

Anthology of Joanna Garrido

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To those who love me

About the author

I love poetry, nature, mountains, flora and fauna,
hill walking. I am a mother, wife and friend.

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Under the Moon

As I try to sleep, your tears drop to my face
You can feel my deep pain for the whole human race
From the night sky above, your moonbeams carress
As I lay 'neath the stars they can feel my duress
You have seen many times the conflict of wars
The death and the suffering that such conflicts cause
You have seen the unrest, the chaos they bring
Up in your night sky, you can't do a thing
Your tears make a pool as they fall to the ground
As I try go to sleep without making a sound
You weep for the children whose parents are dead
You weep for the families who live in bloodshed
You weep for the planet, toxic and grey
You weep for the slaughter where elephants lay
You weep for the Earth from your vantage above
And I go to sleep in your moonlight of love.

JG 13/02/19

I Love the Bones of You

I love the bones of you my valentine
Why don't we go socialise?
Celebrate Valentine's Day
You don't look fat in my eyes
You've nobody to go with
But I will be there at your side
You like a bit of meat to grab hold of?
But I'm your attractive corpse bride

I love the bones of you back, my dear
We could dance, do the Boney Maloney
Rattle and roll, I do a neat trombone
Go Italian and eat macaroni
I'm more at ease at Halloween
But we'll go paint the town, have a scream
Tickle my funny bone, give me a squeeze
A skeleton's Valentine dream

Only if your heart is in it.

14/02/19 JG

Save the Elephant ?

Savannas under burning gold
Africa's finest roam
A normal day here to unfold
A heat drenched place called home

The largest families Matriarch led
Live out 'neath burning rays
Thick skin, over grassland tread
Safe in numbers, sun-filled days

At least that's how it ought to play
But man has other plans
To kill or maim, take tusks away
For ivory, money in their hands

Asia trades in ivory
Her head should bow in shame
Poachers paid successfully
No questions asked, cruel game

For every orphaned calf that cries
Was 2 years in the making
For every death neath Blood Red skies
For ivory they're taking.

Don't buy ivory is my plea
Stand together, ban the blood
Save the elephants living free
Not mourn where mighty, they once stood.

JG 10/02/19

Psychedelia

Psychedelia; 60's sound
Lou Reed's Velvet Underground
Eddie Sedgwick, Warhol's muse
The Factory, dancing without shoes

Swirling patterns, geometric
Stoned and spinning, tastes eclectic
Summer of Love, 67
Hedonistic trips to heaven

Morrison, The Doors were in
Light my Fire, Decadent grin
Open up doors of perception
Out of it, no recollection

Edie, Jim were doomed it seems
They dance in psychedelic dreams
Lizard King and Warhol's muse
Trip the night, not wearing shoes.

10/02/19 JG

Rider on the Storm

Rider on the storm
A rock icon was born
Tousled hair adorn
Leather trousers worn
Voice so hot and deep
Could make the angels weep
Rider on the storm

Poet of The Doors
Writer with a cause
Boy you light my fire
Oooo you take me higher
Singer with a soul
Beautiful control
Poet of The Doors

Sing among the stars
Jupiter to Mars
Light up heaven's sky
You can never die
Though you left us
for a high
Try to burn
the night sky
Rider on the storm.

09/02/19 JG

Daughter of Wessex

Heroine extraordinaire
I loved you then
and love you still
Hardy's daughter of Wessex

Pure, innocence shone
Mistreated by men
Your fresh faced beauty
Attracted

Forced upon
Mother of misery
Buried child
Without a name

Angel your saviour
So good a man as he
Your one true love
Married you in bliss

So good a man as he
Abandoned you
On your wedding night
Ears closed to your truth

You worked the land
A survivor
Harsh winter toil
Chilled to the bone

He claimed you
He who forced you
And in your abandonment

A weak moment of chill

Good Angel reconsidered
Years away, his health poor
Returned to find you
Too late

