

Poetry Series

Llew N. Rmail
- poems -

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Llew N. Rmail(B 6/21/1863, D 12/3/1937)

Llew N. Rmail, known as Thinface because he was probably related to the person(s) on Easter Island's Moai Statues, was a smart young man. He originated from Easter Island, but then went to the United States in 1879 to attend Southburg High in Thrifield, Wyoming. From there he went to Madison College and finally to Harvard Business School in Cambridge, MA. By then, he was an accomplished young poet and after Harvard he fully took on the time-consuming occupation of being a poet. He was married to Joice KaLav in 1898 at the age of 35.

Little is known about his poems because we now believe he took most of his poems back to Easter Island and hid or buried them somewhere. There are rare copies of some of his poems but they have not been officially released.

A Poem Of Silence

Silence is a beautiful thing.
no other sound is as great as silence.

Silence is the sound of nothing,
but it is still a sound.
even if a sound is great and amazing,
nothing can top the blissfulness of silence.

not the sound of wind on grass,
not the sound of laughter,
nothing is as beautiful as silence.

silence is a sound, but it is so much
better than any other sound.
What created such a far-off winner?

I love silence, silence is the best.
Never there will be a time that there
will be
a greater sound
than silence.

Llew N. Rmail

Being A Bird

They swiftly move
Through the air
As they fly oh, so high
I want to be one,
for one day,
so I can glide
from tree to tree
And then go home
to my nest
and sleep

Llew N. Rmail

Center Field

O, Yonder
Or the hills into
Yonder
Yonder the houses
Yonder the barns
There lies a place
called center field

As you can see, this is only the first stanza.
The rest was not in his notes. Most likely this is an unfinished poem.

Llew N. Rmail

Clouds

I love how the clouds
float through the blue
that makes the sky
It seems they float
through the air
without gravity
And without knowing
How to land.
I love the clouds
that make the sky.

Llew N. Rmail

Coming Soon!

Coming Soon:

Bliss Avoided, First and Second Drafts
Staring at the Mist
and More!

Llew N. Rmail

Crazy

Stranded, weak
that is not what I want to be.
I am a poet,
not a pilot.
And those stocks, well
they're crazy.
They'll fall some day.
People will lose their jobs.
Goldfish,
I'm the gold fish king.

They call me crazy.
Don't call Llew crazy!

A poem with no title originally, Llew gave this title to this poem after he had come back from the mental asylum he wrote it in. He stayed there for ∿.3 months- from 9/12/21 to 12/14/21. We know he was in one because of a note a nurse left on the notebook page this was written on:

"Doctor-

Llew wrote this today in free time. You should talk to him about his career.

-Nurse Patricia

10/17/1921"

Llew N. Rmail

Dark Sky (Sun-Woman Pt.3)

And I wait.

For years I wait and watch the horizon

but nothing.

The sun set long ago,

After she went.

Now all I know is black.

There is no hope now, none at all

for I have passed through to the

next world. And

there is no hope.

She lied.

She said she would be back, but

She lied.

She made a promise she did not keep.

She lied.

I am now dead because

She lied.

She lied.

She lied.

Llew N. Rmail

Glowing Train To Florescent Station

I feel alone.
Yet there are hundreds of people
around me.
I feel silent,
even when I yell.
I am there,
when im not.
I want not to be,
when I am.
I feel the need,
when none need help.

I am on the glowing train
to florescent station,
the only place where I feel at home.

For some reason,
the train goes
to the only place
the orange wouldn't
seem out of place.
It goes where it is
not needed

the train is me

I am the train

Idontknow

letsgo now

now lets go

go lets now

Now go let's

Now

The glowing
train to flor
escent
station

I will never solve the crime

Llew N. Rmail

I Am Pond

peaceful
clear
cool and
blue
come enjoy me! i yell.
come catch a fish, ring a bell!
people think i'm
so refreshing.
fish do too, i'm
their home.

i'm smaller than an ocean,
bigger than some lakes,
waves are my arms
dirt is my legs
fish are my children
and you are my playmate.
come and play
with me today
what is my name?
my name is pond.

Llew N. Rmail

Is There A Place...

Is there a
Place
Better than home?
I'd think not.

Is there a
Place
Better than far far away from home?
I'd think not.

But if they're both the best,
which is the
Best?

Home? I'd think
Not.

Far from home? I'd think
Not.

