

Poetry by Sheila Thompson

A4 Constructive Criticism,  
Eng. 3100

Brisk outdoors and chilly floors indoors  
The blankets of the night must soon give up  
The freedom of a world all our warm as toast own  
As we must rise to face the breaking day  
How can we not, when sunny skies beckon?  
The frozen dew is melting  
And soggy leaves no longer rustle  
Cracked mirrors in roadside puddles  
Slowly disappear, as though not wanting  
To reveal the vision they reflect  
Of bleak and barren landscape  
Not too long now  
When we find that Mother Nature  
Blesses us with her version  
Of a blanket white and light  
Maybe the trees will want to sleep in, too.

Yesterday's illusions  
Are tomorrow's lies  
As dampness and greyness  
Fall from the skies.

Yesterday's emotions  
Are tomorrow's dreams  
The world as we see it  
Is not what it seems.

DARKNESS

The darkness slips silently  
Over the unsuspecting  
Abruptly, it's here  
And we notice it.

The darkness clothes many things  
A stray dog on a lonely street  
Two lonely people in a big house  
A silent path to a silent school.

Forget yourself in life and love  
Too many days go by unnoticed  
The speed we travel, the speed we move  
So much around is left unfocussed.

Forget the thoughts, once important  
That caused much pain and so much sorrow,  
Ideas once held and now recurrent,  
But never used or meant to flow.

Forget how people talked and acted  
Those times grown dim from memory faded  
By minds unused, yet overtaxed  
With useless thoughts and facts not wanted.

Remember only the happy times  
The smiles and laughs given freely  
And you will find yourself unmindful  
And deluded in your own reality.

Forever waiting  
for the unnatural  
to become tamed  
As the violet evening  
spreads its billowy wings  
to engulf time's passing.  
The tree of fortune  
smiles softly upon us  
the evil fruit of the earth  
For we are but slaves  
As the stones are our masters  
And the grassy sea  
rules the friendly toadstools  
And the feathers on the air  
scream helpless warnings  
in a crazed loneliness  
Called atmosphere  
Where silences aside.

The stuffed feather bird  
In its pipe cleaner cage  
Watches intently  
The swallowing snowstorm  
Never moving  
He'll never be free  
Not that he wants to be,  
It's warmer here.

TRUE PEACE

Green mushrooms  
purple haze  
blue mountains  
in a world ablaze

With orange sunsets  
and yellow trees  
shady rivers  
with floating leaves

Brown frogs  
by a peaceful pond  
mother nature  
with her trusty wand

Rounded hills  
birch bark  
deep valleys  
where birds hack

To the sound of falls  
a deep glen  
tangled roots  
void of men

Giving advice  
in a great maze  
of words and actions  
and tortured ways

NIGHT'S EYES

I like to listen to the cold at night  
And wonder why the dark holds so much fear,  
That people have to draw their blankets near  
And sit among themselves in burning light.  
Why must the black outside escape their sight  
Though eyes without can see them very clear  
And as those voices cry, - why don't they hear?  
Those voices drifting through windrunning flight

The sparkle of the evening's gift to earth  
Foreshadows life amid its dark embrace.  
As I see nature, and hence, its birth,  
And what is now a product of its race  
To indicate what leads it to its worth  
Remaining here, we end up face to face.