

Poetry Series

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen
- poems -

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Dorthe Wisbech Clausen()

The way I write is like this:

A sentence pop up in my head, and I write it down

Then the rest of the poem comes step by step, and I write it down as the lines grow.

I never sit down afterwards and 'clean' it up to make it rhyme, or alter the words.

And of course the final poem, always mirrors parts of my own life, and parts of my own experiences

And So She Left

And so she left; she returned
to her backyard of thundering dreams; and she never
came back to this world again

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

At My Bosom

At my bosom
laid many a soul

In times of joy
and times of despair

From my baby girl
to my grown up man

And at certain times
my men in between

All quenching their thirst
of different needs

I'd comfort
I'd please

I'd give them the deepest
innermost corners of
my very soul

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Back Home

From time to time
my soul whispers me
wonderous secrets

These, being secrets,
I will leave them
secrets, untill
you find your way
back home to
me

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Darkness

When it all turns black,
When I find myself
crawling down
that hole
again

When my nerve has gone,
And my guts betray me,
I'm on my way
right down
that hole
again

The darkness is deep

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Dawn Of The Days

Do you remember
my poem about
my epic meeting
in the dawn of the days
with the oldest of the old
of the wisest men?

He holds the ribbon in the
beginning of life, and I have a hold
at the other end

I have an eternal connection
with the dawn of the days,
and this is the reason
why I am wrinkled like
the musty apple belonging to Eve,
and smooth as the rustling speech of
the twisted, whispering snake

And when I arrive to the final vers of
the true Revelation spoken by God,
I still have a hold at the other end of
the ribbon connected to
the dawn of the days

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Do Not Belittle Me

Do not belittle me,
on your way across
the skyes

Do not fly above me
and pretend I cannot see,
what your eyes
think they see

Do not talk down to me
in your arrogance,
and pretend I do not
understand

Do not belittle me
with your ignorance

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Don'T Stress Me Baby

Don't stress me, baby,
give me the air
to breathe when you
suffocate me
with your
meaningless words

I've had it with you
and your 50% attitude
of 25% blabbering
25% bullshit
and the 50% air you stole
from me

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Falling

My brain is empty
My soul is drained,
I need a playback
To do the refrain

My bones are sore
My heart is weak,
I'm shaken to the core,
I headed for the peak

But I'm falling
falling
down

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Glimpse From My Youth

In the glow of my last cig
under the bridge of the City
with Dirty Jan and Red Booth Connie,
we share the last Daniels
and cough the last laughs
with a pathetic sound
that sounds like the schwoish
of the rats who know the same bridge as we
and, Baby, yes you, I met at the bar
remember I promised you
the golden woods,
well just for your info, I usually do,
when the music is jamming and the booze
running down, and the heat of the night is
at it's hight,
I just thought I owed you these words of honor
till we meet again down the bar at Bill's
next night when the twilight is grooming in,
I'll be meeting you there, with my golden woods

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Heavy Storm

There's a heavy storm
brewing in from the west

I will head east, and
fly on the wave of
wind and dust till
I end up in
the middle of a gust

Then I'll head west,
against the storm,
and, frankly, this is my
natural norm

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Hey That's Me

Hey, that's me
crawling up from the
mould again

Shouting in my husky
voice of age
'don't forget me please not still'

I walked the path of
no regret and this
is how I feel

No regrets is my
middle name, and
not even lifes gonna change
how I feel

I'm crawling up from the
mould again
happy as only a
fool can be

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

How I Wish

Oh, how I wish
I could show you heaven,
With all its sweetness
And fanciful swarm

Of lust and love
Of anger and need,
I'd show you all
If I could, indeed

Come let me take you
To the heaven I know,
The lucid place
Where feelings flow

Like the sweetest river,
Where you need no flare,
Cause, Baby, I promise
I'll be meeting you there

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

I Love You

The hardest poem
to write to you
is the poem
'I love you'

So I will not
write you the poem
I love you

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

I Won'T Regret

When I get old
I will regret
'This and That'
My Mama says,
You will for sure
You know you will

I must not do,
Must not behave like
'This and That'
Or I will go mad
My Mama says,
You know it's true
You know it is

But Mama dear,
Just tell me please
How I am supposed to live
Without forbids and must not do's?

