

Poetry Series

alan pieterse
- poems -

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alan pieterse(09/10/1960)

Failed aspirant poet. Failed writer. Oh the nobility of our art.

A Glimmer

emotions seeth underneath
under a calm exterior,
like rip currents
under a placid ocean.
words, thoughts unformulated,
drown..
Coke is life, the ad proclaims,
but the fizz has gone,
just a sickly sweet residue
remains.
Here I am,
the clock ticking,
a relentless march.
Today, tomorrow,
the countdown continues.
I have so many questions,
I have so much to tell.
So babysteps,
but why not a giant leap?
or have I already fallen
before I even
crawled? ? ?

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Alter Ego

mirror, mirror

on the wall,

can you see the two

of me?

which is which?

which is me?

I am not

what i am.

they will never

understand

what they think

they do.

how can they, , , ,

when i am not

the me

who they see....

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Cobwebs

Spiders, spiders
in my head,
crawling, watching...
spinning their webs
catching my thoughts,
trapping memories,
spiders, spiders,
confusion and sadness
ensnared forever
in their web.

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Coming Up For Air

...let me see,

the ways i love thee, , ,

to let go, to climb that tree

although i have always been

afraid of heights.

to run, barefoot, splish-splash

at the water's edge, being silly

(a different kind of hill-billy..)

carving your name in the sand,

then cry a silent tear when

the tide's remorseless march,

erased your existence,

leaving there just a smooth

canvass of sand....

If i could, i would

write your name boldly

in the sky and shout out....

for her, i would die.

you are the firefly

in my heart...

lighting those dark corners
where my soul so often hides.
I drink the words from your lips,
with an eagerness that
is almost desperate...
slaking the parched and arid soul.
But when i look around,
i see those dull, uncomprehending faces,
staring,
their unspoken accusations, like a loose
stone in your shoe, probing, chaffing.
All i want to be,
to be with you.
to be with you, so
i can find me.
Words lie stillborn,
heavy and foul,
when all i wanted to say,
to whisper,
to shout
i love you.....

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Disintegration

still my fingers lie
over the keyboard,
mute witnesses to
the carnage in my mind.
poker-hot anger gives way
to dull pain and frustration
as i survey the fall-out
of yet another war.
your words, guided missiles,
unerringly finding the targert.
my defences crumbling,
withdrawel into sullen silence
my bunker of survival.

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Freefall

Peacefull nightmares
Terror-filled dreams,
But where am I,
if not in space,
because nobody seems
to hear my screams.
Stripped of dignity,
Never able to tell,
But who will listen,
Am I not the the one,
after all,
Comdemned to hell? ? ! !

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I Know

Who are you sleeping with tonight?

with your memories?

or with your dreams?

with your desires maybe? ?

or perhaps me,

lying next to you?

just who are you sleeping

with tonight?

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I Need

so, give me a reason to write,

give me a reason to fight.

give me a reason to dare,

a reason to care.

give me a reason to love,

tell me the reason not to hate.

give me a reason to live.

give me a reason! ! ! ! !

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Looking In

jagged, fractured shards,

the fragile crystal mind,

shattered.

slivers of hurt

pierce,

cut deep, , , ,

inside we bleed,

tears of regret.

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Michelle

This poem is dedicated to a wonderful person, whose life was cut brutally short at the age of 19 by leukemia.

I remember how the sun
shone..

a bright halo dancing
encircling your head
of snow-white hair.

Was that a portent?

An omen?

I remember lying on
our towels,
eating peaches
and holding hands.

The waves,
a symphony of sound.

I remember how
the tide caught us
unawares, , , and your laugh
as the water cascaded

down your face..

Too soon your life,

like footprints, washed away.

I still see your halo.

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My Pocketbook

In my little pocketbook
full of dreams,
I scribble your name
and draw your smile.
I write of memories
that haven't been.
Here I can laugh
when I should scream.
The covers are torn
and the pages
somewhat smudged
by realities tears
But every day,
the sun rises in my
little pocketbook of dreams
and wishes and fishes
dance to a silly tune
of happy non-existence
Outside these pages,
outside this book,
life shrinks,
and anger pollutes,
So I scribble a while more,
writing of a life
that hasn't been,
of meeting people,
I haven't seen.

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On Leaving

A wintry chill,

cutting through everything.

It's cold outside.

Greyness blankets the sky.

It's cold inside,

the sun has gone away.

I miss you.

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Option 2

A warm crimson tide,
like a faithful puppy
follows the gleaming blade
as it parts the soft skin.
Pliant and unyielding,
it lets out life.