In cold hatred
he who forced you
paid
as you snapped

I can see you now
Cold as Winter's smile
On the slabs of Stonehenge
As they came for you

My favourite
doomed
heroine
Tess

4/2/19 JG

Pebble

And the oceans stretched before her
Never ending
Their hidden depths belied in blue serene
Neath skies spread to the heavens in their vast
A pebble on the shore she could have been
Threatening skies, waves crashing to the shore
Dangerously compelling in their dance
Wild, untamed, free as the birds in flight
A pebble on the edge of their romance
And the oceans spread before her feel her pain
In cloud the skies are spelling out her name
At one with nature's splendid song, she sings
A pebble, part of Nature's glorious game
6/2/19 JG

The Rain

The sweet, sweet smell of a fresh rainfall
I breathe her in as I recall
A lingering kiss
A feel of bliss
Sheltering by the old stone wall

Rainfall bouncing on the ground
Takes me back that sound, that pound
to soaking skin
Clothes that cling
Laughing, running. Love we'd found

Rainfall heavy as my heart,
River of my tears
A soft goodbye
A wondering why
Rain reminds me we're apart

2/2/19 JG

Gold Roses

I dreamt I walked in gardens green
where roses ornate gold
were once a blush, a maiden's flush
Embalmed, their secrets hold

Their fragrance was metallic
no aromatic scent
Gone their perfumed essence
Their days of youth were spent

Encapsulated, hardened hearts
Their cries could not unfold
As they once felt the Midas touch
That trapped them in pure gold
1/2/19 JG

Frosty Morning

Winter trees coated in hoarfrost
Branches of feathery white
Silvery fairyland glitters
Morning awakes to this sight

My garden's transformed overnight
The tree where the goldfinches feed
Brushed, painted silver and white
Apart from where they nibble seed

I breathe in the beauty and sigh
My breath wisps of clouds in the air
Beautiful crystalline painting
A picture ethereal and rare

Ice-etched windows look out
onto gardens of lace formed of ice
It's freezing, my whole body shivers
but a frost tinted world looks so nice.

31/01/19 JG

Clickety Click

She left with a case, not even a note
Heels clicking she never turned back
Clickety click, clickety clack

Where's mum - little faces pressed
against the glass, eyes searching
Come away, says he, have your tea

She left for another, in her best coat
Heels clicking, she moved on with glee
Clickety clack, entertained on her back

Where's mum- little cheeks stained
with tears, still eyes searching
Get to bed, says he, you've still got me

She left for the new, her old life remote
Heels clacking, she felt they did click
Clickety clack, her heels left no track

Where's mum - little hearts pleading
Eyes searching and searching
Clickety clack, she's not coming back.

29/01/19 JG

Swan

Graceful swan, your plumage white
you haunt the shadows of the night
on glacial waters of the lake
mute you glide, no sound do make
And I have loved you from afar
Lost to me, my wandering star
And how you danced as wings took flight
You mesmerised with feet so light
on every pirouette you spun
in moonlight's glow, my heart was won
And still I love you evermore
Lost to me, hard to endure
You are the lake, the stars, the moon
Ethereal music's soulful tune
Princess of the glacial water
Nevermore a lover, daughter
In death, your voice will soar the plains
Sing for me those sad refrains
Graceful swan, my deep regret
you nevermore shall be Odette.

28/01/19 JG

Dance of Death

She danced the dance of Death
The red shoes clinging tight
Pain with every breath
Giving up the fight

Near to sweet life's end
The red shoes whirl her round
On Death she can depend
To dance her underground

Round, round in Dark Waltz spin
The red shoes dance her, on and on
A punishment for Karen's sin
No sweet release for doing wrong

As she dances through Death's door
The red shoes haunt the night
And spin around for evermore
A melancholy sight

26/01/19 JG

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=ktv3-1JTspc&autoplay=1>

Try link from above as won't work on the video bit

The Asylum

Love led her to madness
in this dark, putrid place
where the living are ghosts
and haunt the shadows
Cries echo and walls ring
screams in the day,
screams in the night
Love led her and love left her
in this house of no hope
Sunken eyes, never still
Pacing the corridors
Damned by his signature
to The Asylum

