

Poetry Series

**Elbert Matt Loubser**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Elbert Matt Loubser(20/09/1989)

I grew up in South-Africa and, heaven knows, I'm still growing. I find poetry to be a canvass of the mind where I can 'paint' my ideas and release my feelings to the world. This also allows me to revisit past ideas and wisdom; I adore my own poems for their vast differences. I am very eccentric and as time passes my thoughts and perspective on life changes, so you may look at my poems as a diary of many minds, all of one person. But as my ideas change, my beliefs do not, as I will always love God and what He is.

## \*the Poetry Of Light

An evening sun, setting in its fiery hue  
Is welcomed by the earthly peaks  
And becomes cradled in the bosom  
Of the land before the night  
Where the heavens close their eyes  
As slowly and un hastened as the turning of the sun  
And shows the mysteries of the skies  
Which exist as the deepest waters;  
Silent, dark and vast  
Framed by fine points of heavenly candles  
Lost within the ever stretching demesne  
Which is but the pupil of the Lord

Turn to the East, my friend  
Where the heavens start to awake  
A great wind from a mighty whisper  
Stills the flames of the manifold fires  
And it echoes throughout the heart of the world  
Even unto the bird's song  
A prelude composed by their toil  
To a new world of banished shadows

The peaks are crowned with majesty  
A piercing light, a fire anew  
That brings with it the image of the waters  
Flowing calm, the blue iris of Him  
Moves into view and over us  
Widespread wings of enveloping warmth  
Piercing even through our deepest core  
A soft serenade of eternal beauty  
Which flows through us, the stream of life  
And strengthens our very being  
As does the coals a furnace

The morning sun rises  
From the peaks across the world  
The light that knows no fear  
But caresses the landscape as a warm hand over silken grounds  
Listen carefully to its melody

The overture to tomorrow

Elbert Matt Loubser

# A Father's Advice

To be what makes a difference  
In all we know to be  
Is something of significance  
And as yet we have to see

To change the boulders laid  
That fear not all but change  
Is to forget what has been made  
Within no mortal range

To seek what has been hidden  
The truth we need to seek  
If found not be forgotten  
These deathly sins do reek

Listen now dear child, these truths are all but lies  
Endure all hardships on your way and you shall surely rise

Elbert Matt Loubser

# A Misguided Dream

Fathom a world in which there is no sin.  
No shadows lurk in the corners, no hatred for our kin.

Be still for the awe of it; this wonder,  
light would have no turmoil, no evil to ponder.

But think it twice, better, "that which begins bitter ends sweet and that which  
begins sweet ends bitter"

Not a word to skip, not when so true and fair  
do we need all this wordly gain or is it just air?

A sinless world would only be bare.

Elbert Matt Loubser

# A Pearl On The Beach

My feet dragged me to the sands of deep  
The earl' morn' a fine specimen for the connoisseur  
What a day! A rise! The very air tells me the day is new  
The breeze lifts my shirt, the galleon's sails' curse  
And urges me not to follow the tracks now behind me  
With a bit of age to the day, I have ne'er ventured this far  
Thus far, the unknown stayed as that  
But I did not dare regret anything new aft' this walk;  
My sight stumbled (as had I from an unknowing boulder)  
Upon a slight glint between the white millions  
I jogged a way and caught my breath 'fore the waves  
(The waves that hath carried a speck)  
Would swallow it again and spit it to the mounds  
A swift swipe sufficed to save the speck  
Gratefully, with prayer-hands, I held it aloft  
What a pearl! A rise! My heart jumped  
To see such beauty in such a small package  
(If the time is taken to ponder, we would see much more)  
I indulged in its magnificence, this planet I hold  
The things I see like Earth we see from afar  
Cannot tell all about it, no only show the clouds  
A mountain or two, the blue of the ocean blue  
So I foretold, with ingenuity, the secrets it held  
The hap and mirth this speck could bring  
And relished for a second the awe of my epiphany  
As I hold this pearl, so too God is holding me

