

# Poetry Pages



Charlotte Greenwood



# Poetry Pages

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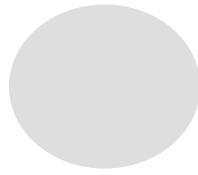
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# It's Six Degrees In Nevada City

It's six degrees in  
Nevada City. Fast asleep  
early hours just gone  
early afternoon.

Chilly night; welcoming morning  
just through the door.





# Poetry Pages



--Charlotte Greenwood--

Where be thee going? Tomorrow.  
Along way from where I have been.

=====

FLOWER CLOCK  
MOVES  
WITH  
ITS PURPOSE.

OVER TIME THROUGH  
OBSERVERS. POINT  
OF VIEW.

- IT'S ONLY A  
SEED ON THE

BREEZE.

CHARLOTTE

GREENWOOD

AUG 2<sup>nd</sup> 2016

# Contents

This page looks a little too clinical. If you havent already noticed that would be clear and precise, though words show either nothing is clear and precise. Or we simply dont understand any of it and clinical is a nice clean area. Something to hope for. If you are into being precise? Not me. Wriggles and squiggles and numbers that are there just to fit the gaps. Words that only work so far, a bit of me to you, whomever you are.

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# *A Broom*



A broom for Anna  
yet a thousand jobs for Joan  
not to mention David  
repeated repeated  
again the idea, that tension, is there  
brooms for Anna even in her despair.

A world run by the silly  
the what look like lazy and inept  
those who rely on a past  
given to increase; now fat rests.

Time and again the middle expanded  
'till all that may remain  
a flat earth, divided  
between engulfing center of no in-betweens  
of middle-men and middle-women  
managing managers moving a seed  
twice sold and then re-planted  
nothing grown  
lest another be started!



# *For Anna*



Of all the inheritance given on forward  
to be in the belly of those  
who count it; and count the counting as score.

So Anna's broom given  
for her status to be un-defined  
to pay it back for the rest of her mortal life  
a mortgage to paying beliefs of the paid  
for them to be confined.





# Spiders Are Flowers



The spiders are flowers  
on legs!  
Moving to find  
their place,  
for their time.

The right -  
position to flower.

We too; flowering.

What does a spider  
believe?

*What does a spider  
dream of?*

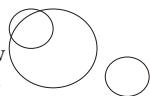
I read charlottes web  
when little ...

Now im in it

(hello)



(the true story of how  
all windows installed  
were un-see-through-able)



# Only One Producer Can Make Windows

*(and they are all black)*



Only one producer can make windows  
and they are all  
black.

No one can see through them  
and that is thought to be correct  
it was right  
everybody that needed windows believed so.

Windows that people could see through  
were found to be troublesome.

All of those making windows that one could see out of,  
- perhaps taking in a view,  
- with other people in it,  
- or a landscape,  
- any kind vista with something to consider;  
that is, outside.

Those making windows which let in such views  
were bought up and closed down.  
So windows became black.

Un-see-through-able.

Not, because they were better,  
or that in the end  
ordinary windows  
did pose so much trouble.

That was un-true.  
But when found to be so  
- it continued, as a myth.

So black windows continued  
to be the only window  
that was available.

Some that thought, considered.  
Either black windows were simply correct.  
Or only black windows could be made  
by the producer.

*But it turned out,  
that the window users  
simply got used to black windows,  
and shut out the light.*