24/01/19

Depression

In a world devoid of light
In joyless, loveless realms
Curled in a corner, no more fight
Everything overwhelms
And grey, grey every day

In a quicksand, bottomless pit
Imprisoned, trapped, inside feel dead
The loss of self, the hope, the wit
Dark thoughts spin around the head
And grey, grey every day

In a padlocked cage without a key
Suicide beckons; a way to be free
Curled in a corner, with no energy
Living though the soul bleeds
And grey, grey every day

But Welcome to the little death
Of sleep where tortures fade
The peaceful rhythm of the breath
In lands where dreams are made

3/11/18 JG

Mirage

Arid desert
shimmering heat haze
shielding eyes, dazzling rays
blazing sun beats down
Mirage

Crowned with aureole gold
you shine
strength, beauty
Being divine
Mirage

In your smile
sunbeams dance
In your eyes
Entranced
Mirage

Golden chariot
steeds of fire
Son of Titans
Heat, Desire
Mirage

Illuminated days
together
Sun God
Burn in me forever
Mirage

22/01/19

The Death of Planet Earth

The saddest day there'll ever be
when nature sobs in harmony
Planet Earth will cease to be
and Heaven sends her sympathy

We will see the rainfall pouring
tears that never end
pooling in deep waters
as she cry, cries
until the angels die
falling from the heavens
drowning in her waters deep
their wings too wet to fly

We will hear the wild winds howling
screeching through the trees
calling out in misery
The Earth is on her knees
The angels that watched over us
are nevermore to be
The saddest day we'll ever see
The death of Planet Earth.

21/01/19 JG

The Moss

My husband has a thing about our garden growing moss
"I hate moss"he shouts, his spanish accent strong
He tries to dig it up but gets the grass instead
It drives me crazy when he gets it wrong
I opened up the curtains one sunny summer's day
To look out at the garden through the glass
All the lawn had vanished, instead it looked burnt dry
The stuff he used for moss had killed our grass
The cherry tree that used to be so pretty growing there
He cut her branches at wrong time of year
She nevermore had blossom, cost plenty to chop down
He said the roots had grown too big, and never shed a tear.
"I hate moss" his war cry as he wanders round the garden
Spraying stuff - he's sure the moss will die
Will he burn the grass again, I worry as he sprays
He can't read the small print nor can I.

20/01/19 JG

True Love

A blood red rose her petals meet
in delicate perfection
Closer in the centre, withstanding wind or storm
Prickles on her stem can never touch her heart
She is passion, she is nature's work of art

The Roman goddess Venus held her sacred in the myth
From Cupid's spill of nectar she was born
Do not underestimate this bloom from up above
She is harmony, desire, she is true love

JG 19/01/19

Red Sky

Swirling passions orange, red, flame across the sky
The burning fires of feeling etched above
The radiant sun is setting, her brilliance soon to die
And in the embers stoke the coals of never dying love
Far away you're standing under the same evening sky
To you, her red depicts my bleeding heart
Our sun has set in your mind when you last kissed me goodbye
For you, the fire's gone out now we're apart.

17/01/19 JG

City of Light

Paris, the city of love, the city of light

La Ville-Lumiere

Birthplace of the Age of Enlightenment

Here - poets, writers and artists have found inspiration for centuries.

Every night she glows illuminating the skyline.

Radiant capital casting her magic spell captivating all who walk her boulevards, river banks and bridges. Against the velvet night sky the lit up landmarks stand out in splendour.

In her midst, I have a lightness of step, a lightness of mood and oh, how I love as all lovers do. She romances me as no other.

At nightfall the famous Eiffel Tower a large lighthouse a beacon shining over the city.

I catch my breath in wonderment at the power of her blazing beams of light.

From sunset her glittering gold glows on the hour. Light shows entertain the passers by, the crowds.

