

English Poems

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No.

A little word
We've all once heard
After its cut
There is no ,but'
So...
No.

Dialogue with my Notebook

“Say, what am I?”

“Aren't you a book?”

“I don't think so.

How would I know,

If I'm a book?

So what am I?”

“You do have pages.”

“Oh, yes, I do!

I do have pages

and so do you?”

“No, I do not,

I'm not a book.”

“But you have words,

I hear them, look!”

“We both have words,

but aren't both books.”

“How can that be?

To me it looks

suspiciously

like we both are books.”

“We both have words,

but aren't the same.

I have a heart,

a soul, a name.

But you can give

that what I crave:

I write the words,

you keep them safe.”

Two boys

two boys in the sand
a shovel and a bucket
sparkles in the eyes

A Carriage Amiss

Children we have
a total of five.

One is a boy,
Rather bright and bold.
And one is a boy,
more hot tempered than cold.

Of the other three,
it hurts to say,
none ever saw
the light of day.

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A week of hell,
but we're still here.

What's there to tell,
who's there to hear?

What's there to say
of times bygone?

'Cause in a way
our lives go on.

The River

The river flows,
the river curves,
sometimes it grows,
sometimes it curls.

Downstream it goes,
it stirs and purrs,
and never bows
to human slurs.

And like a snake
it slides away
and doesn't make
attempts to stay.

The river flows,
eternally,
and once we're gone
it still will be.