

Poetry Series

**Charlotte Anna Witts**  
**- poems -**

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# Charlotte Anna Witts(17 September 1980)

# A Morning Follows An Evening

Peeling the sandals from my feet  
Like the rind of a lime from its flesh  
I fling them away, to their cushion of green.

Naked soles, naked soul  
Sand greets the cracks between my toes  
And I dive headfirst into my river of trust  
my stream of words.

The promise of turquoise shimmers beneath the stare of the sun  
with its peacock feathers as it swallows it whole.

Storm breath whips these curtains hastily closed  
and all we have is a hint of salted tear

Aching recollection or the perfume of a dream.

Whose music pronounces these misgivings  
then fled with the same haste as its disguise?

a seed held in the breath of an angel

You say I am that angel, dark and Diabolo.

But I place my own feet into the sand and surrender  
River of words rocks like a cradle these weary bones.

I should have learned by now

Charlotte Anna Witts

# Beneath The Willow Tree

Free me as an exotic bird you've kept too long  
and is beginning to pluck its own feathers  
To the vast illusion that presses humanity's shoulders  
Let me soar over shapeless musings that still clutch  
To seek their substance under a different shade of heaven.  
As the church bell tolls its aching doom,  
Stretching these wings could be the sweetest relief,  
To release me from this dusk reality.  
Deceptive Luna darts from responsibility  
And the abyss consumes me in unthinking gulp.  
For as long as this cage traces my outline.

Take that melody you employed: becoming its tyrant  
As it begins to wilt at the corners  
To christen me as I flee from the walls of my prison.  
Let me loosen the net that dragged down at my throat  
And hatch like a crocus under fulfilling sun.  
Stretching these wings could be the sweetest antidote  
To release me from my intoxicated Eden  
I hide behind the orchestra of universal madness  
And the clave washes all reason abroad  
For as long as i am your disciple.

Charlotte Anna Witts

# Bohemian King

A crimson self-inflicted stain upon this blotting-paper skin,  
increases its clutch upon the hem of my skirt, exaggerates the compulsion to  
toss this figure into the perfect womb of turquoise and allow its caresses to tear  
me limb from limb and tear from tear until there's nothing left but surrender.

Charlotte Anna Witts

# I Want To Devour

I want to devour you like there is nothing standing between us  
Burrow into the place I claim to own  
Set down my roots like some great oak  
To pierce the hardest of soils with the softest of intentions  
And turn around at dawn untarnished and awake  
I want you to want me like I want you

Charlotte Anna Witts

# If Only I Could

The entire planet can fade into oblivion  
Descend into the airless vacuum  
If I could suffocate in his clutch again  
The bluebirds cease their melodies  
With no ears to fall upon  
And crowd eager on my window sill  
The vast seas may have parted for all I care  
I never watched on a morning like this  
And the desert sprouted daffodils from the cracks  
I do not care, I would not notice  
It was there  
It was that moment  
Clinging to his arm, tracing my fingertips  
across his cheekbones, his fragile eyelids  
the careless freckles that dust the peaks of his shoulders  
I am not afraid of its outline any longer  
Blind and foolish as I am  
I am chosen  
To fill the space between slumbers  
Whilst these blackened wings stay entangled  
In the delicious vacuum between dusk and dawn  
Recounting, recalling, remembering  
The entire planet can fade into oblivion  
Descend neglected into the airless vacuum  
If only it could be mine

Charlotte Anna Witts

# Impertinance

He splinters into fragments with dark eyes of delinquency  
Wrapping tarnished wings over suffocated crown  
Concealing the sky from these childlike clutches  
And picking the bracken from the hem of my gown

He scratches my face as the dash away hastens  
Deflating a tenderised stomach of technicolor hue  
This impertinent creature bathes starlight with lemon  
Savaging hope from the place he once grew.

Charlotte Anna Witts



# Miss

A desperate hunger clawing its way into the soul,  
Tearing vigorously at the essence of all sanity,  
Shuddering those shoulders into the finest specimen of vibration,  
And releasing only to fill its lungs once again with the air of my despair.  
An underestimated addiction: only an empty word  
In a planet of suggestion that no other creature may share,  
Only regard when it silently pours forth over succulently naked humanity.  
To exchange all decision and indecision for everything lost.

Charlotte Anna Witts

# Mister Contradition And I

Delivered by a bewildering sheer indifference  
Nurtured by the sap of an immoral crop  
Like an acorn tearing through the lava of daydreams  
While the brittle carcass of yesterday rots.

A blind misdemeanour of naive consummation  
Entangling despondent feathers with oceanic muse  
Like an untamed breeze enclosed by sweet serendipity  
The cinnamon horizon unravels and the darkness subdues.

Beckoning from a vacuum of frenzied imposition  
A turbulent rainbow of supernatural hues  
Like exchanging virtues with a self-effacing swallow  
Ascending from the chrysalis with a thunderous excuse.

Scattering like a comet over distracted footprints  
Entwining hungry shadow with a saturated weave  
Like a limitless ripple casting an undoubted sunrise  
Whilst the sage of the morning demands that we believe.

Charlotte Anna Witts

## Para Ti

You are a riddle to me  
An elusive story that will never be uttered  
A swallow that perches on my shoulder awhile  
Then migrates with the inevitable call of the season  
Poised in the springtime of possibility  
My vision sometimes heavily blinkered  
Sometimes scorched by the sun teasing the horizon  
Can I close my eyes and deny?  
The pages of your book fall open before me  
I savour the essence of raw pages, fresh ink  
Without braving consideration of the conclusion  
Nor how your feathers on my belly whipped up a storm  
Recline and smile as you tip-toe over my navel  
Without considering the scratches you form  
I would ask you to settle your toes into my sand dunes  
To drag you tight to the crease of my breast  
To succumb to the call of the ocean  
As its tides test us  
It is not my privilege to ask you to forget.

Charlotte Anna Witts

# Superstitious

I will not write I cannot speak  
Except mindfully skip the bolts that head my way  
Smudging the prints laid by aching fingers  
And the sky is open and stretched before me

I will not write. I cannot speak  
Except pick at the plastic that once held I cradled  
Releasing the ribbon pinned on so tightly  
And my ocean flows and is stretched before me

I will not write. I cannot speak  
Except discard the virus entwined over me  
Splitting the garden seeded so slowly  
And the earth spreads open and firmly beneath me

I will not write. I cannot speak  
Except breathe to shatter the glass encasing me tightly  
Unearthing the sweetness sampled so delicately  
And the fire burns on freely, revived within me

I will not write. I cannot speak  
Except dare to tease the thought that springs  
Destroying the evidence dragged so persistently  
Leaving his world open, inviting me

Charlotte Anna Witts

# Time Bomb

The time bomb is ticking ceaselessly before me  
My every blink drawing the ignition closer  
Running is useless when the walls have closed  
Martyr myself for my addiction  
Like a buttercup sharing its sunshine  
On a bright, heavy, springtime day  
Your pollen clings to the hem of my skirt  
Every breeze wafts that fragrance higher  
Every fibre pregnant with the scent of you.  
Strolling through these fields of tomorrow  
The dusk may come, yet I keep walking  
And the stain shines fluorescent on my clothing  
I may bear this forever, unable to thrive  
Sick with the poison I ingested so well  
I surrender to all that has passed  
To all that may come,  
For I am a sleepy hummingbird  
That may only sample the delights of your fruit  
And fall drunk on the honey I taste  
Leaving my harvest to the universe  
As my hunger is forgotten

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