

Poet's Dream Community

Dec 2016
Vol. 3

DREAMCATCHERS



New
Beginnings

Anthology Poetry Book

Poet's Dream Anthology

Dream Catchers

Volume 3:

New Beginnings

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This volume may be navigated in either of two ways. The electronic version will follow the poet and contents links when either clicked or tapped.

Page numbers have been included for those who may prefer to print this document.

All pieces have been typeset using A Typewriter For Me (11 point, titles in 14 point bold).

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The Editor

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Poet's Dream

Exclusive Poets – Original Poetry

From the Owners of Poet's Dream

Dear Friends,

On the verge of the new year, we happily welcome you to our third Anthology book. The one that in great part has gathered past events' inspiration to look to the future: new beginnings. Congratulations to all who have their poems published in this issue. You are all a special part of our new beginnings!

2016 was the year in which Poet's Dream expanded, opened its doors to broader social media platforms, started its own website and through Anthology books gave our poets the opportunity to get published.

We raised the bar from being *a* poetry community, to becoming the only all original poetry community on Google+, focusing on both a homey, respectful atmosphere as well as on ever broadening our horizon. Peer interaction being one of our main values. Seeing the wonderful work and activity within our community made us realize we had succeeded, but presented us with a daunting move as well. We viewed 5000 members as a critical mass to ensure such a friendly and engaging atmosphere. So, appealing as a huge member count might be, we decided to cap at 5000! Such was our vision to keep Poet's Dream innovative, dynamic, alive!

We thrive, and derive inspiration from all that happens in our lives, in our community and in our world. Every day marks both an end and a new beginning. To us, poets, life is an infinite source from which to drink and tell, and so our place in history in many ways is an important one. We capture our age for future generations by

telling our stories. Our new beginnings will be their history. How inspiring!

Now, before stepping into your world of creativity, we want to thank Ferrick Gray and Elusive Me for once again capturing this world in a wonderful layout. Many hours of editing and dedication have gone into this. Thank you wholeheartedly!

Thanks also to our entire PD team for being part of our family.

And finally, of course, thank you, dear poets and readers, for your ongoing journey with us.

Poet's Dream is about you!

Enjoy every new beginning!

Wishing you happy holidays and merry Christmas.

Much love,

Helena, Usaid and Saskia.

Foreword

With this third anthology, Poet's Dream reinforces its reputation for supporting both new and seasoned poets with the publication of The Dream Catcher Anthologies.

Once again, it has been my pleasure to work with the owners of Poet's Dream to edit this volume of poetry from the most interactive community on the Google+ platform.

Many poets aspire to having their work published one day. It is easier to have work published in some countries than others, so in this small way, Poet's Dream tries to help and encourage its members to climb to greater heights by producing these anthologies, and making them freely available to all poetry lovers.

One aspect of the editor's responsibility is to make the author's (in this case, poet's) work as interesting, exciting and visually appealing as possible. To do this, some changes need to be.

These changes include; the capitalization of the lower-case (i) for the personal pronoun, replacing the ampersand (&) with *and* where necessary, and changes to some other perhaps uncommon abbreviations. Some words have also been italicized for more emphasis.

Changes in some poems have been made with respect to line length to aid in demonstrating the structure, to emphasize the rhyming or to capture the flow which may otherwise have not been noticeable.

Although some poems have been written without punctuation, it has been necessary to insert appropriate pauses to help with readability, especially where the poet's native tongue is not English. During this process, all care has been taken to remain true to the meaning of the original poem.

Regardless of these minor changes, the volume before you comprises some of the finest work found in poetry communities. The Dream

Catcher Anthologies have been very successful, and previous volumes (Anniversary Edition and Seasons) have been downloaded some 1500+ times each. I see no reason for why this volume, *New Beginnings* should be any different.

The layout of this volume does not differ in many respects to the previous volumes and continues to use text only for the presentation of the poems. You will notice that there are far more poems and due to this, the links from the poet's name (at the end of their poem) to their Google+ profile have been removed. This decision also makes the presentation of the volume neater for some of the reader applications.

I would again like to thank the owners of Poet's Dream; Helena Dias, Saskia Jonker and Usaid Ali for allowing me to work with them on this project, and my personal thanks to Kimberley (Elusive Me) for her invaluable help with the finer details of this publication including the cover and separator page.

To all the poetry lovers about to indulge; I wish you all the best and hope ... no, I know... you will enjoy *New Beginnings*.

Ferrick Maclyne Gray
from the villa "1824"

December 18, 2016

Poets

(alphabetical order by Google+ profile name, name or nom de plume)

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Alluna M	Graça Costa
Amit Herlekar	Greg Holmes
Anil Rangotha	Harold Clapsaddle
Archie Papa	Heike Wolf-Mueller
Arthur Turfa	Helena Dias
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Awakening Wisdom Light	Ink Stitution
Azliah Suhod	J SG
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Caro Ness	John Griffin
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Chris Frazier	Justice Clarke
Clarity R. Mapengo	Kareema Godhrawala
Corey Locklear	Kayla Rose
Cruceanu Iustinian	Kelly Rose Saccone
Dabby L	Kimberly Leuthner
Dasis Leudagar	Knox Mahlaba
David Mac Eachern	Kristy Rulebreaker
David Palmer	LadyEvy Rodriguez
Daytona Monroe	Laughing waters

Leslie Caplan	Oshi Shikigami
Louise Schuring	Oswaldo Alano Scipião Moreira
Lucky Triana	Patricia Picardi
Luke Normsy	Patrick Connors
Lynn Clarke	Paul Chapman
m F Novice Bard	Paulie B
Mai	Peter Bouchier
Makumbha Shanti	Poise C
Malay Nandy	Portia Burton
Mara L.	Rick Dove
Marco Casteleijn	rishabh A
Marcos Henrique Silva	Robert Goodrich
Mari Felices	Saccheen Poetic Laing
Maria Elvira Fernandes Correia	Sandy Somewhere
Maria Grazia G	Saroja BS
maricris cabrera	Saskia Jonker
Marilyn Ward	Shaneez Lyngdoh
Maristella Angeli	Shilpa Sandesh
Mark Meyer	Sib Borjigin
MC Cpt.Neol44 Chagua	Simple Things
Melanie's ghost	Splaetos
Michael James Garland	steven west
Michael Montoya	Sukanya Basu Mallik
milka akinloye	Sumyanna Writes
Missy T.	Taylor H.
Mitul Magu	The Roxy Chicken
Mthandazo Ngwenya	Theresa Jacobs
Nasreen Malik	Thunder Cloud Jern
Nony Amr	Time Traveler
Noura noura	Timothy McNeil
Obsidian Raven Shadow	Tk Arora

Tony Adah

Trey aka Tech G

Trishna Damodar

Ulf Wolf

Usaid Ali

Valerie Moore

Vanessa Winter

Victor At Broadview

Vikas Singh

Westly Shakespeares

Whick Withy

William Altitude

xoanxo cespon

Zenon Earth



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Dream Catchers

New Beginnings



Tabula Rasa

Maybe, the thing we need most,
Is a tabula rasa,
To let go of the past.
To start a new life,
Without presence of each other,
To learn more of ourselves,
If fate allows,
Maybe, one day we'll meet again,
The new us, with more wisdom and maturity.
Can we? Leave the past behind?
No, the past had already happened,
So let us have the best present and a hopeful future.
The end of that day,
Is a new beginning for both of us,
Even though I still miss you sometimes.
But I know, it is necessary,
For all that happened,
To let time turn wounds into faint scars.

Adam Thoe

Recrudescence

Gigantic, fiery burning streaks
of light illuminate the starry night
sky in their wake.

A new dawn basks at the edge of
my consciousness, releasing a
thousand vibrant dreams.

My vein is filled with brimming hope.
A fire sparks in my heart, as
yesterday's grotesque memoirs
melt in dewy vapor.

I hover in the horizon of time, swirl
on a blank canvas with my magical ink of revival.
Enthusiastically sway with a poetic
wand of hope and unfaltering faith
towards the orb of new beginnings.

Afroetry C

Determination

Shadows surround your pure soul,
Trying to distort what makes you whole,
All around people smile content,
Unaware of the suffering that has your soul bent.
But through this pain you must survive,
For in the shadows a light will thrive.
Like a rose blooming at night,
Show the darkness you can fight.

Alexander MID Night

Leaping

Leaping through the difficult moments, I take joyful
strides in knowing a bright future awaits me!

I cry short, hot tears not of pain but of gladness that the
past is never before me.

This time I have a new chance to twirl in the hot sun and
cool my ranging storm at moon's cool evening.

I am fearful but move like a big cat ... plotting each step
until I receive sweet victory.

The seasons change and yes they must, but this new
beginning I MUST!

No time for what-ifs and no time for mind games. It is
the steadfast assurance of knowing that it is my time.
Finally, it is here!

Did you think it would not arrive? It is here on a shiny,
new, silver platter. Come and taste the beginnings of a
new ... me!

alh???

Coat Hugs and Candy Floss

Man built walls and borders,
so we shall cross.
Draw a line in the sand.
Step over it, who gives a toss?

I'll knock a wall down or two.

I'll tread endless footsteps
and walk a million miles.
Continents and cities
Villages and Isles.

I will follow your voice
from Faisalabad to Japan.
I will travel the world for you,
even Morocco to Milan.

We are parallel lines you & I

With the lines of my body and
the borders of my mind,
I know what it is that I'm
searching for and I know that I will find.

The warmth of your words
and glimmer in your eyes.
With the light of the stars,
and the flight of fireflies.

Like a soldier going into combat.

Over the walls and borders
and the lines I have crossed.
There's you and the embrace of
coat hugs and candy floss.

Alima J

Rise Up And Follow Me

Slowly without relish
Dawned a brand new day
Long ago he realised
No one cared in any way
Unloved by anybody
Called out one final time
Jesus can you hear me
I'm not guilty of this crime
You know that I am innocent
A victim of circumstance
I was in the local vicinity
Lord I never stood a chance
He felt his heartbeat quicken
Soon to take his final breath
A lonely anguished figure
Seconds from his death
An inner voice of reassurance said
My son, I heard your heartfelt plea
You asked for my assistance
Rise up and follow me.

Allan Ball

Swim in Truth

Swim in Truth...

.....to get clean in Freedom...

Wash your Sins...

.....through the Depth of Prayers...

Swallow your Pride...

.....when You want Revenge...

.....and Never kneel in front of Weakness...

Never feel Yourself 'POOR' and 'DIRTY'...

.....being 'THE BEST'...

.....while accepting 'THE LESS'...!

Sink in Trust...

.....but measure your Doubts...

Bite your Tongue...

.....before to shout...

Give your Love...

.....to those who need It...

Kill the Pain...

.....by licking your Wounds...

Take Risks without Fear...

.....for never again to be hurt when FREE...!

Alluna M

Elysium

Long steps taken forward with slow and steady strides,
Enjoying lush green landscapes along the countryside;
Speckled with blooming flowers in the distant trees,
That swayed gaily in the cool winds, carrying salted sprays
As the sun drowns, beyond the seas with his last rays.

All the straws are sewn to form a world so exquisite,
As the words are fed to the ears, listening intently to elicit -
An Elysium from the heart, having deepest hidden desires,
Waiting for ages to be free because of untold sorrows
Of not savoring the glory, buried; they were in the hollows.

When the craving eyes opened to see the face of reality
Among the bed of roses, there was a lonely palm tree
Planted in the backyard garden of a solitary cottage,
Shining droplets landed on her joyous face from the skies
Like pearls from heaven, against the darkness in her blue eyes.

The heart poured out pitiful tears in unutterable distress,
Unable to bear the guilt of envy caused by words of joyfulness,
Rotten chagrin and shame ascended the throne instead of euphoria,
Although it was a little cottage; to her it was a wonderland,
But for the rest of the eyes, it was nothing but a barren land.

Those pleasing words aspired to open the blinds of gloom:
An endeavor to live life in the couch of her soul-room,
The magical spells were her means to foster a paradise,
For ultimate delight is flourished from deep within the core,
Then the glamour of innate beauty is felt, like never before.

Amit Herlekar

Liberty

My heart, distracted from all living or non-living dear,

No will of kisses, not dark and light,

Even this earth, with curses and wishes too.

