

Two

by drew *Tuesday, Nov 14 2017, 3:01am*

international / poetry / post

Pine

a solitary pine overlooks the sea
sprinkling needles on the ground
in heavy rain

they mix with open cones
their seeds long since dispatched
yet none have taken root nearby
to rescue this solitary tree from
its cruel isolation

raindrops drip from its needles
clear as clarity dripping rhythmically
on my face and shoulders

i draw closer to one not yet fallen
and see the sea and sky caught in its
tiny sphere

how small are captured images,
how large is reality

i wait it out, the rain ceases
and i emerge from under its branches
to hear a sea hawk cry from the upper branches,
eyes fixed on me
and realise it was a hawk or bird that carried
the seed to this clifftop,
which sprouted producing
needles, pins, cones and
and a drop of rain
that captured the sky and sea
in its clarity

Sounds in the Night

i write at night
almost till dawn
if possessed by
the impulse

during the night little sounds issue
from the throats and mouths
of those slumbering around me

my girl sleeps behind me
on my sofa tonight
she likes to be near
tho while i write
i am not given to distracting conversation,
she is happy to be near

'what's that u say?'
a mutter escapes from her lips,
no response so i swivel around
and see she is in deep sleep
tho moving her lips and hand

another little gasp, so i swivel around again,
dead to the world but alive in a dream as her body
gently twitches and writhes

she gasps again and her body relaxes,
her breathing slow and rhythmical

i decide to write this poem
of the event, after which i attend to her breakfast
and take a break from my keyboard
to attend to her needs
which speak louder than her little mutterings
at night,
tho i dare not show her this poem