

POETRY COLLECTION 4

All poetry by Craig Smith

These poems were written during the year 2002 through to March 2003. Many situations in which we find ourselves are not what they first appear to be. What we perceive is based on our individual "weltanschauung". These poems have a look at the differences that can be seen in single situation. They are also written with a distinct rhythm and rhyme.

Craig

Beauty and the Beast

Water everywhere, not a drop to drink
Plastic, tin cans, floating; what do we think
Shortcut for sewerage and industrial waste
Open tap, water horrible to taste.

All along the sea-shore, beautiful shells
In all kinds of shapes from Tubas to Bells
Like you're looking for needles in haystacks
Among the wine bottles and cigarette packs.

I watch the foaming waves roll to the shore
I wish I could sit here for evermore
But feel like I'm standing in a pig's pen
Lying on the ground is a highlighting pen.

Large signs all around read conservation
No evidence in implementation.

The Weary Traveller

Ring-ring ring-ring, I am so excited
Familiar sound, my soul is ignited
Wake up and reach out, to answer the phone
Open eyes—still in hotel, all alone

Sitting at the table, sipping on wine
Reading the newspaper, and feeling fine
Your dinner is ready, the waitress says
Hotel food again, and for yet more days

Sitting on a park bench, watch children play
Sunshine and light breeze, on a Saturday
A little girl screams, her friend has caught her
I smile—get up, but she's not my daughter

Choice

The road you walk is long and straight
You walk and sometimes, start to run
You wonder if you will be late
When you get there will you have fun

The load begins to show its weight
You want to rest, but must get done
The sun will set, you can't be late
A shorter path, there must be one

The road turns slightly, then you see
A crossroad with so many signs
You hurry so excitedly
"A shorter route, the choice is mine"

The first sign reads "five minutes, West,
Beware of highway robbery"
The second reads "Much place to rest,
Will take to minutes or twenty"

The third reads that the road is steep
But if you're strong, "six minutes max."
You don't know if the laugh or weep
The three routes each carry a tax

And so my friend, if you are sad
And sometimes feel your lot is bad
The choice you make has consequence
You must weigh up you options hence

A Slow Creep

I marvelled as I sat and watched
The little garden snail.
From where I sat I could barely see
Him move, I thought, He'd fail!

But when I got up, closer drew
So clearly I could see;
He persevered albeit slow
I noticed him move t'ward me.

Many things happen everyday
Results are what we do and say.
It is the very subtle change
Our values rearrange.

A Woman Overcomes Abuse

The sun shone brightly on the field
The earth was soft and fertile
Predictions of a gen'rous yield
Sow, then wait, a little while

'Twas dark inside the lonely room
Alone, no child, so forlorn
Visions of a night filled with doom
A dawn of jeers and harsh scorn

Please tell me why they so deride
Will I ever bare a child
Tears, there were none, but still she cried
On naked knees, humble, mild

He took a sickle to the field
Hired men to help him reap
She stood behind the window sealed
Nobody could hear her weep

He praised the earth and his own skill
Had the men build bigger barns
More men helped him the barns to fill
Women spun the cotton yarns

She wished he'd asked her to assist
Wished she'd had a cotton dress
When she tried to speak he'd resist
And left her to clean his mess

Everyone came to celebrate
She was forced back in her room
The villagers thought he was great
They didn't care of her gloom

She sang a song of darkest night
A sound superb and profound
Her voice was greater than the light
And the heavy drumming sound

The festival abruptly stopped
Her song piercing ear and heart
Champagne bottles suddenly popped
A new life for her did start

She sang for every great event

And she travelled far and wide
Her husband had a letter sent
Smudged with tears to show he cried

Once worthless to a worthless man
Now precious to the nation
Sing because she knows she can
At every celebration

The Night We Won

Running and screaming through the night
Hugging tightly, cry'ing together
Children at windows stare with fright
Night is cold inclement weather

Flags are raised, patriotic show
It's war, they said, we try our best
Children are urged, to bed you go
Don't ask the score, you need your rest

In the streets they expatiate
Once aloof, now united force
Drums and blow-horns reverberate
Rejoice as we've finished the course

And as the sun begins to rise
People on the streets realise
Newspaper headlines on lampposts
We won the cup, the nation boasts