

Poetry Series

Sheryl Deane
- poems -



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Born in Durban South Africa, Sheryl completed her B.Mus at the University of Natal with a major in Music Education and English. She currently works as a Music Teacher and creative author, Sheryl has worked at DSK in Cape Town SA, Berkshire Young Musicians Trust, UK, and as an international teacher at school in Abu Dhabi, UAE. Her most recent teaching contract was at U -Link College in Wuhan, China.



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If Only For A Second

Dark blue swells of watery mountains
Hold tears from a thousand eyes,
And collapse in a great crash of white,
As they skid and hiss towards the shore shining
Beneath the lighthouse gaze of a glowing moon.

Sunken sea sand sucks the ivory bubbles into itself
Silent and quick as death sucks life from the living,
And while the waves quietly sink under the silky mounds,
I wonder if all the earth's departed souls
Cling together
As washed grains of sand on a beach.

Each day circles each night in a rondo dance
Trance-like, the horizon shimmers with cold expectation.

I wait for sunrise with wet toes washed clean in salty water
My footprint sinks a little deeper as waves roll
Forwards and backward.

Is there a distant glimpse of the one I love?
Gazing ahead I forge a precious memory
Made bold by a growing gold sky crown
Which rises,
A ring of light streaks pointing upwards
Each beam sparks a memory that dances in my mind,
And comforts my lonely soul

A fleeting breeze brushes my bare arm
The touch of an Angel, if only for a second.

(in memory of my Mother)

Sheryl Deane

Tanka Poem: Lily's

A world of lily's float
Under an old wooden bridge
Etched in her soul
Imagined on her palette

Sheryl Deane



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Yellow Mountain

Joyful singing fills the air
Sun rises over ancient farms
Birds chorus together with a happy song
Flying from tree to tree, and skipping branches
Under a cloudless blue sky

Glowing yellow rock towers above,
Many faces overlook the bustle below,
Expressions worn with age, and carved silent gesture
Great stamps of eras gone by, etched in solid rock
Locking centuries in their great rocky forms

An eagle cries, calling to its young
Wakes the mountain to life as huge rocks
Hold their heavy weight in perpetual balance
Great majestic beasts, locked in stone
Brought to life through bright rays of light

Colors of sunshine fill a hollow cave
Where Bushman paintings reveal their story
While the seeing eyes of stone creatures,
Roam endlessly over scattered rocks
And stare ahead, eternally observant

Heated white pebbles crunch underfoot
Reaching ahead, clutching at the sky
Till at the summit, silence like thunder bellows
As Yellow Mountain beams its timeless welcome!

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I Dream Of Winter

I DREAM OF WINTER

I dream of winter
Where the wild winds blow
And dwarf ice houses glow
While falling snow storms
Create illusion of soft embrace

The cold arctic planes
Whirl like a wedding dress
As white air becomes locked treasure
Restless, alive

Openings in mountainous icebergs
Bristle with frosty stalagmites
Adorning entrances as icy chimes hang
Catching rays of wintry sunshine
In the silent breeze of dancing rays

I dream of a white winter
Instead of winter drought
This orange baked winter
Of bare sand laid open to the hot sun
With no protection but a seeping river
To quench thirsty brown banks

Empty dams strewn with sharp stones
Ignited by the sun forged by fire
At war with the earth
While bones turned black with heat
Lie lifeless under burnt trees
Weeping ash, as hostile winds blow

I dream of winter gifts
Frozen for a time
As the promise of melting snow
Edges forward
Offering life

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Regret

Has religious ceremony replaced love?
Has selfish gain replaced kindness?
Has greed replaced world order?

A thief stole my sanity
When hidden in depths of deceit
I kept another's secret hidden
And destroyed all decent aspiring thought.

Now the rot sets in
Revealing a fading youthful glow, which
Levels the height of my enthusiasm
To smoking ashes of a funeral pyre

Lament! Oh Lament!
As bright Venus disappears
And leaves nought in her place
But a whisp of frozen night



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Hidden in depths of

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Who's Next

Who's Next?

She's blond and blossoming young
She's a black doctor and drives a car
She's someone's mother who works late shift
She's a four year old girl living next door
She's a grandma who has done her time
She's a matric student at school in the locker room
She's pregnant and walking down the street
Who is she?
She's next

The wind blows over a still red sea
The rain falls and the sun shines
The air is hot and it's biting cold
Anytime weather, it doesn't matter
No one hears her last step
No one hears her last breath
Brutally kicked out of her
A silent cry swamped with blood
Broken arms held above her face

Found
On a deserted beach, a ditch, a field or in a fridge
Who is she?
She's next

He's dirty and drunk
A drug addict out on bail
A boyfriend with inflated pride
A greedy white collar boss
A famous celebrity or a soccer coach
He's a man not a boy
He's done it before
But he didn't go to jail
He got let off

South Africa,
Who's next?