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Angel

I do not know you  
No words of mine or yours have crossed paths  
No hands touched

I do not fathom you  
No greater a deepness, none so vast  
No facts last

Your essence lives  
And flows like rivers and twists and bends  
No earthly trends

A fountain suppressed  
Of eternal life and love and light  
No use to hide

A flame so intense  
It would burst from the seams of your heart  
Engulf every part

A touch so needed  
Of warmth to awaken the truth  
Alone is the heart unheeded

I do not know you  
But my heart is the same, so drifting  
Not bounded

I close my eyes  
To see yours staring back unabated  
Two paths so closely fated

Elbert Matt Loubser



# Carried By A Breeze

I sit upon the roof of the world  
And wait upon the assembling breezes  
Which have grazed your face  
And come swiftly to touch mine

They have enveloped you  
And gently stroked every contour  
To carry small pearls of scent  
And deliver them to my wondering

Your fingers they have caressed  
As mine have caressed your skin  
And bring it to my soul  
So that deeply I might feel it

They became your breath  
Which is replenished in warmth  
And next to your beating core  
And fills me much the same

They have stroked your lovely lips  
And hurry to kiss mine  
Before the warmth of them is lost  
To make our lips join through it

The waves of your hair  
Gently lifted and pulled  
Are like the ebb and flow  
Over the contours of my face

The swirls they form around you  
Chase to swirl around me  
So that the shape of your embrace  
Covers all that I am

Your tears they carry  
And as a light mist they come  
To moisten my cheeks  
Where my tears join

Where your cheek longs to nestle  
Where your lips yearn to embrace  
Where your fingers long to caress  
Where your warmth, ever so pure

Warms more than any wind could ever diminish

And gently the sweet sound of your voice  
Carried by these breezes  
Fills my ears  
And forever resonates within the halls of my heart

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Chitter-Chat

Loquacious, little livid  
Speak the mind's reason  
The words burn inside the mouth  
Like leaves in fawl-season

Curtious just won't do  
It wears the hourglass down  
The hours are so few  
Ignoring ev'ry frown

Talk is the priority  
Fill the room with words  
Flocks and flocks of nonsense  
That scatter like the birds

The words make nest in air  
Or sand where large waves fall  
Lifes is a stage for now  
Where hearts play no role at all

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Choices

I would not like to relate choices to a path  
for paths are not choices merely by comparison  
nor are choices those that split or end  
but conscious preludes to mostly unconscious consequences

I would not dare to claim a choice by chance  
for what is chance other than a natural occurrence  
a decision made without any choice  
yet choosing chance is a choice by itself

I would not dream of settling my choice by another's  
for what is a decision without thought  
what is it other than total dependence and lack of self  
why then be born only to never truly live

I would not choose to define choices  
on the basis that choices would then change  
nor would I like to choose my own choices  
this is the choice that I have made

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Cry To The Cold

Can people just stop wishing that what they had was more,  
when actually they have the things that people have died for.  
Can't you see you burn to the core,  
can't you see you burn to the core.

Can't you see you're lucky, just stop to smell a rose,  
before your time on earth is done or before your heart would froze.  
Your bones shall wither and be food for the crows,  
your bones shall wither and be food for the crows.

Cause that's what you are, take a good long look inside,  
your greed and selfcenteredness you cannot hide.  
You are the one who takes the easy ride,  
you are the one who takes the easy ride.

You would break and burn to have your own will done,  
but to sorrow and hurt is where you would come.  
Blind is the one that to the fire must run,  
blind is the one that to the fire must run.

