

Poetry Series

**Ina SchrodersZeeders**  
**- poems -**

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# Ina SchrodersZeeders()

Born and living on the island of Terschelling, The Netherlands. My job is writer of light fiction novels (in Dutch) .

I am new in writing poetry. Discovering the possibilities is like an adventurous voyage.

# A Mirror Is A Liar Too

How can I see myself in you

When you reflect my pain but not my soul

Am I to play another part or role

Than to be myself and true?

What can reflections really do

But show the outside of the complex whole

And not the depth, the relief that you stole

A mirror is a liar too

There might be more than what you see

So much is covered by what was

Not to be shown by just some glass

Reflections don't show the real me

So let this vanity just pass

As you are not my looking-glass

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# Between Forgiveness And Your Spite (Pantoum)

Not to see the sadness in your eyes,  
I'm trapped between forgiveness and your spite  
I see the way your shoulders shut me out,  
a battle in a war of hidden lies

I'm trapped between forgiveness and your spite  
and you don't seem to see me where I stand.  
A battle in a war of hidden lies.  
Let's talk again to end this cruel fight

And you don't seem to see me where I stand.  
I'm trapped between forgiveness and your spite,  
let's talk again and end this cruel fight.  
It would be wonderful to hear you laugh again.

I'm trapped between forgiveness and your spite.  
I'm nowhere, now you are not to be found  
It would be wonderful to hear you laugh again,  
it would be my relief to know you'll turn around

I'm nowhere now, you are not to be found.  
I see the way your shoulders shut me out.  
It would be my relief to know you'll turn around  
not to see the sadness in your eyes

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# Death Is A Mockery Of Life

Death is a mockery of life  
They who have lived it through, are dead  
So what about death can be said  
It lingers in the living room after the funeral

They who have lived it through are dead  
We do not speak of death too much  
It lingers in the living room after the funeral  
We try not to think about the lonely grave

We do not speak of death too much  
It is always raining in the grave yard  
We try not to think about the lonely grave  
Where no one seems to be, but only was

It is always raining in the grave yard  
Some flowers grow between the tombstones  
As nature doesn't care about it, live or death  
Just carry on as usual

Some flowers grow between the tombstones  
So what about death can be said  
Just carry on as usual  
Death is a mockery of life

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# Don'T Go Silently Away

Don't go silently away  
Please let me know  
in advance  
that it's time to silently say  
that you go  
But promise to be back one day  
if you have the chance

Silently go when it's time for our eyes  
after they've said all their soundless goodbyes  
Silently go but  
don't silently leave  
before saying to me  
that you'd much rather stay

Tell it to me with your eyes  
as I know they will tell me no lies  
and it is them I can truly believe  
when you leave  
silently

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# Guilt

The air moves from your gesture to the tree  
to move a leaf and make it fly away  
across the street to land in someone's tea  
before it's swallowed and the person dies.

You find a shell that washed ashore one day,  
giving memories of when you were child;  
this one, no other shell around could say  
the stories of those times you almost drowned.

A whisper tells you where to go from here,  
tall trees move gently as you walk beneath,  
they say the neighbour should be drinking beer  
instead of tea. It's not your fault. It's life.

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# Home To Me

The tired houses leaning side by side  
The rusty bicycle you always ride  
The fisherman whose ship is work and pride  
They all are home to me

The sand that's blowing on the lonely beach  
The waves that bring the shore a treasure each  
The wrinkled hand that's always there to reach  
How that is home to me

The mother waiting on the windy pier  
The cry of seagulls that are always here  
The far away sons and the one who's near  
So much is home to me

The grandchild who'll be born in fall  
The silent men who've seen it all  
The drunk man waiting for the final call  
That all is home to me

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# I Trust Your Lust

Your hand is a curious stranger on my skin  
This teasing finger is making a perfect circle on my back  
You write your name under my neck  
I feel your breath and close my eyes in trust  
That you will gently share your lust  
Your hands are warm and turn me over  
For a moment then you linger  
And without fear I let you in