Unbounded all relation, no will to touch the face, nor
want of entanglement with bodies, no will of sensual
requirements in all ways.

Each thing is dust, without body, we need not be
embraced here,

No words or physical bodies and their measures.

No fragrance or wishes to enjoy to be touch veins,
Not only we, but all is zero and infinite dear.

We are both free and reliant, from zero to infinity dear.

All the adjectives are burnt,

We became one, inert and active,

Spotless of marks, Now blameless,

LIBERTY

No theist and no atheist.

Anil Rangotha

The Beginning

With hope to stand the test of time
by a light shining true we'll see
life will find a simple rhyme
as it has found you and me.

For you are the water, the air and the sky
and I am the land of this earth
together momentum for time to go by
to each day the sun will give birth.

So lie on my shores and rain from above
surround me and see us as one
heartbeats in rhythm with life and with love
for love is where life has begun.

Archie Papa

In the Freshness of a Young Day

In the freshness of a young day
Nothing disturbs the image.
Somewhere else squirrels scamper
And deer rustle through the brush.
Sunlight bathes the woods,
Glowing on still-vibrant leaves
And around arching branches.
Calmness settles everywhere I gaze.

In an instant I am offered
A window into eternity although
No Tabor towers from the ground,
No transfigured glory now streaming,
And the light will become shadow.
What I see flashes into forever.

Yet I will carry the appearing icon
As a talisman near my heart.
When all that I can see
Are confusion and concern
I shall touch my chest, and stand
In the freshness of a young day.

Arthur Turfa

She

I am Anais of the bottom of the well ...

An historical feminist icon ...

I look for her within my everyday male liaisons ...

She is weak ...

She is strong ...

She is feisty ...

She is immoral ...

She is a sinner...

She is a lustful goddess ...

She is a whore ...

Pleasure seeking Bi-sexual femme ...

Day turns into night ...

Night into Day ...

The pillar of strength ...

Drawing energy from sisterhood ...

Building a foundation of truth and justice ...

The fountain of wisdom ...

Greek philosophical archetypes ...

Narratives from her heart ...

Souls to reawaken Eros and Agape ...

Australka25

I Can See A New Day

I long for the day
When tears no longer fall from your eyes
When pain is no longer the song of your heart

I look forward to a time
When heartache is spent
When sadness is released

I can see a new day
With bright shining eyes
With a free and open heart

In my heart of hearts
I want to know what lies on the other side
For you and me
For all of us

A light beyond light
A hope beyond hope
Never dreamed of before

Awakening Wisdom Light

You're Mine

the new beginning

Sunrise

raising me with love.

every sunrise, raise my wishes

wishes

with prayers for what I wish

with sunrise, I told her

I wanted you, my Sunset

I rise with your touch

a wet touch on my lips

feel the first ignite

gliding heavenly

God Love this life

with you my life begins

a life I said goodbye

not long after sunrise

good morning my Angel

I heard your voice closer, warm

next to my ear, next to my neck

Smell his manly scent l,

nibbling

the best alarm I am given

a life which is mine

I open my eyes, with an angel kiss
when you kiss my eyes
with a soul of such tenderness
left is for the Oath of Love
I am breathless
right is for life eternity

*you're my only angel
among all angels my paradise
I needed one angle to live
you said with another kiss
a kiss with miracle
the third kiss on my forehead*

God thank you
you give me another kiss
this is the Kiss of Life you said again
a new life with you
my new beginning yours too
I look at your eyes ...
eyes of happiness gleaming

I sleep with pillows of love
a blanket of passion warming
a bed sheet of bliss with needs
with you on top, *love you*, you said
dive for another Kiss
the sweetest of all kisses
I don't want to end
It's in the middle of sunrise

with the bird dancing on the sky
the melody is the melody of love

then he stops at my lips again
I love you, he said between kisses
delicious kisses, delicious breakfast
I begin my addiction
the new beginning
for us, for love, forever be
for what we waited and wanted,
a new life, new beginning
begin with you, with love

Azliah Suhod

I'm the Warrior

My life came to a halt
My heart was broken
After that one failure
I couldn't find any other way open

I just thought I'm a burden
Felt like this life is so uncertain
Things were not like as they should be
Something was broken inside me

Hours and hours I cried
Got lost in a huge tide
Hopeless and weak
Unable to speak

But then one day I thought
What's life if I never fought
Suddenly my mind said
This way certainly you're a living dead

Dreams are never given in gifts
But if you decide, then seasons can shift
A fire should always be burning in the heart
Ups and downs are just life's parts

Without running how will you know
There is an athlete inside
Without trying how can you say
My dreams have died

At the time of eclipse
The sun is covered for few minutes
But it keeps glowing
Because it knows no limit

Limit your fears
Clean your tears
Be confident, be strong
One day you'll know where you belong

To touch your dream's sky
You have to strengthen your wings to fly
As every day suns set, suns rise
Life was never easy or too tough to organize

Every day is a new beginning
We always have a chance of winning
The warrior in you should never give up
Be confident, you must live up

Fear is just a mere illusion
Clear your mind's confusion
Only you can be your own help
Just say this to your self

I'll never lose hope
Will always strive
Whatever the situation
If I die or be alive

I'm the warrior
I'll fight
Till the last breath
Till the death

Bhawana Rathore

Everything New is Old Again

Black shirts in the White House,
Brown shirts on the House,
Morning in America,
Foxes in the hen house,
Be quiet as a mouse

Taking back "their" country
God, guns, grits and gravy.
Men were men,
Women were *baby*,
For everyone else the rules were shady.

Life was good, under the Sun
If you were free, white and 21,
If you were a man
You rarely answered to anyone,
Oh, the things you've done.

Oh, those days are back,
Yuge! That's a fact
How halcyon they'll seem,
'Til the chickens become buzzards
The coyotes gnaw their bones.

Brian Hayes

Accept No Substitutes

This child once pondered locust shells before
knowing their name left him still ignorant
This man now ponders his many fresh starts
His posthaste reboots
His desperate prison breaks
He wonders why he hasn't written more on
his collection of clean slates

Until he thought about his own shells
The skins shed by a changeling ego
in renewal masquerade
And he understood that legion reproductions
never equal one good death and resurrection.

Bruce Newman

New Beginnings

Your path has changed and so have you,
You've found a métier that suits.
A world of cooking and of food,
And so your job adapts, and yes, reboots.

Sing a song of new beginnings
The need to alter or to change,
Everything thrown into limbo,
Circumstances rearranged.

I feel the need to move away,
To renovate all I survey,
My world is cluttered with debris,
It's time to make this move for me.

Sing a song of new beginnings
The need to alter or to change,
Everything thrown into limbo,
Circumstances rearranged.

Together we will make a new life,
Free of stress and full of joy,
How I look forward to this moment,
We can treasure and enjoy.

Sing a song of new beginnings
The need to alter or to change,
Everything thrown into limbo,
Circumstances rearranged.

Caro Ness

Flight in Moonlight

When I awoke under harvest moon,
Suddenly awake in my lone cocoon,
Realizations I had woken too soon,
Moonlight reflects dimly into my room
Await bright moonlight, open my tomb,
Lit water, upon a broken branch I assume,
Morning cracks this cocoon of mine,
Light warms as it brightens in time
Wings have sprung as winters decline,
Time to fly finally, freedom is sublime.

Chad Michael Gregory

Don't

Not at twilight...
as the day begins its end
and evening ushers in
don't leave then...
you'll blind me to sky's splendor
as the approach of night begins

Not at midnight...
with the moon against black velvet
in the company of starlight
as we embrace in shadowed silhouette
don't say goodbye...
or I fear, the shine will all but disappear

Not at daybreak ...
as dawn gently brings its light
hastening, awakening reflections in our eyes
don't go away...
you'll take the colors of the day
leaving emptiness in shades of grey

If you must...
then depart in the afternoon
before the sun begins to set
in the height of bright daylight
while it's easier to forget, we'd spoken of forever
of being together without regret
and yet, I feel you leaving...
it seems for you, there's nothing left...

Chris Frazier

Oh My, A New Love

Oh my,
These energies
Like electric charges they are
Winnowed from the core
Separated from my seemingly infinite slumbers
I am recharging again

The invisible me
Roaming in what I never knew to be an electric field
Tapping into forces I never knew existed
I am awakened
To see the best of this life
Recharged by this illogical encounter

You struck me like a dash of lightning
Passing through the isolated zones of my heart
I am fully charging
With love, with joy, with peace

Incomparable flames burning within me
No more eyes with a tiny glow like the November sun
But rather they are becoming brighter than the golden beryl stones

A new me in the making
Slowly I'm grafting onto you
My new love...

Clarity R. Mapengo

Dreaming of

Nothing so pure, I rage into a spiral of conclusion. Wake me as I grasp the living dead girl wrapped around my shaken memory, as it seems I've lost my way along my dreams of recoiled fittings, I've settled amid a five and dime recreation ...

Wake me, 'fore I see it strung and delirious, between the sweats and *Gur*. I felt a tingle in my arm as the bruise I love seemed to be a turning tide of covered ashes that smelled of a merchant, dancing in my head the sleep hung around in a haunt of, *hi my name is, my name is, my name is*, wake me as my dreaming rode my call of awkward moments, dreaming of dreaming ...

By the days end, I sleep without breathing, inhales of laughter, yet I'll slide along the fold, tossing the turns of sheep, gawking the sandman's way of silliness, as if I knew of motionless swims that chose to keep me from waking. Still, I walk along alone in a world of notions and inklings spoiled from my two foot fall, for the soothing carpet caught my drool. *Wake me, Mr send me a dream*, sigh I rest assures dreaming of dreaming is

where I lie ...

Corey Locklear

Resurrection

Around him, around us
Floats a heavy air,
Today a god dies
He draws us with him, in indefinite,
In other spheres, of space and time.

What peace ! Between us, floats the indescribable,
The vagueness. In us the sacred is installing.
The temple is empty.
He is alone, like a god.
People climb stairs, to see him.
Hang in the world, between people, between us and him:
As in churches, a warm air, and hard.

Cruceanu Iustinian

Jasmine

The First 9 months
9 months of bonding
8 ounces of Enfamil AR
7 diaper changes a day
6 months of a surprise
5 pounds 2 oz. of blessings
4 families to love and be spoiled by
3 changes of clothes
2 parents to love and learn from
1 beautiful baby girl named Jasmine

Dabby L

Red Stapler

step back
separate yourself from all the light
and noise put
into your head

drink
breathe
center
remember

let serene thought
clear and edged as glass
dim and dampen
douse and calm

and relax
after all
as a wise man once said
this is just a ride

Dasis Leudagar

Leaving End Behind

On the dark side hearing hearts cry
fearful to be kind, feeling souls die
Warm, turning cold as memories close mind
so what's the use when friends lie
In view of end, willing to retry
stronger from the wear, into brighter sky
In bad light lost love goes blind
honest love grows with rise to shine
Being free from the torture locked inside
one end starts a new beginning fine.

David Mac Eachern

I Woke Last Night

I woke last night to watch you sleep in peace
Beside me, dreams sublime and beautiful
Were play'd upon your stage as smiles grew
And eyes did dance in R.E.M. with glee
Perchance, Dear, was your story about me?
Were we dancing while our feet flew
Gaily in our bridal waltz, magical
As friends did wish us well, new hope's release?
This day which dawns, an epoch ushers in
We leave behind old loneliness and fear
That shoved aside, forgotten we'd remain.
This day, new love now reigns within, 'tis plain
We have, we hold each other. Gone be tears,
Forever, I, your dream catcher shall spin.

David Palmer

Crush

Mind entwined with a heart of stone, worn on a sleeve which never bleeds. Heartache and heartbreak will surely be the death of me.

Keeping love at bay is the price I pay; unlike the poet that needs it, feeling pain is a bullet to the brain.

Falling deep into the hands of a hero, on cloud nine, lost in space in time. I lay beneath you, while you undress me with a stroke of a key. The band of gold that gives you the blues, you try to touch me with words and say it feels like dying; I'm sure that's true.

Chasing pavements, chasing bars, chasing all the rainbows and all the stars. With a heart, half empty, holding a glass that's full, the bartender became my best friend, to ease the pain of a poet.

