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POETRY OF THE PAST

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POETRY OF THE PAST

I saw poetry etched all around me.
On etched ceilings,
in gilded paintings glorious,
on walls vocal with love.

Poetry sailed down the grand canal
bidding adieu
to Shylock's Rialto
forgetting buying and selling of hearts
on waters blue
with a bluer sky overhead.

Poetry glowed from the marble sculptures
in museums that palpitated as real.
Hatred, vengeance, love and repose
stood captured there
for eternity.
Nothing would end.
Nothing would die
there.

Memories of a revolution French
echo silently on the walls
of a chamber once warm with pride and passion.
A door concealed
opened silently one night
when desperate eyes found not a soul
in the adjoining guards' chamber
and life fled
to find life.
The room lies in all its past splendor.
The last moments of hope
hang in the air there
frozen in time.
There is poetry there.

Moments and hours and days
with palette and paint

have long gone past.
Thoughts of certain moments
when a new sun dawned
or a new moon yawned
behind an ink black sky,
thoughts splashed across canvas
in thoughtful gay abandon
hang on the walls today.
Will hang there for years to come
Moments of past
to awed moments of a future marching on.

Passions from long ago
will remain aglow for years to come.
I might not be there again.
But the gaze in those marble eyes would know
I was there once
with them
feeling within
their joys
their pains and their sorrows.

I will not write poems again.
Not till I read them all.
The poems etched in my heart
to read
and the life of poetry passed
to savour.



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