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# Image Problems

I had this image of you  
that you painted yourself  
that I completed with my imagination  
and a golden frame

my fondest memories  
of events yet to happen  
were in this image  
that was supposed to be you

now we have met and at second glance  
it is a picture of a too sunny coast  
a painting with cracked vernis  
and the frame is now falling apart

since I am back the image is spitting  
green stuff  
and I give it a week  
till it's gone altogether

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# Lazy Moments Before Sunrise

Love scent surrounds us like a cover  
Sweet and bitter do you taste  
Make no fun now, make no haste  
just again please be my lover

Scent of sweat and blood and musk  
Curtains dropp in our embrace  
Torn up sheets and straps of lace  
watch us sleep again till dusk

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# Love Stolen Night

A pub full of people and you standing there  
drinking your last glass of dark coloured beer  
The music not louder than hollow hard laughter

Images fading in smokey thick air  
somewhere in between, we were going somewhere  
or was it after

An iron bed with torn and cold sheets  
you opened the window to let go the white dove  
it silently flew in the dark coloured night

Away from the people and away from the laughter  
we shivered in a night stolen for love  
we shivered in a love stolen night

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# Marriage

So quiet are you now,  
and words have all been said.  
We should have gone to bed,  
but we don't know just how.

Much talk there was, when we just met -  
So quiet are you now,  
as if we had a row.

The books have all been read;  
We should have gone to bed  
(remembering my vow) .  
Not cold, but silence do I dread

"So, quiet are you now? "  
"My mind is numb, so that is how."  
"Was it something then I said? "  
We should have gone to bed...

You smile and kiss me on the head:  
"So well I know you, long as we've been wed!  
So quiet are you now.  
We should have gone to bed! "

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# Moment

let's just sit in the dunes by the sea  
nothing needs to be told  
we shelter each other from cold  
a ship in full sails to a far destiny  
as the waves sing their song  
like drowned sailors who died a long time ago  
or are they just seagulls crying  
let us stay by the sea  
and listen to them  
and don't think at all about dying  
not yet

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# My First Villanelle

Now you are in eternal sleep  
My hand no longer rests in yours  
The silence in the room is deep  
Somehow it is not time to weep  
Absent the feeling of remorse  
Now you are in eternal sleep  
And only memories to keep  
As I will think of you of course  
The silence in the room is deep  
Why did your faith decide to leap  
and take your soul to the eternal source?  
Now you are in eternal sleep  
a clock is ticking time to keep  
as you were taken by cruel force  
The silence in the room is deep  
just memories for me to keep  
My hand is useless to endorse  
Now you are in eternal sleep  
The silence in the room is deep

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# Nightmares

When at night  
fears come to do the dance macabre in cold uneasy dreams  
And thick darkness can't hide those images of doom  
No sanctuary is this room  
Till daylight comes they haunt the restless sleeper  
The reaper then runs off, the job undone  
The sleep is not yet gone  
In fact, is getting deeper  
Dream on dreamer, just dream on  
Goodnight

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# No One Is Like You

no one is like you  
no one  
your words are not the same  
their eyes see things differently  
no one says my name  
like you did  
no one is so dead  
as you are  
now

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# Nothing Left To Say

Words fail me now  
They come in drunken processions  
stumble over the threshold  
and stare at me unwillingly to help out  
Their eyes are red and their noses blue  
and I won't bother to sober them up  
or put them back on the barstools  
when they fall over  
I might even kick them instead

Because what is there left to say  
So words could be of use?  
Either way,  
you go or stay,  
I lose

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# Over You In May

you were not much of a real friend

the stitches of the seam are torn

you were no friend at all to me

the black dress that I'll wear to mourn

and for memories of what could have been

I find no future there

nothing left to wear

but naked lies

how you thought the truth could be so bend

how you thought that you could lie to me

it was something I had never seen

now I know to be aware

it is like waking up in Spring

the welcome of a finer day

awaiting morning birds to sing

the black dress taken by the storm

at last the rain will come and wash away

this pain and shape it in another form

I am over you in May

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# Shelley

It was over between us, and a thunderstorm came.  
Books fell down from the shelf for no reason  
like domino stones as the grave stones they were,  
and my thoughts went with them below,  
taking all that was you, they went falling, deep  
into the earth taking you. Gone as our love in a blow.