Line for line I let it rhyme, to overwhelm your mind, hoping you wouldn't deny this grand design, but knowing deep inside my delusions were blind.

I was the Jester for making you laugh, being the fool, for loving you. No longer will I bother, after I discover, you long to be in the arms of the other.

Bruised and confused that it was all just a ruse; I miss my muse, we were once amused, but it got abused. Muffled screams stay in my dreams as my heart bleeds trying to break free from thoughts of you.

Daytona Monroe

Born in the Winter

As the sun cast beauty
... over the frosty dew
the icy crystals sparkled
With love and hope.
A new life ... only mine to discover,
Placed before me as I entered this world.

As I fight and seek to understand
... the paths I have traveled,
sorrows, challenges and victories faired,
My deep desire for peace and comfort
outlined by the beautiful sunrise,
I ponder the sparking frosty morning.
Rallying in all I have overcome,
I seek to renew and embrace
the beauty that this life offers
... my journey continues with fight or flight.

New beginnings await,
my heels dig deeper
... and I stand in my faith.
I reclaim my strength
and embrace the roads I have traveled,
understanding all I have overcome.

I recall each reminiscent story of my birth.
The day I was cherished,
An honor and a gift, I must unfold.
My life celebrated at birth,

A reminder I must affirm with love.
Every hurdle I overcame
... each test of faith
shall not be questioned.

Allowing myself to transcend and exude
...the deep love, hope, and perseverance
I carry as a torch,
embedded deeply in my soul.
This ability *granted*
with the first breathes of life -
Resilience prevails.

New Beginnings await.
My peace and comfort in my hands,
A journey that will reveal
adventure, hardships, passion, excitement
and grave disappointments along the way
... a spirited soul challenges each fear.
The opportunities life offers,
those I seek ...
...will appear as time unveils -
The gift of New Beginnings.

Deb Davis

New Beginning of Indian Economy

Piled up garbage for seventy years
cleaning seems so difficult as great fears
corruptions gone at peak no one has dare
the masses were cursing nothing was fair.

Money suckers were happy poor crying
in lack of foods many a child was dying
black marketeers vaults dumping money
scam involved leaders enjoying honey.

While all were indulging in making their hay
economy was dooming day by day
no one was there to listen people's cry
keeping hope the masses think of a try.

Just like the birds those captured in a cage
fade up masses decided for a change
people voted against ruling party
indulged in corruption, politics dirty.

An angel appeared on stage of nation
who knows well d' meaning of starvation
swearing to give a new definition
taking country for top nomination.

Now shown d' world what has he promised
taken a bold step people astonished
demonetization is a great sue
that invited countrymen in a queue.

Without taking care of his future votes
decided harsh not caring of his throat
banning of high denomination notes
has brought smile on faces of poor with great hope.

this act of demonetization is
being highly opposed by so many
black money holders and Naxalites
became P.M. MODI's great enemy.

Either do you believe on me or not
there are so many battles yet to fight
d' darkness is over dawn coming bright
we are on the developing path right.

It's never been heard such a story
New Beginning of Indian Economy.

Dr. Satish C. Srivastava

Forever More

I feel the ache within the bones of love,
In shallowed breaths, I call in stifled cries,
My whispered sobs seek butterflies above,
For I am caught, adrift, as time denies,
I wait my love, I wait to kiss your sighs,
On tender dreams, I fall in love with you,
Entwined with threads, I know you feel it too.

Between the miles, between the ticks of time
Broad smiles abound, from laughter of our play,
Love ever near, in heartbeats you are mine
'Til black of night, fades soft the light of day
And with it too the warmth your words convey,
Hold tight my love, please knit my soul to yours,
As we make use of times enduring flaws.

I never knew the strength I'd find inside,
The lengths I'd fray to keep you in my heart,
No shadows cast could cause our love to hide
For nothing on this earth could make us part,
Though long it seems that we did wait to start,
A life once dimmed has found a new desire,
For you my love, have set my heart on fire.

So as the stars burn high up in our sky,
The promises we made entwined with care,
Will hold fast to the wishes you and I,
Sewed deftly to the tapestry we share,
To always and forever each be there,
For never were two so entwined at core
Than hearts of love, now joined, forever more.

Elusive Me

New Beginnings

From this wilderness
To ultimate calm, my flight shall be.
As I move away, from the shadows
That arise, out of my past
To darken my heart,
To hinder my path.

My restless spirit will surely, find a way
To the moon and beyond.
Hope, my wings, I fear not.
Passion, my weapon, I stagger not.
A thousand bright stars like steady lanterns
Flicker, and light my way.
The gentle wind plays with my hair
And I know I'm not alone.

The burdens that I lifted on my heart
Have made its sinews strong.
All the tears that rolled down my cheeks,
Have made my vision clear.
And what I perceived as an End
Has transformed into a *New Beginning*.

FaizaK

Shadows

Shadows
Followed, even
When the warm
Daytime sun hit the
Placid water. No amount of
Reassurance could prevent her from
Swimming beneath the surface
In her world
There was
No
Outside
No more
Light remaining. So
She chose the bottom
Of the icy Kemijoki river
As her new untainted beginning.

Farah Percival

Continued New Beginnings
(An English Sonnet for my Father)

He cried for days, and thought it was the end
With grief struck down the rock now rolled away
His thoughts confused, while darkness did descend
A struggle just to get through ev'ry day.
The father he had known, all of his life
Who taught him right from wrong and good from bad
I am the seed he planted in his wife,
He raised me to a man from just a lad.
But now he's gone, no longer on this earth,
Fond mem'ry still looms large within my heart,
The measure of his love, his only worth
His passing thus began a brand new start.
 Now as the bearer of his name and line,
 He is to me, the same as me and mine.

Garry Spooner

Quietly

by the paths of illusion you took me.

Of lightness dressed.

I danced with the breeze.

Among the water lilies and foliage I floated,
as in a calm afternoon breeze.

Quietly

I reinvented the magic of rebirth

at every step,

every look,

every kiss,

every moonlight.

Touch me, love ...

and cover my body with your lips of amazement.

Let the hunger for affection

become an autumnal melody

and let's make from the dance of bodies

boldness,

tenderness,

passion

unnamed follies

new life,

exhaustion.

After ...

may sleep come to take care of our dreams ...

Quietly ...

Graça Costa

What We Heard

Come take my hand in yours for a time.
Let us see what secrets memories hold.
Forever this moment is yours and mine.
New mysteries are all about to unfold.

One sun sets, a new dawn will be sent
With new experiences ever present.
Opening the *forever* in our hearts.
Let's believe in the truth of a new start.

Ponder the innocence in the flower.
Have the *utter wonder* empty your mind.
Be with the waves caressing the mother
Sweeping us away let us both unwind.

Naked, we come alive in the cool breeze.
Each breath together joined in our lives.
Under the oak, leaves answer in the trees,
And from this earth, we take to the skies.

Refrain from whispering a single word.
Our eyes can meet freely to look inside.
We will know what we saw what we heard.
Together, forgive and forget why we cried.

Greg Holmes

The Forager of Tasty Treats

I shall hold apart my words from your heart
For I would follow and take part no matter where thou art
Their echo upon its chamber
Through I would surely clamber
Without defeat to defray where we shall meet
My feet would stamp dung upon Hell's gnashing teeth.

For I am forever the forager of tasty treats.

You're my glowing amber for which I clamber
To feel the drumming of your heart chamber
Lit by the spangled sparkles dangled where another falters
Above and across olden briny given oceans of salty waters
Pungent and sour is sound salinity of their tears
No fears from I, your fearless night rider that nears.

For I am forever the forager of tasty treats.

Run wild on me then my feral dear
Through valleys of deepened dark sheeted sheer
I shall feast of all your quivering quickness
That which climaxes in waterfalls of thickness
That which will flow like the Shire near
That which shall carry away a thousand poems lost beyond fear.

For I am forever the forager of tasty treats.

Slow down and take a long taste and breath of
That which is the length of our eternal love.

Harold Clapsaddle

I Am

I am
like a river
without resistance
open for
new beginnings
always flexible
to natural changes
flowing into the direction
of my destiny
between
mountains
over rocks
through deserts
and dreamy
fields
beneath
the moon and
stars
greeting
the dawn of
each new day
being
unafraid of
the mists
which trouble
my sight.
I am born
to listen
inside to

the tender voice
of this
powerful and
soft world
forever and
ever expanding
with
no beginning
nor an end,
rooted in the
cradle of
eternal depths,
centered
in my being
breathing
in deep love
without dwelling in the
future or the past,
gently flowing
in the present
moment
mingled
as one
with
the magical silence
surrendered completely
to God's soothing breath ...
♥

Heike Wolf-Mueller

Starting Over

I want to feel the universe,
Be the rainbow of a supernova
Shift from the red in the starry sky
Recharge, recharging ...

I want to fall in love with the moon,
Be the mermaid bathing in moonlight,
Refresh my heart, mind and soul,
Relax, relaxing ...

I want to dream in entangled paths,
Taste the chaos of the success,
Navigate with a dark compass,
Wander, wandering ...

I want to hope for new hope,
Travel fearlessly back in time,
Newton, Einstein - almost *blue* -
Start over, starting over...

Helena Dias

Beginnings

Joyous and ecstatic
Numb and drastic
Beginnings bring a myriad of memories ...
Rainbowed pages of the past;
Those that sprinted so fast
Life gives much to endure,
So much to feel insecure
With confusions in mind,
Struggling with life's every grind
Leave everything on its own,
Let beginnings decide your every dawn.
Begin something new
New thoughts ... new vision
New hope to inspire;
New beginnings bring all the
Goodness to admire.
Once you begin,
To begin is half done;
And life is full of fun.
Painful endings and heartbreaks
Do bring beautiful beginnings.
When you believe ...
In the magic of beginnings,
Success comes and
life is full of blessings.
Begin afresh; as white as snow and
Let beginnings make you bow!

Indira Priyadarshini

Glimmering

there they laid

looking

wondering

who

or where

to begin

for both

they couldn't

remember

when the last time

had been

the tension

was broken

by the first kiss

they shared

still holding in

his fingertips

turned circles

blindfolded

exploring

her skin

looking
for sweet
butterflies
glimmering

around
her weak spot
to wake up
and let in

her growing
eagerness
for pleasure,
passion
and sin

Ink Stitution

Mountain

Mountain in cloud veil,
trees are alphabet letters
written roots on slopes.

J SG

New Beginnings

Each one starts with you
or comes from within you
like the gift of each dawn
wrapped in splendid hope
each of your eyes offering
its own pathway to follow,
a specific comfort of care,
in the yellow leaves falling
from your tender lips or
in a lock of your hair
I discover time and again
the river's stained mouth,
the journey to salvation
like the time you wept
silver-salted tears
and gathered their shine
into a solitary star,
Faith's guide;
yes I crave you touch
every second,
I find in them so much
spaces to start to move
forward, to fire up
the fields of eternity
taste your quivering lips
& in each one sprout roots
into the soil of your love,
the home where we humbly
bow and face the cuttings
of our new beginnings.

J.S. Price

Love: True North

Too often, days filled with weeping.

No more shall I live in fear.

Time to move beyond this aching;

Release the anger held dear.

It's time for a new beginning.

By a new heading, I'll steer.

New options beckon; I'm learning.

The wasteland? Nothing left here.

Within my heart is deep yearning.

I ache to give more, that's clear.

Empathy for all suffering;

Wage peace - my chosen career.

To love - the secret of living.

Compassion flows, peer-to-peer.

May loving hearts, like birds, take wing.

Let us rejoice, far and near!

Joanne Dragonheart

On the Other Side of the Mirror

I shape
my verses
in wizened pamphlets,
absorb
the light perseverance
jasmine blossoms,
appreciation
the dim night
Opaque sounds,
I admire
thalamus calm
that waits.
Palp
the challenge of stars
like pearls,
love
the feeling of a kiss
graceful, winged sigh,
inkling
the distance of a body
embraced in the ivy
branching desires,
I miss
libidos meetings
pleasures station.

I feel
my soul shall live, satin
sliding my feet,
I like
the echo of the wind
in populated wings of tenderness,
I resist
not find the sweet placebo
in my body, in the path of velvet
born magic sleep,
free chains,
shouting wordlessly one you want,
I know you expect me
On the other side of the mirror.