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Dark, The

A lonesome boy armed himself with a candle  
To venture into the dark depths of the hall  
Dark, he knew, was to his heart a vandle  
But he had to answer nature's call  
He peeped out, this side and that  
The candle like a light near the ocean floor  
He jumped slightly at the stand with the hat  
But regained his posture: 'Young I am no more, '  
His feet lightly grazed the floor of wood  
Adament progress; thus far three pases  
He'd make it, he thought, if he could;  
No limp, no loose shoe-laces  
The floorboard squeaked, sent a chill up his spine  
His face white while avoid of blood  
Was that noise a witch, or was it mine?  
Or an Ogre covered in mud?  
The stories he knew from Goblins, not few  
The horror-books he had read  
Gave him an idea he'd end up in a stew  
Or skinned alive untill dead  
'I can no more, not cope with this  
The Dark is evil from all sides  
Show me a man not afraid of this  
At night even the warm sun hides, '  
He stalled no longer, skipped fast to his bed  
The monsters were right behind  
His only solution to not lose his head:  
Benieth his blanket he should hide  
The next morn' he woke, the sun seemed so gay  
But to the young boy's disdain  
He was flonked by his mother, and with reason she may;  
His stained sheets caused her much pain

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Death Of A Habbit

I am't the duration of a breath  
Nor the flick of a bird's wing  
I do not fly-by, as time does  
Haste I shan't bring

I can but quicken the pace  
The pace I walk so stiff  
Time is not my air  
To be palpable; hark, a myth

Whence the wind pushes me  
I falleth to the earth  
To let my feet aloft;  
To anchor me, my girth

But yet my heart lingers  
To make this flame grow bold  
The fire that cannot wetten  
It suffocates the old...

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Diocese

I am filled with the remorse of my past  
Like the sewage waters of the bogs  
Drained of the nectar my flower-bud once held  
Or twice, my dreams always a haze  
For I was bumptious, a rough chunk of ebony

Howbeit, He, my sculpter, the burin  
The chivalrous Bishop of me, His diocese  
He plays the king of life, I the rook  
I, the hue that of sienna, now roseate  
He changes me, unknown and unreluctantly  
Vermiculite-cabochon-daimond

I am ebullient now,  
when once I was valetudinary  
And though my words seem a cacophony  
I shall be illative, with or without my diffidence  
I love Thee

Elbert Matt Loubser



# Droplets

The waters of heaven, swiftly fall  
From the mists swell in the sky  
Make breathe, the air, haven's call  
For the waters from on high

The earthly waters, pond and lake  
Like hands held cupped for more  
Wait patiently for nature's sake  
As does the heaven's door

And as the droplets leave their source  
The earth prepares to breathe  
Straight and true stayed on their course  
Their essence to retrieve

Little moons and little lights  
From dark to dark and mold  
Into the waters turn their flights  
A source which takes its hold

Unto the surface, folded soft  
The droplets become one  
Beneath the surface, held aloft  
And down our cheeks...

They run

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Field

Yonder lies a field  
that takes a while to know,  
but by the eyes even longer  
for lack  
of lack  
of detail,  
but by the heart briskly and quickly,  
for there is a field  
in every one of us from birth.

The trees of it, they grow,  
the feel of it, we know,  
for it is our hearts that are nature,  
nature being our hearts;  
simplistic in a way, peaceful,  
of God,  
untouched by fieldly fires,  
bathed in sun and crowned e'ery morn  
with air that fills our lungs with life.

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Flame, The

From life and heat this came  
Longing to stay the same  
A brittle, little light  
Manifested in the night  
E'er to be a flame

Elbert Matt Loubser

# For Us Forever

Once more, my self, my core  
Has risen and risen, a hold  
And upon me, you have no more  
But still I am yours, as ever  
And ever, no more untoward ever  
No shackles and walls, no sore  
This forever; a change, a sever  
A spread and a wing, as free  
To bring us back together  
To once more drift, in glee  
To drift away and to each other  
To touch and care, my one true lover  
My wrong, a thief, a stress  
To keep you from my pure caress  
And bring our hearts together less

Your heart, so true, drifts above  
And with this one, sunlit feather  
I can once more touch your love  
Your love, for us, forever