# Swish Of Tail Ahead Of Me



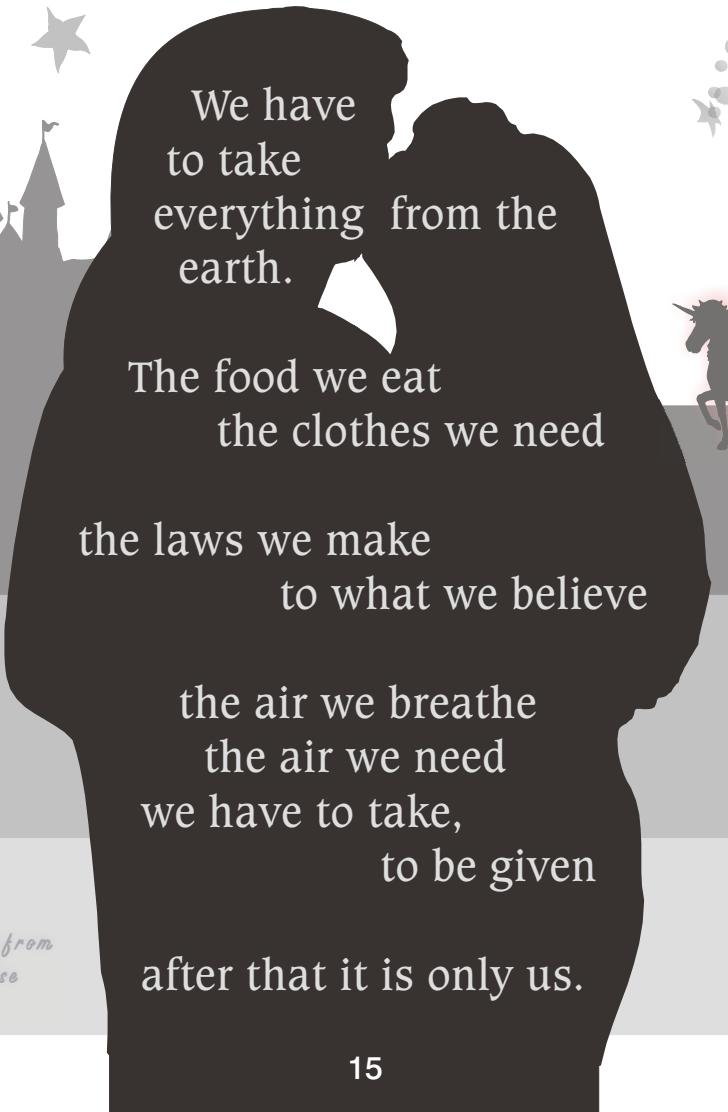
Swish of tail ahead of me  
galloping, thudding through direction  
missing tree trunks  
running, brushing close to leaves on their low branches  
smells of their disturbance ahead of me  
already in my wake  
too fast to wait and ponder  
we ride through the forest together  
i follow you  
through this water of standing fields.







# We have to take everything from the Earth



We have  
to take  
everything from the  
earth.

The food we eat  
the clothes we need

the laws we make  
to what we believe

the air we breathe  
the air we need  
we have to take,  
to be given

after that it is only us.

A part; apart from  
something else  
not opposed





# Dragon Flies Hover Infront Of The Trail

Dragon flies hover in front of the trail  
foot carved into eroding cliffs; falling.

Collapsing to accepting beach head  
steps provided; and used.

A place where families swim  
and shield themselves  
inside wind breaks.

Hit into shoreline  
with rubber mallets  
or mallets;  
made rubber.

To bury a banana skin  
and dig a hole until  
water fills from beneath;  
no waves touching it.

At their sides,  
all the days needs  
packed to stay cool.

Weather does what it pleases  
and their holiday does not account for it.

These hours more precious,  
with only the wait till next.  
Minutes packed into hours  
as tightly as the coolbox.

Heavy and dense;  
arranged with patience.

Encampment unique among their groups  
looking forward towards horizon.

Tide moving against daylight.  
Marking a return to the path  
where dragon flies hover  
between blackberries  
prickly and sweet-ripe.

Detours before loading car  
and journey home,  
in familiar seats.



