

Poetry Series

cheryl polk
- poems -

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Colour Paints

There's a horizon beyond here
her voice pulls like autumn
whithered orange
slipping deep into the near

Like a thousand colour paints
aching consciousness on canvas
the moment's on edge
natures fingers reaching
awakening the woodland sleep
like trembling leaves

bountiful blue on grey is the
horizon beyond
A thousand colour paints
yellow, green, red soon appear
seasons intertwine, like binding sheaves
like magic from the wisp of the wand

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This Tree

Sitting underneath this tree
I wonder,
Has anyone else held this possession.

The elevated structure in the distance
seemed muffled somehow,
and for the first time, I could see
that sitting underneath this tree,
this structure, this tree elevated,
is the farthest distance for me
and for that I'm elated

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