Paris in the daytime is a dream

Paris in the nighttime an enchantment

that lights up our hearts and minds.

She romances me as no other.

15/01/19 JG

Winter Scene

Pretty lacy snowflakes swirling and spiralling through the air, softly landing

A myriad of different shapes and sizes

I laugh as one lands on my nose. Marvel at how these delicate airborne creations have built snow to the knees - we sink in it as we walk and leave deep footprints. I try to step in your deeper footprints. My breath hangs in the air, little wisps of cloud before me.

Overnight, white Winter, with cold heart has touched the land with her icy fingers and left a wonderland behind. The stream is covered in ice, and translucent hard pointed jewels hang where yesterday, the waterfall cascaded. The bare arms of the trees are painted in white as Winter brushed against them on her rush to cover the land.

Wrapped up warm, we enjoy the winter scenery as we sink in snow making our way home. Because of the cold and snow, home feels extra comforting. It's a pleasure to warm our hands before the fire, snuggle up with mugs of piping hot tea, through the window watch the snowflakes tumble like little lacy acrobats.

14/01/19 JG

City of Bridges

Kiss me under the Bridge of Sighs
on a moonlit starry night
and I will sigh forever
A gondola ride with you by my side
In the city of love

Kiss me under the Rialto Bridge
an architectural dream
and I will dream forever
A gondola ride on the Grand Canal wide
In the city of dreams

Kiss me under the Bridge of Spires
with passion and desire
and stay with me forever
A gondola ride, the sights to inspire
In this magical city of bridges

JG 14/01/19

Rock God

So lithely you moved, owning the stage
Curly dark hair framing heavenly face
Energy flowing from every part
Tight - your rock voice filling the place

In your prime the only rock god of the ages
A giant amongst us, gyrating the floor
Sensual being, your body on show
Leaving us wanting, begging for more

Brown eyes to melt a hardened heart
You had us with a soft smile
A slide of the hips, a need you tonight
Captivated our senses, we drooled for a while

No one could match you for raw energy
You sang with the band whilst you covered the floor
No one has ever bewitched us like you did
You gave us yourself and we all wanted more

The music lives on but you were its life force
It hurt when you died in a moment of pain
Michael we loved you for all that you brought us
We'll not see your like in this sad world again.

12/01/19 JG

One soft kiss

In one soft kiss a myriad of sunbeams dance
In one soft kiss a rainbow's arch its power to enhance
In one soft kiss a feel of bliss lifts high on Cupid's wings
In one soft kiss a sweet song fills the air and my heart sings

In one soft touch a bud awakens into passion's flower
In one soft touch a firework explodes in dazzling shower
In one soft touch a feel of such magic surges through
In one soft touch a meltdown of my body into you

2/11/99 JG

Wild

Wild grows the aloe with her orange hybrid blooms
Volcanic soil yet fertile means her brightness fills the eye
in this landscape of the parched and dry,
the barren mountains more radiant for a splash of colour
on this sun drenched land

Wild grows the poppy with her petals proud and red
in meadows green, her brightness fills the eye
in truth it's where my heart does lie
The green hills of home more radiant for her splash of colour
on this thirst quenched land

Wild blows the west wind, petals scatter in the air
In deserts dry or pastures green, their brightness fills the eye
as on wings they fly
butterflies radiantly floating on the breeze
On the ground, job over, they land.

10/01/19 JG

Moonlight Goodbye

Melancholy strains of a lone violin
Ethereal music haunting the night
Notes on the air float in sadness
The moonlight is saying goodnight
to the lovers entwined for the last time
as they sway to the music with grace
Clinging before they are parted
The Moon wipes a tear from her face
bathing the couple in silvery shining,
she sprinkles her moon-dust and sighs
for the lovers entwined for the last time
The moonlight is saying goodbye

08/01/19 JG

Stargazing

Come with me to the roof of the world
look up, see the clear, velvet night
bejewelled with thousands of twinkling stars
glittering the heavens, shining so bright
The night garden's star flowers glow in the darkness
at the roof of the world, come stargaze with me
I will catch you a falling star for your posey
sparkle your hair with her diamond bright light
glitter your eyelids with starlight and moon-dust
if you stargaze with me in the dark velvet night.

