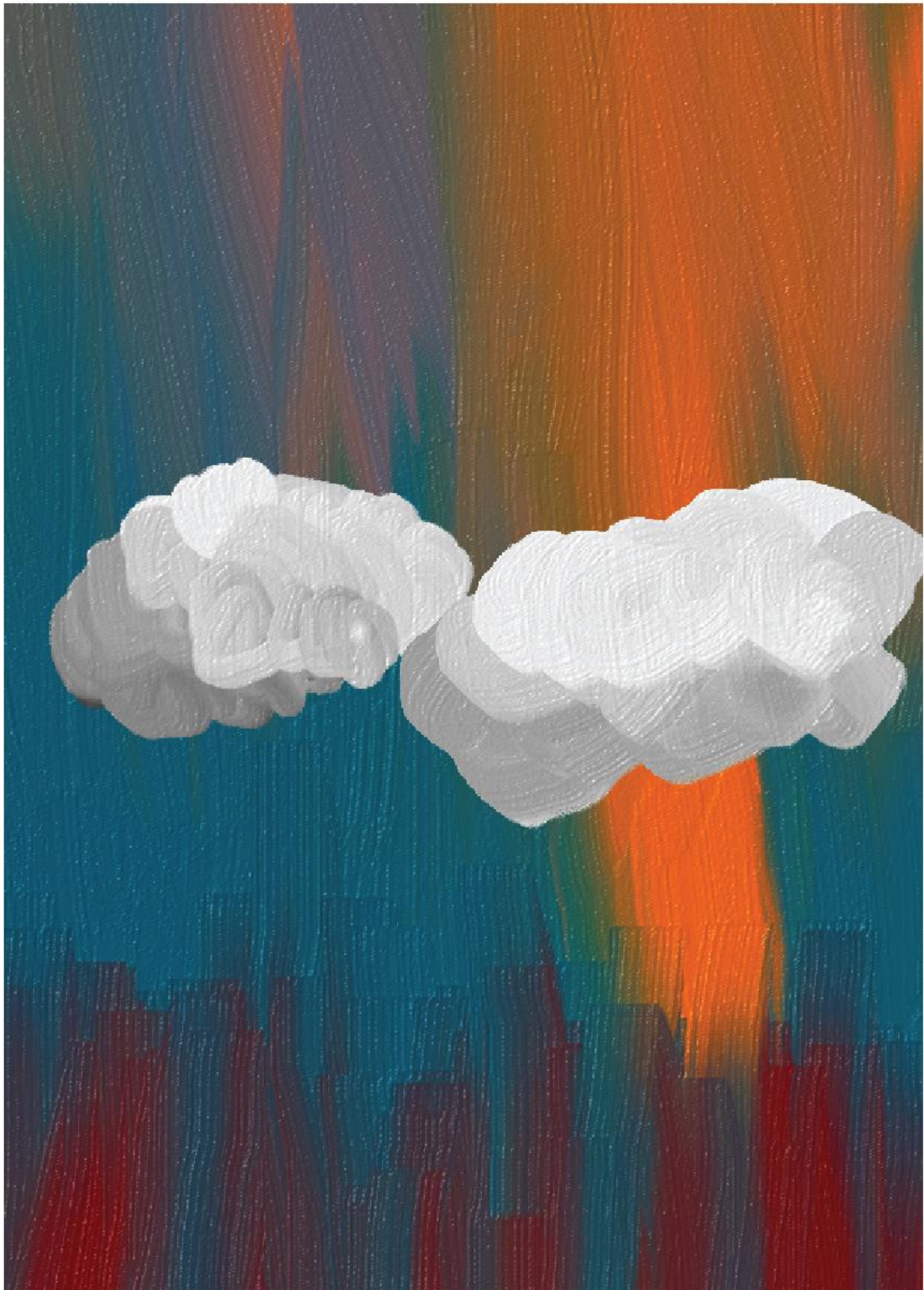


Poems for monday



1/2/22

KATA

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Kata

Sunny Days

I could write about sunny days,
But they leave me feeling unimpressed.
The theory of sunny days is much more enticing than their actuality.
And I harbour a great disdain for false beauty.
There is a fallacy to flowers and green leaves,
To pools of water and long walks.
The sun is at its best when it is setting
And the hues of sexual frustration litter the sky.

Kata

Clouds

In any case,
I find myself more enamoured by clouds
And how they could not be bothered to abide by any order.
Clouds are the first true, free thinkers.

However I would not look to clouds for guidance,
For I too would only be going where the wind takes me.
Somewhere in there is a lesson.

Kata

Winter

In a world of black and white, true colours show.
And the grey of winter is the colour of truth.
As all falsity withers, the naked bones of trees is all that remains.
Their curved spines stand tall and branch in hideous beauty.
Seasonal is the weak and those unprepared for the fight.
Winter is for those infatuated by the truth.