But the wind started turning the pages  
of the Shelley I once got from you.  
It had to mean something important:  
we read it together, lying in grass.  
I did not want to look but started reading:  
"Alas! This is not what I thought life was."

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## Still In Love

So eagerly I want memory to reproduce  
the time when love was me and you,  
when easily I could seduce  
you in rhyming whispers that I sent.

So desperately now I need you  
to be once again my loving friend  
and forgive if my intention  
of reproduction turned you off,  
this is merely just to mention  
that I am still so much in love

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# Summer Near The Sea

The way you were then, the way you are  
I see you both times now  
The silent evenings near the sea  
where my skin embraces  
the moist salty air  
I have been waiting for you all my life  
while you were actually here  
so near  
A husband and a wife  
and now, as you will always be  
the one whose trusted voice,  
your timbre, sounds so good to me  
I know that the way you move away my hair,  
the breeze will just make it a chaotic mess again  
but this gesture and your touch  
is what I have been waiting for  
Not too long  
Not too much  
Not in vain  
We still are one  
together  
like the way we were  
way back then

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# Thank You For Leaving Me Behind

you took the ferry without me  
and didn't talk about returning  
separation, an indifferent sea  
while my heart just kept on yearning

I couldn't be with you  
and sunshine didn't comfort me  
the way it used to do  
as with you I longed to be

of course I knew that this was better  
no future was there for our love  
still I did hope for a letter  
wishing you would care enough

I was sixteen, you three times my age  
yes I know this was insanity, outrage  
but you showed me I could trust  
and what love is without lust

thank you for leaving me behind  
it was not mean to do, but kind

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# The Last Lover

Will you be the last lover  
the one to hold me in my hour of fear  
will you be the one then  
to kiss away the pain and, if any, a tear

The white curtains moved  
when the window was open  
the breeze from the sea  
was caressing my skin

It is getting so dark now  
as the light has been fading  
and I forgot: have I, or not, let you in?

Will you be near me in my darkness  
or will it just be  
the breeze of the sea  
whispering a farewell to me?

Will the sea be  
my lover  
at last

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# The Model

So I sit here completely naked and cold  
In front of this art class of men young and old  
Trying hard not to feel awkward at all  
I shiver a bit on the stool that's too small  
Hearing the pencils drawing my curves  
I am smiling away what is left of my nerves  
Someone is coughing, but no body speaks  
A chair's loudly moved and the door slightly shrieks  
Alone with twenty four eyes watching me  
From nine till eleven in my nudity  
And then thank heaven it is time for their break  
I secretly look what it is that they make  
Twelve sheets of paper all showing my figure of speech:  
Three cubics, two circles and a triangle each...

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# The Most Lonely Place

So much alone can one only be  
in the mind for there is no one else  
No other soul to keep one company

Where can one hide for all to see  
In thoughts alone we find our hells  
So much alone can one only be

In the mind where there's only me  
The only one whose voice there yells  
No other soul to keep one company

No, in the mind we are not free  
As there the soul is and it dwells  
So much alone can one only be

To find the language back he gave to me  
Regaining taste, the sounds, and how all smells  
And find a soul to keep me company

I am better off there where is he  
And freed from all those nasty spells  
So much alone can one only be  
Without a soul to keep one company

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# The Night Shift Of The Mind

All that we see in dreams is gone  
the moment we awake  
The night shift of the mind is done

When we dream, reality is none  
and wide awake, forgotten is the dream  
But for one moment it may just hang on

The colours of the nightmare fade  
The fear we had is put in reassuring words  
But there is no sense to be made

Deformed segments linger on  
Though what was dreamt, forever is forsaken  
And no more use to the awaken  
All that we saw in dreams is gone  
The nightshift of the mind is done

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# The Pillow Note

all nights with you are like there is no tomorrow  
moments as waterfall adventures by canoe  
scents of earth and sin and sorrow  
dreams of red and purple landscapes too

such moments of eternity and passion  
and of all the nights I spent with you  
last night most memorable in its own fashion  
so wake up! and let me show all my thanks to you

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# The Reed You Are

The reed stands  
caught in a flight  
halfway to freedom,  
stranded in a swamp,  
making the best of life.

