

Poetry Series

Samuel Thor
- poems -

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Samuel Thor()

Born in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia, Canada-where he currently resides-Samuel Thor has lived in various locations across Canada. These include: Weymouth, Nova Scotia; Ottawa, Ontario; Dawson Creek, British Columbia and Edmonton, Alberta. He gets his inspiration from the beautiful places he lives and the beautiful people he lives with.

A View Of Love

Crystal drops of water dance in the brilliant sunlit grove as the steady sound of the slowly flowing river reverberates through the perfect silence. The cloudless sea of a sky illuminates the lush grass that surrounds the tranquil stream and the shards of the past. Beams of light elucidate the awe inspired landscape as the peaceful aura of nature paints splendour into the water and earth. A radiant flower blooms in the hidden shadow of the mighty ash tree, dripping bits of serenity off its delicate peddles. A drift of wind disturbs some untouched beauty, sending countless magnificently coloured butterflies swirling into the perfect effulgent sky. Love hugs the earth, each blade of deep green grass and the bank of the steadfast river, blanketing all with its gentleness. The sound of the water continues to sing softly as the grace of the winds of change rolls across the surface of the river, kissing its supple form with benevolence. The wind blesses the world with warmth and comfort, creating perfect bliss.

Samuel Thor

Alpha And Omega

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The passionate fire of our new love never burned out.

It warmed my body when it seemed nothing else would. It heated my soul in a way that only you could. I opened up my heart and let it immerse my being entirely; blanketing me with its brilliant tenderness.

Together we forged our hearts into one, tempering love with respect and trust. The fires of our first love blazed powerfully under our forge; so intense— yet burning neither of us.

They beat as one, keeping perfect harmonic rhythm with each other. The most beautiful sound ever heard. We created a oneness, a love that continued to burn fiercely without falter or waver.

That is why it hurt

After I damaged your heart the first time I promised myself that I wouldn't again, I couldn't again. With the glowing heat of our love we forged those breaks I made in your heart, forming something more wonderful than we've ever had. We became connected at the soul; our hearts were stronger, our love burned brighter.

That is why it burned

That night you fully gave me your heart. You completed the oneness, unifying us perfectly. But I had to do it. I gave your heart back...absolutely shattering it as I did. The synchronized beating of our hearts staggered as yours burst into countless shards. Because our hearts were still unified, still so connected, those sharp, stabbing shards tore into mine.

Your pain became my pain. Overwhelming. Unbearable.

Two broken hearts, two tear-filled eyes

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Samuel Thor

Flames Of Love

Perfect serenity. The great hills rhythmically rise and fall with the lush forest valleys, standing completely still in the small breeze. Sitting by himself on the top of the mountain he can see the magnificent sunset transform the lake into a glimmering pool of gold. The deep azure sky is painted with vibrant colors that spin and dance around each other. The world is still. The soft wind kisses his skin, blessing him with gentle heat. The sparks of a new love are blown into an ember just as the great sun falls dormant behind the steady hills. The tiny fire is soft and comforting but burns brightly, lighting up the dark world. It feels like a warm blanket in his hands and it envelops him completely in its splendour. Passion. The wind kindles the fire until it's so wonderful that the night seems to hide from it. Its effulgent glow casts away shadows, bathing him in a tender light. The wind grows steadily harsher, feeding the loving fire...the flame begins to falter in the hard blows of the wind. Love. He can't let it go; the night is too dark and without its warmth he would fail. The wind grows stronger still. In desperation he hides the flames deep within his chest. Immediately his body begins to burn with a completely new feeling. Something never before felt, that feels better than anything ever felt before. Beauty. Peace. Every fibre of his being is illuminated with the embers' kind heat and compassionate light. Perfect serenity. He can't feel the chill bite of the wind or see the darkness of the night. The very threads of his soul are set alight with warmth and comfort; inside he feels pure rapture. The sun has left; all is night. The fire keeps him going in the dark world.

