

Poetry Series

SarahJane Platt
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

SarahJane Platt()

Bees

Bees

Buzz and zoom around all day
In the trees
They make honey and they see
The magic in the clear blue sky
As they fly
Free from all troubles and all worries
Quite unlike you and me

We

Should learn something from the bees
They are right
They have learnt they shouldn't do
The many things they cannot do
And they fly
Free from all worry and all trouble
Quite unlike you and me.

We

all think that we're alright
Out of spite
For can't you see
The little yellow bumble bee
Though small
Walks tall
His mind is where all of our minds want to be

But we won't get there

If we run around all day

If we're blind

It is true

really true

We'll get through

Me and you,

If we're like the bumble bee

Us, you and me

The bumble bee

For it is through the need and want of nothing that we truly have it all

Epitaph

What if this were my final chance to say goodbye?
Awake one morning to find myself a fugitive,
Feeling bad because this is the end.
Would the words give you piece of mind? Small
And fragile as they run across the page
As if straining towards an invisible goal
They are powerless to change themselves
Lost in themselves, condemned from birth
Here they stand: I LOVE YOU
But as you rush to find me
I am still gone
The room is cold, the curtain crooked

SarahJane Platt

Existence Part 1: Advice To A Murderer

Go into the city to hide from the crowds,
Escape from the silence; it's much much too loud.
Bury your soul in a graveyard of cares,
Try not to flinch from the hate in their stares,
You feel you could die and no-one would know,
'Caus you're just an outcast with no place to go.
It's right that you hate that small voice in your brain,
See, that's why you screwed up again and again.
You've ruined your future; what would Mummy say?
It's your mind which they'll judge when it's Judgement Day.
Don't wait till then, it's time to die now.
Do you think you'll be missed? You doubt it somehow.

SarahJane Platt

Existence Part 2: Schizophrenia

Get silence in your head,
And then set the voices free,
Live in permanent despair,
Misery is too happy.
Submit to solitude,
And then listen to your minds,
It's a one-way holiday,
Sanity is left behind.
Death is catching up
With the voices in your head.
You'll be sorry when they're gone,
Then you'll know you're really dead.
It's the only way to know;
No more voices in your brain.
They don't like to talk to ghosts,
Meditate,
Sit and wait to be born again.....

SarahJane Platt

Fight As I Die

Darkness falls and I wait behind the curtain of the Night
There's an ache in my heart and a chill in my soul
I can't wait to do what's right.
I'd cry for you
And I'd die for you
But it isn't really worth it if you die too
Hurting with me every day
No I can't...
So pick me up in the Union Bar
I'll be drowning my sins tonight
They took my heart and soul
But my Love is one thing they can't fight
Today is over now
And Tomorrow is just for you
Can't really say how it'll turn out
But the sentiment is true.

SarahJane Platt

Harbinger

My bus pass came today
I got it through the post
I take the bus 'bout every day
More frequently than most.

It's nice to have a bus pass
Means I don't have to pay
But there's this other feeling
Knew it would come one day.

Its that bus pass lying there,
Says to me 'You're old!
The government has got you now
In a werewolf's hold

Now everything is regulated,
Housing, pension, care...
But if they've no bed for you to die in
They'll leave you lying there.

They'll sigh in young frustration
As they pass you in the street
They'll laugh because you're old
With unsure, fumbling feet.

So take the bus, don't worry!
It'll save your legs a mile. '
But I know the younger ones
Will stand me in the aisle.

Yet I still have my pride
And Youth won't conquer me
That feeling of decrepitude?
For now, I'll leave it be.

SarahJane Platt

Here's To The Dads

Here's to the Dads.

