

Jigsaw of Ashes and echoes

Teddy Temple

Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

I dedicate this poetry collection to my daydreams that have become a reality and to my future self.

Acknowledgement

To everyone who's ever sat with their own silence and tried to make sense of it?this book is for you.

Thank you to the people who held space for me when I couldn't hold it for myself. Your quiet support, your patience, your belief in my voice even when it trembled? it mattered more than I can say.

To the readers who find pieces of themselves in these poems: thank you for letting my words echo in your world. You make this more than just ink on a page.

To the ones I've loved, lost, questioned, and forgiven?your presence shaped these verses, even if you never meant to.

And to the version of me who kept writing through the mess, the doubt, the quiet nights and the heavy truths?you made it.

This is your forte.

About the author

My name is Teddy Temple, and poetry has always been my quiet place ? the corner of the world where I can put down the weight I carry and turn it into words. I write because silence often has too much to say, and poems let me speak the things I cannot explain in any other way.

Beyond the lines I write, I work as a medical practitioner, a profession that constantly reminds me of the fragility and preciousness of life. Between the pulse of the hospital environment and the stillness of the page, I've learned that healing isn't just about medicine ? sometimes it's about stories, honesty, and the courage to feel.

These poems are pieces of me ? my questions, my contradictions, my truths, and even my lies. They are fragments of a heart that refuses to stay silent. If you find a part of yourself in these words, then my writing has done what I hoped it would: remind us that we are not alone.

summary

Dry bones in the rain

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Send in your skeletons, so I can count them bone by bone,
Line them up before me, so I can choose the ones to bury and the ones to shelter,
You've piled them in your closet,
Matched them in the band of dry bones,
Where they rejoiced in the glory of your unbecoming,
I see them wilt and limp around,
Murmuring an anthem in protest to your promises,
Since truth is the secret that only a lie can discover,
When the regrets sink in, it's hard to recover.

Cherry lips coated with venom,
Tongues laced with an armour of chaos
When the eyes just speak rioting metaphors
And the heart, greased with fathoming tasteful lies,
Ones that never chokes but burn on the fingers, like radioactive atoms...
Ever since honesty was declared the best policy,
Lies were made the terms and conditions to apply,
Just like heaven has secrets that hell lie about
So do you.

Cut me open and tell me what you see inside,
Does it blind you or make you see through me?
When my heart pumps,
Won't you fetch my blood down at the drain as I bleed?
Emptiness is heavy to carry
But not as lies,
Even if they bind,
We'll just be getting closer to be apart,
In the name of lies
Nobody would die by the truth.

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