

Anthology of Nodine40

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

This is to all of those who love literature and enjoying reading and writing poetry to express themselves

Acknowledgement

I would have to acknowledge life and all the lessons it has taught me. Some cruel and harsh and others so pleasant that you wish time could stop.

About the author

I am 40 years old, yes that is right I was born November 25 1975, in the united states. I love poetry, whether reading or writing it. It is the best way I know how to describe how I am feeling and how I see life from my point of view

summary

Reflection

?Purgatory?

Reflection

Snow falls down on a winter's night, while the cold winters wind blows from the east. Enchanting is must seem to see such a cold and hollow night with very little light from the stars above. Lost it seems are the summer days ago, when there was life all around. Tall blades of grass growing along the riverbanks, while the butterflies fly, the animals run, and the crickets crickets in the evening time. Now reduce to nothing, no resemblance of life, no green grass growing, no animals to be seen, just the ground blanketed with snow and a cold hollow wind for a chorus. This barren frozen land, how beautiful you seem to me, such a haunting reflection.

?Purgatory?

"Purgatory"

My hearts turn cold my life's faded grey.

No peace, or comfort, or any sense of life resides in me.

Barren I am like wide open plains, no growth of life or happiness.

Just emptiness of a life, my prison.

I am my Judge and condemned am I for my Sins.

Im shackled and bound never to be free.

As a numbness covers me, I feel no love

or, is there really such a thing.

Only from God I know, but covered with guilt and shame

I've turned away for I'm divided within myself

As a war rages for my soul.

Only God or Death will deliver me from this prison

I have created, and then my soul will be set free.