

1990 - 1999

TEN

Y E A R S

A collection of poetry by Helge Denker

Words (The Poet)

Shaded from the light,
Staring out into the night,
Hear the words within my heart,
Bring together worlds apart.

Good Bye (Turning World)

The rosebud is promise,
Unfolding,
Her eyes beauty,
Evolving.

*Touch the world, turning,
Feel your hand, burning.*

The sun 's on fire,
Burning higher,
Hurling down its flame,
Devouring your shame.

*Hold your hand up to the wind,
Let it blow away all sin.*

The rosebud, red,
Is dead.
Petals turn to dust,
Innocence succumbs to lust
(Cry then, if you must.)

*Cool your fingers in the sea
Live, and let it be.*

*Walk on across the turning world,
Dazzled by the spin and turn,
The light and dark,
And up and down,
And going round.
We go round.*

The moon is frozen
In the cold blue sky,
Turning black.
Turn it back.

The earth is dust,
The earth is dead,
Cut down by the meanness in your head.

*You and I,
And me and you,
We are both the same,
Both to blame.
(Bow your head in shame)*

*Stand still,
And watch the world go by.
Going by.*

Good bye.

Yesterday And Tomorrow

Yesterday has gone
And tomorrow does not care
Whether you are there.

One More Day

And so we waste away
Just one more day,
Until at last
Our time has passed.

A u t u m n

Autumn leaves,
Like the lamenting tears
Of a dying summer,
Dress themselves in colour
Before they fall.

Dead leaves, drowning in puddles;
Colours of autumn can weigh down the heart

T o G o H o m e

I long so much
To sink beneath thought,
Or to rise and soar above it;
To drown in deep water,
Or love;
To dissolve into the colour of the evening sky,
Or the hard reassuring roughness of rock;
To be carried like a feather on the wind;
To go home.

I long to go home.

A Letter

A letter,
Words,
Memories.

A soft tear,
In this drunk and lonely hour.

You,
I need you
To hold
Me.
I need you so.

Memories,
Words,
A letter.

A Whisper of You

In the roar of the ocean,
In the brushing of wind across skin,
In the warmth of the sun,
In all things sensual
There is a whisper of you.