Joaquín Lourido

Beginnings

Take flight and spread wings

Keep watch on the horizon

It's a new days dawn

John Griffin

End of a New Beginning

Nostalgic feelings
Fretful emotions
Heart panting in huge desperation
Is it the end?
Or the end of a new beginning?

Rambling thoughts
Obscure memories
Words uttered in whispers
Celestial Insights
Galaxies colliding;
the universe expanding?
Is it the end?
Or the end of a new beginning?

Spiritual ascension,
soul enlightenment
Insane desires
Mystic visions
Divine blessings
Esoteric powers
Is it the end?
Or the end of a new beginning?

Juhiy Verma

Until Forever

hold me until forever
until the mountains crumble
and become pebbles in their heap
until the seas run dry
and all that is left is earth and sand
until the stars fall from the heavens
and day is consumed
by night's mighty endless pitch
until all is still within this world
for I would hold you until forever
as long as there was strength
left in these arms
as long as breath
courses through my body
as long as there was blood
surging through my veins
I would call your name
beckoning you to my side
my final thoughts would be of you
if this life would come to its end
my final lines would be of you
if I lost the ability
and the will to move this pen

our love is magical
our attraction immortal
our embrace eternal
a thousand years from now
they will find us
still wrapped in each other's warmth
free of spirit
but left in their blended design
an embodiment of all that we were
and all that we are

a memorial to our melody
for true love can never die
so come to me now
take my hand
and never let me go
love me long
love me slow
and hold me until forever

Justice Clarke

Shifting Gears

Close your eyes.

Feel the gears of your brain.

Check the control panel.

Turn off the time of your pain,

Force close, the memories controlling you.

Turn your head so you face north.

Save settings and feel the gears turn,
and slowly shift, to fit a new image.

Open your eyes.

If you are afraid to see the effect of those changes,
know that the world will not change.

Even if your life malfunctions,
you will always have land to fall back onto.

Kareema Godhrawala

Exhaling

Exhaling
as I drift
cascading
tears of pain
descending
day and night
departing
I've let go
releasing
noxious toxins
separating
from the past
exhaling
as I drift
relaxing
into your arms
belonging
in your eyes
escaping:
are you my
homecoming ?
heart and soul
confiding
night and day
ensuring
I've found love
realizing
my final destination
exhaling ...
you are my
everlasting!

Kayla Rose

New Beginnings

New Beginnings
Sound so fresh
And revitalizing
A blank page
Where dreams may come true
A second chance to make things new
Unfortunately
New beginnings
Can be a struggle too
As shedding the past
As well as bad habits is rough
Sometimes nigh
On impossible to leave behind
Instead
My blank page
Is stained
Making it hard to embrace
The new dawn
As it's lost between
The inkblots of the past
Like a fragile flower
I yearn for
The light of a new dawn
Struggle, though it may be
And maybe not so pristine,
I reach for that new beginning

Kelly Rose Saccone

And Then

And then there was birth and life and then death
And nobody cared and nobody wept
All thought they were right
As they moved to the left
And into the darkness everyone crept
Hoping for answers in dreams as they slept
Giving blindly their love to the unholy theft
To live legacy over life and the moments it kept
Gathered in secret circles and swept
For the next generation to get it correct
All thought they were right as they moved to the left
And then there was birth and life and then death

Kimberly Leuthner

Welcome Home

The house was cold
The warmth had deserted the confines of these miserable walls
Tumbleweed ran across the passageway
Through the heart of the former home
Making its way out via the desolate kitchen
Yet my heart was determined
Undeterred by the steep of gradient
Pleading guilty to its own foolishness
Licking its open wounds
Its gullibility allowed a serpent to eat all the fruit in the orchard
Turning our garden into a desert
Now the bees are gone
With each tear that fell from stunned eyes
The moisture nourished former fertile pastures
With each smile
A firm embrace every now and then
We ploughed the hard and bitter ground
Toiling the soil with wishful thinking
Cementing our love with compassion
Slowly passion returned
Intimacy crept in the backdoor
We redecorated the house with new hopes
Discarding ill-fated memories
Draping the walls with colours that wiped away the tears
Soft flowing fabric graced the inner walls of our hearts

Bitterness and the winter that had befallen
These poor souls faded away
As we willed them away into the distance with the might of our
hopes
We were wrapped in a free life lesson
Falling hard like a felled tree
Hitting us so unexpectedly
Love grows wherever it wishes
Even on very rocky ground
Engaging in slight hugs when time is against us
Once upon a time the odds were against us
We built new beginnings on old-fashioned foundations
Love came back into our midst
Only if most were as fortunate as us
Wedding bells rang last spring
Now we await the bees

Knox Mahlaba

Light as a Bee

Now I am
light as a bee
enjoying the fresh
scent of the present

Oh, how nice it is
to look at ugly
parts of the past
how they are rolling
down the mountain

Oh, how pleasant it is
How they are disappearing
In the mind, in the eyes
they no longer exist

Oh, how beautiful is
to be as light as a bee
and to breathe the fresh
scent of the present

Kristy Rulebreaker

New Beginnings

New beginnings can we truly appreciate the sun without rain? The moon without an eclipse? Heat without cold? Light without darkness? Sweetness without any bitterness? Can we? Listen to the heavens, as they call for a new beginning!

With trumpets held high, let all the angels sing and play in celestial song. In unison of another, as each one weeps for change! It's time, the time is now!

New beginnings ... New beginnings!

It's all in the mindset, to reflect with gratitude, a brand-new day. How precious life is and all it must display. With an appreciative soul and an open mind, oh how thankful am I!

To have an opportunity to create a new start, as an entry in my book of life. A glorious, remarkable, new beginning. With sight through spiritual eyes, a new mental outlook! Wiser, looking ahead with confidence, in seeing better tomorrows.

Are you? Will you be ready, ready for a new beginning? Well, change will not come! To the soul reflecting upon life's mirror, without a first step!

A step into the journey towards a new beginning, new beginning just waiting for you!

LadyEvy Rodriguez

New Beginnings

the morning dove
giving a push
in order to the kids
so they could
start a new life

start a new life
never easy
if you keep
holding on to the
past ...

past
pulling you away
from this blue sky
I see the future
in my cup of clouds

in my cup of clouds
shapes shifting
morning fog
changes all things
I used to know

Laughing Waters

Preparation

Preparing ...

A mental, emotional, spiritual
in-breath

Exhaling

deep from where my one and only child
was conceived
that will now be
surgically removed
from me

I light the candle jungle-green
the shade of fertility
and the soft jade leaves of sage
scented to ground
this opening floor of change

A rite of passage of sorts
A small death to mourn
I breathe into the calm
that feels inherent to me
in the meeting and beating heart of
what is

I am
prepared now

A palmful of holy water
tears that want to slide
the length and curve
of my cheek
I drink

And bow in front of
the beautiful planting of seed
that grew full grown
in the womb of my
rooting tree

I am the heart and soul's essence
of preparation
a gentle taking of me
with reverence and knowing
that I will grieve
the loss of you
and celebrate the release
of you hurting

I know you need me
to reach out for
the hands of assistance
so you and I
can be free

They said
you'd never carry full term
That you were too off kilter
for a human being to grow
inside of

But that was so not true
Look at you!
You brought that fierce force of life
into me
and grew him solid
as he lives and breathes
and walks strong the streets
of his life

You did good
So good
and he's gorgeous to the bone
Your purpose has been served
and I thank you

I am the embodiment
of ready now
I come armored with my talisman
of having done all I could
and with this tender passage of
no choice
I walk more of a woman
than ever before

Leslie Caplan

Morning Silence

morning silence
no one has tasted of
the open window
the distant horizon
the morning light, the announcement
of things to come
whether it is expected
or not
how does it feel, this new day
although, that one bird
the early one
maybe he can tell
of the beauty of a new day

Louise Schuring

First Light

*

first light
the sun skink climbs out
of its shadow

*

not letting
yesterday's problems
drag her down
morning dewdrops
glisten around her feet

Lucky Triana

Retrospect

I had been found out
the night before, and

now we sat, the both of
us, in a traffic jam, hour
2 of a 9-hour drive, pressed

against the car windows by
the combined weight of
hatred, love, betrayal,
mistrust, confusion,
the pain of 1,000 other
subtle sufferings,

staring down into the stopped cars
and the frightful chasm
of an uncertain future, one

where we would wrench
apart or stitch together the
bloody pieces of what little
was left;

it was the nadir of us

and only now, so many years
later, can I look back

and mark that terrible drive

as the entry to a tunnel

with a light at the end

after all

Luke Normsy

Embraced

You came on expectation
Indulging my desire
I cherished the sensation
Of burning in the fire

We clenched together
As if never to let go
The truth much better
I felt life inside me grow

A miracle transformed our bliss
My legs still wrapped around your waist
We sealed our fortune with a kiss
A new beginning much embraced!

Lynn Clarke

Laddered

Laddered light flames
Stretch to hold this day
Throwing ecstatic love hues
In the edges of lead light moments
Giving stillness a final warming touch
For winged dreams before the darkness
Hanging high as mirrors for the stars
Catching the crystalline cosmic play
In wait to greet the newest dawn
As yoke beneath the universal heart
In shells of fate-white form
Sitting seeds in earth brown hope
Filling with transcendental force
With spiralled swimming arms
As birth sings souls to centres
Finding wandering stars to ignite the spark
Of hinge held existential sway
For waiting in this final arc
The burn of rainbowed tomorrows
The rise of green stretched limbs
With dawns exhaling our final destinies
Breathing now on mountain rims

m F Novice Bard

New Beginnings

clear

all

clutter

from your mind

when you are hurting

just cry all your tears if you must

but do not surrender to failure that weighs you down

build your courage and strength and rise to the challenges

and let new beginnings come forth

the chance you deserve

you are loved

precious

dear

one

Mai

New Beginnings

Peppermint flavored moments
Fade away
Sunset evenings rule the day
Spent remembering yesterday
Went according to the end of it

Taste the morning love
After life changed another chapter
Beyond the wings of doves
And dusty playgrounds of laughter

Asking by the kiss of innocence
What my darling is more than this
And you look into timelessness
Have I missed
Loves boat of floating tenderness

With the raising sunshine
of the daybreaks climb
New beginnings once hid
Beneath the darkness of closed lids
Awake to the Openness

Makumbha Shanti

A New Story

I look for a new story,
But I can't find it.
I look for a new day
But I can't see it.
When I look for new friendship
Nobody turns up really.
I find them all of a sudden,
Mysteriously.
I console myself.
Things will come out steadily,
Someday.
But they didn't.
Some faces haunt me always.
Like shadows, like silhouettes.
Some faces cheer me up.
But they don't shine for long.
Sometimes I hope for the best.
Sometimes it comes up worse.
Do I look for a new beginning?
Do I look for a new life?
Who knows what'll happen next?
Life begins to play out its role.
Like a magician.
Like a jester.
Like a ring master.
Like entwined images.
Like light and darkness.
Playing together.
Engulfing each other.
Consequently.

Malay Nandy

If God Doesn't Exist

why
I love Life,
frenzy to understand
but don't talk,
fight,
anyway,
and giving a rose
for who
don't dare?
Don Quixote
we are,
against
obtuse words,
free
to give us
Thought,
Action,
Direction.

Person,
forever.

Mara L.

Se Dio Non Esiste

perchè
amo la Vita,
frenesia di comprendere
ma non parlare
e comunque
lottare
e regalare una rosa
a chi
non osa?
Don Quixote
siamo noi,
contro
ottuse parole,
liberi
infine di darci
Pensiero,
Azione,
Senso.

Persona,
per sempre.

The Forked Tongue of the Dragon

Under the dark brim by over-light
I just lay out my bricks,
Bend on my broken knee.
White tiles soon dredged by dirt.
Layered and forgotten. Most beauty does.

So I trace the line on your inner thigh,
Your eyes roll away. The horsehair snaps,
The sword falls into the banquet of sin.
Sweat on your back reveals the pain. Yes
The dragon's tail moves from time to time.

Lust with its broad pencil strokes,
Void of all detail sweeps past.
The deep punch leaves a kaleidoscope,
Breathing new hope, new things,
And a saddened loss.

