

Anthology of Charlotte Mae

Charlotte Mae



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

Endless Circles

Into Quietness

Endless Circles

It begins again.

The pen, long dormant,
comes alive as it starts
to skim the paper
like a smooth stone thrown
off the surface of the water.

The words spill out,
stirring the stars to
cast endless circles around her
while revealing their light,
a light which has
guided her verses of prose.

The spark is no longer contained
igniting across her mouth,
burning spirals of colors
that float out the window
colliding with a frigid night air
leaving her to bask
in its afterglow.

Into Quietness

The misty, whispering rain starts to fall
as I trace my finger against
the cold glass, following a drop.

The irregular starts and stops
making the task cumbersome,
finally falling quicker than
I could ever anticipate.

The distraction dissolves in seconds,
my thoughts being consumed
by time once again.

Time.

I was to mend in time.
I tried to escape,
tried to restrain my pen into quietness,
to hide it from his face,
to erase him from its reach,

but there is no sanctuary
as he is ingrained
in every part of me.

I claw at my chest
sinking my fingers in
Only to be unable to remove him.

I sink in despair
with stained hands
and a wound that will
not heal in time.