Rivulets of red cascade down,
forming rorschach inkblots
on pristine white tiles.
I watch, as my blood drain,
this is it, the final cut, ,
i feel no pain.

The blade, now lying forgotten
on the basin, a relic of a life
almost past.

The poison released,
the anger decreased,
I - deceased.

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Reality

Dull faces,
slack-jawed and overweight.
Obesity,
the new 'thin'.
Instant gratification as
cell-phone sausage fingers
nimble, despite their
grotesque appearance,
flit out more lies.
Blur the lines of reality,
Hide, hide, the real persona,
Hide, hide, so no-one
can see.
The cancer that lurks,
insidious,
The envy, the lust
and the gluttonous beast.
'Keep it real' the advertisement
admonishes,
a merry mockery of
of lives disconnected.
But reality is a dark
little box,
where troll-likes desires,
wants and needs lurk..
waiting,
waiting....

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Shadowplay

Invisible i am,
Inaudibly i speak,
Masses of people,
A crush of humanity,
lacking human qualities.
A vile vapour
surrounds them.
I draw within myself,
smaller and smaller
I grow,
until i am
just an illusion
of my own imagination

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Skeleton

a Cemetary full
of skeletons,
crashing down out my closet,
my very own Hiroshima,
my personal Krakatao,
I seek no pity,
I fear no retribution,
My skeletons,
stripped,
bare to the bone,
there, for everybody to see.
I raise my head,
above the wanton destruction
i have caused,
hope is the one thing
one our side,
hope can be salvaged,
when all else had died.

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Therapy

My safe place,
my panic room...
there,
I let go,
my dark side
for you to explore.
Deeper and deeper
we go.
The mind whore,
I pay,
willingly,
I come back for more.
Is it another addiction,
or just merely an affliction?
Feed the neurosis,
feed the psychosis,
the ravenous beast inside,
the evil that cannot hide.
After dark,
I stare at the bottle,
play tiddlywinks
with all my pills,
will they rid me
of all my demons?
of all my ills? ? ?

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Thirst For Redemption

Like a leper
cast into an emotional desert
I wear my sins,
scab encrusted over my body
A white hot sun of guilt,
searing down relentlessly
Remorse, burning sand,
incinerating my soul.
The redemption I seek,
a distant mirage.
At night, the cold air
wraps me in a
freezing cloak of sadness
and utter despair.
Far away, twinkling stars
mock with merry retribution.

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Walking On Air

Tie the noose,

tie it tight..

a little higher,

ah, that is comfortable,

just right!

Here I am,

ready for take-off,

a bird on a wing,

a split-second flight.

A last cigarette,

(heyboy, smoking kills...)

Detached and tehred,

i survey the prison

that is my life.

I look back

at the chaos

that was my life.

Would God forgive me

for taking my own life?

Can i forgive God

for creating it? ? ? ?

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When Enough..! ! !

Had enough,
but not quite enough.
Tell me to leave,
if you so please.
So, I messed up,
once again,
like yesterday,
like tomorrow.

I am not perfect,
I am not without flaw,
My talent to hurt,
apparently always
coming to the fore.

I cannot undo,
I cannot hide.
I will tell, maybe,
maybe,
maybe I should,
maybe I would,
a carthaic expercience,
break the hold,
break the guilt.

I did, yes, I know idid,
I did, i did, i did,
It was wrong,
I knew it then,
I know it now.
Your sole hold over me,
your machete,
slash, slash,
feel the cut,
feel the pain..

But inside I laugh.
because by crying,
you stand to gain.

I am angry,
I am without emotion
it would seem.
Yet the words of
'writing on moleskine'
changed perceptions,
changed me...

For now, i am,
I am happy inside,
my dreams you cannot see,
my anger i
won't hide.
My cynicism, there
for you to feel.
But my happiness,
in a little box.

A little box,
as empty as it may seem,
hidden away,
I found you,
you found.

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Words...Ad Nauseam

I sad,
 I cry,
Inside slowly,
 listening to the
 tick-tock
of my ancient clock,
I die.

I stare at the
 empty shell casing,
the brassy glint,
 a wicked reminder,
I look up,
 at the holes
in the ceiling,
 partially hidden.

I am still angry,
I am still bitter,
I missed the
target that night,
I am still here!

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You Did..

So you had to look,
so you had a peep.
Words, stillborn
on my tongue
Bite with bitter venom
from the pages.
Animosity, anger
like a frenetic pendulum,
swings wildly to and fro.
Fragments of sweet memories,
slivers of happiness,
shards of care,
broken, strewn around,
sad reminders of
the damage being done.
Yet, headlong we rush,
oblivious of the inevitable
and ultimate demise! !

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