

Rain fell slowly on the pavement before
 Echoing across the top of the town hall
 Viciously before cartwheeling on
 Effortlessly towards the bus station
 Next to the boarded up old church
 Gathered in whispered memories
 Etched out in a forgotten revenge.

Revenge

Draining each drop
 Her mood didn't improve
 Sucking up the air
 Each time she looked up
 Spiralling inside out
 Across the wind
 At all that
 Passed by,
 Severed with a
 Thread crawling
 Slightly behind it
 In a deep frustration
 Merging with anger
 That he'd smiled
 At somebody else
 That morning.

The 7:39

Her back was turned to me
 Once she finished dancing
 So I couldn't see her smile
 As she reposed
 And spools of lightening
 Chipped off her heels
 Lost across that moment
 Disappearing into slight fog
 Across an empty landscape
 Carrying a slight burst of applause
 From one side of the room
 To the other
 Before she disappears like
 An apparition into dust.

Repose

Eyes curl with a smile
 Dancing over the frozen lake
 With firstly a skip
 Then a mis-judged hope
 Plunged into shadows
 Entombed in splintered ice
 Reborn as salty mist
 Slumped to the ground
 Like a broken chair leg
 Following the street
 Lights home.

Frozen Tomb

Please recycle to a friend!

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Origami Poetry Project™

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Mystery Story

Andy N © 2014

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Andy N.

Mystery Story

Covered in slight fog
 Faces blur over the sunset

Stretching round the back of
 The shut down bus station

Leading to the deserted dockyard
 And blown out streetlights

Breathing in and out slowly
 Like a deer frozen in the headlights

And a mystery unsolved
 Dripping off the side of the bridge.

The Way Out

Words gobbled out across
 The middle of woodland
 Nestled in a portal
 Of forgotten bed stories,

Half opened at dusk
 Bent yellow in static
 Kicking leaves onto rocks
 Stung in maddened tongues

Crying for a way out
 In broken poetry.