasso speechless
to see her there from Spring to Fall
would make my Mona Lisa reachless.

alex sarich

My Pathway To Peace

A calm subsides within my shell
sober in mind though still in hell
senses yearn attentive sort
feelings nurtured thoughts abort.

Voices drowned by burning breath
silence serves the smell of death
rekindling all hope through time
comforts memories sublime.

My soul chants a soothing tune
heavenly chords, angels have strewn
please open a path for me
releasing my demons free.

June 2010

alex sarich

Obscure Souls

My heart will sing a thousand times
to souls a resonance of chimes
the dead no longer feel the pain
ascending heaven from life's stain.
the lasting remnants of their smile
remembering an infinite mile.

Open a pathway to the gate
stretching to the sanctum, all that wait
across the waves a web is cast
for the first to the very last.
tears filling oceans and rivers
as the rest of nature quivers.

2010

alex sarich

On A Journey

As an adolescent,
I was wrongly accused
wore the punishment
and moved on without
grudges and judgements.

As a child of challenge
I dedicated my growing
of fear to past memories
and diminish them to dust
as I journey forward.

As a human being my strength
lies in solitude, acceptance
and mortality, a kaleidoscope
of life, and I'm growing still
in darkness in light always will.

alex sarich

Open Your Eyes But Close Your Heart.

When the light goes out

and love is in doubt

when the flame has died

and there's nothing to hide

the light then fades to grey

with no more to say

so don't fool a fool

words will make a tool

withdraw from a loveless

and who doesn't care less.

alex sarich

Piano Bar

Musing at the performance of
pianist and singer
we reminisce over yesteryear
while epitomising a cocktail
evening at Hemingway Bar
in Havana, with light jazzy
South American music,
floating effortlessly to my ears.

He sits poised with banana fingers
hovering the ivory keyboards
dropping his skinny soft bunch
onto a silky Yamaha piano
pushing panache beyond boundaries.

The vocalist came by choice
who wore the voice, astounding
all around her, songs of melody
to a heavy encore, as the evening
comes to a close and sipping
on my mellowed brandy burning
my seasoned throat, a change
to my usual concoction.

A superb performing repertoire
enhanced with aura intact and
a fulfilled evening of superfluous
stage presence and star quality
at the Piano Bar of a venue,
we enjoyed.

alex sarich

Seasoned Grief

Every time I walk through God's gates
I'm greeted with a smile
Guided by his hand with a timetable for visits
With each of us spending moments
With loved ones, talking to them while
Waiting for an answer that's not coming.
The darkness within these souls
Buried beneath our feet will not go away
But transcends a message of seasoned grief.
Above, the sky is blindfolded
From the growing graves beneath,
In fields of green grass growing
Around stoney mouldy marble.
One day the mirrored sky will drop
it's blindfold, reflecting hope
And forgiveness to all who lie
There below, so a journey can
Begin to take away our pain forever,
Then you God can give them back
To us instead of taking anymore.

April 2012

alex sarich

Sorrow

My tears soak the paper I pen
choking on my words intermittently
smudged ink dragged across the paper
drowning in tears of sorrow
grey and black, shades my world
pain filling chambers of my heart
throbbing veins freeze my body numb
I walk away from the table
feeling the wound will never heal.

On returning to my chair
I lift my hand to finish what I write
on the last light of day I see
his reflection shining through
a mirror of innocence,
as I gazed thinking why him?
as this grieving has become
my achilles heel,
which no parent should suffer.

2010

alex sarich

Steel Soul

She was a mother of four
slave in her own body
a woman of steely substance.
Hid in caves of torture,
wore different masks.
No tear or smile would show
a wounded soul grieving
for life's normalities.
Why did she hold faith?
with no appetite for change
no luck from him (God) ,
her child bears resemblance
with patterns without pathos.

Nov 2011

alex sarich

Steppingstones To Safety

I'm making an application to a life of safety
with markers storing my emotions in cupboards
moods in separate draws, pleasant and unpleasant
in the corner of crowded cobwebs in a pile
of pulsating pain of anger, anxiety and aggression.
Each step in patterns signposted as guidance
to my recovery in small increments, stretching
my limitations when making boundaries.
I reach out accepting change is needed
standing dormant with no identity but
nurturing my strengths to harvest all consciousness
changing life's patterns to heal.
Being in a marriage of affliction concealing aspirations
as an apprentice in life's journeys.
Closing my eyes and listening to the
ebb and flow of voice embracing the chorus
toward peace and tranquillity within my child.
I'm a witness to my actions.

alex sarich

Suffocating In Silence.

From his birth date a memory dims
serving a childhood apprenticeship
while being raised dysfunctionally
parents scrapped emotionally, physically
nurturing control over role play as parents.

Isolation became the norm during infancy
his fear of loneliness had normalness
written on his face repressing feelings
of rejection, disconnection and no way
felt protected by these adult inadequacies.