07/01/19 JG

My heart is in the mountains

My heart is in the mountains

My soul is in their midst

My mountains call from splendoured heights.

I hear their song and my heart is lifted to where the red kites soar.

I breath the ancient air of kings and in that moment I am there.

The pleasure that their call invites.

I hear their words and my heart is lifted to where the red stag standing in grandeur breaths the ancient air of kings

In that moment I am there.

My heart is in the mountains

My soul is in their midst

The passion that their call ignites

I hear their cry and my heart is lifted to where they pierce the skies and I breath the ancient air of kings.

In that moment I am there.

I lost you

I lost you to the mountain, to the longing in your heart
My mortal charms could never hold you here
I lost you to the dream, to compete I could not start
All I have is empty arms and nights of chilling fear
I lost you to the mountain, because it's there you said
And I am here, but lay discarded in an empty bed

They say you never made it, they say you disappeared
You had to make it to the top or what was this all for?
You wanted it so very much and it's the thing I feared
They say you're never coming back, I wonder if they're sure
A dream to stand upon the highest peak
To not see, not hold, not be there, not speak
I lost you to the mountain a long long time ago

JG 7.4.18

The Blue Flames of Immortality

Bewitch me, Ayesha, in volcanic realms
to bathe in the flames of your pillar of light
Sorceress of beauty, your power overwhelms
your enchanted incarnate, returned from the night
Ageless and timeless, in Kor once revered
Lost in your eyes, in your spellbinding gaze
Two millennia existed, now cruel and feared
by the people you've ruled in formidable ways
Step into the blue flames, to melt and to burn?
To give reassurance you step in the blue
carressing your body, erotically turn
Eternal life beckons, in harmony with you
We bathe in the light so forever exist
Ayesha, Kallikrates ever entwined
Then time to step out, but a terrible twist
Ayesha, you whither like grapes on a vine
Your body is shrivelling, you're turning to dust
Before me, my lover, gone back to the earth
Now I reincarnate, forever to lust
for you to come back to me, for your rebirth
I pine for you, grieve for you, calling your name
what you failed to know of the blue fire's curse
is that once you may enter the magical flame
but the second time all of its powers reverse

31.12.18

Here's to a new year

Here's to a new year, a brave year, a better year
A year when our dreams all come true
Here's to a slimmer me, a thinner me, a fitter me
think I've said that since 1992.
Here's to a new year, successful year, a better year
A year when we see Brexit through
Mind - we've been saying that and praying that and hoping that,
for at least a year or two (feels like ten)
Here's to a happy year, adventurous year, a good year
That we flourish in everything we do
So raise a toast, and clink your glass
To a year all bright and new.
Happy New Year

31.12.18

As white as the winter

As white as the winter and cold as her smile
She walked through the churchyard, her
wedding train blowing
Her Uncle beside her, his jaw firm and set
Her bridal veil hiding the tears that were flowing
There was no going back, she could tell by his stance
If only he'd listen, in his hands her fate
As white as the winter and cold as the ice
At the top of the church aisle, the bridegroom did wait.
She walked down the aisle on this bleak wedding day
Clutching white roses until her hands bled
Cursing the Uncle who'll give her away
To the man stood before her with eyes cold and dead
Who held out his hand to her, lifted her veil
As white as the winter, the snow and the hail.
She walked to the altar, the groom at her side
Her heart was another's, she couldn't be wed
But vows were then spoken and ring on her finger
His lips pressed against her 'you're mine now' he said
And the world spun around her; she wanted to die
How could she lay with him this dark starless night
As white as the winter, a lamb to the slaughter
Her true love forsaken, no hope within sight
And he led her away through the church to his carriage
Then he drove her to places she'd never dare tread
And she lived with a cold smile, her heart ever frozen
As white as the winter in his wedding bed.