We could see it from the start
Those dual lines pierced our hearts
We saw our child born, growing, grown
Before even a bump was shown.
But none of us saw this. No way
to factor in the dismal day
When we would say 'I can't. Help me'
Unable to quell our mind's faint plea.
So here's to the Dads, who must be strong
Though surely wonder 'what went wrong? '
And 'could I have done just one more thing
To help, to stop this happening? '
These things happen naturally
Though natural's the last thing they seem to be.
But yet you wonder 'what can I do? '
Most importantly, please just be you.
Don't judge or hide or blame yourself;
Keep positive, maintain your health
We love you, miss you, need you strong
We'll come back before too long.
It's not forever and we'll pull through
So here's to the Dads, here's to you.

SarahJane Platt

In Pursuit Of The Sonnet

I cannot write a sonnet; it's too hard
To put such barriers around my brain
And thus I find my efforts often marred
Although I rephrase again and again
I cannot write a sonnet though I try
Through day and night, through winter, into spring
And even though I have no reason why
A ten-syllable line my thoughts won't bring.
But now I wonder just what is so great
About this 'iambic pentameter'?
And am almost resigned that it's my fate
That from the sonnet form I should defer
Yet, having spent so long in search of one
T'would be a shame if it should not be done

SarahJane Platt

My Heroin*e

With the sky turning orange
You load up your syringe
And you shoot up right into the heart
Lying back in surrender
That face, once so tender
Was doomed in this game right from the start

And you'll steal and you'll lie
And you'd kill to get by
And it ain't that much fun anymore
But you're in far too deep
Caus this game plays for keeps
And you're fighting your own private war

What do I have to do to make you listen?
What do I have to do to make you learn?
What do I have to say to make you realise
That you're just taking your turn
And despite that special buzz
You're not special any more
'Caus you're dying from the inside
Like so many before
And it still goes on...

When you think Life's a downer
Take an upper to counter
Till you don't know what you really feel
And you're starting to fear it
But Want just won't hear it
Won't admit that your world isn't real

And you've stolen, you've lied
Guess you'd kill to get by
And you've just lost the will to say No
How'd it start, one small pill?
Now you're in for the kill
Did you think it would let you let go?

What do I have to do to make you listen?

What do I have to do to make you learn?
What do I have to say to make you realise
That you're just taking your turn
And despite that special buzz
You're not special any more
'Caus you're dying from the inside
Like so many before
And it still goes on...

And it still goes on
And it still goes on
Day after day
It still goes on
Nobody can say
How it will end
How will you die
Alone, without friends?
Have you the strength
To do what it takes?
I know the answer
And my heart breaks
For you

With the sky blue and sunny
The warm scent of honey
Finally bright colour floods your world
Red as strawberries; as roses
Your mind finally closes
You find peace as the death colour pearls

And you've stolen, you've lied
And you've killed to get by
Did you realise you'd died long ago?
Yes, we all tried to save you
Didn't need us, oh brave you
You just turned away; just said 'No'

Couldn't do a thing to make you listen
Couldn't say a word to help you learn
Couldn't make the sense to make you realise
You were just taking your turn
And despite that special buzz

You're not special anymore
Caus you're gone, dead and buried
Like so many before
And it still goes on

SarahJane Platt

My Soul Hurts

My Soul Hurts

He used to be my soulmate, my one and only.
We laughed in sync; we were the pieces to a two-piece puzzle.
We sat in silence together, just being Us.
There was no need for words, we Knew each other,
So completely;
So perfectly.
It's different now; as though something is lost through having gained.
We laugh still, we are happy, we talk and share and love, but yet...my soul hurts.

He is no longer my everything and I am no longer his.
We are more, yet I am somehow less.
Less seen, less known, less wanted.
My soul cries out silently for what it has lost; the wound still raw and ragged.
I know it will heal as all wounds do, but as yet...my soul hurts.

SarahJane Platt

Snapshot

Elegantly tall and slim
The face a cool façade
Of competence; no-one sees in
The world is far too hard

Hair of gold, expertly coiffed
Her nails are manicured
And filed; pretty but not too soft
Her aura: self-assured.

