

Poetry Series

Anna Tea
- poems -

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Anna Tea()

Alvaro

Alvaro from the sea
Kindness and love
His teeth white as bone
Skin dark as dirt
Alvaro on his boat
His long hair
Whipping his face
In the wind
Alvaro from the sea
Touching Barcelona

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Avenue

I'll come with
I had tried it on my own
Never took me back and
I don't like waiting in lines

There can be no problems here
Move long
Here today
Gone tomorrow

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Death

I am waiting to finish the race
In a low voice
I am waiting

You do not want to write me off
You seem to think it is
Waiting

Do not mistake my eyes for caring
It is poison

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Hill

Brown and bare
Desiring to become fertile
A painless labor

Rakes on top
Scraping to get to the
Bottom

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Homeless

The old young man
Picking the last crumbs
On the plate
Content in the belly
Concern on his face
Cold will surround him
As he sleeps

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I Know

I know that sound
The dark one
That comes in dreams
The slow but steady beat
Low, dark

I know that place
The one between
Here and there
The light and
Dark

I know these things
The things of visions
The things of dreams
The fear
The dread

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Painting

Applause applause

Stop

And wait to listen who will be next

Who is the artist

Who will judge

Who will hurry up and decide to be the best

On a decision of nothing

A decision of stillness

A decision of scattering ideas and mirrors to the wind

No one will call out when the glass breaks

Or when the wind falls trees

On the islands in the dreams of paupers

Genius can be noisy

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Relentless

Relentless

Eyes round and staring

Fingers aching

Nails bleeding

Mouth dry

Tongue hanging

Again!

Breath stinking

Skin sweating

Teeth clenching

Ears pounding

Body breaking

Again!

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Stay

Stay Strong

My friend

The wind

the rain pours down

And down

Stay strong

The sun is still shining

somewhere

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Tenderhearted

He has rolled with the punches
You can see the marks on his back
Where he landed on rock while he rolled

He has caught the steady stream of arrows
In his right hand and with what was left
He threw them to the ground
Did not return the fire

He walked away from that place
Of confusion and pain
To be here in sight of God and angels
In the resting place of man

He will come closer to his maker
While staying here on earth
And remain forever
Tenderhearted

Anna Tea

The Last

The last Christmas card came in the mail
the car insurance company
wishes me a safe and Happy New Year
appreciates my business.

The last holiday candy wrapper
Lies close to the trash
two stale cookies with broken
Santa beards sit on a red paper plate

The last stretch of lights
With seven burned bulbs
blink down from a lofty place
The ladder is outside in the rain

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The Student

The Student
Watches as
the boys walk by
Dressed
in camouflage
Cadence
Beats
Life

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Tonight

Tonight the loneliness is like cold black oil
Seeping slowly through the cracks and crevices of her heart

Without warmth it will turn hard
Turn to coal

Her hope is that one day
Some future anthropologist
Will dig and chisel and break apart
The heart
To find the primitive hieroglyphics,
the fossils of crustacean and fern,
And catalog the undeveloped embryo of dreams

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Walk

Go and see the friend
That made you laugh and cry
He is bleeding dry
He is bleeding dry

The life he had
was a lie
Tell him not to cry
Tell him not to cry

The last great season
Had no reason
His to wonder why
His to wonder why

Go and see your friend
That made you laugh and cry
He is bleeding dry
He is bleeding dry

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