Samuel Thor

Four-Leaf Clover

I found a four-leaf clover today,
then thought for a moment and threw it away.
This little charm brings great luck, it's true—
but I'm the luckiest man of all, because I have you.

Samuel Thor

Friends And Lovers

It isn't going to be easy, nothing worthwhile ever is.

To sacrifice something you want for something you need. Though without pain, there is no pleasure; without sorrow there is no joy. Love is a balance of both—accepting an opposition in all things.

The passionate fire of our love still hasn't burnt out. It continues to warm my body and my heart; but now it's accompanied by an unquenchable longing that I struggle to suppress, this powerful fire burns too brightly, its flames licking at the edges of my control

Together we tamed this searing ember and used it again to forge our once broken hearts. Its inescapable heat burnt our hardworking hands—the scars of a past love. And slowly these deep flames smoldered into something unfamiliar, a distant, hazy memory: friendship.

Love bears, believes, hopes, endures all things

We agreed this was for the best, but still my heart longed for something more, longed to hug tighter, to hold you closer, to kiss you...You're the best thing that ever happened to me, so I can not give you up. I can not let you fade away.

Love never fails

You took my ring, binding us with a solemn promise. Our souls touched and I know that we are choosing the right. We smile; then you lean into me and whisper in my ear, "I love you, too." A kiss on the cheek. I'm overcome with that feeling, the one that I only feel when I'm with you. This is what I was waiting for. With that kiss you sealed our future and I finally know that I can make it through. Two lovers becoming friends looks like a sad ending, but the outcome was this:

Two full hearts, two radiant smiles

A new beginning...

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Samuel Thor

Life Is Like Art...

Life is like art...

At times it can be ugly. When looking at the present and the now it can appear to simply be smudges of charcoals and inks. Thick eraser marks dirty the view from all the mistakes that have been made. But sometimes you have to look at the big picture, the whole scene... sometimes you have to stand back to appreciate the beauty. The beauty of art. The beauty of life.

Samuel Thor

Memories

As days go by and sunsets go,
as the leaves fall, and the rivers of time flow,
let us in reverence remember the years gone past,
and the memories of the good times that went too fast.
How many first flowers on that first day of spring,
and how many Robyn's first song heard us sing?
Or how many first leaf felled, of first frost have we seen?
And in how many beautiful summers and places have we been?
Though good times lie in the past, great times lie ahead;
look not to the past, but to the future instead.
I hope when you do look back you'll remember me some,
and I hope we have many memorable times to come.

Samuel Thor

Strawberry Cheesecake

The restaurant bustles noisily
with the sound of chattered conversation.
He stares at the back
of the empty booth across from him,
observing the intricate shapes and designs
in the colourful fabric.
Green, maroon, navy.

The mouth-watering smell of barbeque sauce
combines with the strong scent of spaghetti.
This restaurant has wonderful spaghetti.
His stomach rumbles.

The vibrant painting of tropic birds stares
at him from the wall opposite his booth.
The yellow glow of the restaurant's
dim lights cast shadows across
the bright canvass;
the light makes them lifelike.
Gold, azure, turquoise.

He is usually very patient; though
it had been a long while since
he had been to the restaurant.
He missed the luscious taste of the cheesecake.

The unceasing chattering surrounds
him as begins to rub his bare toes
on the coarse carpet beneath him.
Patterns begin to appear, circles and swirls,
in the sea of carpet beneath him; each tiny,
coloured thread pushing his feet towards another.
Auburn, brown, crimson.

The waitress places the food on
the table in front of him, he hadn't
heard her sneak up on him. His stomach
contracts as the scent fills his lungs.

Strawberry Cheesecake, so beautiful;
she sits across from him, a beaming smile
on her charming face, so beautiful.
He picks up his fork as he dives into a deep conversation
with the lovely waitress. He pauses to answer
a question and taste a mouthful of the beautiful cake.
Creamy, sweet, delicate.

It was more than worth the wait,
as good things usually are.
He continues to converse with the waitress,
content, for the first time in a long time.

