

Anthology of Cassie58

Presented by

My poetic side 



summary

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Forever My Darlings

on a glorious morning
my losses rise up
a choir of golden
they sing from blue sky

and though I am thankful
their faces aren't blurred
today is for memories
there's no time to cry

the decades since passing
grow distant it's true
yet lingers that sorrow
it plays on a harp

its song pure and loving
as feelings don't change
forever my darlings
the hem of my heart

Things I Wish I'd Said

in the quiet hours of pre-dawn
in this sleepless drowsy state
i'm reflecting as I'm prone to
yet I know it's far too late

to ponder on what's been and gone
and wish I'd done it better
what wasn't said with my own voice
i should have sent by letter

nothing can prepare us for
the finality of death
how important that these things are known
before our final breath

so today i wish to speak out loud
sincerely and it's true
i always shone my torch for you
while standing in the queue

Hope

hope is the last eye lash left
when you are bereft of
all other hair on your head
when it died overnight
after the second chemo
did its best

when you stare at your
reflection in mirror glass and
don't recognize yourself
because the cancer has
invaded every part
of your body

so you take your mascara
from your cosmetic purse and
with its wand you build up
layers to give some
definition

to that one lonely lash
because surrender
is not a word that resides
in your dictionary

Yellow Is The Colour

little flower
when I look deep
into your open sunshine
petals

reminding me of butter
and all that is good
in life and worth the
celebrating

do you have any idea
how on a blue morning
you flood my mind
with memories

of happy and laughter
yet here you are alone
without company on a green
grass lawn

in your smallness
rising above all the rest
to catch a single falling
tear drop

When The Heart Chooses

love defies all logic
all boundaries land and sea
it permeates through solid rock
through doors without a key

unafraid of any borders
undeterred by darkest night
it doesn't need two wings to fly
or eyes to give it sight

love settles where the heart says
it's carried on each breath
it burns as if by magic
it can't be killed by death

in truth it's unrestricted
not caged within a home
it can float into the heavens
it can comfort when alone

its fervour undisputed
true love remains unshaken
its diamond strength enduring
its presence unmistakable

Calls A Graveyard

far away in southern Devon
as the crow flies to the sea
where white crested waves are rolling
where green hills are gently rising
where thick red clay cakes the wet boot
in a graveyard lies my father
with a wish to speak to me

'close your eyes your heart will guide you
do not pine for long lost loved ones
do not wish me back to find you
with your grey eyes sadly misted
in a world i don't remember
nurture all who struggle daily
in your living family

stand beside your little sister
as you did when you were children
when her tears spilled out in sorrow
when her knees were grazed and bleeding
take her hand and lead her forward
through her darkest days of grieving
serving her you do so me'

On the Scent of Pine

imagine
if all the souls
of our long departed
lit up the pine forest
at night like fire flies
in love

chasing
winking and blinking
beckoning us to their party
having a ball
while we

in wide eyed wonder
in silence and gratitude
watch in awe
a taste of timeless
of heaven's potential
on the scent of
lasting pine

Je Reviens

i will return
says the perfume
a promise in a
bottle of midnight
blue

today for the sake
of old times
she wore it anew
with a pledge

its fragrance is lasting
it lingers

yes it lingers for you ...

green floral
with a hint of narcissus
and a touch of English rose
I suppose she is saying
something as old as
the Malvern Hills

here for all time
refreshed
drenched in summer's rain
where there is love
patient darling
there is also pain

Camille (1879) Monet

even in the throes
of death
her last breath imminent
he took his brushes
a palette of pales
and a canvas
to capture her ashen
features

thin dry lips half parted
it was natural he said
to paint her before
she departed
in hues of shroud like
mourning veils

Lark Ascending (Vaughan Williams)

a violin plays Vaughan Williams
its four steel core strings
strung to Welsh perfection

vibrations of high pitched notes
float in spiral movement
as the reed bow sweeps low

then moves slowly upwards
imitating a lark, the messenger
of a brand new morning

rising above roof tops, above spires
higher on spanned feathered wings
avian beauty scaling the heights

ascending in circular flight
in blue sky above verdant green fields
of English countryside

close your weary eyes
transcend closer to the sleeping stars
soaring in new found freedom

far above the problematic earth
far from the troubles of the day
rebirth, there fly I

Echoes of Lavender

mist rises
as newly birthed disc of sun
kisses easterly horizon's cheek
promising heightened heat on a
sultry summer day

flimsy chariot clouds
fly past at rapid speed
in a blue sapphire sky
hurtling on a journey
to certain dissipation

we walk waist high
through scented spikes
of fragrant purple lavender
alive with a charm of worker bees
buzzing busily at the seams

he asks me if this
is a touch of heaven
i'm not sure i replied though when i die
if it echoes what we share here
then maybe dreams become reality

Like River Grass

behold tall bold river grass
as it sways in a westerly morning
breakfast breeze

moving with overhead cloud
before its flexible backbone
returns to o'clock

while biscuit coloured foxtail plumes
brush the cool dry air
in feather duster tickles

as the whole cycle repeats
like a stuck stylus when i recall
our own species

how we can bend with
wind change to bounce back
after a battering

while some sadly break
to become crushed by
all that's belligerent

not all are resilient
not all can go with the flow
for even in a lakeside show

casualties of cruelty
inflicted by fickle ways of nature
lie bruised and bleeding

Aspects Of Light

let there always
always be
this glare from sunlight
on the sea
that lifts all spirits
in distress
that calms and soothes
all restlessness
to sprinkle sparkle
where the mood
of brooding clouds
have done their best
to hamper thoughts
of happiness
to sink the soul
beneath the waves
into the oceans
darkest caves

Far From The Madding Crowd

i'd rather be in the company of a
dead poet than no poet at all

so armed with Seamus Heaney
who understands my outside world

far more than the living and is close
to emotions that can split seams

even though he has no heart beat
or blood pumping through his veins

i find clear water where the lake
creeps closer to the lane in winter

it is summer magic and the surface
ripples are blinded by sun

my back arched against a tree in shade
this quiet glade hidden by a canopy

dense greenery thick with contentment
serenity reigns as life's dross is far away

Gratitude

so unexpected through the maze
and from the confines of her bed
at last a pathway clears the haze
was it something that i said
that made her stretch to touch my hand

her head leaned forward not a word
i heard her laughter as it broke
through all the smoke that fogs her mind
I never thought once more I'd see
my mother's eyes smile back at me

Random Kindness

when all the world's in conflict
and the path ahead uncertain
each one of us in our own small way
can lighten someone's burden

so if you read these words today
please remember what i've written
and practice what I've asked of you
to see the warmth you've given

a simple greeting like hello
this can't be understated
can lift sad eyes and spirits too
like a ballon does when inflated

Locket

inside your soldier hands
my silver heart
of sterling i am valued
more than gold
undo the tiny clasp
find you and me
the wealth lies in the
timeless bond we hold

i am the reason why
you choose to live
there's nothing else of me
that i can give
our lips meet daily
in the desperate dark
come life or death we'll
ne'er be torn apart