

A Selection of Poetry

Ariel Feldman

Jadyn

A voiceless cry seems to stem
From a face adorned in dew.
I watched her eyes brim and bend,
an agony of truth.

Heat escaped and swirled in waves,
her brow hinting to us all:
she had only numbered days
'til Tragedy came to call.

Blood dribbles through paper veins,
resisting relief at last.
The life in her begins to wane,
hiding in each shadow cast.

She screamed and cried and called for me,
pleas echoing in my mind.
I squirmed and writhed in my seat,
I felt hope become confined.

Soon Wariness spelled Demise,
an existence void of laughter.
She lived, yes, but traumatized,
afraid to live thereafter.

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Three Words

A soft brush, a lull, a wave.
It enveloped my being in the warmth
of a prayer, unspoken
yet louder than the whining of birch.

Three words. They mean absolutely
nothing. And yet everything hinges
upon their being said. Once.
Twice. A thousand times more. Meaning is lost.

What was once a treat becomes a
burden. A mere barrier to cower
behind. Sometimes faceless, nameless,
it morphs, chokes, as it comes out of the throat.

One day, the warmth will die, and I,
without a cause, save the emotionless
encounters, will refuse to utter
such lies. I cannot continue longer.

Someday I will retreat, find
refuge. I will move my lips in the form
of a vow. Never again.
Or so I think, I hope, and I pray.

Three words, thats all. Meaningless,
choiceless, overused. And yet, painfully
true. I break my vow, my oath,
and once more I begin to blind myself.

Three words, thats all. Beautiful,
passionate, understated. They slide up
my throat, dance on my tongue lest
they be unrequited, unfulfilled.

I love you.

Passing Thoughts

Promises in the dead of night
fall upon deaf ears. Brittle, they
tear when accosted by careful
fingers. Instantly, they vanish.

Lips move in silence,
alone in darkness the flesh vows secrecy,
solitude. A trust unbroken,
hidden from wandering eyes.

Fleeting emotions, they burn and subside
once the light urges them away
from my mind. Its forceful, almost
unexpected, the cycle continues.

Day and night, my flesh utters secrets
I wouldnt dare say through the day
when discovery is possible.
When discovery is an option.

My face will contort as I whisper my hopes,
ephemeral thoughts meandering
within my skull. I cannot, I will not
share their burden. Not again.

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Momentary Delusion

A transient distraction,
it waltzes across dark eyes.
Lights effortless diffraction
will soon herald its demise.

Yet still, vivid and alive,
it will jump, leap and twirl.
Into the darkness it dives,
into nothingness it whorls.

All that remains will soon fade,
its witnesses remember
mere fractals, that soon invade,
haunt, follow and dismember.

Eyelids part, the colors die;
Dreamers never asking why.

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