In day-lit-dreams I trace the scales
Of the dragon's tail, restless
It brushes the dry leaves, scraping dirt.
Floating soot always darkens the sky
After relentless burning.

These gift-wrapped curses carry only aesthetic weight,
For what soon will be new, even faster it grows old.

Marco Casteleijn

Unlikely Beginning

I thought it was all buried
Underneath layers of time and oblivion
My most cherished feelings
My only hope was to keep them warm and tender
Like a fossil warmly encased in amber
For the joy of a post-deception generation
I believed this time was my lord and tormentor
So I let it trample on my heart like a maniac
While I kept weaving scars of pseudo slumber
I've been quiet and nearly as inert as a stone,
But not quite removed from the surrounding flood
Till somebody's eyes awakened me out of time's permission,
Inflicted me the pain of staying recumbent,
Opening a wound, a gape, a chasm
Something that broke my once final chamber,
Beginnings there are that pave the space around the end,
So it said, that extraordinary gaze, and I complied
Unlikely phoenix, I sprang to my feet
And ready to start, my old walking anew.

Marcos Henrique Silva

It's You

I am in troubled
My heart is so confused
My mind is so unfocused
I feel so discouraged.
But you're always there to lift me up.

I run away from you
I ignored your calling
I keep on letting you down
But still, you're so patient with me
And you gave me more than I deserve.

There are times, I wanna give up
Those trials, I wanna run out
I worried a lot for the future comes.
But you're always there to pick me up
In my silence, you hear me out loud.

I know I don't deserve you
But you love me more than anything else.
It's you, who holds me tight.
It's you, who guided me to the right path.
It's you, who forgives me if I do wrong.
It's you, My Lord, My God -
I know, I will never be scared anymore.

Mari Felices

Paradise

Working Nine to Five
From Monday to Friday
All weeks the same
Spare time
Relatives, friends
Where to go
People spend time
Reading, on TV
In parks whose popularity -
It is increasing day by day
A place of beauty
You fly kites, aeroplanes
Ride a bicycle
Exercise, Jogging
Swimming, playing volley ball
The wellbeing of the community
The efforts made by all
Absolutely, life is healthier
Summertime, the place crowded
Home of youngsters
They live with nature
Extension of their houses
Haven for the hottest days
So important to vital energy
Paradise rebirthed
A new beginning to life.

Maria Elvira Fernandes Correia

Nell'Alba

La terra girava
intorno al proprio asse,
ma già in uno spazio
lasciato per sempre
Le luci gialle
nella notte antica
inciampavano tra i muri
riflettendosi nella memoria
di un tempo che fu'
mentre, cumuli di buon
tempo e nuvole rosa
scivolavano nelle maniche
perdendosi nell'Alba

Maria Grazia G

In Sunrise

The earth turned
around its axis,
but already in a space
left forever
The yellow lights
in ancient night
They stumbled in the walls
reflecting itself in memory
a time that was'
while, of good heaps
time and pink clouds
They slipped into the sleeves
losing to the sunrise.

(Google Translation)

Celestial

I am just another writer
With a thousand dreams
Building castles in the air
Creating shadows and moonbeams.

My eclectic stars are shining
And it's even brighter than before
I can hear my heart beating
My quill sketching my future.

It all starts with a dream
You are my constellation
My breath is kissed by grace
My wish is touched with fortune.

I wonder through the night
I close my eyes and find you
A guiding hand and light
My heart's desire I wanted to pursue.

Bright morning cloud foam
Sunshine of pure angel's light
Comes a strange soil now my home
Leaving prints in mind and out of sight.

A verse becomes a dream come true
A bouquet of prayers, petals of miracle
For God is all so true that He lives in you
Dare to fly and kiss the sky, nothing is impossible.

Maricris Cabrera

A New Life

The bags were packed
Passports up to date
Kisses given , hugs and waves.
Into the unknown of a foreign land
Just me and my man
Hand in hand
Left a life of hardship behind
Family and friends and all we had known
Hope to make a better way
Though maybe not for many a day
We will work hard
And miss our kin
Cry many tears of homesickness
Then as weeks turn to years
All our fears
Will fade away
For we've created finer days
For all we are
All all will be
The futures new beginnings
Started with hope and longing
To be free

Marilyn Ward

Sono accanto a te

Soffia il vento freddo del Nord
trasforma gli affanni
in balocchi di neve
strappa un sorriso
anche a chi si è perduto
accoglie chi soffre
chi piange i suoi cari
chi tanto ha perduto
chi in guerra è caduto
chi cerca un rifugio
chi è in cerca di sé

una nota stonata e un sussulto
la gioia prevale
ed è un canto che sale
l'amico è accanto a te
e un altro ce n'è
un abbraccio è il dono per te

una calda coperta d'affetto
abbraccia e consola
scalda il tuo cuore

la chitarra si accorda
un dolce canto intona
una voce, poi un'altra
ti sfiora una carezza
una mano stringe la tua

l'amicizia e l'incanto
un futuro felice
ti viene augurato

luci intermittenti
la scritta appare e scompare
"Sono accanto a te!"
Fiocchi di neve
ora imbiancano il viale

Maristella Angeli

They Are Next To You

The cold wind blows North
transforms the troubles
toys in snow
draws a smile
even to those who have lost
welcomes sufferers those who mourn
their loved ones
those who have lost so much
those who fell in the war
those seeking refuge
those in search of himself

a sour note and a start
the joy prevails
and is a song that rises
the friend next to you
and another there
a hug is the gift for you

a warm blanket of affection
hugs and consoles
warms your heart

guitar accords
a sweet song intones
a voice, then another
touch you a pat
a hand shaking your

friendship and enchantment
a happy future
comes wished

flashing lights
the message appears and disappears
"I'm next to you!"
Snowflakes
Now Whitening Avenue

(Google Translation)

New Muse

On the night the Muse finally called it a day,
just before she packed her bags,
flew the coop & blew town for good

she busted the brushes, smashed the pens,
spilt the ink, crumpled all the canvas,
taking the utmost care to squash flat
every last tube of paint.

Bad enough all that, yet worse to come,
she tongue-tied my hands & with impish glee
planted my cart firmly before the horse,
leaving me standing stupefied & stymied
in rumpled green pajamas.

Well, then ...
What to do about that rickety old cart
and its pathetic broken spokes?
A totally useless good-for-nothing transport!
Oh, let it go; let it just sit and stew,
weighted down in its inertial molasses.

Best just bite my tongue, untether my hands,
unhitch the sagging nag & slowly hobble off,
head yonder into the pallid mauve gray
of the *Great Dry-spell Desert*.

Surely, out there somewhere
a softly sighing surrogate waits patiently,
my new Muse, pining for me alone.
Perhaps she's not far off - just slightly over
the next horizon.

Mark Meyer (3dotstudio)

Ja Man

Ja man
a great new
Beginning
OMG
I just awoke
killer headache
morning migraine
I am missing
several days
of memory
I really hope
I did not
insult anything ...
or did I
Happy days
are here
Again!!!

MC Cpt.Neol44 Chagua

Matryoshka Doll

this is the starlight
this is the inner sight
this is the open heart
this is your right
dance then
in the rain of tears
release yourself
from the inner fears
let the fountain of your pain cascade
into the womb of your created realm
to be born again
you little scamp
you spirit of salvation
as you open up the Matryoshka doll
It's the little one
the innocent soul
where the wisest words have no meaning
when you are captured in the gaze
of this gift of new beginning

Treasure this you!
Love each layer upon which you grow
And know you share this
with all of mother life's creation.

Melanie's ghost

Awaken Love

Away frozen devotion in dark hollowed space,
We shelter a seed in hidden embrace,
Let's feed only love and reclaim the night,
On eastern Horizon our dawn will alight,
Let loves sweet words speak only true meaning,
Let us fly as the Phoenix amid sunlight beaming,
A sacred kindness that heaven adores,
Let love be our name on shores of rapport,
A wash in life's purest expression,
Relishing fruit of true loves succession,
In the book of *Us* write words soft and sweet,
Together awakening a new joy to greet,
Of effortless love melding anew,
Our dawning of passion forever renewed.

Michael James Garland

Intimidated

I should have known
how to hold you
intimidated by circumstance..
and softest look.. was my heart
and still...I tried to catch the
light... but fell into the abyss
of ecstasy...

Let me show you the stars
that will blind... your eyes
for you will not need them
to hear the Words ...
each magnificent in its splendor
and with a soothing caress
will you then know
my poetry...

Michael Montoya

I Stand

I stand at the edge of eternity
I've left everything that's of worth to me
I came like a ghost in the folds of the night
And soon I'll dissolve
Out of mind
Out of sight
As I slowly evolve from uncertainty
I've leapt forward in time to rewind
Like a flower that roots in the sky
And grows ever downward
To bloom through the clouds
Spreading it's fragrance while blossoming down
So too, I leave future behind
As the cycle reaches its end
I prepare for a new beginning
Again ...

Milka Akinloye

As of Newly ME

O thee, as of newly ME
Take my glance at least one of true
In my selfless manifold
Magnanimity may flow through

O thee, embrace my very soul
As of newly me unwrap me whole
Let my tears manifest thy world
And let my smiles be all of good

I thrive in you, all together free
Living anew, day by day
O thee, visions of yesterday
As of newly me
May never thwart to flow thoroughly...

Missy T.

No Fear, No Longer

In crucial steps that break the dawn,
Of wondrous spells that take me on,
This dark magic will repent itself,
Not me, not from these cocoons,
And catacombs that need help.

There is a state I know of urgency,
What I see does not show mercy,
But for a new dawn I must break free,
Conquer what may seem unconquerable,
And stand high for the world to see.

Fear, is what breaks the toughest of men,
Pollutes the mind and corrupts them,
Those places may seem out of hand,
That dig deeper with a play of mind although,
Have nothing to lather you with harm.

The rain will be sheltered to only those,
That train their minds and balance their woes,
And walk up to fear itself in its worst form,
Without a slight band of hesitation,
And walk slowly right through the storm.

The pain shall rise upon me and break,
There is no power with me at stake,
And fear will perish with the break of dawn,
With me, standing above the ashes,
And I will know that I have won.

Mitul Magu

No Place Like Home

there is a place called home,
where I meet my family and friends,
there is a place, where I meet my loved ones,
feeling free, feeling welcomed.

my heart takes me there,
my soul travels along those green leaves,
always having joyous, squeaking birds,
the dry sand of the mighty river,
I long to lie there, and glance at the cunning monkeys.

the sun so bright and shiny,
beautiful African savanna,
no place like home,
surely no place like home.

how could I forget the sound of the cattle bells,
the barking of dogs, the braying of the donkeys,
the morning crow of the cocks,
surely no place like home.

away in a faraway land,
where each man fights for himself,
I can't help thinking about home,
home is marvelous, home is great,
surely home is best.

Mthandazo Ngwenya

Moonlight

In the still of the night

I seemed to have lost my way

Wandering alone along the path of the river

Beautiful, the moon is all I can see

The screeching of the owls

The sound of crickets

Beautiful night sky

The moon's light shining, casting endless shadows

The cool breeze awakening my senses

Aaaaaahhhh....Such delight

I watch the river cutting its path

Ripples of water breaking here and there

The moon reflecting its image on the water

I break the reflection with a pebble

Ohh I seem to be enjoying this

Plonk! Plonk!

Such delight to my eyes

I could forever wander in the dark but danger lurks

Nasreen Malik

I Hear Their Screams

I hear their screams ...
I close my eyes, in my dream
I see my brothers
I wake up, rubbing my face
But they're not here, only halos!

I take a glimpse of the person in the mirror
I see the enemy, with features like mine!
Taking a sip of my coffee..
Like life, a bit bitter,
But I'm not alive
Just acting to *be*!

Should I whisper in the dark,
Who shall hear me, ghosts or God!
I close my eyes again ...
Too quiet, that's odd ...
I can't find you!

If I close my eyes thousands and thousands of times,
Would you be real?
Would you be the only truth of my life?
They tell me I'd heal ...
But I'm not broken, I am lost!

Lost and desperate ...
Because I walked miles and miles ...
Searching in all the lands I knew ...
May our paths cross, one step or few!
May be we don't belong to the same world ...
Or maybe to see you I have to lie cold!
Perhaps where I seem to end ...
Is where I truly begin!

