

Poetry Series

Dylan S. Wylde
- poems -



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Dylan S. Wylde()

American poet, filmmaker and visual artist.



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A Reminiscence

Below a late Fall moon
With a heart of sick despair,
I hear the children sing—
Laughing without a care,

Yet I, in my seclusion
Without smile or grin to lend,
Have but ugliness to kiss
And bitterness to befriend.

As the songbirds glee
Within the light of new day,
Sorrow befalls sorrow—
Their notes falling to decay.

In the evening, couples
Cloaked within shadows of night,
Pass my doorway, mad
In their love and sick with delight.

Their chatter so joyous,
So heartfelt as they scurry
Past my scornful door
And in no particular hurry.

And I, by candle light,
Low-browed with heavy heart,
Sit alone in my despair
Which picks thine soul apart.

Yet, there was a time
When I too knew beauty,
When I beheld her eyes
And upheld rightful duty.

And though it's baring
Was of seemingly endless yield,
I, like a blinded soldier,
Fell wounded upon my shield.

2021

Dylan S. Wylde

Midnight

I awake heard through the sorrow of night
The birds of those shadows cry with horrid delight
Through timbers of obscurity, of peril and fright,
Far beyond where the light had died.

Within my soul crept those shadows of doom,
Infecting my heart once alive and in bloom
Disfiguring it's nature to unspeakable gloom,
I lay awake in those shadows and sighed.

Through the night rose like a plague in the air
Melodies of desolation and visions of despair
To engulf the wild valley and meadows so fair,
I roamed the shadows towards the breaking of day

In truth, never far were those horrible spaces,
Which dismantle the soul and leave no viable traces;
And though I strived madly for the sun's shining graces,
Those shadows lay never far away...

Through the faint, ill striking of midnight's still hour
Which rang so crudely from the old church tower,
Came forth with the force of a thousand league's power,
That which leads men to their sleep.

And Plagued as a victim of such tragedy, such fate,
Thrown from life's beauty to such crippling a state;
Engulfed by a darkness which no heart can relate,
Fell I to that oblivion so deep.

2020

Dylan S. Wylde