

Poetry Series

DIANNA BUECHE
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

DIANNA BUECHE()

Confidant Your Chains

Your name is like perume.
I run after you in the streets.
To be glad and rejoice.
Breathtaking is the smell of you.
Tell me to whom my soul belongs.
The word in the street is that you
do not know me.
Could this be true my beau...
These chains that are wrapped
around my heart, they belong to you.
Your presence is still here with me.
I can feel you, breathing in your scent
that still lives here inside my soul.
Sick with the love you left behind.
A banquet of comfortable love that
i can still embrace with my heart.
Free me my confidant, to follow
after my heart. I will charge you not.

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Sunshine Grace

I seek your face every morning.
You are radiant, your light shines around me
like no other.
Come meet with me here in the fields as i labor
all day for my master.
My back feels the burn from your rays.
I hide my face from you the one the angels have sent.
Disgraced that you may see me for who i really am.
Hour by hour your face stays the same till at last
the amber sky comes and night looks to be falling.
I shall lay down here and rest in the field awhile.
I trust that you shall come again in the morning to awaken
me to your burning rays felt upon my face.
Once again i shall labor for you my sunshine grace.

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