

Poetry Series

Daryl Cecile
- poems -

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Daryl Cecile()

Getting Ready

Sun goes to sleep behind clouds.
Everyone wakes up for the night.
Music turned up so Loud.
No one stays to see the twilight.

So fast and cold it falls the snow.
Surrounding slowly, the winter grows.
Energy slowly going low.
The night mysterious, no one knows.

Daryl Cecile

No House, No Money

Down the street on a cold, windy night.
So creepy, so silent so dark with no light.
Lonely and scared without a friend.
The night so long, no money to rent.

Through the garden, around the pub.
No house, no money, not enough for a tub.
As mendicants lay behind the barrel.
so far yet so close, you hear Christmas carols.

One pizza slice, so much hotter.
People laying down in the gutter.
It's so silent, it so dark.
There is no dog around to bite or bark.

Daryl Cecile

Pizza Slice Alley

He walks down the dark alley.
With cars around its like a rally.
One pops in and out of the hut,
With a slice freshly cut.

He sits down where it's nice.
And takes out his pizza slice.
With Rain thundering down.
He quickly checks his mound.

He eats the pizza before he goes.
He won't even scratch his nose

Daryl Cecile