

Poetry Series

Alfred Maile
- poems -

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Alfred Maile()

Dancing In The Rain

Let it rain;
Like tears gushing down from heaven.
Let it rain,
Like the tears of african children.
Release it upon me;
Like the wrath of demons and titans.
Let it be;
As I dance in the rain like spartans.
Let it rain;
Let it rain on me like trees and roses.
Let me find calm in your tears like saline pain.
Flush down my troubles like the rod of Moses.
Let it rain;
With crackling thunder and flashing lightning.
Let it rain for my sorrow to distain,
Let it rain for tomorrow's new beginning.

Throw everything at me like hailstones;
But I'll keep dancing in the rain like troubled storms.

Alfred Maile

Endless Hills

I am the black sheep of a white herd.
A wingless bird;
Crawling to the endless peaks of darkness.
I gave birth to life's bitterness and hopelessness,
I gave birth to scars and faithless years.
Like a blind man, I cannot see my own tears,
Like a cripple I cannot outrun my own fears.
I am a lost soul without loyal peers,
I am the shadow of the bird up in the sky,
The stream that will never pass by,
The path that is ever troubled by hills.
A life cursed by the vilest of spells.

If my birth be of a loser;
Please let death be sooner.

Alfred Maile

Fantasy Of Dead Romantics

Can I ignore the brightness of her sparkle,
Will age ever be so heartless to wrinkle;
What a cruel calamity,
Such beauty should never toil in extremity.
O' sweet rose of Riversdale,
In which chapter shall our story have its tale,
Should it be the cause of magic or miracles,
Or the potions of witches and oracles,
To which trouble shall I ever have this pleasure.
Who could ever love you beyond this measure;
For my love is beyond the menace of fickle hearts,
Nor is it frail like the fragility of brittle parts.
I love you sweet May of valentines,
If this be lies;
Let it be the worst curse of times.

Alfred Maile