Nony Amr

My Feelings

My feelings for you are getting colder
More than the freezing ice
My heart doesn't beat when I see your smile
I don't feel safe
When you pat on my shoulder
Emotions don't move when i hear your voice
As leaving was your choice
You ripped out my heart
Played with me like you were playing cards
A new chapter of my life:
You made me stronger
For myself I have respect and pride
Now I am recognized among the crowd
The world hear my sound
I can cross the desert with its hot sun
On my white horse, on its sparkling sand.

Noura noura

To Dream

dreaming this life
or living this dream
a simple twist of fate
floating amongst these visions
playing before my eyes

no control of what I see
can't escape
this separation
from reality

desperately clinging
to some foundation
however shaky
below my feet

living many lives
behind closed eyes
forced into submission
by this need to sleep

but who controls these visions?
these worlds crashing in
upon this fragile mind
desperately trying ... to hold on ...

never choosing
to enter these worlds
seeing the horrors
reliving the memories

torturous thoughts
forced upon me
unable to summon
the strength to escape

frozen in time
unable to move
unable to scream
can't fight ... this inevitable need ... to sleep

feeling controlled
by forces unseen
to witness these scenes
reasons unknown
to what purpose they have
these dreams
these visions
pushing into my mind

forever fighting
these phantoms in shadows
in this endless battle
for control of my mind

Obsidian Raven Shadow

The Old Man

The old man walks the dusty path.
He is unshaven and has no shoes.
The brightly adorned wildflowers beside his path speak to him.
He does not hear.
A heron flies overhead unnoticed.
His gaze is fixed on the mountains.

He is soon gone.
Rain flows from laden clouds.
The flowers glory in dew.
The heron takes shelter.
The mountains surrender to the clouds.
The rain stops slowly.

A younger man, spry and smiling, walks the muddy path.
Joyously he picks wildflowers.
He counts his fortune to see a heron.
He strains his eyes at the mountains through the mist.
The sun lights his path.
It is good that the mountains are still far away.

Oshi Shikigami

Free, in all the Ends

Here I am friends,
Numbers, words, books and inspiration.
Grand-papas population.
Hope is to believe,
New beginnings, indeed,
Roots, kindness live.
Boots to leave
Going for a free ride
in the city streets.
Never practicing the *never*,
But for a while, why not fly in the sky.
Wine is just for night.
After all we are not made of iron,
Feeling is the thing.
Can't hang on,
The end is only a new beginning,
Hold on, fight and like
The turning back,
Always a new beginning.

Oswaldo Alano Scipião Moreira

New Beginnings

During a grey autumn morning, happened the first beginning,
I get out from a comfortable place and faced through life
without awareness of what it really was.

Crying was part of this start.

To feel the contact of the skin from that person was truly
comforting.

I started to discover feelings, smells, tastes, touch and sight ...

It seemed like the world was a fascinating place to be with loving
people, kisses, hugs, cares, walks and games.

I began to talk and it was great,

I was not distressed anymore and did not cry to be understood.

Language gave me wings ... I started primary school, I was happy,
the place, my friends, the teachers.

The home, the games with my sisters, the holidays with my parents,
the Christmas, the birthdays, everything was a reason for a start.
When I was eight years old, there was another new start: house,
neighbours, school and friends. That change was difficult but I
adapted to it. Adolescence, was important, but a somewhat traumatic
beginning, I had little information and a lot of responsibilities.

When I was at high school, I had music classes, did home chores,
looked after my sisters and did the shopping, because my mother was
depressed ... starting everyday was hard.

Infatuations began, then university and suddenly adult life
surprised me. My first love was platonic, my true love was my
husband, the most important beginning of my life, because from our
love, our children were born. Every birth was an immeasurable start,
unique, the only unconditional love was the one from my children.

Difficulties began, I will not tell about guilts, except understanding ... understanding what a complex feeling it is. Suddenly a change happened, an ending, an unbearable beginning, maddening, terrible ... the death of my youngest son. It was like rebirth to me, but in hell, a new beginning that should not exist.

For my eldest son, a beginning of a traumatic and distressing adolescence. How he could begin his of adulthood without his brother?

The beginning of the rupture of my marriage, of my love; because he had a parallel beginning, all of that destroyed the other half of my heart, my trust, my respect and my illusion. The lie is a deadly weapon ... when it starts there is no way back.

I began with all my strength, trying, that my son already a man, had all my support, my help. Nothing was enough to bear so much pain.

Now I have all my love to give him and I have all his unconditional love, the love of a son.

A son, is the best beginning that a human being could have.

Patricia Picardi

"Felonial" Regret

Their will flies, not the imperial skies.

As dearth goes wide and folly rambles in soft repose to then die.

The terrible joy of mirth of life not seeing death.

Health not seeing sickness nor unbelief ignorant, if even faith.

Paltry parlour pontificates the felonious err of furor and fear.

And in that fear unknowing.

Not knowing the wretchedness of pain due to confusion .

Prattling on in a forest of illusion.

Embarked upon a social contusion, swing but not being.

Not to be fake but to walk uncertain with hesitation.

And there the dance furthers and the ballroom doors are locked.

Prison ball with no music.

Light without shinning and fall without rain.

Mind not knowing its own pain.

Patrick Connors

Painting the Sky

There's nothing to offer shade
I sit alone on hot stone steps
Take out paints and stretch paper on the board
Carefully I wet the paper with my brush
One brush stroke of azure blue
The blue creeping down the page to nothingness
I dab the paper and clouds begin to form
A little yellow, then grey
The sky appears
As I painted I was thinking of her
For so brief a time we were together
We loved each other deeply
Until she flew
Alone now I sit and paint
Then she came!
A small grey dappled butterfly
Alighting, weightlessly on the end of my brush
Then opening her wings basked in the heat
The brush dipped in the water
Spreading the greens and browns of the horizon
She remained unmoving
No one noticed the tiny grey butterfly
Each day she came
As I sat and painted
My tears falling onto the sky

Paul Chapman

Four Weddings and a Funeral

Bill's wife (first wife)
Darling all his adult life
Died two years ago
Felt this had come too soon
In a haze
All days
Eventually
He
Started socialising
(His children had to force him)
His local community centre
Afternoon tea dancing
He had no taste for it
But did it
Danced a bit
Met Elsie
Spinster of this parish
The light came back into his eyes
He hasn't forgotten his first love
Imagines she's smiling from above
To see him smile again

Barely 19
Flush of youth
Callum and Leigh
Can't take their eyes off each other
Can't afford much
Student life
Man and wife

That's a novelty
Bedsit's a bit of a novel
They don't care
As long as they share it
Nothing else matters
Callum works in a bar to get a bit of spare cash
And every waking moment he thinks of Leigh
And she?
Studying to be a barrister.

This is Ted's fourth and Maggie's second
Ted has eight kids (that he knows of nudge, wink)
Scattered amongst sundry mothers
The child support payments are killing him
But he doesn't learn
He can't resist
Serial monogamy
Two, three years and off he goes
More vows
He knows them backwards now
He's happy-go-unlucky in love
He says
And life doesn't seem to touch him
Fragmented, modern family
He's ok
Doesn't see the tears
And the cries: "Where's daddy gone?"
And the doomed inevitability
His kids will do the same

Well, John and Sue!
What a right pair!
Made for each other!
Rumours aplenty
Who haven't they slept with?
That bridesmaid looked jealous as hell
You'd feel sorry for Sue
But she was at it too
While they were engaged
If the rumours are true
Can't see leopards changing their spots
'Nuff said about them
I give it six months

Alone
Six feet under
No wedding bells down here
Unusually I went first
It's normally the man
Life expectancy and all that
But it was cancer
And too advanced
Bill stood by me
Held my hand in the hospital
Nothing more he could have done
My love
My only true love

Paulie B

Dawn of Spring

A
whisper
a
sighing
perfumed kiss
the
caress
of sunlight
in the morning
still
frosty
yet melting
dew on the grass
the last ice glistens
birds
rehearse
their love songs
trilling new tunes
sparkling in fresh air
soaring into blue sky
dawn
of
spring

Peter Bouchier

Hidden Side of Me

Strangely they wondered, pardon me, 'cause I wandered

In the dark, no the light, beaming right into me

They want to know, okay I ought to know, so I pondered

Seeking my own path, my own tone, my volition, damn! Help me!

Why should it be a struggle? Is it? Savor a passionate lass going amuck

Who can find me? Oh, they do? In their lost mind and disbelief

Wanting to see it all, know it all, who really give a ...?

I shine bright like a moon at night yet hidden from my own, what a relief

For once I know, in-depth knowledge clasps my vague mind in bits

How do I surface, who do I call, how do I let go all senses?

Like a privy world of mankind, we all are guilty of these tits

Urging to expose in all essence, the essentials and lusts for the art in tenses

The art in my veins, my arteries and dendrites cry in agony of hope

Hope of love, lusts and sweet nothings and crazies of a shallow world

Maybe not, but the word in a world who sees the craft, why hide or elope?

In my hidden path, I come forth bare and ready to ease into the word.

Poise C

I Had Been In Darkness ...

I had been in the darkness, waiting for the light,
Then you come my way, brightening my days and nights.

I have finally overcome my fear of the *other side*,
Because you are with me on this life's joyous ride.

I never really felt this way about anyone before,
You have touched me very deep, opening my inner door.

How the exchange of smiles has lead to this wonderful start,
I never knew how and when you conquered my heart!

With you I never have to guess just how you really feel,
Your words bring warmth to me even in winter's chill.

What'll come of this? who knows, oh, it just depends,
However now we've become much more than mere friends.

'Is it love?'- 'It certainly is!' Says my enamoured heart,
'Just bask in its light and pray for it to forever last.

Portia Burton

And Icarus Explains

You let me go
with such sweet blessings
with memories that warm me so
of busy caressings
that linger in my bones

and you told me not to carry a torch
for you
not to leave it lit upon the porch
for you
lest it burns too long
and in my attempts to keep it lit
I forget that it was wrong
too hot to hold
what we had

you let me know
these sweet blessings
memories of busy caressings
now gone
may consume me too
in cold fires
of limbo

if I try to remember you
and stay forever home
waiting up
and watching
by candlelight

so you let me go
saying we can be friends
and I might
agree in cold light
of some coming day
but here
it is always
so warm
by the flame

Rick Dove

The Martyrs

Those plethora of martyrs who gave up their dear lives
Guillotined or hanged by those political overlords
Ton of putrid thoughts which in their mind thrives
Taken in the arms of the mother are those slain by deceitful swords.

Ah! These so called imperial thieves proclaim high seats
All they meaninglessly live for is food, wealth and breach
Those brave unbiased heroes never were taught for being
treacherous and for pleas
They long for freedom which they often preach.

Those heroic souls of the slain would be reaped for vengeance
The soldiers sent as messengers would rise to taste the success
Those sinful deserve atonement as their penance
Loads of hard work and bloodshed after which they find peace in
excess.

Those brave-hearted warriors will serve a purpose of motivation
Inspiring those who are under the clutches of dependence
There will be once a new dawn of civilisation
The world which will be maintained near perfect in its essence.

Rishabh trivedi

A New Beginning

He is, having faced death

a new beginning

a new lease of life

I've had I.

It seems like a lie

as a year ago

I was on the verge of death

but God gave me the opportunity to be here

making poetry

what I most want

is to live.

A new beginning

a new lease of life

Thanks to life

Thank God

thanks to all

I've had I.

Here I am doing what I like

making poetry

which springs from the soul

from the depths of my being.

Writing with heart in hand

until the end

a new beginning

a new life

Thank God I had.

Robert Goodrich

I am for Real

Such warmth, I never want to leave my home
I can hear the screams on the outside
It sounds scary out there and I smile as I'm safe in here
My home starts to shake and I become scared
Is someone invading my secret space?
I hear footsteps and I can smell the fear
I hear a voice whisper " Why did you come so soon my dear?"
I want to see but my eyes remain closed
Tubes are now my home
I'm tired, I can't fight anymore
Why am I being treated as if I don't belong?
My heart beat increases as he approaches
His voice so powerful as he shouts and asks if I'm for real?
My mother holds my tiny hand and says "I love you my little one "
Small though I am
I'm still worth your love and admiration.
My friends fall around me one by one
As the filth consumed them and they couldn't stand
But here I am to let it be known that
We are humans
The tubes are removed and I squeeze my mother's hand
I am free to live like any other human
I'm real ... as real as could ever be
I just needed someone to believe and care for me.

