

More Poetry. Geez when will it stop?

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Yep, you read right. I'm going through a poetry phase. It's rather theraputic.

Oh, yes. The last poem is an extention from the famous poet, Robert Frost's poem "The Road Not Taken"

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1 - Untitled

Fog

Closing out the world

fog masks you it its gray arms.

Solitude at last.

Poems

Poems,

Life turned to words.

Written from truth and love,

Life's water wrung out of the mind.

Our lives.

I Wonder

The path I did not take that day,

When the road forked in the yellow wood,

Always haunts my dreams as there I lay

In my bed when night evolves from day.

I think, "Did I take the path I should?"

What lay beyond what my eyes could see?

Just might there be lush, greener land,
Or nothing more than dead, barren trees?
These questions I ask myself nightly.
If I chose that path where would I stand?

These questions swimming in my brain
Give life to doubt in my decisions.
What facts from these questions do I gain?
Shall I keep asking them or refrain?
I shall chase them away like pigeons.

I cannot go back and change my fate,
in spite of how much I wish I could.
I shall go on at my normal rate,
Knowing the questions will dictate,
My mind's visiting the yellow wood.