

Poetry Series

Ananta Drusus Ectorius

- poems -



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Ananta Drusus Ectorius()

Ananta Drusus is a student and an amateur author. An avid reader, she enjoys playing with words. She loves coffee, books, and webtoons and is constantly in pursuit of ornamental tattoo art. Nothing brings her more contentment than seeing a reader enjoying her works. The fragrance of wet breeze and sand inspires her to write. At the very tender age of 7, she won a storytelling competition, which paved her way into the field of literature.

The story-writing part of her annual school examinations at every grade was her forte. All her classmates would huddle together to hear her recite her short stories from the examination leading her to realize her potential. Being encouraged by the English teachers of her school, she has participated in various literature competitions, which has also led her to publish a few of her articles on Time-nie(A newspaper in her country) for students.

Inspired by the poems of Robert Frost, she took up poetry and wrote about 20 poems, of which two were published in the Times-nie. She is also an occasional experimental author on Wattpad.



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Divine Incentive

The children walked.
Then they began to run.
Why are we running, one asked?
No one knew. They ran faster.

-"Sun to god" by Landon Osman.

Half-filled coffee cup with cream.
Pool stick lingers by barstool.
Cascading stacks of eggshells
crackle on cedar in smoking firebox.
She pinches clay fingerbowls,
painted cloud designer dreams.
Albino Coyote's ruling class
finger-points 'til arm goes numb.

-'Influx- reservation lockdown' by Max early

An allegory of conquest
so simple a child
can understand it.

Is there a sin to avoid?
Is there a promise to believe?
Is there an example to follow?
Is there a command to obey?

-'The Meadow Views: Sword and Symbolic History' by Laura

Da

This is your road—a painful road and drear.
I made the stones—that never give you rest;
I set your friend in pleasant ways and clear,
And he shall come, like you, unto my breast;
But you—my weary child! —must travel here.

-"The mystery" by Margaret Anderson

What you'd like is a more
Attentive lover, I suppose—· Too bad that slow,
Wet scorch of orange blossoms floating towards
The storm drain is not a vein of stars... we could
Make a wish on one of them; not that we would
Wish for anything but the impossible.

-'Out of these moons the sun will rise' by Jay Hopler

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Terrorism

The barren land once fertile,
Now fell in men's hands futile,

The sacrifice of strongest being borne by the nature
Now the cause of the despise of mother's laughter.

The grieved father o'er the loss of heir,
The forlorn mother o'er the absence of a son,
The depressed brother o'er the deprivation of a play mate,

The desolate sister o'er the lost trustee.

Let's join hands to stop this bloodshed,
As it leads to wasted soil, love, youth comrade,
So, let's enlighten everyone o'er the brotherhood.

Let the countries unite o'er the alike in birth and not in what is being taught.

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Holy Night

Oh, Holy night
Oh, Holy night
Night like a light
Lighting up my life
Dancing through the fire
Moving like a bliss
Worries drifting away
Far away
Far away

With you by my side
No fear can take over
Oh serenity
Filling up my soul
Drifting away
In an ocean of bliss
Far away
Far away

With people singing and dancing
Like nothing ever matters
Filling up the night with laughter

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A Cup Of Coffee

A half filled coffee cup
Just the way life is all about
Fulfilling like evening

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Memorable Lessons

The mistakes that I made,
The foregone's I drag along with,
And the memories that haunt me,
All alone brings a smile
Those scars and wounds
Shaped like a shell upon me
And later when my past asks me,
I'll say some part of it were beautiful
And were etched forever
The rest you ask?
A beautiful memory to save for fated.

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