

Poetry for every day living

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

A NEW WIND IS BLOWING

REMEMBRANCE

ESCAPE POD

A NEW WIND IS BLOWING

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A new wind is blowing
It is coming from a different direction;
It's fresh and strong
Blowing away old frustrations

The wind is blowing through the house
Blowing open a door that cannot close
Pent up feelings disappearing through vents
The window fog blown away

I look out onto the street and I see a world of possibilities
I am not tied to my unhappiness
My fears crumble in the wind
A flame of confidence re-igniting in my soul

The wind blows away all disguises
Leaving me unencumbered to see the truth
My path swept clear of obstacles
Revealing the way forward

I start to follow the yellow brick road
And suddenly I cannot stop
I have started on a new journey
Leaving tentative plans behind

The wind is blowing in my back
Its force pushing me to follow my resolve
I am standing on top of the mountain
And I am no longer afraid to fall

The wind... will catch me;

The wind stirring my soul
The wind of change.

REMEMBRANCE

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Sometimes I wake in the night and I hear footsteps;
Your imprints on my soul
They march in time with the beating of my heart;
For you are always there

Sometimes I think I hear you whisper when I speak to you;
I sense the timeless spirit of your breath
Swirling with the evening breeze
Urging me to "Go on, go on" ..

Every day I try to sculpt my life
With the colour and beauty of you
To create the happiness and fulfilment
That you would want for me

Your footsteps in my heart recede
But I carry your imprints forever
Creating new memories
And giving thanks for every new day...

ESCAPE POD

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I am sitting next to you
But I am alone
Your words never reach me -
They dance, unaware, in front of my eyes

I hear you speaking
But I just watch quietly the reverberating sounds
Waiting for the room to grow silent again
Nodding my presence from time to time

I feel the tension in you
And I do not want to pollute myself
So instead I imagine boarding an escape pod
And propelling myself into outer space

Then the inevitable question comes:
"So how was your day?"
But I am too far away to answer:
"Oki Doki" comes my absurd reply!

I have lost the connection
Hung up when you entered the room
I wonder if my heart has grown cold
Or the line gone dead

I imagine speaking with someone else
More softly spoken
More emotionally adept
As I move further away from you

I wonder if you notice

That I am no longer present
That I no longer share myself with you
I'm sure you do?

But you are too afraid to say so.