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Gently The Rain

Let us not ponder too much upon the rain  
Yet refrain from neglecting the water within  
These turbulent waves cease ne'er to pain  
but the rain pitter-patters, gently the rain

And nature receives bounty from nature's own gain  
Not so within us; our head barely stay aloft  
To reap the cold depths of the ocean's disdain  
but the rain softly whispers, gently the rain

As kind feathers stroke, and fall on the plain  
Not so is the heart, turmoil and oil  
The self it depresses, and so too does stain  
until all is healed, pitter-pat pat pat-pitter, gently the rain

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Letter Of Wisdom

Concerning those who do not know their path  
even be it all

Those who's souls would starve  
for unsent or unheard call  
Know that you never walk alone  
as impervious as it may sound  
You're being directed home  
your feet no longer bound  
Imagine a world of black and white  
sprayed as would be gold  
And gray in between, that of a fright!  
those who have not been bold  
Them need salt or be spitten out  
they bring no light of need  
Marshlands of love given drought  
i beg of you, hear my heed  
Choose the light, accept it all  
fight, do not sit still  
For ever our world stays astray  
and with this it will take fill.

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Miniscule Fear

Little one, break not  
Run or stand thy ground  
Diminutive one, fake not  
Speak truth or make no sound  
Small one, let be  
But then to torture abide  
Short one, tall glee  
Pain can all but hide

To run is to live  
Them might add  
To fight come next day  
But come that day  
In armour clad  
Thou'd still cower away

To stand and hold  
Now that is prestine!  
And meet him at his gaze  
Thou shalt feel bould  
A hero's gleem  
Little recieves large praise

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Morning Path

I walk a brisk path  
in the morn' before the sun  
in the chilled air and breeze  
that carries my breath upon clouds

Every sense becomes filled  
with the feeling of a new-born;  
of new life and a freshness  
only known after dark

The birds catch the first worm  
and sing of it a heavenly sound  
as they do with all their tasks,  
we would do better to do the same

Dew-drops had made bed earlier  
and chose the foilage to lie upon  
covering life with life  
waiting to reflect the sun

And then the horizon clouds  
light up with a fiery glow  
that stills my breath and heart  
and flows through me totally

I pause to savour the scene  
and notice that the birds have stopped too;  
silence fills my ears  
and I take a while

Just a little while

Time ceases  
and I am content,  
purely in awe  
and purely thankful

The red scalp rises  
with a radiating warmth



and I breath out in rythm  
with a new song the birds begin

The path has yet to end.

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Mostly The Pond There

Mostly the pond there  
of water's still strive and take  
fills the view of good eyes  
which see the garden too  
but mostly the pond there  
of liquid light on walls  
of glaring eyes that burn  
but not with his brother at night  
which, cratered, burns cool  
and breathly, as does the gale  
who too shakes the garden  
but mostly the pond there  
of life and lost and leaves  
and changing reflections  
showing the good eye, and bad  
which cares to look but not to notice  
the whole of self staring back  
and the life and lost and leaves  
and some of the garden  
but mostly the pond there

Elbert Matt Loubser

# My Angel

She whispers in my ear  
Echoing resound till time's end  
A bend of the mouth, so timeless  
A warmth enveloping

Her soul bleeds through her eyes  
Flowing  
Hearts entwined  
Her breath a sweet melody

An angel  
A shard of light upon my face  
A touch  
Upon my cheek

She walks over dead lands and leaves a trail of life  
She gently touches the night and leaves there the sun  
She whispers a song into the wind to challenge death's silence  
She touches my heart to give it life anew

I would dare the peaks of the earth for her  
For her I would give my all  
And she would return twice as much  
A passion ever flowing

An angel caressing  
In my solitude I'm with her  
And with her I behold eternity  
And in eternity we're together

My angel

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Noise

So much noise  
that I cannot hear my heartbeat  
or does it beat in absence?  
I know it to be there  
for what I've felt and feel  
colliding tides and boulders and storms  
waves upon waves  
towering suffocatingly  
but I have stayed adrift  
as driftwood does  
as I do; the wreckage from a storm;  
many gone and many coming.

