

Anthology of BlueDays

Presented by

My poetic Side 



summary

Black

Blood on the bed

Sex Starved

Shingebiss and the North Wind

Mother superstar

Summer Dreams

A Trilogy of Edone Poems

Seren

Black

I should of been a poet.

I should of been something.

I could of been once.

But now, there is nothing.

Nothing but black.

Black in my heart.

Black in my eyes.

Black in the sack.

Black in the skies.

Bubbling, boiling, burning. **Black.**

Blood on the bed

And you scratched and you pushed
and my protests were shushed
You said not a word nor acknowledged my pain,
for only your pleasure you sought to gain
And who was I, to make a complaint?
And why should I object or delay?
I played dead and I lay still and I prayed desperately that I were ill
For I simply couldn't conceive it, this must be the result of a brutish fever?
Heavy your body and heavy my head, and heavy still the blood on the bed
The blood on the bed
The blood on the bed, you contested your part
It was all my fault, I was falling apart
Yes i was, but I stayed quiet
My eyes stared calm, though my mind was a riot
I say I chose but I had no choice
I had no fight and I had no voice
Forever more will I bear the truth but I trust in karma to punish you
No harm done, to you it seems
the hurt you caused you will never see
Heavy the subject and heavy your breath, heavy the noise in my head
You may forget but I'll always remember, the time you spilled my blood on the bed.

Sex Starved

Eros Eros

You've left me starving

Parched and yearning

You black hearted beast

You meant it too

I bet you're hard in your seat

My unrest, your pleasure

My undoing, your game

I curse thee Eros!

Shingebiss and the North Wind

In his wigwam all night long
Shingebiss chants his merry song
Kabibona'kan frosty man
Come and freeze me if you can!
I am warm and I am free
And you are mortal just like me
Kabibona'kan bone shaker
Come on in and meet your maker!
Old man North Wind loudly blows
Screeching wildly as he throws
Shingebiss stands proud and strong
In his wigwam all night long

Mother superstar

Extraordinary strength
lies within
a cautious facade
innately protective
no holds barred
ethereal mother superstar

Summer Dreams

Crush the velvet, smooth the silk
In soothing lavender and dusky pink
Pick the daisy, weave the chain
In loops and circles again and again

Crush the lavender, brush the pink
Into soft surrender slowly sink
Pluck the violet amidst clement air
Place it gently in your lovers hair

Preserve the violet, press the daisy
Reminiscing memories warm and hazy
Honeyed secrets cherished fondly
Summer dreams sleep deep and soundly

A Trilogy of Edone Poems

An
end
that
ought
praise
peoples
lifelong
existence
generating
celebration

~

I
am
one
poet
among
truant
fortune
battling
prejudice
stupendous

~

To
see
such
close
beauty
devours
careless

devotions

whispering

temptations

Seren

Seren walk, sit and stay
Though you slobber, bark and bay
Without your kisses on my face
I wouldn't face another day
Flippy floppy flappy ears
That bring to me an endless cheer
The warmth that comes when you are near
The comfort knowing you are here
The times you sit by my side
Happily watching life go by
Enduring front seat car rides
Breaking rules you can't abide
Watching over my baby girls
Endlessly having your ears 'twirled'
Thank you Seren, every day, for being with us in our world