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Final Work

for

Creative Writing Project Course

Cycle of Seasons - Circles of Life

Prologue

gliding

Sweet dreams

Lonely

Turning

crying

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…to be continued…

Spring

Haiku

blackbird seeking worms

Praising Bird

to my working days in spring.

fulfilling my needs.

The Art of March

the sacred winter silence could be gone.

– How these words unveil my own clichéic life!

just passing by to dance and breed up north.

while crows are croaking at the humid clouds.

A Touch of Spring Sunshine

eight minutes old.

lollipop polluted.

by upgrading my Facebook status.

New photos for uploading!

Promises, Promises

stubbornly holding on to winter.

whatever season.

Tune in – you turn me on!

Old Possum Eliot agreeing in his Waste Land.

Poetry as well.

Fall in Spring – Paradise Lost

and fall – though in spring.

in the eddy of the Lord’s.

his all-encompassing omnipotence.

Stop being curious or this will be your fall!

now brought me to strange and sinful corners of the alphabet.

my eyes looking into an until then unknown world.

Hello.

holding her arms around my pumping belly.

until the end of universe – and even longer!

She’d sold the son’s cycle too cheap.

Though initially, into my skin.

But there were no clowns.

and extremely incredible excuses.

convincing him of his perfect parenthood.

effected on that unveiling divan.

My father and I.

Sense and Sensuality – Paradise Reconstructed

I – the ignorant dog tail.

wide open eyes reflecting the shining paint.

even me, the born bicyclist.

– for little brother and sister at home as well.

and feed our forgotten stomachs…

A starter for our eardrums.

intro streaming from nearby window.

My eldest son and I.

Summer

Haiku

silvery network

July to me, or not

just like the gem of Northern summer night.

Its parenthood is known to be quite weak.

as I am passing by on whirling wheels.

Summer — and?

never before abused by tourists.

and load their digicams with fake memories!

too much or too little of everything!

Give me wormwood to survive!

When Grandma Died

Mum and Dad and my elder brothers felt deep crying grief.

in a brown paper bag very morning.

we all drooled for.

“Do you want an orange?”

What joy! Happiness! For me only! Not my brothers!

“Yes!” I cried, eagerly running to thre kitchen.

“No, not that boy!”

Sharing the same name, baker boy and I.

and thoughts could kill!

half a year later.

splitting my childish mind.

year after year.

That was the summer that was.

Flute Playing

from the podium of my saddle.

I always tried to blow it with my nostrils.

against an innocent brick wall.

in former wood anemone hills in July.

and the cuckoo's magic hiccups from f to c.

Magic Tragic Season

wilder than honey

underneath my heart

Zooming seasons of endless alienation

in its far harbor of unheard sirens

in the cruel sunshine

Zooming summer chill summer kill

where nightingales nest and secretly sing

focusing future that will never be

Nocturnal Walk

while we passed his home.

in an initial attempt.

until it was firmly fulfilled.

of reflected sunlight.

deep down in the treasury of my mind.

Fall/Autumn

Haiku

over naked soil

Fruits of Fall

when darling rose and butterfly are dead.

of apple trees with flowers full of bees.

— a secret promise of the springs to be.

Seasoning the Seasons

– a time for further studies and reflection.

but paling shells from dehydrated snails?

unfaithful like the teenage month of April?

while dressing up my birch in crystal fur.

Fall is the Case

they'd otherwise be only three.

The sun is turning pale and weak.

now fills my nose with pure decay.

Now is Time

of ignorance and eyes wide shut

all doors closed and shut

or wings of leather?

in synthetic wings and blue jeans

a

l

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Beach Walk – Beat walk

of biological life on earth.

of life from its start to the tomb.

It's me

and the sea,

It's me

and the waves,

breathing

and pulsing,

waving

and weaving

of words and poetry.

following us from the start.

and my heart

and the sea

oetry

poetry

poetry…

It's us

Celebrating Myself

of life — thus experiencing fall.

Goodbye to youth — it's time to fall.

I'll try to seize the joy of fall.

We'll die and then the night will fall.

Winter

Haiku

feathers of silence

Global Emotional Cooling

The gods are watching us with mixed emotions.

It seems like we have bled and cried an ocean

The gods are watching us with mixed emotions.

It seems like we have bled and cried an ocean.

The gods are watching us with mixed emotions.

It seems like we have bled and cried an ocean.

The gods are watching us with mixed emotions.

Elegy for a Snowflake

like all other old egocentrics

Winter Ghazal

He hopes his words have warmed you well.

It's Christmas Time again

X-macht – jawohl!

ignoring rules and sensibility.

X-macht – jawohl!

in white beard and hair like my mother!

X-macht – jawohl!

But where did JC go?

Lying Awake

my situation into a poem worth that label.

Cyclic Water – States of Aggregation

the first steaming hot encouraging cups of the day.

and all-encompassing inland ice.

ice, fluid, steam, plasma…

right outside my soon blinded window.

Epilogue

Fifth Season

against blackboard or window.

I imagine patrolling each side of "now",

by the other.

Seasons meeting in the fifth season.

to falsetto-singing Michael Jacksons.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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