

Poetry Series

Phillippa Harris
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Phillippa Harris(May 1986)

Phillippa is mother of 1 and college graduate in drama, directing and script writing and is a huge fan of Shakespeare. She looks to write from experience of nature, heartworn and exploring the dark and light of mind.

OTHER

Her one minute play 'TREES' was selected and performed as part of an international play festival GI60.

She also is artistic director of Mish Mash Theatre Company, working with youths in the field of writing and drama.

Leaving

The black

Outline

The call

Voices

Twisting

She

Red lips

Departing

Sorrow

Crying

The silence

Crouching.

Phillippa Harris

Mocking Bird

The slippery steel blade
The pointed tip of hope
In forgotten times it is a light that deceives
Reflecting an ugly scene that is a mirror of dark dreams
The screams cannot be heard from the blade
It swallows the gaping wound
Devastating the little ones
Don't say a word.

Phillippa Harris

Questions

What world is this that is void?
Self doubt that creeps beneath tortured souls
It keeps locked away all that hides in the shadows
Can that be watching, waiting.
Seething in blank nothingness of hell
What does this world seek?
For what purpose can the darkness prevail if not to lock into ours?
Is this weakness, for where there is not light?
Can we imagine when there is nothing?
Can we keep hidden?
Will all that is not lost be forgotten?
Will darkness seep into depths of light and transform us from these beings?
If the darkness sleeps then what is awake.....?

Phillippa Harris

R.E.

From above the view is weak
Underneath crying out to speak
Visions of glory distant in myth
for blood runs thick in their veins
The brass is sharp, the silver blunt
War cries for peace
Blue glass fading the green is growing
The silence is killing, no soul.
The babes whose mothers did not solute
Vanish to descend
Go home. Cry. No soul.

Phillippa Harris

Self

I see when I close my mind, the happiness in the green field.
The dark wood laying way to dragons and giants.
The clouds, pockets of darkness for which there is little shelter.
The tree keeps me safe.
He tells me of old times when the legions would camp at the nearby stream
waiting to go to war.
He is my home, my shelter.
The white unicorn that has befriended me approaches and enters my world.
I speak to glints of light on leaves as though they were fairies.
My imagination is grounded there. It is her home, but there she sleeps.

Phillippa Harris

Somewhere Over A Rainbow

Trickle down your rainbow
Alive with broken dreams
Aspiring to a portal
Destinations are believed.

Wash away that which brightens day
Alive the singing night
Aspiring the coming morning
Dawning on minds that live to fight.

Fight for the lives of brothers and
Sisters cry to sleep
The cloud below we walk on
To mask their hardened feet.

Sleep into hateful sorrow
Whisked around from painful souls
While barons lie in fruitful shells
No need to seek out warmth.

Look through tinted windows
Stained with wasted blood
Bottled in cellars, develop their texture
From different coloured wood.

A vicious circle to spiral
The lives of turmoil to forget
Wash down your pitied water
That paints rainbows in the air.

17/06/2008

Phillippa Harris

Under Oak

Extended over soft cotton shades
Space surreal, claustrophobic intentions
Reach the waves crying from the ground
A mirage so old in view of no one
Leaning from earth, grounded wisdom seeks
To shatter into bitter pieces
Recognise not for what you speak
But stay still and count the leaves.

Phillippa Harris

Wanderer

He lives the life of the wonderer
Sifting matter from stream
Concluding yet not diluting
Realisation of what is real

Wandering over mountains
That seek a believers mind
Invisible yet conscious
They follow the wonderer's life

Wondering through forest
Trees whisper upon deaf ears
Revealing light in dark forbidden
Fear and pain that can be healed

Wanderer seek those jewels unspoken
hidden in broken dust
Cast down your eyes upon his soul
Asleep and yet awoken.

Phillippa Harris