

Poetry Series

# **Terry Edwards**

## **- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

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

# Terry Edwards()

# Apple Poem

Her long elegant fingers  
as talons,  
gently grip  
the fruit  
of her pleasure.

She bites  
in to  
the succulent flesh  
and glides  
her sensual  
probing tongue  
over moistened  
red lips  
and tastes  
the remaining essence  
of her feast.

And then  
having devoured  
all that she wants  
she casts the core  
away.

Satisfied for now  
but only for now  
she moves on,  
knowing the hunger  
will return  
as it always does.

Terry Edwards

# Drought

I wish I could write about the drought

but I can't

It is too damn depressing.

I wish I could write about the starving Emus

lined up at the vermin proof fence searching for food and water

being shot in their thousands

but I can't.

I'm told the drought is an act of God

I dunno,

I think Man has a bit to do with it

others blame El Nino

it's good to have a scapegoat

Terry Edwards

# Even Death

Even Death with her seductive embrace

offers no respite.

She too deceives.

For when the spark of life

reignites, however painful, however brief

She departs.

Unquenched desires

for a time,

an eternity.

Terry Edwards

# Soul Selling

It's easy to sell your soul

It's easy to sell your soul for a job.

You let your beliefs fly away like pigeons from a loft  
opened in the early morning.

Some are caught by hawks

some return

others just disappear without trace.

Terry Edwards

# Tee Shirt

I saw a big man

wearing a big tee shirt

with a message on it

telling all yuppie scum to die

I looked at the big fellow

smiled and nodded in affirmation

Terry Edwards

# We Could Have Flown

We could have flown  
together  
as in a dream

A leap of faith  
from the sheer cliffs  
of uncertainty

As one – but two  
we would have soared  
over snow capped mountains  
through forests  
of colour and wonderment  
and skimmed the lake  
of the Black Swan of Desire.  
Bringing light and joy  
to that desolate place

Released from the tether  
of inhibition and expectation  
our Souls could have  
reached for the sky and touched  
the stars of a winters night

And if then  
we plummeted  
to the eternal death  
and life  
of the mundane  
Would it have  
mattered?

For a time  
we would have  
madly  
escaped  
the sanity  
of an insane world



For a time  
our reality  
would have been created  
by the gods  
of our dreams and desires

And so  
if we plunged  
into an oblivion  
of our choosing  
would it then have mattered?

Terry Edwards