She reclines against the chair
Commands of the garçon
A thé-au-lait; a regal stare-
He runs to be her pawn

Dark glasses reveal soft eyes
A smile touches her lips
Secret; her true persona she must hide
From work relationships

Her life may not be easy
But one pleasure's undenied
To sit on the Champs-Élysées
And watch the world go by

SarahJane Platt

The Night Of The Soul

Dark outside, dark inside,
Got to wonder 'have I died? '
Can't sleep, can't think,
Can't rationalise a thing,
Remember a time when peace was King,
Creativity sucked away,
Replaced by emptiness, well hey
You know I've seen this time before
And I can just keep off the floor
Of life's rejects -
That too direct
For you? Don't care,
When exactly were you there
For me? Can I be seen to disagree
With this world's selfsatisfied profanity
Called 'Normal' - No
Just let go
Slip away
C'est le passé

SarahJane Platt

To Ellie

To Ellie

Sometimes I listen through your door

To your grumbling soliloquy

You murmur and snuffle and sing, then silence

Sleep has claimed you

I can picture you perfectly

I have watched you sleep so many times

Awestruck by your perfection.

Your rosebud mouth relaxed in slumber

Long dark lashes kissing peach blossom cheeks

Balled fists unclenched in surrender.

What do you dream of, my sweet angel?

Cuddles from Mummy and kisses from Daddy?

Milk and toys and song?

Laughter, and those strange shapes you see from your pram?

My child, how can my heart hold so much love?

Each day I feel it will surely burst with joy.

And this I promise you; you will always be loved.

I will keep you safe as long as you need me

And love you 'til the end of time.

For now though, sleep in perfect innocence

The world will wait until you wake.

SarahJane Platt

To Livy

To Livy

Sometimes I lie awake at night and listen to you sleep
Your innocence right now, my child, is what I yearn to keep
In thirteen weeks you've learned so much, yet have so much to learn
I want to keep you unaware of how much Life can burn
I want to keep you safe and warm and far from Sadness' touch
Your joyful smile each time you wake, it gladdens me so much
It makes me realise that you know you wake to Love, not Fear
I lie awake to hear you sleep, grateful that I'm here
Life isn't always perfect, my tiny gorgeous child
And I will have to let you go, one day, into the wild
Until that time though, darling, Life can be my fight
And Mummy's here, just listening, as you dream through the night.

SarahJane Platt

Truths

'Together Forever'
Was how it was to be
Forgetting Us never
Our futures held the key
So why have we all now
Grown mentally apart?
In such a short time, how
Did separation start?
So this is the way that
Our friendships are to end.
The silence will crush flat
The fun we had as Friends.

SarahJane Platt

Vivat In Pace

VIVAT IN PACE

New parents celebrate their precious child's birth
Whilst people are turned into ashes and earth
And no one discusses the passing of time,
Save those looking back, sighing 'youth once was mine'
As children, teenagers, we wish life away
But as parents we want our small children to stay
Innocent, untouched by Time's cruel finger
For once we are old all we can do is linger
Then stop. Then hand over control
To our loved ones, to keep our memory whole
And enduring; to pass on the best and the worst.
To value our lives from last moment to first.
For those who have now departed from Earth
Once too had parents enthralled by their birth.
We learn lists of dates we are forced to recall,
We juggle a year of birthdays; none must fall
From our memory, or we'd fall foul
Of our elders and betters, then we would howl
'It's too hard to remember everyone's day! '
But now, grown up, it's the opposite way.
The older we get the more holes appear
In that birthday list we have held so dear.
Thus we should remember, instead of one day
To ALWAYS cherish people in our own ways
To let them know how much we care
For suddenly, one day, they just won't be there
And if even one day of that memory is marred
By a feud or by bitterness, we will be scarred
Forever. You can't make amends to the dead.
So if you love someone, let it be said.
Let it be said. Lay all feuds to rest.
And make every day a day of your best.

SarahJane Platt