# why is Romance so short?



why can't it be long and fluid

like the legato; smooth and connected

never beginning in my sight

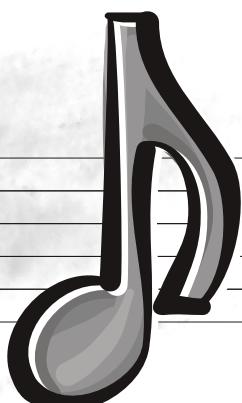
to ever end; no need

an eternel love always my dream

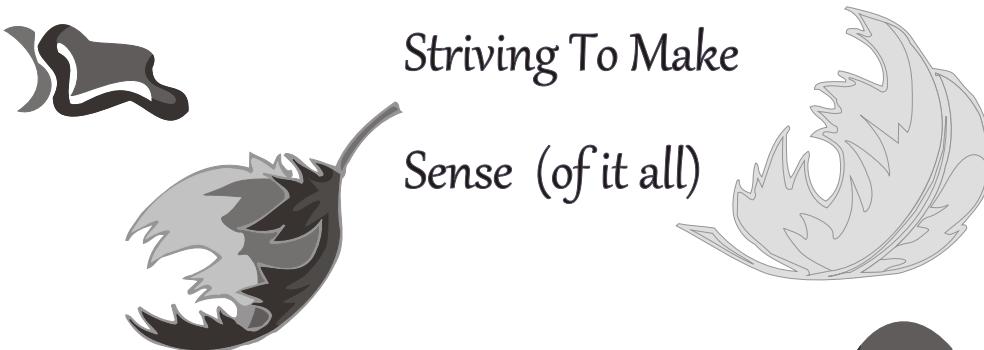
a beautiful tomorrow

today forever

flowering







# Striving To Make

## Sense (of it all)

Striving to make sense  
after the hurt  
trying to make sense of  
what caused that drop  
to take it's course.

Becomes the water; to change  
becomes it's course; to continue.  
Beckoning.



Wanting to end increases acceleration  
so requires a greater, more  
difference  
to go back; return  
to ones self.

The only way forward  
reducing behinds catching  
changes yours and theirs direction.  
Relieves hurts pull.

Opens the arms of return.



Forgive. For giving,  
to you.



# The Music Waited

CHARLOTTE GREENwood

100

No. 8  
Grazioso

GUITARRE

GUITAR

1/2

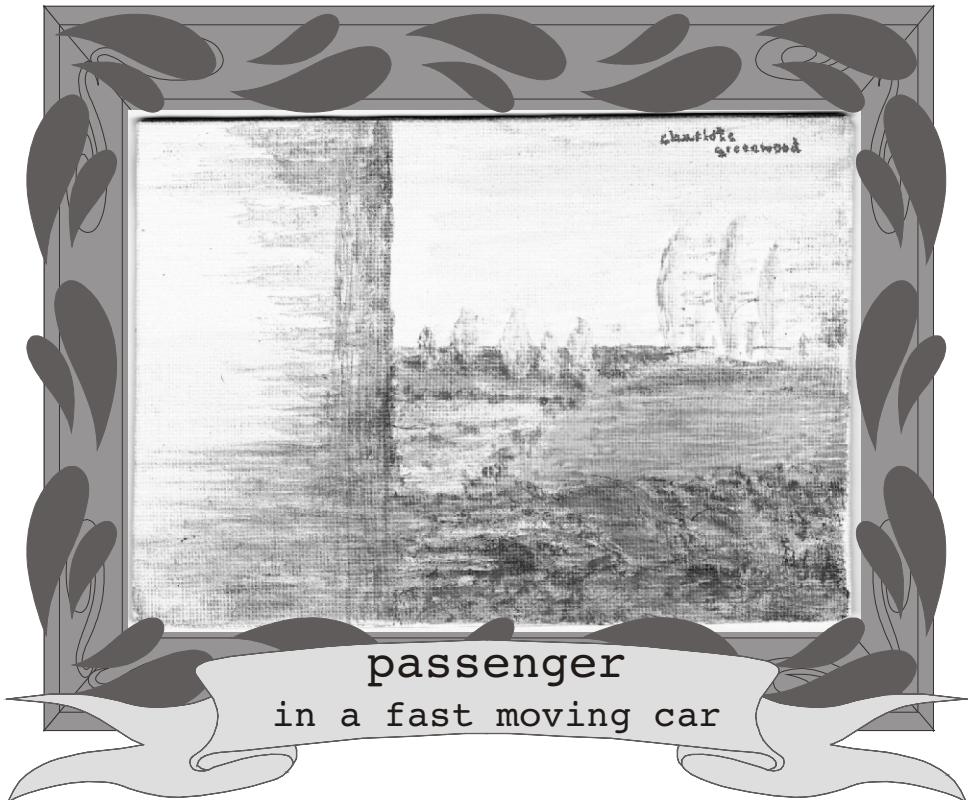
The music waited  
years past, changes  
remains; strings  
vibrations; transposed  
velocity; transferred  
vectors; integrated.

