

Poetry Series

Siobhan Livingstone
- poems -

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Siobhan Livingstone()

2nd Time Around

2nd time around
You hold back,
hesitate, procrastinate.
Truth be told -
perhaps you're too old.

The days of jumping in
regardless,
Or falling in,
doe eyed and blinded
by the light in their eyes,
by the smile on their face,
by the words on their tongue,
by the sweetness on their lips
has long passed,
usurped by opened eyed caution.

Pragmatic or is that
phlegmatic attitudes
curb enthusiasm,
protect the heart
yet strangle the love
ready to live.

Siobhá Livingstone

Siobhan Livingstone

Joy

See your face.

Smile.

Inside.

Touch your hand.

Smile.

Inside.

Hear your voice.

Smile.

Inside.

Smell your skin.

Smile.

Inside.

Remember us together.

Smile.

Inside.

Dreams, past and future.

Smile.

Inside.

You are my joy.

Smile.

Inside.

Siobhan Livingstone

Love's Rein

He unsettles her.
Rattles her cage,
winds her up, pushes her buttons.
Opens her eyes, her mind,
her legs, her heart.
With each prising he burrows,
deeper and deeper,
inside.

Unbridled passion.
Bare-backed riding,
coupled with gentle words,
tighten his rein.
Entrap her.
Knowing herself a love recidivist,
she entrusts her soul to him.
Never seeking, or wanting
release.

Siobhán Livingstone

Siobhan Livingstone

Silent Revolution

Silent Revolution

"There is no other for me",
she heard him whisper once,
against her neck, held high and taut.
Anticipating their pleasure,
she shivered with delight.

"There is no other for me or you";
she saw him splutter once,
words tumbling into the whiskey glass.
Anticipating his gratification,
she shuddered with distaste.

"There is no other will love you!";
she felt him spit once,
the venom spewing from
his twisted mouth and soul-less eyes.
Anticipating her pain,
she shook with fear.

"There is another life";
She whispered in his ear.
Then rose slowly from beside,
his sleeping frame.
Anticipating freedom
she smiled and left.

Siobhán Livingstone 11/01/2016

Siobhan Livingstone

Spring Light

Spring Light

In the early hours, the land gently stirs
as rays of sharp, white, light
herald the morning bright
and songs of joy echo among the trees.
Drops of dew cling to miniature sentries
of green and white, as they
tenderly nudge fragile heads
above the cold and fertile soil.
Seeking warmth they bring joy to
the finders who, when they happen upon
the white gems of spring,
discover hope of summer days ahead

Siobhan Livingstone

Symmetry

Symmetry
The very word
Oozes it.
Beautifully,
Balanced.

We seek it out.
We search with eager eye.
We stare in the mirror.
We scan the crowd.

Hoping to find
The one with
Perfect eyes,
Either side of
Perfect nose.

One with lips
Of equal pout.
One with breasts
Proud and pert

The one whose ass
Is full and round
Legs endlessly rising
Up from the ground
BUT.

There is
NO Symmetry in
a lopsided grin.
NO symmetry in
one loving heart.

NO symmetry in
Two plus one
earrings,
hanging near a
face, that never

launched a thousand ships,
or broke a hundred hearts,
or caused men,
to score her ten.

Yet there is
Symmetry,
in my love for you.
Symmetry,
in your love for me.
Symmetry.
In we two.

Siobhan Livingstone

Without Permission

She remembers clearly
how it started out.
With a laugh.
Nothing much
to get excited about.
Or cry, or worry.
Or regret.

Then, without permission,
love arrived.
And stayed.
Until, without permission
it changed.
Forever.

Laughter, now scorn.
Respect, now contempt.
Excitement, now boredom.
Passion, now apathy.

Now anger oozes, fears rise.
Tears flow from
a river of sorrow.
Love evermore replaced
with emptiness.

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