Saccheen Poetic Laing

Heaven

Heaven is just a shadow away
Waiting for you to step out of its way
To have and to hold
To break through the mold

Her treasure awaits
Unlock the gaits
Breaking free
Waves of ecstasy

She rides each tide
Treasure to abide
Step into her way
Heaven crashes
One heartbeat to stay

Sandy Somewhere

Beginning Renewed

Biological life began
when I breathed
my first breath
and cried,
for happiness or sorrow
I don't know!

Exposed to the world of
sensations
when my lips received
its first kiss,
the tender buds of love
blossomed into
beautiful flowers
inside my heart!

Was this another
new beginning of my life?

The day I found my
real first love
during late spring
a very matured
soulful love spread
its fragrance and
my heart danced in
ecstasy like a teenager!
Is this the real beginning of my life!

I don't have the answers
but surely enjoyed these
lovely moments heartily!

Saroja BS

Welcome to my World

I've died and gone to heaven
Welcome to my world
My eyelids heavy at the start
And once they're open,
blinded by the light
My being lifted to
formidable awareness
of togetherness in love
Beyond human divide
I am reborn as one
"Welcome stranger, you were missed"
A silhouette appears in sight
Countenance unseen as yet
But oh how evidently loving
are the eyes
"You're nightmare lived
I'm sure has left you cold
Why don't you take my hand
and step inside!"
The touch as tender as can be
A simple gesture that forever binds
Upon my entering
the atmosphere of love enhanced

A multicolored presence,
a myriad in view
And beatific voices
fill the air
United in expressed elation
it is crystal clear:
The crowd is one,
and room is but to spare.

I've died and gone to heaven
Welcome to my world
It's a mere heartbeat away...
Perhaps I'll see you there!

Saskia Jonker

New beginnings

She feels like she is crawling,
Darkness is everywhere, she finds;
The ones she loved, left her alone, dying ...
How could her love be so blind.

She feared of being alone,
Like a child without a mother;
Her feelings to the world are unknown,
She dare not face the future.

She's cried a million tears,
Swimming in the pool of her tears;
She's lost the will to climb up
In life without a ladder.

She's slowly drifting her way,
Down the road she's forced to make;
Like a dandelion she's astray,
Anywhere the wind would take.

She sees life is but a hurdle
To the happiness she seeks,
How could living be so painful,
She's left with nothing else to speak.

She is standing at the edge of her world,
Thinking she has reached the end
When, one fine day, she's awoken by thunder,
Makes her realize, it's just a bend ...

"That her life is not yet over,
Beautiful days are there, awaiting;
Though her past is but bitter,
She must give way ...
To a *New Beginning*".

Shaneez Lyngdoh

Through the Bygone Days

Through the bygone days,
Countless memories sway,
Whirls of recollections,
Words of material perfections,
All scattered on the path,
As soul traversed from joys to wrath,

An arcadia of truth I see,
Glum turning into glee,
The doves sowing seeds of peace,
Growing into the fervor's trees,
I realize, it is not a dream,
My boat has entered the Lord's stream,

No more leaping after desires,
They set happiness on fire,
It's the moment of the One's guidance,
Being carried by the hands of providence,
The cloak of materialism I shed,
To the One truth, my soul is being led,

What better start would my heart want,
Losing in the hymns of spiritual chants,
No more fears,
No more tears,
I see the terrain of pain ending,
Marking my life's *new beginning* ...

Shilpa Sandesh

Walk On

I will walk on
Walk on by
Swirls of gusty dance
While the hope
Lost its way
Obstructing my steps

I will walk on
Walk on by
Undercurrent's ruse
Not be taken by chaos
Despite this shady trail
Obscuring me in shadows

Walk on and walk on by
Till the Sun finds me
Flakes settle to dust
Till I forgive
Bathed in rays of peace

Sib Borjigin

You Are More Than Words

In your absence,
I want to recreate you
with my pen,
but
as each word seeps
from feeling
to inked curves and lines,
waiting to dry,
they fail to portray
all that you are --
beating,
breathing,
glorious life.

They betray you
by chiseling away
at your countenance
until you are
flat,
tired,
frustratingly cliché.

Like a dance
that takes you by the hand
and asks your feet to follow,
like a song
whose sound sends vibrations
through your every cell,
my love, you are an experience --
you are

beating,
breathing,
glorious life.

My words
sent on some eternal chase,
describing only who you've been,
not even near
to all that you are.
For when we look backwards,
the brush-strokes have been made,
the painting
becomes crystallized
and clear,
but in the present,
you are a blank canvas
with potential
for all matter of colors,
textures,
lines and
curves
to surface.
You are
beating,
breathing,
glorious life.

Simple Things

Karma

There's no pillow for my sorrow,
just this bedrock disposition.
Just stone instead of bone,
flayed alive by supposition—
a soul without a home,
left to tread in indecision,
as graver plots begin to swirl
and rage without remission.

I sleep and dream and lust for warmth,
for curves and benefaction,
for rest within this sepulcher,
for forlorn medication.

Just one brief ministration,
just one deferred frustration,
just someone to confirm I breathe,
to mistake me for temptation.
before the dawn's pretentious gift
of lateral reincarnation.

Splaetos

The Beginning of Spring

The sun shines bright on blossoms of white,
as shoots of green appear and flowers bring
colour that help cheer the soul.

The birds all sing the praise for spring,
as nature comes to life again, as the sun
goes down the air chills
in the early spring after a hot day.

Steven West

Turning of the Fortune Wheel

Hello; olla, everyone,
hoping good times are to come;
May goodness fill the atmosphere!
May no scarifies be round one's eye nor ear;
An hour to rededicate our lives once more,
Stepping through the *better time's* door;
Yesterday's gone with all its demands,
Putting our future in the Almighty's hands,
Though the departure gave grief supreme,
The new arrival shall fulfill our dream;
May one's soul's dove be free from its black cage,
May the new times bring a golden age;
My fortune wheel shall now move forward;
Solving thus my life's cross-ward.

Sukanya Basu Mallik

Seeker of New Beginnings

In the innocence
Of a summer's morning,
I have sought
New beginnings
In the rising of the sun
Whose rays reflect
On beauty found
In the slow crawl
Of her focused gaze
Across the artistry
Of this landscape.
In silent awe,
I have sought
New beginnings
In the gentle push
Of blossoms
The silent rush
Of blooms
Whose beauty splay
In delight of the sun
And breathes hope
Into a summer's day.

I have sought
New beginnings
In my first breath
Upon waking,
In my child's smile
That greets me
At the start of day,
Tiny hands
Held in mine
That beg -
As we stretch our lives
Across this existence
Help me have
The strength
And curiosity
To seek new beginnings
In every single day.

Sumyanna Writes

Beginning and Beginning

I've walked on this road
For far too long.
Friends and acquaintances
Come and go.
Those who've always been
Fade away into the distance,
There for me when I give up
Or trouble makes me run.

I walk on this line designated
For my troubles alone.
Sometimes I balance it all,
Then something comes to throw
Me off my game.

He came around, and I swear
He held me up, if only to let me go.
You came to me as a shock.
Very surprising and a strange emotion
Surrounded the feeling of drowning.
You held me up with little more than belief
I simply grew to deeply love you.

No matter how you appeared
In my life, you are not my downfall.
You're the best part of my life,
And I love you beyond anyone else.
You held me up on the thin thread of my life
Before I could get up again.

You were made from a past I'll never change,
And I hope you know that,

Even though I had to walk more slowly
And with more hesitation,
I walked proudly with you in my life.

You helped me realize that everyone
In my entire life has left changed.
I am the string all come to meet
And all come to leave for the better.
The fragile thread holding up
The spider web of life.
Beautiful and complicated,
Strong and courageous.

You are my *new beginning*
Changing the way I live and learn.
You are my precious light
That I protect and care for
With my whole life every day.
You have the world to explore,
But I will always see you as my whole world.

You occupy my heart
More than you'll ever know,
And it might pain me to let you go
When you are ready,
But never forget,
As I fade away into the distance,
I'll always be here for you.
Find your own *new beginning*, my love.
Your momma will love no matter what.

Taylor H.

New Beginnings

Nothing falls forever
Not the raindrops from the sky
Nor the acorns from the branches
Or the teardrops from my eye

Nothing hurts forever
Not the pain that's in my heart
Nor the sorrow which seems endless
Since the day we broke apart

And nothing feels forever
For in time all things grow numb
But my feelings in this moment
Are as if my life is done

So my comfort as I'm falling
Is that rain becomes the sea
And the acorn, though discarded
Will itself become a tree

And I know that I'll stop falling
Though I don't know how or when
And like raindrops and the acorn
My life will start again

The Roxy Chicken

Worn Boot Heels

Worn boot heels thud upon the loam
Dust puffs in undulating waves
Layers drift and coat umber dry limbs
Particles sail as minute diamonds in the sun
Oases shimmer false hope in the distance
Searing endless heat bakes the parched land
A piercing keen arises in the seamless blue
Reminding this life is not for you
Sloughed empty shell of old
Push on to a destiny untold.

Theresa Jacobs

Enduring Dreams

My dreams are real
Many colors of living things
Auburn reds oranges ... greens and yellows
Leaves to petals of flowers
Dark tan tree limbs
Sky blues and white snowy clouds
Dreams of winds blowing
Through my gray hair waving
Blowing by ears
The atmosphere clapping noises
While sleeping each night
My dreams fly by in somber rest
Like a movie inside
My dreams are real
Every time to dream
Unless leaving the radio playing
Dreams can become obscured
To awaken from sleeping
The reality of dreams remembered
As the world breaks another day
The dreams become nightmares
My dreams are real to me

Thunder Cloud Jern

Sit With You In The Dark

Quietly watch you sitting
In the darkness of the night
Tears glide past cheeks so bare
Are you even consciously aware?

Pain shrieks through your heart
Nerves numbed by lethal darts
Frayed by lack of love and care
Why are you in such despair?

Close your eyes and feel my warmth
Shut the mind and lean back in my arms
Penetrating into your heart without fanfare
Don't you want me to emotionally repair?

No need to ask where I came from
Who am I or how do I know some
Just accept me for what I am here
Will you let me light up your sphere?

Once you start shining like a star
Flying high, into the zenith you soar
Duty done, I am not needed anymore
Would you let me silently disappear?

When I return to my home, you will realize
What once seemed drowning darkness
Extinguished by energizing blackness
Leaving behind, dazzling brightness

They call me *Pure Love*

Time Traveler

Escape from Mariana's Trench

Drag me down with you.
Bring me to lesser dimensions,
with flattened hearts and bitter rain
that pathetic roots try to lap up.
Bring me to you at your lowest depths -
I want the dirtiest,
ugliest,
blackest,
most wretched,
dilapidated,
shameful,
hideous,
disgusting parts of you,
not just the beautiful shining ones.

Break down into ten trillion pieces -
I'll help you polish the ones that can be polished.
I want to clean out the sludge with you when I can.
It's okay to ask for help, to receive help -
there's no way you could clean everything by yourself.
It's okay -
everyone who loves you will help you.
And when you're done
you reassemble yourself.
We'll rise back up together, but I won't help you.

You need to see if you have the stamina,
the endurance for such a steep climb.

(I know you do)

And when we reemerge on the surface
you will feel the fullest effects of warmth
and see how shadows are merely a momentary nuisance,
not the constant evil you are accustomed to.
And once you realize that this is the better way,
the right way to live,
shape your body to fit perfectly in my arms
and mold your heart to firmly seat in the contours of my hands...

You don't need a reason to justify feeling loved -
bathe in its light,
and take solace in the fact
that there is a sun that shines
only upon you.

Timothy McNeil

An Angel's Meet.

After a cold night, like sun's heat,
When heart's broken pieces I couldn't keep,
Coming out of dirt to a pure meet,
Next to her on bench I took my seat.

Reason for the spring, autumn's shredding leaf,
Reason for smiles, an end to all grief,
Winds bending trees but my love stood stiff,
Like she inhaled my sorrows in atmosphere's sniff.