This music hasn't  
waited. Began  
a new - with you.  
Create a lock  
your key!

A friend.

it's friday october 28th im supposed to be  
finishing some harpsicord music later and releasing it.  
Releasing it.. as if it's going to escape as if it wants to.  
I think it does :o) ill do that later :)

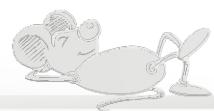




Passenger in a fast moving car  
objects outside the window frame blur  
moving in towards the driver  
their gaze fixed on the road ahead  
straight and true to them, and others.

Looking out sideways to a quicker succession  
feeling the wind in ones face and hearing it  
buffeting ears in solid pillows  
take away the conversation inside the vehicle  
but can only be stood for just so long.

Lines of fast moving cars ahead  
drivers speeding up to go further  
the same distance, the quicker though  
just the road.  
Shame.





# Sea Green Sky Blue Grass Yellow



Sea green, sky blue, grass yellow  
turned straw in sunlight.

Last days, of summer, wind blowing  
cools rays, leaves falling, more still  
to come.

Shadows autumn, on pavements  
walked constantly, hedge rows keep, paths hidden.

Faces forward, to uncertain,  
next year.

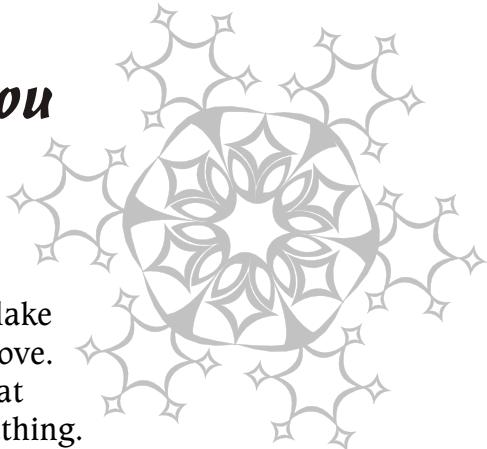
Christmas thought first, sustaining summers lift.

Now known by many.  
As we pass to each other.





# *I Was Close To You Snowflake*



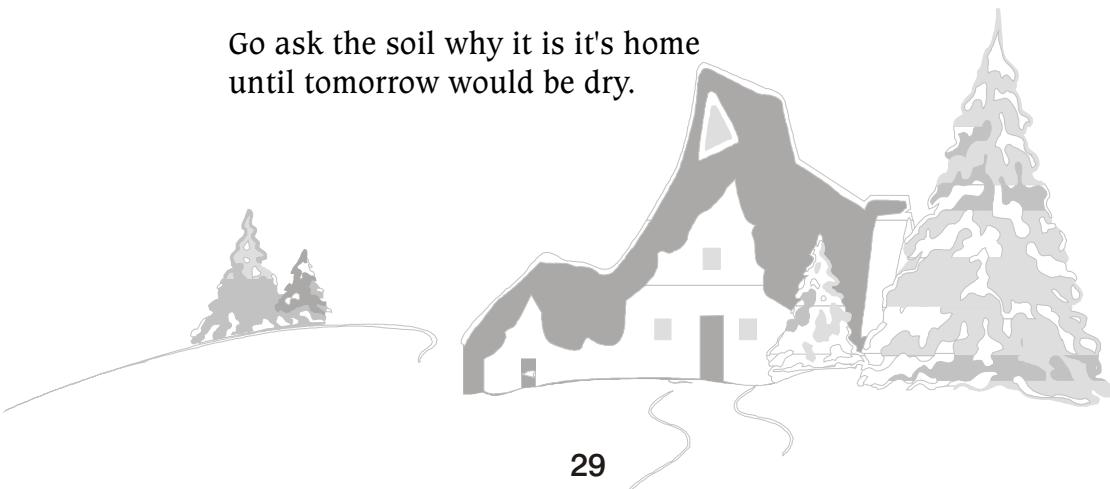
I was close to you; snowflake  
tried loosing touch, true love.  
Feeling over-drove overcoat  
out in the clear cold. Breathing.

If could; I would call  
but in which direction has  
now been eluded by an old  
song, read backwards  
from me to you.

