

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Zorika Petic**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2004

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

# Zorika Petic()

Zorika Petic's poems range from nature idyll to moral anguish, from dominion to the solace of land, from the war against nature to the war against ourselves. These wise, luminous poems move us to live within nature's design and find a measure of peace.

# Abandoned Houses

Abandoned houses are  
illusion reaching  
its end;

wind and rain and time  
root for the  
ground.

They have the calmness brought  
by defeat,  
the bearing of farmers

who are whittled  
and resist no more than  
enough.

See how easily the earth  
takes them back:  
an eye here,

a bone there, the same rite  
as with the animate.  
The open windows

are in the flight path of night  
tired and bound  
for home.

Zorika Petic

# The Awakening

'The Awakening'

By

Charles L. East

There comes...  
at times...  
an insidious awakening  
that stirs my soul to memories,  
so faint,  
intangible,  
of past strife and death  
...and life...  
of glories faded, buried,  
as though they never were.

Yet...  
I hear the distant drums of war  
and the heralding trumpet's muted voices,  
and dimly see  
a legion of shimmering golden helmets...  
their plumes dancing in Sparta's wind.

I feel the blistering sting of cold salt spray  
as I behold the failing sun slip quietly  
beneath an unforgiving sea.

My life's blood absorbed by the warm sands  
of Rome's coliseum...  
I am aware  
of the fragrance of the Earth  
in Flanders field.

There comes...  
at times...  
an insidious awakening.



# 'The Keeping'

'The Keeping'

By

Charles L. East

Unto my keeping  
wert thou given me,  
that I might love thee  
with all my soul  
to the end of my days...  
and adore thee in the autumn of my years.

I have loved thee beyond life's measure,  
beyond the treasures of the earth or sea  
or the boundless reaches of the deepening sky.

If the sun should quietly rise  
upon a dreaded day...  
and thy final sleeping mercifully unburden  
the hours from me,  
my futile weeping shall only cease  
with a last and desperate breath...  
and with all my failing strength,

I shall once more  
softly whisper,  
with love...

thy name.

Zorika Petic

# 'The Passing'

'The Passing'

By

Charles L. East

The hand of time  
shall soon close itself about me.  
The winds of winter foretell the final days  
which demand I step into the endless depths of eternity...  
powerless to deny it's irresistible command,  
I must now accept repose beneath the silent  
earth of the valley.

While reflecting in my quietest moments,  
I sometimes ponder the hour of my birth  
when I beheld in wonderment...  
the fading, twinkling stardust upon my tiny hands,  
and then how I followed, with such unfailing resolve and courage,  
the burdened path destiny lay before me.

The softly tolling bell proclaims my journey near an end,  
at last... my duty done.  
Weep not, nor utter regret,  
for I shall touch the stars once more  
and with...stardust covered fingers...begin the  
journey once again.

Zorika Petic

# The Visit

I stand in quiet by the stream,  
and wait for a key.  
Either I was left behind or I  
left something close;

a part of my life doesn't move.  
There's a loss as if all  
of history has been replayed  
in the dramas lived here.

These horses don't know me,  
and the epoch is new.  
The fields are fields, the silver  
air no truer than anything else.

Zorika Petic