Circle poems 1-4

1 starlings

In the white room
With the black curtains
Near the station
Black roof country
No-gold pavement
Tired starlings

A life with no meaning
But the black curtains in the room
What’s beyond those black curtains
Was a purpose to live

A light flashes through
While I sit against the wall

In the padded white
People called you mad
And when they did it
Made you sad, so when
You’re sad you steal a bite
To make sure you’re fed before
Making the people who made
you sad, very, very dead

Seeing your reason to live
Is so close yet so far
running for it make it further and further
like running through a long hallway
that keeps stretching
I rip my heart apart before I try
Landing my crash landing, I go up up up
Before I start proceeding like an old man’s
Hair receding

Scared and bleeding
I run
Trapped inside
No where to go
Black curtain surrounding

Are these walls getting smaller?
2 crow

The caw war unsettling as the murder of crows flew
Over me. Their shadows passing by shrouded me in darkness
Isolating me from the garden of life. As I can
just barely see this
secret garden of life.

The darkness so tempting, so convincing.

I am reminded of a prayer:
   “Fear the reaper with no face.
    Beware his cold and dark embrace.
    Should death take my soul before I wake,
    Pray my body is burned at the stake.”
I shudder.

A cold wind embraces me.
The darkness surrounding me.
But the light ahead
The door so close

A poem is never finished I’m just too lazy to end it...

In the light of summer
People chilling at the beach
When compared to winter
Summer is more funner

The evil in the air was unsettling

Potatoes flew around my room and had
The faces of Chuck Norris

Chuck Norris though

Home is where the heart is

Life is what you make of it
Like a never-ending roller coaster

We’re living in repetition
We’re living in repetition
Living the same old routine again
3 bear

Trees are falling, wind is blowing
Spirits are calling, the river is flowing
On the hunt, the bear roars
Trudging along the forest floors
The storm is immense, the trees rather dense
That the bear stumbles into a wooden fence
What’s that?
I hear it calling
Falling down away from life’s broken back
Shattered beings on the ground
Changing the flow of emotions
“Understand me” these dead beings call out
Before I could listen to their last words
The world shut them out
I wake up suddenly
One of the bears are on me
“Hey dude,” the beast grumbles
“I need you to make food for my tumbles”
The bear was a friend, so I made him some toast,
He despised everything else, even a roast.
“Thanks dude” he said, walking out
Then I look back to my side to see the other bear pout.
4 ice

Gliding across the floor
Concentrating on my movement and nothing more
I look out into the audience
And see my sweet mother
But the sad thing is it’s only her
There is no one other
Heavy breathing
Lungs contracting
Portray my feelings
In the way I’ve been practising
Racing along the frozen ice
It’s what I feel I was meant to do
The touch of frost against my face
My mother’s happy cheers
This is what really matters
And this is why I’m here
To make her proud and hold her dear
For if I fail, I’m afraid I’ll fear
I look into my mom’s face, she nods
Sliding across the ice, I think of her and god
I ask god to protect me and to give me strength
I got up I looked at my mother she smiled

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