

# Anthology of Hemingway



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*Peace and love to my family, friends and all living beings.*

## **Acknowledgement**

To the good and bad experiences that have shaped who I am.

## About the author

"I'm just an animal looking for a home, share the same space for a minute or two" Kishi Bashi

## summary

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## Incompletely complete

How my heart bleeds, not a stitch can sew.  
Not a blanket can comfort, not a flower can grow.

Barren my soul where once you did play.  
Now only solitude, fields of grey.

Ripped from my chest like a thief in the night.  
Stolen my love, blinded from sight.

Crumbling walls, stench of decay.  
I stumble each second, each minute, each day.

Plunged into darkness, bound by your chain.  
Crimson red waters muddy and stain.

My life takes no meaning, my spirit is torn.  
You rake at my flesh, sharp is your thorn.

Still, what is left, I give it to you.  
If only you realised, if only you knew.

To late it might be, one day a closed door.  
When my spirit departs, my form on the floor.

Do not weep for me then, I loved you till death.  
I would love you again, with each and last breath.

## Amara

She rose from the flames of a charred broken home.  
A princess cast out from all she had known.

An ugly existence she found at her door.  
Her life and belongings tossed out on the floor.

She sought only love, and peace in her heart.  
She gave over everything right from the start.

Banished so cruelly for what she knew to be right.  
Her voice it was silenced for choosing to fight.

She fought for her soul that they tried to control.  
She fought for herself, to keep herself whole.

Her beauty inside, her beauty out.  
Glowed from the embers, could not be kept out.

This princess found her charming within.  
She did not need anyone, or to let anyone in.

She shines like a lighthouse, a warning to some.  
A light in the darkness as bright as the sun.

## Come the day

I am in the breeze,  
that swaying tree.

I am in the wave,  
that swelling sea.

I am in the flower,  
that blooms to grow.

I am in the seed,  
that comes to sow.

I am in the bird,  
that skims and flies.

I am in the sun,  
that lights the skies.

I am in the sunset,  
that closes day.

I am in the stars,  
that light the way.

I am in the song,  
that touches your soul.

I am in the heart,  
that makes you whole.

I am in the storm,  
that shifts the sand.



I am in the loved one,  
that holds your hand.

I am in the moment,  
that makes you smile.

I am in the pain,  
that bears a trial.

I am in the flame,  
that burns to ember.

I am in the thought,  
that you remember.

## The Start

When the demons come, and there's nowhere left to run.

When the thunder roars, and the rain don't stop, it pours.

When the wind does rattle, and you're weary from the battle.

When the flowers don't grow, and the seeds you can not sow.

When loneliness takes its grip, and each step is followed by a trip.

When your heart no longer sings, and each tear bleeds and stings.

When your soul has lost its way, and your pain is every day.

When the final bell has rung, and no ropes to which you clung.

When the oceans whip up a rage, and your only comfort is a cage.

When the trees bend and bow, and your only step is slow.

When the stars refuse to shine, and you can not see a sign.

When the bottles empty, drunk, and the ship of hope is sunk.

When your love is torn apart, and you don't know where to start.

This is where you start, you start again.

## Its not all black and white

Why is it a white flag that means we have a truce?  
Why a white dove the symbol of our peace.  
Why is colour important in this war that does not cease.  
Why does this injustice breathe, who is it that we police.

Who put these boundaries up, where is this fear born.  
Our brothers and sisters mourn.  
A world full of hate, a world full of scorn.  
Hearts torn, lines drawn.

This can't be our future, what our children learn.  
The evil of our past confined to a history we should burn.  
A memory of atrocities, now is the time to turn.  
To stand up, stand together.

Too often has our silence deafened, defeated, denied. Too often has our blind eyes ignored the cries.  
It's not our pain, is not good enough, it's not our suffering that they handcuff.  
It's not our skin that they smother, and it's not our father, and it's not our mother.  
It is not good enough. It is not all black and white.

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## The tragedy of life

The time we waste, is the time we fight.

The time we miss, is the the time we might.

The time we forget, is the time we regret.

The time we don't care, is the time we don't share.

The time we don't hear, is the time we're not here.

The time we don't give, is the time we don't live.

The time we don't listen, is the time we are missing.

The time we can't be, is the time we can't see.

The time we lose hope, is the time we choose rope.

The time we choose fear, that time always near.

## I wish I knew

I wish I knew just what to do.  
I wish I knew just what to say.  
To blunt this lonely blade.  
This cut of loneliness to fade.

I can cry a tear.  
I can cry a single drop or more.  
I can bear this solitude.  
Can not bear much more.

I can rage, spill yet more salt.  
It would not change, it's still my fault.  
That's what it must be.  
I cannot break free.

I cannot unlock, I cannot hear, I cannot see.  
Beyond this prison, this theatre of pain.  
A chest so tightly bound, I'm buried deep.  
There is no sound.