Llew N. Rmail

Isle Of The Damned

When will it end, the
perilous journey.
When will it stop, this nightmare
of worlds.
Make it stop, I cry, but I can't wake
because I am not sleeping.
I can't call for my mom, my friends,
My home. The men laugh as I cry,
I threaten their demon-like, damned souls.

It's a floating island, one
that sails and sweeps through the huge buildings of water.
Where are they taking us?

The treat us like hunted animals,
keeping us in small cages and feeding us
raw meat through the bars, whipping us
when we "display disrespect."

Or when they want some fun.

But we don't care. We just want them to know
we're still people.
But they don't understand.

This poem is the first of 2 discovered poems where Llew writes from the point of
view of a slave.

These poems together are titled:
"A Slave's Writings"

Llew N. Rmail

Light To A Dark World (Sun-Woman Pt.4)

The hope is gone;
Nothing stirs.
I wait, paralyzed, lying on the hard,
rocky ground like I have
for what feels like athousandyears or more.

I can't tell.

There is no time after the measurer,
the sun,
is gone.
At the mention of the sun my
heart cries,
"Where is my Sun-Woman? "
My brain doesn't have an answer.
Instead, it calls,
"Why hasn't she come? "

Suddenly, a bright flash fills the dark
sky.
My eyes are blinded
by the light, the first light I've seen
in so many very long years.
My pupils take long minutes to adjust,
focusing on a dark spot
in the overwhelming
light.
My brain senses something from long ago,
a spark of recognition
sets my skull on fire.

it comes to me.
the long, slender shape.
"It is my Sun-Woman! "
I cry.
"My Sun-Woman has come! "
My voice is cracked from the
years
without water.

She comes closer.
When she reaches me, she says,
"I am so sorry.
the only way to join you was to die
but I knew you would want me
to live, so I waited.
Now I am dead.
I am sorry we had to be apart"
"I don't care, " I shouted,
"for you
have brought light
to this dark world.
and now we can live together,
Forever! "
My eyes have adjusted to this light,
and I see thousands of happy people
doing things
I forgot existed.
"Sun-Woman, you have
brought light
and life
again to
me
and I thank you.
I love you so much,
Sun-Woman.
For once again
You have made the sun rise over my dreary face.
Thank You.
Thank You."

Llew N. Rmail

Moon-Flakes

the time of year
moon-flakes fall
is my favorite
i love to watch
the icy-mix
as it drops to
earth.

the way they float
through the frozen air
is like a beautiful
dive into the water.

Llew N. Rmail

More Than You Can See

Look about yourself

Look about the world

And you will find more than you can see

Llew N. Rmail

My Home, You Menace! (Because They'Re Not Natives)

Big boats dock
in our small port.
big men come out,
on our small dock
CREECH!

I sigh, and remember
Gramp's old stories about
the white men destroying
our statues. Why have they
come now?

I run out of my hut, yell at
them. But they're not natives,
So they don't care.

The leader yells at the others
and runs to the nearest statue.
He ignores the families around him.
most families yell, but not all.
Some just have sad faces on.

We have learned from last time
not to attack. guns and sticks
are not equal.

I close my eyes as the big men take
2 statues onto their big boat.
They will put them in shows to show how
freakish we are.

Why do they have to take our home,
our precious land?
that is our question that we have
not answered.

We cry, we weep, we yell.
But they don't understand.
They're not natives.

Return In The Meadows

I sit,
in my rocking chair,
waiting for the rain.
I'm sitting on my long front porch,
emerging from my cabin.
I am here, on this land
alone, peaceful
The long grasses in my front yard
sway in the wind.
they are grotesquely beautiful.

In the distance I see a glint,
a bright light reflecting,
off my metal snare.
It catches my meat for food.

It is so quiet, so peaceful
here.
It is my long lost home,
the place I've always been,
even in the city.
I love just to not care,
have no worries,
and live
the life I've always wanted to live.
It is the greatest place,
and was the greatest time,
when I returned in the meadows.

Llew N. Rmail

Sun Woman Pt.2

To you,
thou savior
thy radiant glow
thy warm smile
warms my heart
for you, you only
my heart leaps
as I remember the day
we danced and sang
and my eyes never felt droopy
again
and I never saw darkness again.

But now you must leave
on a perilous journey
and I believe my eyes will feel droopy again
and I will see darkness again.

So my only request
for your great quest
is that you come over that hill again
and that you save my soul again
and I won't have to wait long again.

