

Poetry Series

**Terry Manns**  
**- poems -**

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# Terry Manns()

# Fallen Beauty

Amber eyes, glowing softly,  
Form and face of quiet frailty  
Voice of once such golden timbre,  
Worn away to just a whisper  
Heaven cast you as an angel  
Fallen, but still beautiful

Hands of pale fingers, slender,  
Hold to dreams that will not linger  
Gone too, wings of brightest light  
That raised you high into the night,  
Singed away by battles royal  
Grounded, but still ethereal

Others may have turned their backs,  
Or spurned you with their cold attacks  
Hurt you in your weary weakness,  
Scourged you with their spiteful bleakness  
Made you feel so small and fearful  
Broken, but still prideful

In this place you've found respite,  
A chance to maybe set things right  
Where earthly love is for your taking  
Fields of promise, quietly waiting,  
Waiting for a kindred soul  
Fallow, yet still bountiful.

Terry Manns

# The Shape Of Words

The shape of words in Autumn is different from other seasons  
Remarks are brittle and dry, turning to dust on the tongue  
Deeply colourful in their death throes,  
The skeletons of beautiful things picked clean by crows.

Summer's statements are bold and bright,  
Shouting, posturing, declaring their sovereignty  
Volatile adjectives incite consonants to riot,  
To tussle with verbs for space and place on the palate.

A profusion of all things said and scribed,  
The verses of Spring in full flower  
Over-flow the beds of mouths and bowers of diction,  
But are irresistible in their composition.

Onto Winter, obliterating the landscape of dialogue  
With whitewashed canopies of packed expression  
No two words the same, intricate, delicate,  
The last utterance on the final page of Thought's text, inviolate.

Terry Manns