

George Freek

PASSING THE NIGHT AWAY

All day and all night
time falls like invisible ashes.
The stars tick like
bombs about to explode.
What can't be seen
will still be noticed eventually.
The mirror reflects
someone I don't know.
He looks far too old.
I shake with a nasty cold.
I kill a spider, with a fly
trapped in his web.
Life is half pleasure,
and half dread.
To avoid the darkness,
passing over my head,
I quickly return to
the illusory safety of my bed.

A POEM FOR A DEAD CROW

Crows pick at the rotting bones
of a skeleton who gazes
with unseeing eyes at the stars,
where our dreams abide.
Disturbed, the crows
scatter like falling leaves.
They're unable to satisfy
their instinctive needs.
The stars in heaven
are the audience
for this gruesome scene.
The crows don't care.
They haven't fed,
and anyway
they never look up there.

POEM AFTER THE POET Li Po

It's Friday night.
The birds have vanished,
except for a raven,
searching for carrion
under glistening snow.
The new moon smiles
like a June bride,
as the night opens wide.
Along the street,
a pair of lovers stroll,
happy to be alive,
thinking of
what lies ahead,
perhaps a marriage bed.
The sky is so quiet
anything that moves
strikes them with
wonder. Still far away,
is the rumble of distant thunder.