They shut down to child chaos and emotion
when commitment is essential in his growth
silence and saltiness he had when needing
words, wisdom and love to rid of habits
which fetch taboos, traits and torture to him.

alex sarich

Temptation

Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide
you cover your face, not what's inside
you insist, always persist
but can I resist
a complete stranger to love
with no identity
using it as a weapon
with high intensity.
should I take a gamble
or should I decline
spend time regretting
it's the end of the line

chorus

It's a temptation, its temptation, its temptation
could lead to alienation.

The hurt, the dirt you bring to me
pretending, intending what it's supposed to be
you lied, you cried and deceived
no love have I ever received
the trust in you has gone
a memory in a song
no matter where you hide
for me, all of you have died.
I may be sad, that is bad
enough to tear my heart in two
but I'm telling you, girl
you've no chance we are through.

chorus

Its a temptation, its temptation, its temptation
could lead to alienation.

alex sarich

The Beech Tree In Winter

Standing out alone
a tree in calcareous soil
in cold empty spaces
comforting its neighbours,
embedding its roots
that share the earth with
its dimensions, retaining
most seasonal foliage.

Winter comes, the Beech peaks,
moss combing it's cosy thick
broken bark on splayed bowed
branches of twisted twine,
reaching the blue-grey sky
filling it with charm through
coming alive.

What I saw next was light snowflakes
dribbling in white cotton-like
threaded strips on branches,
exposing each grass green leaf
of this twisted specimen.
Among all, its kind to remain
a stranger to me with the connection
and has only its solitude.

December 2009

alex sarich

The Beginning Of The End

God gave life to all
in a holy land
so good could reign.
It began one day
with Adam and Eve
the seeds of life
forming our world.
A covenant with God
was formed, with
all religious bodies.
For centuries our world
have been in turmoil
but now the time has come
to end all evil and
for the fulfilment of the good
into this beautiful world
we all live in.
Be not afraid as
our strength to survive lies
beneath our faith.
Shy away from the old world
enlighten yours with acceptance
to a new beginning with
a forfeit of the old.

AM Sarich Nov 2011

alex sarich

The Devil Is In Your Veins

You pillaged my mind, how did this start
you syphoned my blood, dry from my heart
you desecrated my soul
and left me in a black hole.

yours is not a voice of reason
but one of treason
the devil is in your veins
the devil is in your veins.

I stayed too long, fighting through this
knowing it was never going to be bliss
awakened by the voice of evil screams
I'm flowing through a river of dreams.

rid of you forever and never see again
and soothe my heart from pain
the devil is in your veins.
the devil is in your veins

alex sarich

The Healing

My pain is deep, deeper than any ocean
no mountain bears the weight of grief
no prayer will bring my Son back
no miracle, only understanding
no loss is greater than of a child.

Within my silence, I find the sight,
serenity and strength to peel back
layers of grief, soothing
my burning body of heartache
turning my dark world brighter.

alex sarich

The Removal Of A Special Soul

You took away his solitude
defacing his stone
was also my sanctuary
when we were alone. (my Son and I)

I understand we do things
we may regret
explain it to me, please
I cannot forget.

Why his ashes with our Son
buried beneath the earth
a stranger he would be
no match his birth.

Something has been taken away
a path of solace
maybe it's your way to grieve
afar from grace.

The pain I've gone through
can't escape my heart
when I see his portrait
memories have played a part.

I'm a father, a friend through time
our bloodline connected
as long as I'm still alive
will always be protected.

alex sarich

The Right To Say No.

I don't want to be tied to timetables
I don't want to answer to an alarm clock
I want to say shut up when I can
I want more me-time no chores or
inflated ideas of how to begin a day
as Frankie said, I'll do it my way.

I don't want time to work faster than me
but slow the heartbeat of the world down
let us breathe and take what it has to offer
gracefully and make music and not get married
to ambition, just enjoying life to another level
without wanting to be censored or tongue tied.

alex sarich

The Souls Of Grief

Each one that passes through life
into death and beyond
leaving scars behind
our insufferable pain continues
It's no dream
though I wish it were true
the first soul
to the last, remain
in our hearts
every year, every visit, a smile
your tainted photo
lay weather washed
stirring stained memories
wind sweep dead foliage
through scattered headstones
my love for you
embroidered on my heart
silence and solitude
a song of laughter
a song of sorrow
the seal of our bond

SEPTEMBER 2011

alex sarich

The Welsh Whippet

Driving through St Mellons
a small village in Cardiff (SOUTH WALES)
and place there for felons
with many a good Taff.

Approaching a speed camera
in a thirty mile zone
I'm slowing toward a zebra
while fiddling with my phone.

Looking up to my left
whilst traffic had stopped
though bewildered and deft
my jawbone had dropped.

A flash of flesh flew by
whizzing Whippet it was
fast as a blinking eye
already breaking laws.

