

Poetry Series

Derick Grey
- poems -

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Derick Grey()

Memories

I miss friends, I miss old days the hey days, yestday.

Sweet old companions, my stress killers.

The air to my lungs My motivators with them I was in seventh heaven.

My life will be reborn if we ever meet again.

I miss old days, old foes and old woes.

Time has not turned back but memories have opened up old wounds and that's when I realise that the past is past, it's time to open my present

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My Mistress

i stand alone i stare at the unknown.

The wind blows gentle as my thoughts bypass each other.

The stars take me to distant lands.

The open sky relieves me of all my unnecessary burdens.

I stand alone pondering about my mistress and the missed dates.

My veins seethe with anger at myself for my past doings.

The melodies of the grass growing turns my anger into happiness and freedom.

I stand alone staring at the unknown.

I gaze at the rising sun with all the colours of the rainbow, my mistress is all i reprise.

The rising sun brings me back to reality to rectify my wrongs.

Derick Grey

Untitled

Stars sparkle as if they are in agreement to the festivities.

The moon conceals itself to let the happy faces shine even if its for an instant.

The stars exhibit beauty and the street lights lead the hopeless souls to a place thought to be better.

Life is unjust in these streets, sorrow and pain have become the soundtrack to our bitter sweet livelihood.

As hopeless as it all is, hope still glitters in faces with feigned happiness.

As clean as all is, invisible stains of unprovoked grief can never be wiped off.

The sky, the stars, the lights, the faces and this life its all ours, its our perfect imperfect canvas painting

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