I can't, I tell you,
I have to know
The sweet little secrets
of 'This and That'

So when my sunset comes along
I'll tell to Me
I did all 'This' and I did all 'That'

And I promise you, Mama
The regrets I'll have
Will be like zero,
I won't regret a single thing
So be me mad
I won't regret
I won't -
it's true

I'M The Kind Of Girl

I'm the kind of girl
who had my sexual debut
before the Berlin Wall
was torn apart

I'm the kind of girl
who never grows old
when I see a man at
half my age
with hair on his chest and
a lust for me

I'm the kind of woman
who knows my age
and am wise to use it
without being fooled
by any man on the surface of earth
nor by myself when the sun goes down

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

In My Sleep

I am waiting for my sleep to know,
what daylight cannot say,
the only place where senses flow,
and wash my fears away

For when your wisdom comes to me,
and strikes me with your soul,
that's when the sorrow that I see,
makes sense and I feel bold

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Into The Deep

In the depth of the night when
the wolves are out and
the dark is so dense that
the only way out is
into the impenetrable
blackness

That is the time when
your moment of truth is
on retreat and
you wonder if your mind
finally found
the turn-off switch

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

It's Been Some While

It's been some while since
I was a child in
my town of birth

It's been some while since
I walked the street in
my town of youth
showing off my
famous swag

It's been some while since
I left the lights in
my town of love
sailing off to a newer
me

It's been some while since
I grew into more than I
ever knew
could be bigger
than my
famous swag in
my town of trial

It's been some while since
I said goodbye to the
loves of my life
and my famous swag is now
buried in
my town of memories

It's been some while since
I laid to rest the father of
my handful of lifes
too soon to ever
having known how
to forget

It's been some while since

I watched my loves grow
into more than they
ever knew
could be bigger
than the swag they were
hitting down the street where
the once young woman did her
style of living her life

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Loving You

I found you like I always do
right below the willow tree
Where your eyes keep
glowing
with that same old blues

I look unto you and I
fall down your eyes

All the sorrows
I brought to you
they lay down there with all
my lies

When will I ever go my way
When will I stop
Loving You

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Poem To A Man

I'll tell you this, Mister-I've-Seen-It-All,
You ain't seen nothing till you've seen what I saw

On my ride through time I watched a few
or more of those total eclipses of things
I thought in my heart I already knew

My journeys are many but those be rare
where my pre-destination was known by me

and though I asked for a two-way fare,
the ferryman kept telling me he wouldn't share

So, Mister, this place where I am at now,
is not for your knowledge and neither is how
I got here for you, Mister, to wonder about

Cause the day you'll find out is the day I'll be gone
to a new destination beyond the sun

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

Romantic Affairs, Keeping It Simple

What if I told you, that
the dawn of the day, is more
beautiful today than on any
day before this day

What if I told you, that
the set of the sun, on the night
before, was the most beautiful
stage my eyes ever saw

The music of the birds, flying high through
the skies, is nearest only
to the love we shared,
last night on the stage of the setting sun

What if I told you, that
the dawn of the day, is more
beautiful today than on any
day before this day

- would you
believe me

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

The Lady

The worn-out old Lady,
Walking down the street,
Looking sad and fadey,
Dragging her weary feet

She reads your mind,
She knows your thoughts,
You cannot hide,
She tried it all

We see her walk
The street each day,
She never speaks,
We leave her stay

She's seen it all,
The rise and fall,
Though sad and fadey,
She's still a Lady

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

The Only Thing

In the backlight of my life
the only thing I miss, is
your heart's rythm close
to mine

- too bad it didn't rhyme

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

This Is For You

You're not my man
Yet you reside in my heart

This is for you,
The man with the eyes
Like the deep dulcet sound of
of a melancholic blues

A weh yu a seh fi mi?
You say your heart is drained
And water runs through its veines

Ah, it is blood all right, I say,
And how do I know, you say?
How can I feel what you don't know?

Mi a kno yuh story
An dat fi true,
And that's not a threat
It's my love for you

Like the wounded panther
So is you,
Licking your wounds and
You never forget

Your fights, your sorrows
Your loves, your loss

Your heart shines right through
You cannot hide,
I saw from day one
Your manly pride
In those deep melancholic angel eyes

Use it wisely and
do it Your way,
Then no one will ever be right to say
one single word about

Your heart
Not being filled with
pure human blood

You're not my man
Still you reside in my heart

An mi naa jesta an' dat fi true

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

To You

The blackbird is singing tonight
For you

Escorting you gently to the land of
Unknown

The evening sun sends out its wings
To bid you
Its last farewell

And I travel tonight with you
On your last and lonely journey

Till we reach the border to the land of
Unknown

Here I have to let go
Of you
To let you find

The sacred place of eternal peace
All by yourself

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

When Ever She -

When ever she opened up
her eyes
She saw the unseen
the unknown
the unfelt
You couldn't hide, even if
you tried

Dorthe Wisbech Clausen

When I Fall

Won't you come
and catch me when
I fall

When I fall down
to my knees,
Too tired to
go along

I never used to ask
for help,
But this one time
please catch me when
I fall

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