It broke the speed limit
without getting fined
a lucky Welsh Whippet
couldn't be better timed.

alex sarich

The White Light

I walked into a dark corridor
of an ageing time past
faded when I greeted slumber.
A nightmare scorned
for a greater moment
I felt a tender echo
of your voice, not far away.
In the chambers of my heart
a message sent from an angel
dreaming, laying somatic
calm within, a resurrection took place.
No longer did I have to wait
for a 'White Light' to appear.
I held you Son
in my arms so tightly
your flesh burning against mine.
A smile radiant in
photographic memories
stir my awaking eyes, blurred
from a numinous slumber.
Your light will shine forever,
a sign I will cherish in lamentation.

AM Sarich Nov 2011

alex sarich

The Woman In A Matchbox

From birth, a guiding hand
who desired to help fulfil dreams
flesh from Mother to Child
feeding the veins in her body
blinded by divisions of love
and hate between parent folk
a soul cocooned in Satan's garden
a tortured heart in shards of woe.

This placid besieged woman
took a hand for better or worse
bonded by the birth of kin
sworn to raise by devotion
though a link in the chain had
broken, feeling bereft and sad.

A second chance to rid the poison
within body and mind
gathered thoughts of new beginnings
with births of four new faces
but turned slave for drunks
paradise was a dream in disguise.

A tormented servant of life
locked in a Matchbox for half a century
the already fragile walls have now
become a final resting place and sanctuary
body embalmed, blessed to rest in peace.
The last days of silence
will carry her legacy forward
to be remembered always.

The Woman had lived her life locked away in a shell unable to wrench free from a tormented and burdened life. In memory of my Mother who died of heart disease in August 1976.

Nov 2010

alex sarich

Their Entry Our Exit.

Follow a path to another time
when we have all passed
our dreams dreamt reborn
for this is their dream
to be in another life.

When we enter into earth below
we will meet our neighbours
and live with them as they lived
with us, alone and spawned
until that day dawned.

Nature won't let us destroy them
they have suffered enough together
so arise you animals, plant kingdom
shine a light into the tunnel
of darkness, free from homo sapiens.

alex sarich

Thirty Years

Another birthday arrives
To celebrate your living years
And reminisce over memories
Of yesteryear from child to teen
Overflowing in unforgettable thoughts.
David, your name will always be
Remembered within my lifetime,
As I share with you a scarred heart
With chapters of your short life
Reminding that each heartbeat and
Breath of air you took, isolated
Just lying so still and peaceful.
These thirty birthday years
Are very special to me
For your absence is sorely missed,
Though one day we will meet again
That I promise.

Sept.2012

alex sarich

This Church Hall I Know. (Mental Health)

Squeezing my mistakes
through doors into
vulnerable spaces
so all can unlock
their bleeding hearts,
and share their grief,
with minds drifting
through corridors of
darkness, embracing their
burdened lives while blind
in thoughts, taking them
far beyond life's clutter
of confusion. I'm willing
to understand by listening,
so giving back dignity,
see them smiling
releasing an emotional
chain of cogs inside,
though my honeymoon
has just begun.

Jan 2012

alex sarich

To Be A Rose For A Day

A day in the life of a Rose
arousing Spring with divine fragrance
guiding an elegant silky slender stem
through surrounding blankets of green flesh
standing out as being sharp, hardy
therefore attractive, persistently arrogant
possessing a swagger with guile
a no-nonsense approach to
whoever encroach the space
just posing in the garden
flirting, attracting birds, bees
through perfumed aroma
from petals with petulance
fifteen years of growing in the same patch
emerging with young green leaf
sprouting new buds makes a serious
contender for Rose of the year

alex sarich

Trying To Embrace Equality.

I have a date with a pen
and want to take it out
its name is Parker and
comes from s
and lives in London.

A wealthy family with
plenty of class but where
can I take it on a date?
maybe to a cinema or hire a
a film, but spoilt for choice.

Wait, I'm not in the same league
Why do I think of myself this way?
I'm honest, likeable, not bad looking
and not completely broke but it looks
that I have already been written off
by a Parker pen from London.

alex sarich

Walk With Me.

Walk with me
by rivers and seas
walk with me
over deserts and mountains
our ties never loosen
though tighten even more
walk with me
through time and space
walk with me
to heavens place
walk with me
with flowing footsteps
a door will open
to a new world beyond
solace will find us
passing into light and darkness
when a sign or spirit
gently whispers you are safe. (My Son)

alex sarich

Who Am I

Who can we trust
who can we turn to
our lives depend on others
who we call our brothers
lies after lies,
promises after promises,
what do we get, nothing
but more disappointments.
This world we live in is
not what we believe
it is, but if we want
to live a true existence
be open with ourselves and
trust in our judgement
on how honesty is
reciprocated and shared
among the human race.
treat our fellow as we would
want to be treated.

alex sarich