Waiting in meanwhiles,  
like you wait for returning  
to the land you have left,  
bending waves in all directions,  
serf to the ruling wind.

Dreams of what lies beyond  
make you whisper at nights,  
rooting against all odds.  
While the land means memory.  
While the swamp slowly wins.

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# The Whisper Shell

There was a moment when, together but alone  
we stood close to the sea both far away in thought  
The whisper shell the waves had brought  
I held it to my ear as if it was a phone  
and when you saw me doing that, I felt so caught  
remembering the times we fought  
when voices had a different tone

You started running on the beach  
I followed you and we fell in the sand  
like we had shipwrecked and found land  
You had two more shells, one for each  
It was the last time that I felt your hand

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# This Must Not Go

The scent of the ripened fruit you eat  
While I am sitting quiet at your feet  
And just the whisper of the undertow  
This must not go

Watching your fedora out of reach  
rolling away over the empty beach  
And just the whisper of the undertow  
This must not go

The comfort of your body being near  
The soundless spoken words so very dear  
And just the whisper of the undertow  
This must not go

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## To Be So In Love

To be so in love that you forget to eat,  
that you can only think of your loved one's eyes,  
that cold rain feels pleasant to you,  
that you don't need sleep yet always dream,  
that you write poems in spite of dyslexia  
and watching the full moon makes you smile,  
okay we all can do that, but

to be so in love that trees start to shiver  
when you pass them by, that birds  
on their way South fly back to greet you,  
that it is raining flowers wherever you walk,  
that mountains roll over to let you go through  
and the moon has decided to shine full and round  
even it is that time of month when it is new,  
now that is to be so in love.

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# Unwanted Guest

filled with your absence  
the house and I wait  
both knowing it is everywhere

in the living room it is blocking the telly  
and in the bathroom mirror  
it is your face not being there  
that I see

at night I can hear  
your absence soundlessly sneaking up the stairs  
claiming the bed  
and it won't stay on your half  
grabbing all blankets

your absence is becoming a frequent guest now  
demanding attention  
keeping me busy  
filling the house  
till you come back

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# Waltz D'Amour

Shall we give in to long lazy loving  
Shall we give in to sun struck romance  
Fingertop striking your face and your neck  
Shall we dance  
Let's give in, shall we  
Shall we give  
And never look back

Let's give in to staying in bed  
Let's give in to not getting dressed  
Fingertop striking your neck and your chest  
Let's give in, shall we  
Let us dance  
Let us give  
And give it a rest

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# When Words Have Lost Their Meaning

when words have lost their meaning  
remaining shells with nothing more  
their letters with no goal, just tired, pale and leaning  
against the doorpost like some old forgotten whore  
then poetry is dead and gone  
and language lost its purpose all together  
nothing to revive it can be done  
no words are saved, no single useful letter  
no meaning to the sentences is real  
if you don't read my words, the ones I've written  
you never know just how I bleed and feel  
could language only be a messenger of love  
sent with the wings of some eternal dove

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# You Closed Your Eyes I Caressed You

you closed your eyes I caressed you  
with this music not mine  
this song not yours  
the music  
sung by this voice  
you closed your eyes I caressed you  
and all thoughts that came  
with all that we felt  
with this music not mine  
all then was ours  
together we were  
you closed your eyes I caressed you  
not just you not just me  
in silence we bonded  
with this music not mine  
our tears were the same  
when she sang  
you closed your eyes I caressed you  
with this music not yours and not mine

closing your eyes, I caressed you  
with this music not mine  
this song not yours  
we heard this voice  
and all thoughts that came  
all we felt  
all was ours  
not just mine  
not yours  
in silence we bonded  
our tears  
were the same

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