

Poetry Series

Olin Yeats
- poems -

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Olin Yeats()

Olin Yeats grew up reading and reciting the macabre fairy tales by the Grimm Brothers. Soon he began creating his own stories of dwarves, old forests, and sorcerers. Yeats rarely put his poems or stories on paper, but acted them out with his two younger brothers in their sixty-seven acre forest. Now authors like J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, William Shakespeare, and Jane Austen fill his bookshelves and absorb his time. He has also begun writing poems and a novel. The Olden English is a common theme. He currently lives in the mountains of North East Georgia.

A Trifling Dance

My lady has a wrinkle smile,
When she spots me I cannot see
So I stand there blinded for a while.
As I stand there like a post, she will come up to me.
'How are you today? ' is what she will say,
And I will respond, 'I am doing well. And you? '
Thus the dance of our words shall begin this way,
With a curtsy and a bow, this wordily woo.
We talk. I think to myself: I fancy her... does she fancy me?
Oh this uncertainty, which is stifling,
Our words take a step, dropp back, and twirl like a bee
But the words themselves are trifling.
If only I would say how I feel,
Open the flood gate of my heart, and bring forth words which are real!

Olin Yeats

Bang, Bang.....

Bang, bang,
Look at them run
All look like chickens with no heads.
Ha, I can make them run;
I am in my living room.

Josh, Josh,
Oh my goodness,
What are you doing?
Turn it off, turn it off that is graphically wrong.
I walked in on Josh in the living room.

Click, click,
Mom, five more minutes
It's not that bad,
You see it's only a game, only a game, only a game,
I am still in my living room.

Bump, click
No, I don't want you playing.
What's happening to you?
It's not a game, not a game.
I leave the room.

Chick, chick
They don't understand,
How could they, they are only chickens,
But without any heads.
I am in my room.

Laugh, laugh
Look, they laugh at me now,
Those murderous eyes
Stop staring!
I'm on the bus.

Bang, bang
Look at them all run.
It's just a game, just a game, just a game,

Just a game, just a game, just a game.
I'm in school.

Olin Yeats

Feelings Breaking Through

Shh don't say another word,
I do not trust you,
Yet.....
As I look at those eyes
I'm confused whether to laugh or cry:
Large and open, hard and soft, penetrating and gentle.
When I smell the sweet perfume,
Should I stand in those rolling waves
and be swept away?
Stop it! I'm detached,
Yet.....

Olin Yeats

Hate, Love, And I

Hate by my side,
Wagging his tail
And wanting to be worshiped.

Love by my side,
Walking with stealth
And wanting to be given.

Hate runs in front,
And points which way
Biting and clawing to have his will.

Love by my side,
Walking still so quietly
And wanting to be given.

We come to a traveler
-Hate, Love, and I-
Who is burdened and hurt.

Hate runs on
Love stands by his side
And I am-in the middle-trying to make my choice.

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Modern Context: Love

Amidst the two crowds of gay and not-gay come screams and cries
Like poisoned arrows aimed to kill,
Or like a savage dance bringing down the skies.
Yet, who thinks to ask His will.

"Their group is distorted, perverted, and bad.
Let us condemn them with our words!
Speak now and scream, yes He will be glad.
Don't waver or you too shall be brought down by the sword."

On the other side is heard an equal screaming cry,
"Hold fast, stand strong: Love, Love, Love"
They hold their picket signs high, yelling aloud each word:
"GOD LOVES ALL....God LOVES ALL...god LOVES ALL"

So you see "God" is not a person to them,
A political mascot like a bulldog or fish.
"For if God loves them should we not too? "
Yet, what is love?

Tolerance: the 21st century love.
In this nation, in this time
We sing out to ignore the wound in each other's side.
"If you love me, you will accept this bleeding; yes I am dying, but accept me! "

To accept is not always to love,
And to condemn is never enough.
To speak damning words is an easy task,
But to serve and befriend takes patience and time;
Yet, from this patience comes change, by His good will.
Not through anger or deadly acceptance, but through befriending and serving
Will change come.

Olin Yeats

Reflections Of A Goblin Set In Stone

Oh there the flowery maiden tread,
By day and not by night.
On that grassy green,
protecting me from light.

Her cloak of silk is like a mist:
Floating around her form,
Not hiding, but radiating her within.
A brilliant light near a darkened storm.

The soft and stinging beauty
Flowing from her to this place,
Is like a stream of water
Cold upon my face.

She glides about with innocent glee
Walking through the grass
A flower of red and yellow
Blossoms at her pass.

Oh come closer, closer to the cave,
No do not run, oh do not run my lovely lass.

I will not bloom.
I will not glow,
But your beauty will sustain.
Come closer to me, Oh maiden.

You walk by day,
But I only by night.
Will this love sustain?
I shall try with all my might.

The rocks are crunching
Under my stomping feet,
For I stand in this cave by day
Waiting for you my treat.

Lo! the day light time

When it gets brighter still
I am reminded of the separation,
The potential hardness of my skin.

Look there she is,
My maiden oh so bright!
I will take a step,
A step into the light!

What has happened?
Oh this state.
I feel the love,
And it does not abate.

I shall scratch my head
And stomp my feet.
But what is this?
This new defeat.

I do not move
I am a rock
Who thinks and feels,
But cannot talk.

If I could speak
I should tell my maiden bright
Do not run!
I love you with all strength and power of the night.

But she runs,
She runs from me and the night.
For my maiden is the light.

I do not move.
I am a rock,
Who thinks and feels,
But cannot talk.

Olin Yeats

The Pain I Hide

I press my fingers against
The rain-stained glass.
My breath leaves
A wet white fog.
Long Time
Hours Cold
No one see my pain,
For I have hid it in my heart
And stand out in and with the rain.

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