22.10.18 JG

Your wife is dead

Black heart, brute male who lay his mistress on the still warm bed
No conscience, no shame - to Sylvia still wed
and She fragile, burning with pain, fingers numb with cold
Your wife is dead, his lover said.

The snowing streets, the phone box calls
The no-one there, the closing walls
and she fragile, takes her life
Your wife is dead, his lover said

Black heart, brute male who takes his lover to his sweet wife's bed unmade
and let's her tend the babes where Sylvia laid
Cook them food where earlier lay her head
Your wife is dead, his lover said.

written in January 2018 by Joanna Garrido

The Dark Waltz

I love the Dark Waltz - deliciously midnight
The Phantom, the opera, the dark lair
The gothic, the mystery, the moonlight
The ethereal spirit of night air
I love the sensual, the star crossed young lovers
The tragic, the dreamer, the doomed
Shakespeare, Lord Byron and Sylvia Plath
Great poets that I have consumed
I love Tchaikovsky, Odette and Odile
Carmen by Bizet, Miss Saigon, Les Mis
The music, the poetry that make my heart feel
Nothing inspires such as this
Spinning me round to the beautiful sound
of the Dark Waltz into the abyss.

Frozen

Cold the white waters cascading
Hard the glass jewels of ice
Glint in the sun with no warmth
Winter
Not yet ready to melt
My tears the white waters cascading
My teardrops glass jewels of ice
No warmth to melt or to break them
Frozen
Not yet ready to move on.

Bride of the Dark Depths

Follow me into the night which envelops us, cloaked in the blackness and hooded in dark
The stars are extinguished, the moon turns her face, no light to guide us, our journey is stark.
The forests that frighten and grasp at thy pale skin, tearing thy garments when hurriedly passed
The calls of the night birds, the shapes of the shadows, firmly hold onto me, move with me fast.

Follow me into the realms of the underworld, come follow, inhabit the world of the night
The stars are extinguished, the moon turns her face, into the abyss, goodbye to the light
No ivory satin, no white rose bouquet, no cream lace adorn thee on thy wedding day
Bride of the dark depths thy ebony tresses are decored in black silk, of midnight thy dresses

Follow me into the chambers of Hades and come to me, join with me, lift back thy veil
No father or brother or suitor shall find thee, the stars are extinguished that none see thy trail
But here thou shalt live for me, thrive for me, die for me
Bride of the dark depths, no choices have thee.

14/5/18

Goldfinch

In the hand of the Baptist by Raphael himself
The Christ child is reaching and touching your head
the blood of salvation is etched out in red

Chained by Fabritius and haunting The Hague
Trained to do tricks in the Dutch golden age
And gold marks your clipped wings

Hardy wrote of you, of tortures endured
In boxes of darkness you never deserved
And your cry is of freedom, your pure voice to soar

On thistle you feast, and your trills fill the air
Charms of you flocking, my autumn tree bare
Anointed as robins, the golden finch sings.

17.12.18 JG

Under the Blue Jacaranda

Under the blue jacaranda that swayed in the soft spring breeze
I breathed in the scent of her lavender blossoms, recalling the moment in dreams
Before me were rows of her sisters lining the old town streets
Ringing their bell flowers, calling me in - my blue jacaranda trees

In the gardens were flowers and trees of the world, exploding with colours in glorious hues
Lit up by coral trees' fire like glow, all through the city where ever you'd go
The pink of the silk trees, mimosas of white
Jasmines of yellow that shone in the light
Flames of the forest that Cook brought so far, burning bright orange and seen from afar
Flowers like birds and their scents filled the air, Angels Trumpet the Lilies on show everywhere

Under the blue jacaranda, I savoured the views in peace
Her leaves were like fern and her shade cooled me down as I sat in the warm spring breeze
And dreamed that one day I would travel her way if over the seven seas
Ringing her bell flowers, calling me in. My Blue Jacaranda trees ...

23.12.18