

Poetry Series

Sarah Dharmasiri
- poems -

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Sarah Dharmasiri()

Climbing

Grassy Ceiling

I dangle over floor-less sky
Expanse infinite beneath my knees
I raise a leg hoping I will not
slip and plummet into a flood of tears

Consuming, Swallowing

My leg moves, forward..... cautious

Arm supporting

It stretches and links through the bar,

Toe protruding through the previous

Arms swing into motion now

stretching, pulling

giving room for my next leg to reach

which it does.

A trapeze blown by the wind that lifts my shirt,

silently rocks above me hanging toward

brown dirt from the kicking of feet

which accompanies drenched trainers.

Again my leg stretches, teeth clenched

I make it. Arms pull and I swing both legs free to a grass floor

Blisters fading

I sit on the trapeze

Kicking dirt with drenched trainers.

Sarah Dharmasiri

Guilt

Smoking papers of a life now lived
38 years now rests in a crib
of stone in a cage, breathless inside
Nothing to feel, nothing disguised.
Nine long years pass, forgive me for not
keeping my promise, leaving you rot
alone in a cavern of cages and faces
burnt to ashes, dust to cases
Wooden and brass reflecting my name,
in gold etched writing on the stone bright and plain
A menagerie of voices, jubilant and clear
praising the life of people once near.
But I've left you there, forgotten you were
three red strands of hair fallen to earth.
Can you forgive me, I know you would have not,
closed the door in your heart and left me to rot.
Through winter and rain, hail and snow,
Out in the cold, forgotten, alone.
In nine whole years your crest is faded,
a glint in the light of the life I have traded
for trivial things, hardly a visit
Grass overgrown, I blinked and missed it,
The day your black shine emblazoned with gold
grew grey and dusty, forgotten and old.
Not even a flower, a single daisy
to remember your life by all those too lazy
who cried at your funeral and wept in the masses
No colour no life as nine years passes.
A man so loved surrounded by flowers
on other graves but not one on ours.
For you seem forgotten, can that be true
I feel you no more, nonexistence is you.
A warm pain is now all that you are
One day tears will reign and your name will travel far
In a sea of voices traveling on the wind, like snow, like rain
Like Gold.

Sarah Dharmasiri

Hope

Thin band far oft
Heavy clouds pressing pushing
Crushing with the force of thunder
But my hope lies there
Glistening with silver tears of sweat
I push towards
Sweeping aside fingers of cold rain
Scratches of sharp hail
Head down from the stormy intent above
I lean towards the horizon
My hope lies there
My hope lies there.

Sarah Dharmasiri

It Is Possible

It is possible to be a lover but also one who hates
It is possible to be destructive but also one who creates
It is possible to spread laughter everywhere you go
It is possible to spread anger, to spread sorrow, to spread woe.

It is possible to be peaceful, to be thoughtful, to be calm,
It is possible to reckless, to be rash and cause alarm,
It is possible to educate, pass on wisdom, wisely teach
It is possible to be ignorant, deal in rumours, spread deceit.

It is possible to sympathise with both parties in a war
It is possible that sympathy does not extend to 'for',
It is possible to have tolerance and respect without agreeing
It is possible there is something that you are just not seeing.

It is possible that there are things you may never understand
It is possible there is no answer, no solution to be found,
It is possible that other people just won't feel the same way
It is possible that they may do on another different day.

Sarah Dharmasiri

Mother Nature

Hollow crescent from hip to lip
Cursed kisses and bye bye baby
Withdrawn from the secret meaning
Occluded by yards of unknitted yarn
And promises not kept
And kisses not met
This dark and twisted ache
Where once was hope must now wither and die
Cold before one sharp jut of earth's axis
Green and blue
Life and tears.

Sarah Dharmasiri

My Generation

A baby stares with unblinking eyes
at two world leaders spitting despise

Born into a war of hatred of mind
willing each to destroy the entire of mankind

No time to play with jobs so demanding
Give kids a Megadrive it will stop them from sounding

Stories with mother replaced by TV
The real world descends on a child of just three

To nursery children sneaks the milk and cookie snatcher
Education cuts by Margaret Thatcher.

Men strike hopelessly starving themselves
fighting for pay in dark coal wells

A country miles across the sea
Sparks a war of men and controversy

The Iron Lady leads them blindly in
The recover an empire that's rotten within

That lady herself faces an attempt on her life
The IRA warns us through trouble and strife

Entrepreneurialism and a market so free
If everything's for sale, what about me?

Section 28 a condemnation for gays
'if we stop their rights we'll change their ways'

Alarms fitted for schools after a madman lay claim
to sixteen little bodies in the town of Dunblain

A world full of evil, Rwandan Genocide
A world I'm brought into with nowhere to hide

A world now rotting from the life you have led
Global warming, ozone loss, acid tears shed.

But I don't understand yet this world that I'm in
Spice girls, power rangers, video-gaming.

A world with big pictures, everything's large
switch over the channel to Homer and Marge.

Britney Spears bursts onto the scene
a 'virgin role model', not quite so obscene

Princess Di leaves now Mother Theresa in succession
I lose my father, 1997

The millennium passes the 'bug' caused no end
Just a media panic on a party weekend.

CD's and Walkmans, PC's mobile phones
An internet cookie trail won't lead Gretel back home.

Give them a TV, fill it with SKY
Watch their faces like zombies, imagination to die.

Anime DVD's fill up shelves
in huge music stores in now know quite well

Extreme sports thrill us, bring us alive
While other lie dormant with reality shows live.

I leave my house, just me and some friends
Social workers question us, 'why are we dead ends? '

I'm not, I reply, I just don't feel afraid
To move away from the telly with others my age

Is your mother single? Why are you so bad
Rebellious youths, what makes you so mad?