Like coming into a true world after fake's treat,
Forgetting the walk of past after seeing prints of an angel's feet,
Felt the touch of alive after being with dead meat,
God made soul sent to me with greet.

Was out on path away from life, death to seek,
Words locked in depth of heart so deep to speak,
Promises I made to me as carved on teak,
But she inspired me to live turning evils weak.

Tk Arora

The Other Side

The rising sun
Made me smile
My country cirrus cumulus
Put upon the kindness
Nature bestowed;
Joy broken
Ogoni in agony
And I am writing an ode
To Odi.

In my emptiness
Among the huddled masses
Of the Niger Delta,
Will waiting bring succour?

Our children who have been
Branded militants
Have no job any less
Maybe this is our hope
Amid the divide and rule
In the postponement of our doom
Will hope cure same?

Tony Adah

3 Signs

Society is too blind, too bold, too cold
whomever knows if there's a silver line
that'll show and never get old mentally we are untold

To be free you believe it has to be achieved by law versus your God
what a shame and definitely when the gift takes too long you just got
to dig for a bone, look at me ..what do we search for when we don't
know.

How free to slain the idea to be you have will to seek and destroy,
keep and restore what will you chose. I will say everything works in
cycle, there is no balance if a belief is whole for it is truth to know
structure is pure you can't be touched you can't be seen, it's just a
matter doing and believing. *Here are 3 signs of sayings* to know
while you walk throughout these lands.

If it doesn't apply, it don't need a reply,
Be wise instead of smart, you'll live long,
Don't give it energy to live in your World
... Peace and Grace.

Trey aka Tech G

Everlasting Beginning

The lights part the clouds,
Announcing the arrival.
A brand new day,
Is upon us.
The rays fall on
A tear that fades.
Wiping away,
The day gone by.
As each day brings along
A new hope, a dream.
A chance for a new
everlasting beginning.
A promise that today,
shall be better and not a test.
An attempt that our sorrows,
shall finally be put to rest.

Trishna Damador

Nordic Summer

In cool sand
damp between my toes
lie shallow patterns
of feet and lovers
waiting for tide
to hide them

The sun never sets here

The silence of that half-lit night
that half-dark night
leads me back to other nights
and other nights yet
other worlds almost

I walk that beach
I laugh that night
I hope again
the hope of
oh, so trusting youth

We ran the forest floor
and whispered
Why I thought
there's no-one here to hear

Not to wake the mosquitoes
she said
and I smiled while fog,

as silent veil hugged the trunks

I sensed it then
this stirring
this notion of a stirring
I'll soon be born
I knew
for real this time

The sun all up again
It's only two a.m.
and we laugh to be alive
she with hair like a troll
I with thoughts like a troll
This summer calls
a distant life
as here, as then

Mystery and love alike
flood back
and my aching heart
fills the Los Angeles spring.

Ulf Wolf

My Soul Freed By Ink

Sitting by the corner of my dusty desk,
Feelings rising from an unknown zest,
Lost in thoughts, as time ticks long,
Writing for you, this unknown song.

Mid-summer sun, snow falling around,
In the midst of desert, dolphins swim around,
Deaf from birth, hearing cocoos sound,
Earth above heaven, confusion all around.

I heard a voice, for my pen did then say,
Strike me on paper, I will show you a way,
Fill your pages, there is a magical place,
A home full of care, deep in love's embrace.

Ink as my fuel and my pen as my guide,
I discovered a world where poetry resides,
Poets and poetesses, writing side by side,
Reluctant I stood, my pen held by my side.

Standing in the middle of a Poet's Dream,
Reading words that run in an eternal stream,
I dusted my desk, letting every fear sink,
A new beginning, my soul freed by ink.

Usaid Ali

The List

Fat, soft flakes falling. Swirling, curling, drifting, floating.

White winter moon looming large over the ice-blue frozen lake.

Christmas week has come and gone. The hands of the clock inch along.

One minute past midnight, the New Year has begun.

I'm celebrating the occasion, as is my custom, on my own. Alone.

Watching candle shadows flicker up and down the wall,

Contemplating the empty notebook on the nightstand in the hall.

Three-hundred-sixty-five blank pages to fill.

Whispering my name, sleep glides into the room in stocking feet,

Beckoned by the glow from the cozy, corner fireplace.

From behind closed eyelids, I observe a tumbling jumble,

A rambling host of goals, all clamoring for attention,

Sign up for a class in transcendental meditation.

Read Tolstoy's Anna Karenina. The unabridged edition.

Walk in the woods, along the river bank, marking

Bunny trails that criss-cross a snowy field.

Become a volunteer in a shelter for the homeless.

Join a community garden club and watch the harvest yield

Truckloads of fresh vegetables for the local food pantry.

Ideas sprouting up like meadow grass in springtime.

Restless wanderings, covering everything, from A to Z.

Visit a library, a museum or an art gallery.

Resolve to do them all, with the best of intentions,

Becoming one harmoniously stabilized human invention.

The seeds of change are planted.
Still, something is amiss.
Brain in a stew. What else will do?
One last resolution, one I vow to stick to.
The one that belongs at the top of the list.
Before yet another year comes to an end,
I resolve to carve out quality time to spend,
With my family. With my friends.

Valerie Moore

To My Soul Mate

I look for you between the clouds,
Memories will no longer do.
When you left, my heart lost its beat
And you took them all with you.

I'd wave goodbye, if I could,
But you are in a better place.
I cannot cry, though I tried,
Not one tear felt on my face.

But all must end, I will miss you my friend,
The old must make way for the new.
Like when we first met, we merged as one
And embarked on adventures anew.

For now I'll smell the daisies
And remember you when I do.
Have plenty adventures, and I'll do the same
Until I'm rejoined with you.

Vanessa Winter

New Beginnings

It's like waking up
just after the afternoon rain
and smelling the green grass
just after taking a short nap
in the cool summer.

It's like running downstairs
just after a late afternoon nap
and catching the streetcar
just before sunset and
thinking that it's Monday morning.

It's like riding down Gerrard Street
just before sunset
and watching the stores close
just before the last stop
and then walking back home again.

It's like growing your hair
down to your knees
and standing on the corner
for peace, love and music
in the cool summer.

It's like being in a dream
from the day you were born
looking for a welcome sign
in the bus and train stations
in the smoke and fumes
just after the afternoon rain.

Victor At Broadview

Ageless Love

Teeth are falling
Vision is dimming
Energy is fainting
Skin is wearing
But heart is still young
Still runs fast
Every time I hug you
Every time you close in

I wake up early
To see you sleeping
You still look gorgeous
Still look beautiful
Much time has passed
But whenever I kiss you
It still tastes delicious
I still feel awesome.

Peaceful as nothing
It feels with you
Naughty As ever
I am when with you
Valentine day!
I never celebrate
For me loving you
Is my habit.

Vikas Singh

Poetry

Is the whispered scribbling of hope daring to
Touch pixelized paper with the same texture
Of meaning our hands hunger to tap shredded lumber
And carve upon it the future we wish
To spell out for history ...
Or is it simply thoughts caught in mid-flight
As they skip across the ether
Searching for an exit into reality?

Westly Shakespeares

The Drum

When the time has finally come
Of longer shadows, fading drum
Each beat of the drum and heart
Slowly gains the leading part
Of every moment's thought

Does life become more precious?
Each moment more infectious
With love and laughter for the life?
Or droll with dread and dreary strife?
What is so dearly bought?

When does this life, in fact, begin?
With the bleating on the wind?
When first we burst upon this earth
All raucous from our recent birth?
Is that the moment caught?

Or when this life and love we grasp
With every moment, cause to gasp
At life's so many fickle ways
And revel in the tricks she plays
That life has never taught?

When does this life begin to end?
When body stops, no more to mend?
Or, when the heart no longer cares
And, when the mind no longer spares
Some time for reveled thought?

I was born the other day
Though many years had gone their way
I did not live until that time
Those many years without a rhyme
Were poorly sold and bought

I'll live this life, each moment comes
Each heartbeat rival to the drums
No longer will I wile the wait
Delayed unto some moment great
I'll waste a moment not

Now, feel the drumbeat of the life
Don't wait upon a moment rife
So full of patience and denial
As if it were some endless trial
So full of endless rot

If I live another day
No longer will I let it stray
From life adorned until the time
That I no longer will the rhyme
And dance, the lady caught

When does life end, you might well ask
When life becomes an endless task
Without an end in mindless sight
And on and on, an endless fright!
I shudder at the thought

No, dead is not the end of things
Nor death the dirge whose ending brings
Forth all the waste upon this earth
Now, here, beside the frozen firth
Break open to the spot

Where seas of love can well be found
Where life is bold and well renowned
For 'tis the will that leads the way
To endlessly bring love and play
And, that is what I've got

She is the thought that's bold and free
With fiercest love, she anchors me
To all of life's rare sweetest blessings
And all its lovely, wondrous dressings
Beyond the slightest doubt

There is no more to life than that
Let's speak no more of kit and kat
So, well upon this tireless way
I revel now and I do say
It is of love I spout

Oh, tally up the tender sums
Life echoed through the beat of drums
That pound along the endless way
As if each beat did clearly say
We are still here and stout

And dally more if that's your will
Each beat a strike unto a thrill
Each breath a song to always fill
The heart no longer sitting still
Each moment to the top

Still along the way I go
Toss the hammer, bell the blow
The hammer do I surely throw
The bell is there so that I know
Just at the end full stop

Whith Wicky

Milliard d'années?

Nous étions nés.
Le Comment?
Ou le Flamboiement ?
De l'Energie originelle,
Nous étions gouttes de Dieu.
Aux larmes éternelles
Nous étions le Bonheur des
cieux.
Et Puis...
Et Puis nous avons pris
demeure,
Tel des embaumeurs,
Aux différents visages,
Sans senteurs des Paysages;
Nous appropriant terres et
destins,
Nous octroyant vie et desseins.
Et dans cette énergie nouvelle,
Nous avons oublié notre rêve
originelle.
Notre Vie.

Billion Years?

We were born.
The How?
Or the Flaming?
Of the original Energy,
We were drops of God.
To the eternal tears
We were the Happiness of
Heaven.
And...
And then we took hold,
Like embalmers,
To the different faces,
Without scents of the
Landscapes;
We appropriating lands and
destinies,
Granting life and purpose to us.
And in this new energy,
We have forgotten our original
dream.
Our life.

(Google Translation)

William Altitude

On the Horizon Line

He awoke to the unknown,
His identity a masquerade
Performed on his behalf ...
Fear, desires ...
His pretending self
A kaleidoscope of lies ...
His pains ...
Lollipops in the sand ...
A tapestry carefully woven
By the collective ignorance
And sickness of mind ...

The new morning light
Warm and bright,
Cut through the silence
Straight into his heart,
Lovingly caressing his soul ...

Man had fallen
As past and future merged
Into a new dawn ...

Let him die,
Let him die,
A voice said
Let the old man you were die,
At every second
At every step ...

Become the fallen leaf
That turns to tree's sap.

Become the lone sailor
On a wind drifting raft
Forever on the horizon line ...

Become the ever present
Everlasting ...
Love that you are ...

An keep on ...
Keep on walking ...
Forever ...
On the horizon line ...

xoanxo cespon

Endings Are Beginnings

We find ourselves
In a unique dimension
Where life is defined
In terms of Space and Time

Here life begins and ends
Life is born then dies
Invoking a lifespan
Or are we deceiving ourselves

I'm afraid this is not
A dimension of separation
Life cannot be bound and
Nothing exists in isolation

Here on planet Earth
Life depends upon death
Decay and rot provide
Nutrients to sustain life

Where endings are beginnings
One life feeds another
Making life endless
Cycles of birth and rebirth

We live in an ecosystem
Where all life becomes one
Nature proves we are
Neither isolated nor alone

Separation and isolation
Are but grand illusions
Created by humanity's fear
We're all brothers and sisters

Life is an endless chain
No species are superfluous
Remove one link and
The entire system fails

Humans are the newest species
Most unstable and imbalanced
All life now depends upon us
Will we succeed or will life fail

Will we be the end of endings
Or the beginning of beginnings
Hint - Life was never ours to take
But ours to protect and nurture

Zenon Earth

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Poet's Dream

Exclusive Poets – Original Poetry