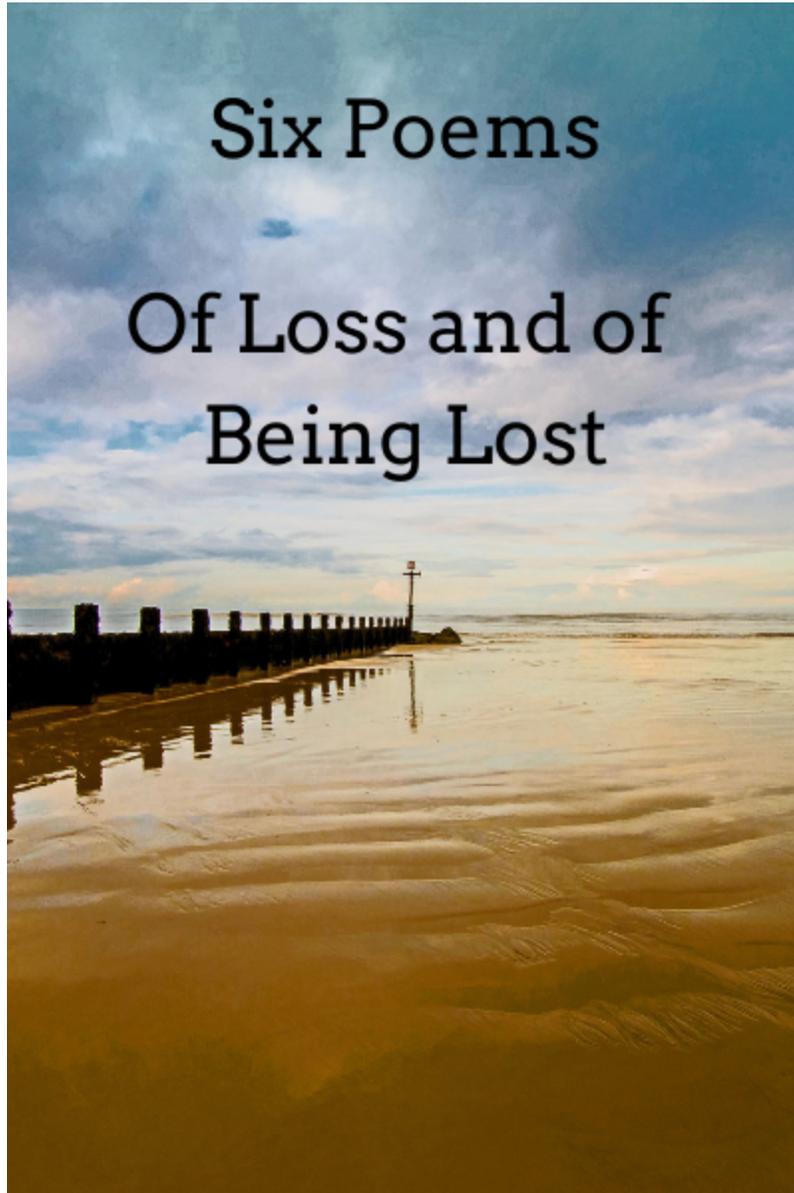


Six Poems

Of Loss and of
Being Lost



Six Poems

Of Loss and of Being Lost

By Daniel Williams

1. Sun Do Not Leave Me
2. Flood
3. Moon And Me
4. Night
5. I Am Snow
6. It Probably Would Have Rained

Sun Do Not Leave Me

All days that are long
Wilt if right or wrong
After their time has gone.
It is not their length
Concealing their strength
But the hope to live on.

The colour of night
Comes not as respite
As it festers in guilt.
All muddied by thought
Swirl misty, distraught,
Layers of flesh and silt.

Morning cry soften
From sleep, and often
Calls us to furnished rooms.
Next door still sleeping,
And without weeping
I see them fresh to doom.

Sun do not leave me,
Hide or fade gently
Retreat or ignore me.
Stop not the flowers;
Spend up your hours
So readily for me.

1-2 February 1987

Flood

The flood comes
The water builds up
Your damns burst
But always
Always intended
You chose to be awash, drowned
Swept away by
Currents stronger than man.
No one can touch you then,
And harm is just washed away.
Oh let my rivers flow
Long and loud-
May my banks nurture
Flowers and grass
For all nations.
I shall have swans
For passengers
And geese for messengers.
The sea will await my tide.
Tears on my chest
Hurry to the dust.

1989

Moon and Me

Hello moon
Today, tonight
Half way through your lunar existence
But still as bright.

I watched you awhile
Saw your secret smile
Told no one
No one asked.

12th September 1986

Night

The day is falling away again.
After being held in a
Warm cradle of light
The turmoil of the day proves too much
And night marches in again.
My bed is cold and soiled,
Dreamless but for the not wanted,
I so hate the night;
Darker than toothless coal
Guiltier than stolen apples, gone bad,
The lonely moon, searching for its own,
I so hate the night.
It's not the heat of dreams
Or half empty pillow,
The ache, the fear of dark
Voices below running wild,
The lack of tomorrow's
Knowledge and sad laughter,
But the single soul, crying confused, for another,
As if this would somehow help.

October 88

I Am Snow

On hills and shorelines
Fields, streams and sleepy towns,
Busy cities, bulging streets,
I fall on all, I wish to fall on all.

The bright smiles and excitement,
Trees adorned and landscapes purged
Of any brutal struggle
I float down to cover in gentle depth.

A warm pure blanket, but it is
The scarves, coats and hats that keep you warm.
The icy smile that creates waterfalls,
Cascade of cool, flowing away.

Like I fall on your life
To sparkle and glow,
To cheer up the winter
To help you through.

2004

It Probably Would Have Rained

I was born in a cardboard box
 My eyes the colour of sin,
Then someone massaged my brain
 So no love could ever get in.

My arms and legs were chained
 My hair cut short and straight,
I was told to scrub my lungs at night
 And never ever be late.

You always fed me sugar
 And butter-wine with ash,
(She would have offered heaven
 But we didn't have the cash.)

We travelled to the beach some days
 Where the bracken was taller than I,
The clouds hung huge above me
 Like children's mobiles in the sky.

But we never went there often
 For it was always such a strain
And if we were to stay at all
 It probably would have rained.

Then you filled me with commitment
 Asked me never to go,
Behind your eyes you cried white tears
 But never let them show.

I moved away in April
 Found a house in May,
Caught a cold in August
 It was then they took you away.

So now I'm back at Christmas
 Toothless and full of guilt,
The kitchen is full of strangers
The chapel, still half built.

November 1986