Because I am young I apparently contribute
To failing standards and public disrepute

Goths and Chavs the new 'species' emerging
Rebellions must stop, the youth require purging.

Pierced and rebellious the youth want to be
but don't you remember you were once like me?

Crime is rising, Beat back the youth!
Teach them a Lesson! Force-feed them our truth!

Old men too afraid to step out of their doors
Youths are out of control elections warn

You say we are idle, perhaps we just aren't
Part of a world that's resorted to arms.

An innocent laugh turns to a cackle,
In the mind of the media, dark eye of the people

In your eyes were doomed, poorly raised and lethal
Psychologically troubled, sick twisted and evil

A new breed of criminals, young pregnant mothers
All crooks and liars, all car thieves and muggers

The youth invasion the politicians version.
I don't feel like a threat. I feel like a person.

Sarah Dharmasiri

Slug

To be despised is to be slug, homeless and writhing
Salts of earth burn as scorn is laboured on these wretched beasts
Assimilating ground into their fat juices
When rain comes they gather speed
Adulterating walls to great disgust
Yet these nomads of no loved abode
Leave silver in their wake
Reminding us they are here
And whilst we toil and reap the fruits of earth's labour
These unmentionables turn the soil at night
The silver goose that wakes the ground for one more harvest
Before sliding back to shelter in damp walls.

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Treesong

Through breathless moonlight mist she weaves
Scattering light between the leaves
At this dark wanting late night hour
She slows the cold damp winds in power
Her dress is spun from spider silk
Her hair hangs damp with dews fresh milk
Her toes are bare and thick between
With mud and grass; soil and green
Her dance sways gently back and forth
Her song a sweet but rough discourse
Her flesh is dark with deepened scars
Ringed with wintry seasons past.

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Wars Are Never Fought With Noble Intentions

Wild-eyed children with fat lips,
sit glumly upon bottom steps,
awaiting the known time, reasons and recourse

Workers who spat with hands dirty
Are docked and locked out of pay
Awaiting the known cause, reasons and recourse

Brash thieves with green-eyed fingers
Brood confined between thick grey walls
Awaiting the known sentence, reasons and recourse

But children sat amongst warring
Cry bodies of tears
With no end

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What Of You Moon

What of you moon
Slumber drunk and steady
Your light seeps lazily down outstretched branches
Dripping into dark water
Hiding shadows there

What of you moon
bright sneer, a cut of light
Peeping from obscurity
Bold and cold
Indifferent to the twinkling of stars

What of you moon
Breathless harbouring no life
Dark things lustred by your silver kisses
Armoured in your deadness
a permanence of night.

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Where Has Daddy Gone

Daddy is not here
Nor is he there
He is not under my bed
I can't find him anywhere

Mummy says he has gone
to a better place
It's big, white and fluffy
with big, golden gates

Up there he can play football
All hours of the day
He will have so many friends
And they'll all want to play

Up there, there is no sadness
No hurts or even pain
The sun is always shining
It doesn't even rain

It means I cannot see him
for a little while
But he will be looking down
So I'll look up and smile

One day I'll feel much better
even without Dad
but first I might feel angry
confused or even sad

I just have to remember
when I'm older about Daddy
especially when I'm feeling sad
Dad will always live in me.

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White Lies

I knew you once
Now you're the past
Ash spirals and circles of dust
But you, you will never know
That I stole your memory
I'd forgotten but it's so clear to see
I believed for a time that it was me
But too late now and I'll sit here
Feeding lies
From your long lived days gone by
It may not have even been your memory
But now its moved on, hosting on me
And with these lies
my head tries
to forget this life
and simplifies this story of yours
and I'll await the day you die
and keep on telling the same old lie
and when people question and ask why
I'll pull on you, be your disguise
And though my heart knows my head denies
sending me to hell no compromise
Days that will spiral NO MORE LIES
I'll just roll over and beg to die
I guess that answers the question why
I never wrote though I had promised to try
I'll never write now, the letter so tempting
For fear of my dark secret escaping
A heavy secret in the mind of a child
It swerves and bumps with every mile
Along the road to adulthood
I CANNOT BREATHE; you never could.
This dark disguise it weighs me down
I'll whisper my secret to the ground
I have no strength to turn around
Back in to the fire.
Where it's you not her that burns and dies.

Worn

News come lightly as feathers falling from soft wings of doves
But lands as hard as mountains of terror
Angels treading softly where fools dance in
Over the sense of self.

But the sea is dark and fraught with wrecks
That bounce against rocks wailing
Banshees howl and sirens crawl
Over waves walking on water

The tide will turn and churn out black broth and broken maids
And those left standing a shore
Heart close to hand with broken breasts
Can surely conquer land.

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Your Beautiful Eye

I dream about your eye all day
If we are together or apart
I dream of wrapping my fingers around it
squirting the last drops from your cold dead heart.

I think how a gentle pencil intrusion
Might lengthen your bat-like sight
Maybe not, but I'd have the satisfaction
to block out its ice blue light

Perhaps I would pluck it right out of your head
while your eyelid sagged and fluttered
I could make an incision with utmost precision
Then stuff it with garlic and mustard
I could serve it *houre d'overs*
while your socket still spurts
forth flood foamy and frothy
Or I could blend it up smooth,
well what could I lose
if I brewed it up in my coffee
The hours that I spend
chewing on my pen
Thinking how crunchy it would be
If I tossed up a salad
Threw on a love ballad
and roasted it up for my tea
Goddamn your blue eyes
I really despise all the things that you did to me
I can't look at your face, without utter distaste
I'm grateful I'm finally free.

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