

Poetry Series

**kethozelie paunuo**  
**- poems -**

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# kethozelie paunuo(11-22-1993)

Just another dreamer

# Flowing Memories

From heart to mind,  
endless reverie flows,  
in time when passion bind,  
the strength of men that grows,  
at hour of fading tears.

From life to hasten death,  
time crooned soporific lullaby in the noon,  
when one seldom thinketh days of yore in bed,  
gazing at the moon,  
scrounging dreams one fears.

From horrid reality into dream,  
where men abstain pain,  
seeking a little beam,  
striving for a gain,  
awaiting yesteryear like to glisten again.

kethozelie paunuo

## If I Could.

If i could float like butterflies,  
I'd soar high and mystify thee,  
O'er the crest,  
I'd dream of thee.

If I could gleam like the moon,  
I'd light up thy slumberous eye,  
On a cold december night,  
And gaze at thee sleep.

If I could bloom like a rose,  
Into thy garden i'd bloom,  
With every returning spring,  
Thou'd lower thy head for my fragrance.

But lo I'm just me,  
All I posses is my own strength,  
And a willing heart to shine,  
When thou feel low.

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# July Moon.

Afar tis the moon I see,  
the murky clouds like wave of the sea,  
floating below the gleaming moon,  
eyes mused to watch thee leave soon.

Yonder high above mountains,  
thou far from men's pains,  
no agony thou bear,  
with the stars near.

Shone for my ancestors,  
in dark thou their protector,  
but lo! the robust are long gone,  
for their work's done.

Thou bringeth vivid memories of past,  
Oh archaic years swept away like dust,  
Draped in vexed questions and crestfallen life,  
I'll have to strive.

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# Paradise

Oft heard them talk of paradise,  
Day and Night of paradise i visualize,  
'A land free from harm' they say,  
Thinking of it i sat in gay,

In paradise i'd be aerial,  
For it must be surreal,  
No more shall men be needy,  
In a land full of peace and beauty,

With every new day,  
There'd be a new way,  
Nay men shall not need of portent,  
For he'd be content.

Paradise be like a beautiful mind,  
With all good things to it bind,  
With a little romance,  
And too full of tolerance.

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# The Dreamers Left

Days look clumsy and drowsy,  
Time move slow but wind still blows,  
In thoughts one fancy,  
The gone days that still glows.

Aghast I stood lonely,  
To see them haste in the morn,  
O'er unseen path they march hap'ly n boldly,  
While I lone long mourn.

The moon once again shine,  
Bright upon the weary murky world,  
Joy was once mine,  
Under the moonlight with the promised word.

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# Wife Of A Soldier

Thy beauty won't last,  
Yet thou dwells in thy past,  
Wipe thy tears away,  
For the morrow is another day.

Thou felt no joy for long,  
Soporific is thy song,  
For with every changing seasons,  
Thou prolongs the same old reasons.

9'Oclock in the Night,  
The moon'll appear ere thy sight,  
Of him she'd think,  
And into her dreams her love'll sink.

Tis solitary pleasure to miss,  
Longing for a kiss,  
Staring at the lonely moon,  
That'll leave soon.

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# Wind Chimes

Such pleasant sound and peace,  
Wind chimes in the breeze,  
Tinkling gently,  
The mind embraced it deftly.

Like a toy,  
Amusing the eye of a little boy,  
Waiting for the wind to play,  
As he dreamt of fay.

Everlasting music for the soul,  
Stirring memories of ole,  
Ere my sight,  
Under the moonlight bright.

I'd set it high in the bower,  
And gaze at the swaying flower,  
The good old times; i'd think,  
As I blink.

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