# **Poetry Series**

# Emanuel Maisel - poems -

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# **Emanuel Maisel(Aries)**

### A Gift Of Love

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A gift of love is but a

fraction of that which
we are able to hold
and experience

For we follow the
road to
nowhere
and everywhere
and yet we always
arrive at
the same
path of
our
journey
```

too early

or too late

## Being

We often climb the mountains

of our destiny
struggle with the winds
of retaliation
the crevasses of time
the heights of our own beliefs
the cliffs of our condemnation
and the air of our decisions

For seldom do we reach the top and when we do it's only the beginning of tomorrow.

#### Do You Know Me

Hello, my name is heroin,
even though you thought I was just medicine
we've almost become akin

Spoon and syringe it's all it took
it's me the devil, and I have you
on my hook

You said I couldn't catch you

but look at your arms it's all black and blue
remember I don't care

because my friend, it's all about you

Guess who turned from virgin to whore as I knew you'd be coming begging for more

I know you're on your knees trying to contain in minutes you'll be screaming to God in vain

Remember buying me in bags so tonight I'll have your dreams and hopes in rags

Hello, my name is heroin,
so read my instructions well
for pretty soon I'll be
meeting you at the gates of hell

#### **Precious Encounters**

Take time to seek the true meaning of love in each other

For a storm does not drop all the water
of a thousand raindrops in one place
nor does the sun shine on the darkest place in our minds
and even if the sea did have but one motion
we would not comprehend the vastness of its' magnitude

We should seek love in the smallest way
for we do not always harmonise
and balance
with nature
and above all
'us' becoming one with ourselves
and unifying
life with love
through ourselves