No one to hear my cry for love,.  
No saviour, no relief.  
No hope.  
No angel from above.

I only gave, so they could be.  
I only lived to set them free.  
I wish I knew just what to do.  
I wish I knew just what to say.

## Don't be scared of my Love

when you look at me I lose control,  
I can't explain it, its in my soul.  
The words don't come, cause you got me tight.  
I know your pain, I've felt it bite.  
You light me up, its such a rush,  
I hold you close, I fear the crush.  
I've found you now, I can't let you go.  
Don't keep me out, just let me show.

Don't be scared of my love.  
Don't be scared of my love.  
Don't be scared of my love.  
Baby I won't let you fall.

Let me in for you and I can make it right.  
I swear I keep the truth, babe these lips don't lie.  
This is where we mend the hurt.  
This is where love is made.  
And I can feel you hurting.  
I just want to heal your pain.

Don't be scared of my love.  
Don't be scared of my love.  
Don't be scared of my love.  
Baby I won't let you fall.

I've got my faults, but I'm not your past.  
I keep my word baby, this love will last.  
Don't push me out.  
Don't keep me away.  
I'll keep you safe, I'm here to stay.

Don't be scared of my love

Don't be scared

Don't be scared of my love.

Baby I won't let you fall.

Baby I won't let you fall

Baby I won't let you fall.

## Authentic

Life is not easy, it rolls its way.  
You cannot predict your day to day.

Love and live the best you can.  
Despite sometimes you wish you ran.

The opposite direction the stuff that hurt.  
Nothing and no one is a dead cert.

Be the truth, be that you believe.  
Fight for justice, roll up your sleeve.

Do not compromise what is in your heart.  
It is never too late, to begin or start.

I'll kiss your soul, I'll hold you tight.  
Never let you fall, I will stay and fight.

Don't let this world blind your sight.  
With honesty and integrity, do what is right.

Who you are, and what you become.  
Is just a question, do you stay, or run?



## I miss you

I miss my daughters.  
I miss our love.  
Like a sun without warmth.  
Like a plant without water.

I wait, I wait.  
time it does not.  
I think, I think.  
My mind does not stop.

Rolling over and over,  
like the wave in each tide.  
Always reaching, never reaching.  
I am drowning inside.

My soul it does ache.  
My heart it is broken.  
No chance it is mended.  
No words ever spoken.

To me, or to you,  
it was always shut down.  
Fobade as a sin, the devil does frown.  
With that stare I have known, our love turned to stone.

## Impermanence

Peace exists when you stop the need.  
The want for more, the insatiable greed.  
It is at our door.  
To turn the key is to find the truth, to seek no more.

Our journey is like a rolling brook.  
Who knows how long, and where it must go.  
Only suffering is certain,  
and death, that I know.

Let joy fill our heart.  
Let love feed our soul.  
Our pain is our tutor.  
We all pay his toll.

It is how we all learn.  
how we blossom and grow.  
Like the Cherry Sakura  
that awakes from the snow.

As student becomes teacher,  
we live for each day.  
Knowing nothing is permanent.  
Nothing can stay.

## Loneliness

Loneliness.

To be, or not to be, that is the question.

Is it a choice, or do we suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous misfortune.

We take arms against a sea of troubles, but it don't end there.

To die, to sleep, perchance to dream.

Aint no rub, for in that sleep only nightmares around the corner.

Only when we have shuffled off this mortal coil will freedom awake.

No time to pause for those who would bear the whips and scorn of time.

To grunt and sweat under a weary life, we feel those whips, we bear the scars.

But that the dread of something after death.

A sweet release from that we know.

How to fly from this loneliness?

That is the question.

## Disconnected

The cursor blinks.  
Ink runs dry.  
What do you say when the world is a lie.

Emoji smiley face,  
a mask that we wear.  
Parade sent out, but do we care.

Interconnected, disconnected.  
Plugged in, plugged out.  
A virtual voice, cannot scream, cannot shout.

Thumbs up, a wink.  
Screen blink, turns blue.  
Caged, conditioned, online Zoo.

Image, headlines.  
The gallery of fake.  
Led by the nose, we perform, they take.

Floats empty hearts.  
We clap and cheer.  
It's what we are sold, it hides the fear.

It is what we are told.  
We grow old.  
Not bold.

Yet the cursor still blinks.  
Smiley face still winks.  
Reality shrinks.

## The Closed Door

Sight does not see.

Eyes wide shut.

Hearing does not hear.

Walking does not strut.

Feeling does not feel.

Heart full of riot.

Talking does not talk.

Silence does not quiet.

Mind does not wander.

Head full of straw.

Touch does not connect.

Hand does not draw.

Reach does not reach.

The closed door.

The handle does not turn.

Nothing open anymore.