

Poetry Series

Avie Mare
- poems -

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Avie Mare()

I Am Just A Horse

I am just a horse
I have no dreams I have no choice
I'm mad I'm sad I can rejoice
Yet still I have
No voice

Revere me regard me discard me
The greenest field the killing pen
I never know just how or when
I'll live or die or
Speak again

Love me respect me dissect me
I'll be your friend or someone's steak
Or pay the debts on bets you make
Whatever I have you
Will take

In the end I'm still a horse
And my fate is not my own
Of course

Avie Mare

Oh Child

Oh Child, why did you leave?
I wake I eat I drink.
My mind is numb; I cannot think.
I weep the tears; I watch them sink.
And always do I grieve.

Oh Child I call your name.
In bitter watches of the night.
No sound no stars no soft moonlight.
Always darkness; no more sight
I will not ever be the same.

Oh Child my aching arms are cold.
No gurgling smiling infant joy.
No colored walls or broken toy.
No dancing dress; no calling boy.
I feel so very dry and old.

Oh Child I see your face.
My prison sentence served with time.
A mother's love my only crime.
You greet me now in light sublime.
At last I see your face.

Oh Child, we are so high!
The stars are wheeling overhead
The clouds beneath; a cotton bed
This playground for the Joyful Dead
At last we wave goodbye.

Nicole Ann Clarke-Seabold
02/06/1986 - 04/02/2010

Avie Mare