

The Real By Michala Gyetvia

The real is invisible
But felt
A thousand times like arrows in my heart
When the clouds rush by
Before I die

Perhaps the snail is coiled like a spring
Inside it's universe
Living between dark and light
Slowing time

I wish you could see how I see the birds
They seem engrossed
Focused on their daily tasks
But sing so effortlessly so beautifully

Daffodils smile

Hope strewn across green acres
Defiant to Winters grasp
Together they nod their heads
Jubilant joy makers

Another season
All changed and renewed
life given rejuvenated reason
Awakened through the rotting leaves
Green flesh tips

To feel the warmth
Of the milky sun
listen to the warbler thrush
Soft grass sweet scent
I ask Spring please stay

Blossoms in their triumph
Abundant radiance
White and pink decadence
Sadly petals descend
Spring shakes it's head

I'm sorry
I can't stay
I have to leave
My love.

Last of the Innocents

There are windows mirrored

In long corridors that lead to many places
where doors keep opening, shutting, slamming and softly, quietly closing.
And all these journeys across oceans?
Where people blindly follow and follow to belong.
When fear becomes a friend and friends are virtual screens.
And strangers comfort crying children in desolate lonely parks.
Where once they played in trees and grass but now imprisoned within digital walls.
We look for hope where once it lived as tall as spires but now it's locked with those in power.
Stadiums where crowds chant empty words, words that echo, words that sail.
I yearn for fields and green ancient woods and where the wild flowers grow.
And books and books of precious histories
and tales of love and woe.
And paintings like poems, poems like paintings, comfort in an uncertain world.