The recipe to the corns location  
gathered by eating a slice of morning toast.

Each fallen step carries backwards  
more passages of cheated forwardness.  
Seeing fake clouds soak up our love;  
pure. Doesn't stop it.

Go ask the soil why it is it's home  
until tomorrow would be dry.



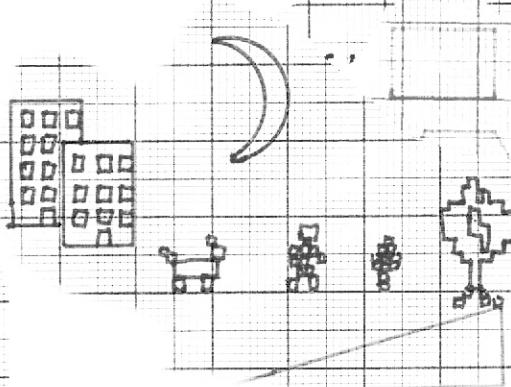


# Cleaning In A Dirty World

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH GREENWOOD

Top  
1 white wine.  
2 rice with rice.  
3 bites.

void clean(int \_argument(n))



2.5  
2.5  
2.5  
2.5

+ 1.25

~.707...

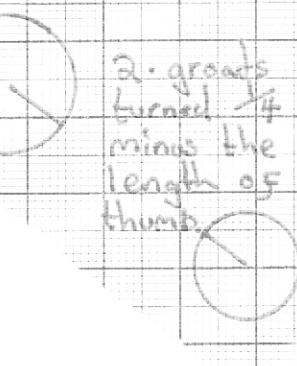
The ruler marks units defined  
to children; ages all.  
Some know, the ruler is broken;  
using it anyway.  
Cleaning.

As the earth moves around the sun  
so does the dust gather  
in the homes.

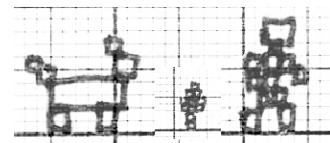
Some know; realize.  
But live there anyway.  
Cleaning.

She waits for love from a man in particles  
measuring with her feelings  
terms expressed in quanta  
not governed by her  
given away. No.  
Beyond a gift,  
to teach, learning from the teaching.

Just because  
they saw the  
other shapes,  
they thought  
the next one  
ended the same



Cleaning.  
In a dirty world.





# Superfluous!

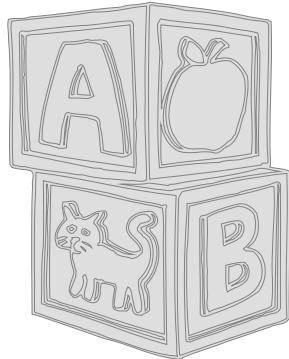
I Love The Word  
Superfluous!

Superfluous! I love the word Superfluous!  
Super dooper, super superfluous!  
Almost as good as verbose!  
Mmm.

A Z  
A Z  
A Z



# Don't Listen To The Other Children



Don't listen to the other children  
the class isn't probably for you  
if that is what you've been thinking  
it starts simply enough  
put into it from what your guardians told you  
they believed; you should too  
this that would be taught within mesh fence  
secured from the outside now  
of the world that was  
before they leave and become the new previous  
willing with their new wills  
to be what they are taught to be  
seeing what was put before  
within the context of the tomorrow;  
justified?  
Justified.





# Utopie

( *Looking At A Screen  
And Being Outside* )

Looking at a screen and being outside  
two different things.

At some time in the past; defined  
as not being the present  
but existing.

Looking at screens while being outside  
became part of being outside.

Searching for the differences  
given away.

The screen's reply  
they were outside  
when they were in.

Utopie. Utopia.