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Beautiful Boy

Little boy, Beautiful child
The world is your embrace
All is light and fearlessness
While untamed animals dance with you
By the lake

Wild Flowers open in your gaze
Their perfume rising like butterflies
Fluttering in the warm breeze
Leading your path ahead

Little boy, beautiful child
Your heart beats strong
Wash clean the battered shores
Of adult greed and pain
Take us to a place
Of Peace

Teach us all you know
Show us how to feel
Guide us to wisdom
Bathe us in your childhood delight

Little Boy, beautiful child
Your cries wrench grown hearts
And helpless innocence breaks fierce souls

Those that hurt you are cursed
For generations of war
Will spill from your innocent wounds
And infect cities to icy retreat

Forgive us little boy,
Unfreeze the cruelty of adults
Show us the path we lost when
We focused on being grown-up

Little boy, Beautiful child
Stay with us always

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Ode To The Arts

Ode to the Arts by Sheryl Deane
Open the book and page through time
Our history captured first hand
By the pen of an artist, the stroke of a brush
Now illuminating our formidable thoughts,
Bringing change to the imminent future

Books written by the Common Man
Colours on canvas's emerge bold as fire
To light the path ahead
Music masters resounding like a gong
Announcing the arrival of modern ideas
Tuned to an underlying life force - the silent score
Come to life in a circle of truth
Conducted into our consciousness
With sweetest melody

Gone is the Politicians convincing rant!
Gone is the military dictator's pompous promise!
Gone is the deceit of religious interpretation!
Its pale Image, twisted by artistic integrity
Which thaws the lifeless page to move
Filling concert halls and gallerys
With an encrypted message of truth
Free to all who knock and enter

The Arts - Keeper of Time,
Keeper of Mine

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A Soldiers Christmas

A Soldiers Christmas

Little children gather round,
Christmas lights are shining.
Stars beam bright and candles flicker
While dancing shadows melt the night

At the door children sing
"God rest ye merry gentleman"
While Grandpa's chair rocks back and forth
In time with carol melody

Long ago a fierce trench war was fought
And suffering, insurmountable, fell on every man
Till pain unbearable and impossible to understand
Flowed in tears as blood spilt on the sand

God cried - Enough
I give you my son to end this war
A miracle birth and three wise men
Will bring peace to you all

On Christmas day a truce was called
Men climbed desperately out their trenches
To meet and shake hands
Enemies no more, freedom stood tall

Both sides were heroes on that day
All felt the magic of Christmas cheer
As a game of soccer became
Truer sport than weapons of war

"Peace on earth, Good will to men",
Is the message Christmas brings
A chance for nations to be free
A chance to live and not to die
If only for a day

God knew
One day of peace is all it takes
To imagine heaven on earth

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A Sea Of Red

(Kommetjie Cape Town- January 2009)

Why lie in the shallows little whale?

She walked quietly in the lapping white sea waves
Kneeling softly she reached out to a young whale
Her hand became a pleading mouth
Stroking calm over the distraught beached creature

The smooth grey rubbery skin was warm to touch
As mystical adventures
Escaped in strong gusts and spouts

"Keep your secrets little whale"
"Go back, go back "

Horizons ahead will swallow your escape



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(Durban Harbor, Whaling Station 1970)

Echos of the chugging motors
Boats with harpoons
Churning waters, moving backward
Screeches of the winch and chain
Loud slices of open flesh
Cruel sacrifice

Small hands clasped together
Eyes squinting out to sea
No tears, feet rooted to the spot
Wide eyed with foreboding expectation

The child sees all

Frantic calves follow
Breaching in rivers of mothers blood

Braving the shark feast
Fearless they follow their life giver till the end

The song of the Calf to its dying mother rings out
And strange birdlike cries pierce her ears like icy knives
In a wet cold wind

Orphaned baby whale
"Go back, go back, go back"

Choking in silence
While watching the deep red colors
Merge with the azure blue sea
Till swells glimmer with mothers blood
The reddish sunset haze
Smelt of death

Poor child
Poor baby whale

Sadness lingers all the way home
And restless nights follow
With decades disturbed by dreams
Of birdlike screams

Today in Kommetjie
The nightmare rose to the surface
While adult hands grown large with time
Firmly nudged and tugged
A beached whale
Back to life

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Realm Of History

The Past

Grows into the present

Like a bold flower, it

Opens

Reveals all

And as swiftly as it grew, it

Disappears

Into the realm of history

Knowing and not knowing

Sheryl Deane



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The Winter Runner

A gloomy day awaits the runner
Shivering, his restless eyes focus
Far ahead, to a distant summer

The winter sun glows moody grey
Presiding over a grassy park turned white with eerie frost
As silence pauses, and waits for melting footprints to appear
Green and onward, crunching open the silvery trail

The start gun fires and away he goes
Leaving behind a trail of mist
The sound of pounding feet mows
Overgrown paths littered with stones
Crusted in mud and held by shoelace
His pace quickens to outrun the sinking sky

Too late

Sheets of cold winter rain beat down
Washing the heat from his eyes
Blurring the distance
While soaking feet splash unseen
In birthing rivers of cold beginnings

The finish line flags flap
As a fire rages inside his legs
An unquenchable thirst burns
All the way to the end

Eyes wide in quick focus
His paces lengthen and with a bounding leap
He collapses triumphant

First place in the rain

Sheryl Deane

The Surfer

Give me an ocean to swallow
And I will follow that wave
Riding high in the wind and rain
Balanced on illusion

Racing through a tunnel of roaring water,
Shiny as a sapphire, slippery as melting ice
Fast- changing as wind swept clouds
A journey of no return

Daring to touch the inner circle, with finger outstretched
Feeling the cold moment while catching seconds,
I stand alone in a living blue cave,
Bursting with possibility

Behind a crashing cacophony of foam explodes
My time is up!

Breath held in one desperate gasp
Suddenly thrust beneath a fierce turbulence
Held down by invisible mighty hands
My soul is flung in depths below
Till oblivious of the world above
I lie on bed of sea sand rested

The silence is,
Pure Heaven

Sheryl Deane