

THREE POEMS BY AND © ELOISA JAYE DE VERA 2011

After 3 A.M.

She picked up her instrument of joy –
Her slender fingers grasped the plastic case,
Carefully cleaning the tip,
No blemishes no dirt.
She held it for a second
As if thinking twice,
But her mind was made up,
Her heart could bear no more.
Ever so slowly,
The tip touched the surface,
Barely making a dent
In the tough material,
She applied a gentle force and
Slides it across the tanned surface.
Not satisfied with the scratch she made,
She did it again
At the same place,
More force this time,
For all the sadness,
A little longer this time,
For all the pain,
Deeper this time,
For the desperation,
Another,
Another and
Two more.
Staring at her work of art,
The bright red pigment
Wet,
Spreading like a virus,
Claiming the once blank surface.
No relief it all brought
She climbs slowly into bed,
Curls up,
Hoping to disappear,
Contemplating other ways
To relieve the pressures of this world.
Her throbbing arm
Still slick with warm blood
Lies on her side
And stains the light blue sheets
As she falls asleep
And takes refuge
In her world of dreams.

The Legend of the Wind

She sculpted herself for him,
Made him the centre of her universe.
She polished and refined
Each aspect of her life
To fit his
To make him interested;
But he only looked past her,
Looked right through her.

She chased after men.
They were her source of life.
Man after man,
She'd change herself,
Hoping one of those men would finally
See her as their big win.

It was only when her heart broke
After the nth man walked away,
That she no longer had the energy
Nor the will
Nor the strength
To piece it back together.

There lay the tiny specks of her heart,
A pile of shattered porcelain
So long ago painted red;
Destroyed so frequently,
Some pieces had smoothed out.
Bearing so much pain and distraught
Its lustre faded.
And when the warm spring breeze blew
The pieces of her heart went with it
Floating away
Giving the wind it's cold, sad song.

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The Goodbye

I stood aside for she knew me no more.
Moaning and groaning in pain, she lay
As all I could do was watch and pray
With my eyes cast down to the floor.
Tears poured as they never did before.
Looking into her eyes, I heard myself say
I'm not ready to let you slip away.
But on life, she peacefully closed the door.

Loud and piercing were the cries,
As goodbyes were whispered sadly.
Now she lives up in the skies,
Where for years she longed to be,
Where there's a perpetual sunrise,
And she's looking down, smiling at me.

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