So please, Sun-Woman
save Lancelot quick
or whatever your doing
in bushes thick
And come home to me
And save me again
so we can dance and sing once more.
so we can dance and sing once more.

Llew N. Rmail

Sun-Woman

Let the sun show
over the hills, I love it so
Life is the sun,
the sun is life
let life rise, brightly, slowly, funly
let life never set.

But it does.

light turns to night, the
darkness comes
my eyes close slowly
sun, please don't go.
 please don't go.

but wait-in the light of the setting sun
I see some hope
a slender shape
walks over the hills in the distance
the sun hails to a stop, seems
to look at the figure
seems to stare, decide if it's worthy
then the sun starts flying,
back up into the sky.
the figure keeps walking, closer,
closer.
the sun keeps moving, as fast as light itself,
into the middle of the sky above me.

the shape is hope, hope itself
she is light, and for me, the only
way to avoid darkness.

She is not far now, I see her face.
she says, "Are you all right? "
"Don't worry, " I tell her, "the sun is not
my enemy anymore. He is my ally."
She smiles at my healing face, and then I say,
"You were my hope, you are my hope. You

are my only hope of avoiding the darkness.”
“And you are the same to me, my love, ”
She says.

I jump up and I take her hands,
and I sing, “My love, my hope,
when you go the darkness comes,
but as long as you come back
light will shed on my weary face.
I owe my life to you, Sun-Woman.
I owe my life to you, my love.
I owe my life to you.
I owe my life to you.”

Llew N. Rmail

The Destruction

What will happen
on that fateful day?
will the world end?
will Mother Earth
come to her finish?
I want to know
what will happen
on that fateful day.

(Little is known about this poem. Was Llew talking about what is now called Y2K?
No one will ever know for sure.)

Llew N. Rmail

The End

There is always an end
my end is near
The year is '37
There is a difference
in me
Less energy
It is something I have not known

The world will not miss me
No one knows me
And that is how I want it to be.

Llew N. Rmail

The Greatest Show On Earth (A Poem In Haikus)

It's the greatest show
on earth. What's it? it's the roll
er coaster of life.

It's the greatest show
on earth. I can't believe you've
never been. It's great.

Sometimes. Roller coast
ers have ups and downs, right? well,
boy, this one sure does.

I can't believe I
am writing in Haikus well
I guess life is strange

Life is the greatest
show on earth. It is so beau
tiful yes it is.

Well, this end is on-
ly the beginning of the
greatest show on earth.

Llew N. Rmail

The Land Behind My Cabin

Out behind my cabin
Is where I want to be
Through the wood
And to the pond
I walk around
And think

Where shall I go next.
Where should I go next.
I will go farther.

Behind the
Pond
Where I have not gone.

I will explore
In the
Early morning mist

(Original Poem Illustrated By Reko Obureq)

Llew N. Rmail

The World Is A Place I've Never Been

The world is a place I've never been
Snow-topped mountains,
Blissful plains,
Roaring big cities.
But are places the world?

Is home the world?
If home's the world
I've been to the world.
But what makes home?
Does a place make a home?
Do people make a home?
Maybe people are the world.

Llew N. Rmail

Untitled

In the darkness
There is nothing to see.
Is there anything there
if you can't see it?

Inside a fruit
Is there something
inside
Before it breaks open?

If a tree falls
And nobody hears it
Does it still make a
Sound?

Llew N. Rmail

Untitled Haiku

When one door closes
One always opens.
You just have to find it.

Llew N. Rmail

Water.1

Flowing
Through a
Stream
Making the
Recognizable,
Soft sound
of Water
on Rocks
and Dirt.
the Sound
Blends
In
To
The
Background

Llew N. Rmail

Water.2

it jumps, it
Dances, it
twirls around.
it flies
It glides
it's so fun to
See
How water can
be
like a human can
Be

Llew N. Rmail

Water.3 (Storm Day)

The Sun shines on the horizon
as the storm comes.
The clouds form over the cabin as
the sweet melody of silence fills
The air and then it
breaks
as the beautiful, giant drop-
Lets of water
Come crashing
down to the planet we call earth.

Llew N. Rmail

We Will Prevail

We will prevail
in this place
we will beat them,
we will fight to the end of earth.
They think they rule us.
They think they rule the world.
But We will prevail.

The second and final poem in the collection, "A Slave's Writings"

Llew N. Rmail