

Poetry Series

Erica Graham
- poems -

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Erica Graham()

Living in South Australia, Erica loves writing poems about a variety of topics, but her favourite is nature.

My inspiration comes from nature, I awe at her beauty and roughness. Many holidays in the outback of the Flinders have shown me that nothing compares to sight of an endless desert plain, a constellation of countless stars or a rainforest of majestic birds, my personal favourite of which is the Blue and Yellow Macaw. Other hobbies include reading, painting, learning about history, and creating a masterpiece in the kitchen.

I believe in doing things once and doing them right, as well as sticking by your values, defending what you know is right and maintaining integrity in trials and temptations.

'True happiness, is not attained through self-gratification, but through fidelity to a worthy purpose.' - Helen Keller

An Unrepayable Debt

Naive and young, off he goes.
Strong and brave, to fight the foe.
Risking his life, battling for freedom,
Doing his duty for King and for Kingdom.

The front is ruthless, deathly and cruel.
Over the soldiers, grief holds its rule.
Rifles fire and cannons roar,
Another boy falls to the cold trench floor.

Walking the rows of perfect white crosses,
Impossible to know or count these great losses.
Blood-coloured poppies in the wind sway,
Marking the place where bravery lay.

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Ancient Egypt

Nile let your waters flood,
And spread across the land your mud.
Let our crops yield us food
To feed this hungry multitude.

Although the Nile flows through this land
Of pyramids and golden sand,
The trials of the hottest days
Will last throughout the summer phase.

This pyramid where the Pharaoh lays,
Was built under the sun's hot rays.
Stretching up towards the sky,
The tomb still stands as the years go by.

They lived in houses made of bricks,
The walls were only one foot thick.
A peasant's house had just one room,
Which was not used from morn 'till noon.

Along the Nile the ships will float,
The river covered in seagoing boats.
Supplying the Egyptians with water and reeds,
The Nile provided for all of their needs.

Over five thousand years later,
The towns are much greater.
The inventions they made,
Our life they now aid.

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By The Light Of The Candle

The candle burns gently,
With its flickering light.
The soft yellow flame,
Shining so bright.

Each candle to its shadow,
An artistic array.
Each slowly grows dim,
A peaceful display.

The wick has burnt down,
After the long dreary day.
Work has taken its toll,
Through the harsh rainy May.

The candle; a servant,
Still faithful each night.
Proving its loyalty,
With its life-giving light.

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Dawn; The Light Of A New Day

Dawn reveals herself
To the waking world,
Hues of warmth,
Blotchy and swirled.

Magenta and peach,
Pumpkin and melon,
Cyan and orchid,
White, grey and lemon.

Trembling darkness,
Before dawn's waking sky.
Cannot protect itself,
Even so it still tries.

Scattering darkness,
The morning has come,
Night tries to hide
From the powerful sun.

No more despair,
Or sorrowful tears,
The new day brings joy!
No need for fear.

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Happiness

What is.....Happiness?

Happiness is a cold drink on a hot day.

Happiness is a cool evening in May.

Happiness is reading a good book.

Happiness is when the fish bites your hook.

Happiness is a fire when it's cold.

Happiness is a heart made of gold.

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Harmony Day Poem

H armony is
A cceptance of others, acknowledging them
R egardless of their
M ates, their
O pinions, their
N ationality or their
Y ears.

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In The Blazing Heat Of The Bushfire

See the fire blazing, blinds you, frightening.
Smell the smoky air, makes you cough and panic.
Hear the fall of burning trees, a crack; as loud as lightning.
Taste the dryness of the air.
Feel the heat, blazing fire.

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Our Farmers, Our Future

Farmers are important,
They're working all day long.
Every Aussie will go hungry,
If something does do wrong.

Farmers grow our fruit and veg,
Raise sheep and cattle too.
A farmer's life is hard,
There's a lot of work to do.

When harvest time comes
And the crops are ripe and ready,
The farmer picks and sells his crops,
Keeping the supply full and steady.

At the supermarket,
A farmer's produce is sold.
The farmer's efforts are rewarded
With a sack of gold.

And so a farmer's day of work
Comes to a weary end.
He thinks of all tomorrow's jobs,
Like the fence he has to mend.

Our farmers are our future,
Without them there is no hope.
So let's appreciate them,
And how they help us cope.

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