Samuel Thor

The Moon's Serenity

The sound of crashing waves echoes across the moist air; rainfall gently drizzles against the surface of the water, creating a soft and soothing rhythm. As the innumerable twinkling shards of beauty appear high in the heavens the wind kindly rustles through the lush meadow in the land beneath. The moon's serenity creates an unimaginable aura that hugs all it touches with calm irresistible arms. Trees of the forest sway tenderly with hoods formed by the moon's illuminating shadows. Even the dust of the earth and the sand of the sea seem to dance under the silver glow of the sky. Unusually friendly darkness surrounds the hum of the winds and scent of the sea and woodland, inviting wanderers to lose themselves in its sensation. Beneath the moon's serenity spaces harmonize themselves with each other, causing unexplainable aptness. The presence of the sky's orb exerts reassuring delight to its realm.

Abruptly the darkness alters into malevolence, now pulsing out shades of catastrophe and malice. It rouses the water violently and the downpour starts to descend with smashing force; the earth and sand are whipped about in the obscurity. The storm begins to beat heavily upon the shadows cracking the tranquility like glass. Turmoil disrupts below the shining heavens with disaster and difference, all is seemed to be vanquished.

Though gradually a brilliant light emerges from a distant, forgotten place and the dimness progressively withdraws. Saving radiance breaks over the mountains, enlightening the valley below. The light restores hope to all parts of existence, slowing bringing more peacefulness as the flaming sun rises once more into the earth. Let serenity endure in your heart through the darkest hour of the night; let peace still your soul. Let us, as we go on, never forget the sun will rise after all hours of darkness.

Samuel Thor

The Need

SHE has a need; her need is great
HE wants to help, but doesn't have the chance.
EVEN though he can, he thinks he's too late.

WHEN the song plays, they choose to dance.
HE sees they are one, and thinks it is fate.
OH, it seems the need is fulfilled...but only from a glance.

'NO, ' he thinks, 'why would she pick me?
EVERYONE and anyone but me could be the one! '
EVER and ever he wishes he could make her see,
DAYS and days of his are filled with her light like that of the sun.
SADLY she did not know his feelings, so how could they together be?

THOUGH he still hoped that one day she could change her mind;
ONLY he doubted that he would ever be that loving and kind.

BUT still he thought of her as the red, red rose,
ESPECIALLY now after she lived so far and now so close.

LO and behold, he could not be sure,
OF why he was filled with such allure.
VERY sad his days alone, without her were.
EVEN now—to this day—he frowns for her need is still up in the air above.
DARE only does he to fulfill this need: for the need is great, for the need is love.

Samuel Thor

The Song Of Water

The sound of thousands of shards crashing down filled the air.
The aura of mist and darkness floated through the thick humidity.
These heavy, wet walls come crashing down on him. Why should he care?
Everywhere the sound of the surface breaking is still heard, causing him to
question his stupidity.
These things run slow chills up his spine; when the clouds cry he's filled with joy.

The sea is in turmoil, tossing a smile on the dripping face of this boy.

In the midst of all a thread of beautiful light illuminates those shards of sky.
He hears the rhythm of the drops and waves and feels the end is nigh.
He's in love with this drenching pain of all these things, but knows it has to end.
It all has to end...these thoughts fill his mind as the light comes around the final
bend.
The Song of Water stops, the love is all gone.
These uninterruptable feelings have turned the light on.
The Song of Water is over.

Samuel Thor

The Wind Of Change

A leaf slowly descends off the nearly barren tree, softly landing on the ground. A breeze gently twirls the leaves around the feet of the ones who stand together. Swirls of red and orange are caught in the winds and are carried about in an awe of spinning colours. The Wind of Change blows splendour in its leaves as they fade away, making way for a beautiful white wonder...

