

Diversified Poems II [Hamas Saddam the Fly Death & Ice Cream]

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Sample of Content:

Here are five more diversified poems a few political, he usually does not do political poems, so this is a little new, but they are done well.

Content:

Diversified Poems II

1) Hamas Paradse

O face where Pale dim Roses stir,

As blooms in the Gaza Skies
The deathland gardens faint that are

Your dawn is Hellâ€™s paradise!

What stirs your hateâ€™one life is done

What god shall deem you fair?
Child of a line of demonic sons

Is death within your hair?

What love shall wake thy, besieged beast?

Controlling out of rage, and fear
Too soiled to know the hearts unrest

To hateful for real tears!

#871 2/26/05

2) Hamasâ€™ Spirit

Ah! â€™t is hard to believe
To think covered with your smile,
That you are made a child of grief,
In the war with Israelâ€™s now exile:

Yet, such you claim. Thy spirit cries
For a peace that could not lastâ€™
A demon with unchanging eyes,

So proven from thy past!...

My memory with tireless sight,
Saw your unforgotten ways
Your visions, unholy, with no light
Of only irrecoverable deathâ€™

#870 9/2005

3) Death and Ice Cream

Shall I keep the dead around?
I know they re used of being dead,
It is just I, I who dare
Not let goâ€™
In fear the memories may go
Melt away like ice cream
On a hot dayâ€™
At night I look at her urnâ€™
In the Chinacabinet,

of glass and wood
I sit and talk to her
My mind retrieving her

foot steps
I stare at my face

In the glassâ€™
And it smiles back at me:
How foolish can one be.

#869 9/05

4) Saddam's World

They lived where blackened moons

Brought gloom,--(Saddam's world)
A kingdom in abysmal blaze
Where everyday was filled with haze
And hope that fills the heart,

To take the madman from his throne"
So dreamt the sons of Iraq's world
But hated the conqueror who lifted
Their burden: thus, only to cast an
Evil Spell upon!...

So shall their world be seeded?
With gloom and stellar glare
With dust upon their brain"
And love, that never was, will never
Be, in such an abysmal place.

*868 9/23/05

5) Said the Fly to the Spider

"I have a gift for you today,"

Said the Spider to the Fly:
"Desire, desires, desires," then

She turned the soft music

Up high, "!"

Said the Fly, so very peaceful

(with a twinkle)

“I grew up, since you last ate

my cousin, in that last poem”

By and by. I shan’t be your

Dinner, nor die!

(And the fly, flew by the old spider

witch, sticking out her tongue”

lip to lip!...)

See Dennis' web site: <http://dennissiluk.tripod.com>

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About the Author:

Dennis Siluk