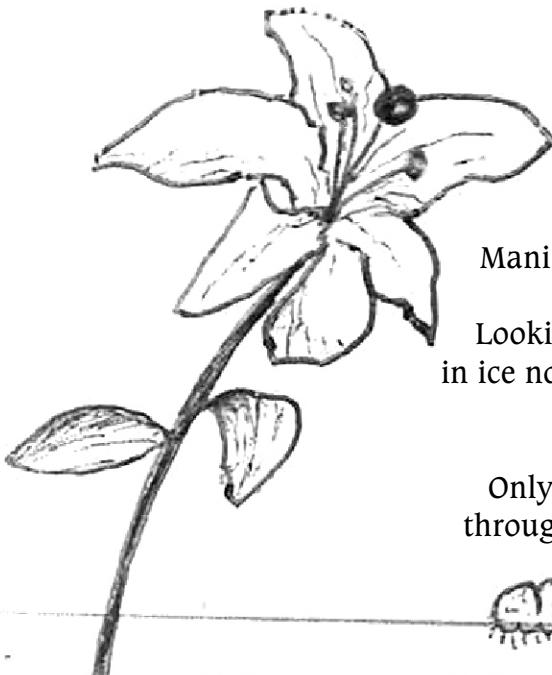




# Follow but please Don't

Follow but please don't  
errors repeated; in vain  
to understand and learn  
comes after, the process.

That must begin on faith.  
Deciding assuming;  
heart's epilogue to God's feeling.



Manifest in tomorrows conversation.

Looking back, molded by figures cast  
in ice now melted; words communicate,  
little.

Only to go forward and forge ahead,  
through undergrowth carefully moved  
that todays yesterdays  
might follow.

She just  
means cows  
horses and  
me! :)

COWS ARE FRIENDLY, HORSES ARE FRIENDLY,



SHEEP ARE FRIENDLY. IF YOU'RE LUCKY  
TO MEET ONE



# Epilogue : The Great Toast Wars

It was remarkable.

After getting used to ordering their groceries online with a click,  
the next great leap of progress was;  
inevitable. Toast.

Mornings, where the rush of getting dressed,  
taking in the day's to-do's,  
and finding ones self ready for the trek to work  
the hike to school,  
the battle to the shops,  
or simply the expedition of thinking about the day,  
took their toll in breakfast.

Bored with cold ready cereals,  
toast make a come back big time when  
it was offered delivered to the door  
in just 15 minutes of ordering.

Choice of toppings, selections of breads,  
styles named after every location,  
and all, from a click of the screen.

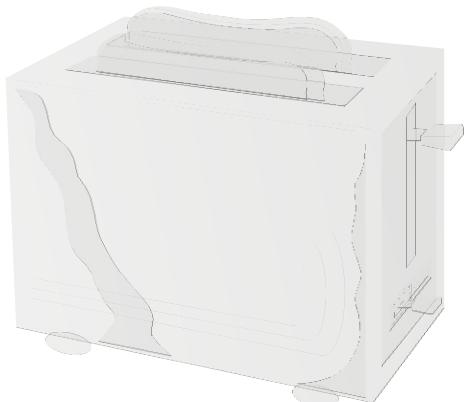
People flocked to it,  
and soon online to - the door - toast  
became the new thing.  
A fashionable family, could choose  
the topping of the day,  
created by selected highly-credited  
'Toast Chefs'.

The sale of ordinary household toasters plummeted  
and as the years past  
people began to forget the simple pleasure  
of making toast themselves.

By the turn of the decade toast had become world wide.  
And soon the old familiar toaster shaped trucks  
people had grown up with, were replaced.  
With robotic toast deliverers,  
that could fly to your door  
- or anywhere that you ordered toast.  
Preparing it to perfection during the trip  
for the exact moment of arriving.

All was fine. For a while.  
However, the proliferation of toast  
led to the word being used to replace anything  
that was in large amounts.

A sort of a 'fit - all' word, for 'that' or  
'this'.



# The Great Toast Wars

So when the international uni-toast company of the world.  
Made ordering even easier by first copyrighting the word 'toast'.  
Then allowing any utterance of it, by law, international law.  
To mean an order for it.  
Things became, tricky.

Because of the then omni-present, super-powerfulness  
of the Uni-Toast company of the world.  
They slowly crept to the position  
of possibly being; too,  
everything.

Their fleet of flying toasters actually out numbered all  
of the worlds military vehicles flying or otherwise.

You could be stranded in one of Earth's  
furthest remaining deserts  
without sight or reach of water.  
But if your last word was 'toast'.  
The last thing you probably saw  
was not a mirage  
but a very real toaster robot,  
two slices of perfectly grilled pieces of bread  
with a topping based on your current situation  
and your previous toast orders.