A snowflake falls. It hits the already whitened ground with chilling perfection. This beauty covers the land, chilling the bodies of those whose hearts burn so fiercely. The sparkling snow surrounds, blanketing the ground and trees until the Wind of Change comes again. Grass sprouts and flowers bloom; the whole world is reborn with the sweet fragrance of the earth. With the cheering aura of resurrection comes a feeling; a feeling brought as gust blow by, lighting up the spirits of the ones who care deeply for each other. With that wind comes another change, one that is magnificently important. The burning sun blazes, heating the flowing river as it streams by. A butterfly appears, attracted by the love that is season brings with its dazzling heat. The beautiful creature flutters around in the warmth, until the Wind of Change comes once more, and the river flows on forever more. As seasons change may we never part.

Samuel Thor

Two Hearts

Two hearts, long ago, did beat as one,
But now their time together is done.
Intertwined their lives and fates had been,
But neither of them could have foreseen.
This tragic tale begins with two,
Who loved each other as lovers do.
Though now apart they'll forever stay;
And both do look back and frown on that day.

"We'll see each other again, " said he,
For there was none in the land as fair as she.
Oh, she loved him so, and so she cried her plea,
"Oh, please! Oh, please take this pain from me!
If with him I shall forever be free,
But when left apart, dead inside I will be! "

Her plea went unheard, for he knew he must leave,
But her told her, he did, she but must only believe.
He told her his leave short would be and soon he'd return,
Then, finally, again their love would burn.
And in a flash he was gone, he had joined the ranks.
She wept all day, alone in despair at the river banks.

Two hearts, long ago, did beat as one,
But then in his absence she decided to have some fun.
Intertwined their lives and fates had been,
But she then met another who for marriage was keen.
This tragic tale indeed began with two,
Who, for one, two years service would do.
Though now apart they'll forever stay,
It was only because of the letter he got on his mission one day.

Samuel Thor

Unknown

This mysterious, unknown entity confounds the senses and confuses the mind. It awakens emotions that have long been shunned; but, it makes them almost sought to be embraced. These forgotten feelings, dormant deep in the heart, are being stirred once again by the mystifying hand of the nameless being. This unknown force is on the very doorstep of being shut out; though, unexplainably, it is held on to, hugged tightly. Longed to be hugged tightly...because it creates unfamiliar sensations in the heart, sensations that are both unwanted and desired. It was found near the coral and still it is there every day. It is near exalted and walks amid nobility. This enigma is so difficult to fathom that is it almost completely locked out, but still so intriguing that it can't be let go. It grows stronger and stronger, forcing those strange emotions to stir, every time that coral place is visited. If only the unknown could be comprehended, if only this mystery could be solved. Alas, the unknown will stay unknown. The true mystery lies on the doorstep and which way the unknown will walk through the open door.

Samuel Thor

Your Rain

I closed my eyes.

I had only been in the rain for a few brief moments, but already I could feel the cool water drenching me to the core. Thick sheets of rain pounded on my skin, through my clothes, chilling my burning, pain-filled heart.

I could feel every heavy dropp of cool rain on my arms and face as I lifted my head towards the crying heavens. I could hear every iota of rain striking my body and my surroundings. The smell of spring, the smell of life, the smell of negatively ionized particles circulated through the wet, August air.

I called out for you. I needed you with me so badly—my aching heart longed for yours. I had waited so long for this moment, to share it with you, but you couldn't hear me. We were no longer connected, we had broken apart. I waited for you. The icy rain crept beneath my skin, slowly cooling my restless heart.

I miss you

I wanted this torrential rain to stop. I wanted it to end because every second you weren't with me there the rain hurt. I knew only your presence could warm my cold body now. I needed to hold you in my arms, to feel that warmth. This hammering downfall laughed at my pain. Every heavy dropp mocked me, every sound and smell made my poor heart flutter with your painful memory.

I love you

I opened my eyes to see a brilliant stroke of lightning flash across the deep, grey sky. Then the rain began to thin. I was soaked to the bone; still I realized now—as the rain progressively dimmed to a light drizzle—that I wanted nothing more than for it to stay. As it slowly died I felt myself losing you. It was a piece of you I was holding on to, a gift you had given me that was now blowing away in the ever-changing winds.

Two empty arms, two empty hearts.

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