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You Are Immortal

Poems

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Ideal

How I wish one could amend,
T'would prove needless to repent;
All one's deeds free from dismay,
The mind content ev'ry day.

It is not to be adored,
Only say I am unflawed;
What's done were to bring on harm,
As well cut off mine own arm.

There, my foibles and false moves
Won't forsake, to me they fuse;
And words, as soon as revealed
Can, not ever, be repealed.

How to make oneself at home
With oneself? It must be known!
I should duly turn recluse,
In my exile write and muse.

Not Me

He looks at her,
He speaks to her,
Goes for walks with her;
Her hand in his,
How jammy that is!
But she
Is not me.

Her sight to me is injury,
Within, indignant mutiny,
Rust I unrelentingly
Yet shut it be inside;
This plight
Is not right.

My mind entirely worn
From the smarting it has borne
And spirit unprettily stained;
In giving I strained,

All profit now be mine;
Will he, one sweet morn,
Divine
His own twine?

Only Friend

Now they've left you one and all
And at last you've reached nightfall;
If you keep me by your side,
Courage never shall be tried.

Anguish, gloom, despair make grow
My desire not to go;
No one alone an island, true:
Thus I'll share this isle with you.

Few demands I'd surely make,
An ounce of room I'd merely take;
Boundless my devotion yet,
All my time and care you'll get.

Whate'er good will people do?
They deceive and misconstrue!
My name is loneliness and
I am the one, your only friend.

Suddenly

My tread, bewildered, on this path
Attend I passing's aftermath;

Sun that smiles, her beams fan out –
Pray what is there to smile about?

For one discovers there's a change
In mortality that's too strange.

Feelings, nature, gave plenty spark –
Suddenly, lights of life go dark;

When surging air once brought content –
Suddenly final breath be spent,

And how come a man full grown
Suddenly fits into an urn?

Distant age from here seemed so sure,

But suddenly you were no more.

Speak To Me Not Of Love

Speak to me not of love,
Tormenting, grievous thing,
For maimed and harmed am I
By its cruel deadly sting.

What parasite, what leech,
So bleed it does me dry;
How reckless, careless and
Scheming, cunning, sly.

Praised its name most warmly,
But wherefore could that be
When love has only slight
And bitterness for me?

Charmed me once – lost all spark,
No longer am I swayed;
Rouse the flame not again,
Instead I let it fade.

Down the mire goes the fort,
 'Tis futile thus to build;
 Speak to me not of love –
Now let these words be stilled.

Easter Sunday *

Am I nothing but a pawn
In this contest staged by fortune?
Whose favour does me o'erlook,
Rule not myself in life's forum.

Truly meagre is my gift;
Parched, this garden gone to ruin
And my weakness does but prove
To bear my load is vain doing.

Much derision do I meet,
So go to ground is my answer;
All the moments lived and lost,
Time unlived I should grieve after.

Are You near? Then as a tree,
Standing by some lake or river,
Yielding sweetest fare, I'm made,
Verdant, let me flourish ever.

* Verse 4: Adapted from Psalm 1

I Should Have Said

Feelings and words, stranded in our hearts,
And locked in they do remain;
Destined, surely not belatedly,
For expression time again.

Wealth of thoughts, not now and never said;
All intentions, worthy, kind
And how fond we were of so-and-so
Get, ungiven, left behind.

Let it be proclaimed without delay
Into perpetuity;
So the soul of dearest departed
And my voice find unity.

Hours and years are minutes and days,
Obscure all mileposts nearing;
Wait not for that occasion that might
Or might not be appearing.

If Only the Morning Would Never Come *

If only the morning would never come,
Strive and toil would find soft ending;
Leave behind the cares, the fear,
Let the rest to them be tending.

Could I find comfort in some other life,
A friend who knows a quiet space,
Where to dwell and spend time dreaming,
Sound in my good angel's embrace?

Alas! The here and now wants such kindness;
Then might not death be more forgiving?
If only the morning would never come,
It would spare me the pain of living.

* The title is a line from N.C. Hunter's play
'Waters of the Moon'

Welcome To Heaven

‘So let me begin
By presenting the hereafter
To which you now have come,
Wherever it was from
And the hardships you were in –
They do not signify.

You will soon adjust,
To those residing here you can entrust
Much guidance.’
While they, permanent and practiced,
Watch in silence
And quite remember
The day they entered ...

As will we all
Awake in Arcadia,
Whatsoever our kin or kindred;
None here has fashioned a wall

Midway erstwhile tongue or hue;
Disharmony we lately knew
Now well and truly ended.

Of one flesh and blood
Are we after all;
The same bones and mud
In the end when we made it
To this heavenly hall.

Fake

In this house she moves,
Turning all to glacial,
But only superficial;
Is her flair for being nice
Conceited air instead?
She is cold as South Pole ice.

Withering her breath;
Pity them that with her live
Such as I (And why do I?),
And why this creature so uptight?

Her commands are not my wish,
How twisted it all is.

Dear me!
Human kind
She can never be!

The Customer Is King!

The way you speak, boorish, vile –
Makes my ears ever so ring;
You say I lie yet I bow,
For the customer is king!

Bicker much and rage you do,
Like a toddling little thing;
But your tantrums I must bear,
For the customer is king!

Ever pleasantly converse,
The exhaustion it does bring;
Through the hours I will crawl,
For the customer is king!