

Poetry Series

Patrica Lynn Spouse
- poems -

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Patrica Lynn Spouse()

A Life In Parts

The form of the future
In the mind's eye
Of the future

The flame of the fire in
The hearts yearning
For all loving

The fear of the fearful
In the shyness
Of the longing

The brain when it's burning
In the roaring
Of the soul's loss

The hiss of hysteria
In the presence
of confusion

The pull of the image
Reflected in
Any great beauty

The flow in the wholeness
Of the moment
Wisdom striking.

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Lost Love

Somewhere I have lost
my love
Carelessly, I left it lying around
somewhere

My lost love was like my
old teddy bear
Ruthlessly used and abused
loved to death

Old straw teddy patched up
with elastoplast
Sitting in my glass cupboard
of treasures

Unlike my casual love
lost carelessly.
Not dead; no place for mourning
in limbo

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My Brain, The Recycling Plant And You, My Friend.

My brain is not really a sieve
It's part of a recycling plant
Thoughts come and go quickly
But they fall through the holes
Like a penny down a drain
And deep down in the mysterious depths
There is a furnace of some sort
And chambers and conveyor belts
Which fire and churn away
And eventually bring the recycled
Thoughts up into my brain.
And after they've come up
Several times and fallen through
The holes again and again
They do, in the new
Form, sometimes stick.
And when they do
I communicate with you
And the world makes sense again.

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