Plus a whole bunch of other information  
about you that really had nothing to do with 'toast'.  
But somehow found it's way into making your  
perfect topping for that moment.

Which it was. The perfect topping.  
Uni-Toast were famous for them.  
Even without water.

Holding all that information also meant  
that rather quickly Uni-Toast became  
the holder of the most information  
on everyone in the world.

Finally toast reached it reached it's zenith.  
When Uni-Toast's toasters achieved self-awareness,  
and within a few slices without any toppings;  
began to take over the world.

Leading to the great toast wars.  
Which sparked the final battles.  
Not between man, many by which point had moved  
to the moon. Where, because it was an independent  
'world-zone'; toast  
(and therefore Uni-Toast), was banned.





# The Great Toast Wars

The final battles took place on a Tuesday afternoon.  
Between the Coffee Machines  
(which found anti-matter in an extreme dark blend)  
and the toaster fleets.

It was all over rather suddenly when  
as far as anyone who could figure out at the time  
an automatic crockery-maker

(a quaint device, that produced cups, plates and such  
a fashion item that remained in use even after  
the Ener Matter process could create mostly anything)

while producing a traditional  
willow patterned teacup and saucer  
during a particularly high energy state

(with all the pro and anti-matter goings on  
between the toasters and coffee machines)

produced a worm hole.

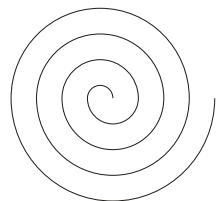
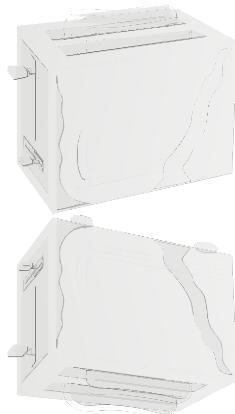
Then seeing a use for itself on the other side,  
went through, and took all the coffee and toasters with it.  
To make the beverages for it's crockery.

Soon man moved back to the earth  
and finally enjoyed toast once more.

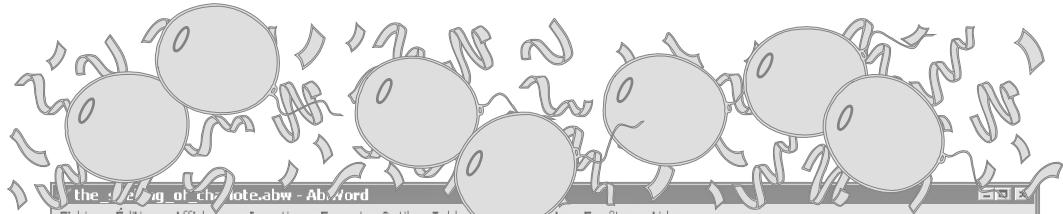
It was not to be said the same for willow pattern crockery.  
Which after the fighting toasters and coffee machines vanished,  
the worm-hole gave back their matter energy as  
billions of willow pattern crockery sets  
at least 20 per person.

This led to a temporary ban on producing new crockery  
and the words 'willow pattern' replacing 'toast'  
as the 'fit for all word'.

The new 'this' and 'that' in general use.



--- - The End - --



the wing of charlotte.abw - AbiWord

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19

Please note spelling of  
Charlotte  
- only has one t - thank you

Please note spelling of  
Charlotte  
- only has one t - thank you



1e edition Octobre 28 2016  
Editions Depthtide  
Charlotte Elizabeth Greenwood



# Poetry Pages

## Charlotte Greenwood

"What do spiders believe?"



"Don't listen to the other children  
the class isn't probably for you  
if that is what you've been thinking  
it starts simply enough"



Marmalade the cat!  
Marmalade the cat!  
Where did you go?  
With a face like that?



A collection of poetry first released on the internet, compiled into a single volume of works from 2016. With subjects ranging from street lamps, through spiders. There's something for most days.\*

\*Even days without toast.

**Superfluous!**  
**I love the word**  
**superfluous!**

[www.charlotegreenwood.com](http://www.charlotegreenwood.com)

Poetry Pages GREENWOOD, Charlotte Elizabeth



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