



Home | Interviews ▾ | Featured Poetry ▾ |
Poet of the Month | Poet of the Week ▾ |
Poetry Profiles ▾ | Poet Profiles ▾ | Our Anthologies ▾ |
Articles ▾ | Book Reviews ▾ | Young Poets ▾ |
Contribute | Bookshelf ▾ | The Team |
The Learning Centre ▾ | THE POET - Worldwide |
Contact ▾ | Newsletters | Support Us



Featured Poetry - JANUARY, 2022

NIGHT BUS

By Pavol Janik (SLOVAKIA)

Translated into English by James Sutherland Smith

I admire the smiles
of the wax figures
and the drunks.

Their faith.
Their humility.
Their precision.
Their infallible wisdom
determined by the office of normalization.

I admire
their wallpapered souls
full of light and brocade.
Their responsibility and legality
surpassing
the price of taxis and wine.

I'm terrified by the indifference
with which they listen
to the heavy breathing of the last trolley buses.

END

Pavol Janik, PhD, studied film and television drama, and scriptwriting. He is a poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter, and his work has been published in over 20 countries around the world.

W: www.pavoljanik.sk

EVENING ROOM

By David Sparenberg (USA)

I would like to believe in quietude and freedom. I would like to sit alone in an evening room, with the smell of rain blowing in through the open doorway, and be assured that the Earth, which has been troubled with confusion before, is an incantation of mystical beauty.

I would like to believe, before the furniture and rude inflations of modern reason, that dignity and uncompromising courage are gifts in the nature of our humanity.

I would like to sit, when the light is graciously fading, and count on the gracious light of tomorrow; to smell the moist soil and dream of a time when our souls are

not so small and withered, and when passages are not so dreadfully encumbered by the potholes of our sorrows.

I would like, so very much, to pour a little, fresh cup of wine, to break a loaf or a piece of warm bread; to light a round candle, even when the shadows, like uncertain visitors, gather on the gooseflesh walls.

And I would like to go on dreaming, dreaming, and believe that the Earth is good for us, even in our cruelty. And that you too, somehow, out there, will share in my wishes. Breaking bread and sitting in your solitude. Saying a prayer that I will

THE GOLDEN AUTUMN TREE

By Ayesha Khurram (PAKISTAN)

The golden autumn tree has gotten old,
It's warm shade has gotten cold,
It's leaves rusty and branches broken,
From a deep sleep it has now awoken,
It's shattered heart is yet to stop,
It's weak hope is yet to drop,
It's soul is majestic and pure,
But the wounds in it's heart have no cure,
It's eyes are now baggier than ever,
Looks like it's going to leave the forest forever!

END

Ayesha Khurram is 16 year old poet from Pakistan. She has been writing poetry as a hobby since the age of nine, and has won various prizes in school for her work.

STILL BLOSSOM ON THE AUTUMN TREE

By Peter Kiggin (ENGLAND)

Still blossom on the tree in autumn.
Still beautiful to see, just quietly waiting for you.
someone will see what I've always seen is true.
Sometimes I cry knowing my faith won't possibly do.
I have just one dream; that is to lie next to the tree that is you.

END

Peter Kiggin has written over 1600 poems and has been published in a number of magazines and on platforms worldwide.

W: www.PoetryPoem.com/peterkiggin

certainly never hear, but will try,
very hard, to feel.

END

*David Sparenberg is a freelance writer and teacher, ecosopher and eco-poet. David's writings have been published in numerous periodicals and journals throughout the world.
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[Poetry Profiles](#) -
[Poet Profiles](#) -
[Anthologies](#) -
[Articles](#) -
[Book Reviews](#) -
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