There comes no choice of new;  
fiery waters, or still, black skies hither

Shall one end end all ends?

All murky ebb and flows?

Shall a quick peg dislodge the splinters?

Yes I feel the cold, but not of the gales  
rather the growing cold that slows the heartbeat  
there where it resides  
and replaces the warmth  
as does the end

(Written when my heart was once in turmoil)

Elbert Matt Loubser

## Note Of Pathos

Like a moth flies toward the moon;  
a journey that ends in death  
Am I to reach forever  
with my intentions so unclear?  
I cannot make you see them  
these bridges I build so dear  
For when I traverse this crevasse  
the one I cannot leap  
A third would break it quickly  
I would too; your heart in his hand  
and I cannot see any fault in that  
Except...no, I cannot  
Except...the moon seems so close  
even more when in your eyes  
the yearning, sincerity, the lust  
I cannot continue  
I cannot try more  
I cannot take u  
I cannot, yet I must

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Ocean Weaps, The

When it rains the oceans sing  
upon the vast drought of this land  
the dry sands of this land  
they weap for they lose unity

Long forgotten unity

O take the winds and let them howl  
through the trees let them scowl  
make these days dark with love  
and light with hate

O imperseptible fate

I am not one to try  
to make these days true  
what is a lie if it isn't true  
if it doesn' let you cry

O rains make me true

I am but a vastness  
on and on I drown any traveller  
this unknowing traveller  
hearken me, bade forgiveness

I am not selfless  
I am not selfless  
these rains should fill my lungs  
and drown me, bless  
the other

Rains of fire burn me

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Ode To An Angel

(God's words to a newly created angel)

Seedling, born of light's majestic sproute  
Of love's unconditional, unending hum  
As one all thy brothers-sisters sing  
To pray, to honour, thy unceasing route  
Spread thy dove wing and another, thy peace  
Brilliance and care dear love would bring  
Hear Me now, I am, and Oaktree:  
Change the world by word of mouth, feel of feel  
Hands of humble, soul of steal, you must unearth  
Hidden lies and burn them with pure light  
Fly over My children, spread My word thick  
And fight, that which is forever, the eternal fight  
Whilst fear of you melt away for I am by and by  
On Me forever you may rely

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Oh Rose

Tell me of your tales of heartbreak  
You have seen these people bleed  
From hearts and veins alike  
Their beings spilled from within  
That they are emptied;  
In eyes and in soul

Oh gentle one

Tell me of the rare cold truths  
Like tempests they are revealed  
And split right through  
Breaking walls and valleys alike  
That the heart becomes burdened  
By unshakable realities

Oh caring one

Tell me of your valleys and walls  
And how the fractures reveal  
Only peace and beauty and love  
That even the darkest places within  
Have long since been replenished  
By grace and by undying light

Oh graceful one

Tell me of those new truths  
Which lay heavily as monoliths upon your valleys  
And disturb the serenity  
Standing steadfast as mountains  
And seeming unshakable, yet frail

Oh loving one

Let me hear how these mountains crumble  
By your valleys  
By the valley's Light  
By another valley, oh may it be mine



To break through these burdens  
And leave them to dust  
That no valley within lies disturbed  
But perfectly serene

Oh beautiful one

Tell me these tales  
That I may take you into my arms  
And know that my own valleys  
Have felt much the same  
Have known these trials

Oh majestic one

And even these truths which I do not bear the same as you  
May their weights be lifted from you  
And unto me

Oh free one

For my valleys would cherish  
Anything from yours

Know that my valleys  
Live to hear your tales  
Of heartbreak  
Of love  
To hold you close

Let not your valleys face the darkness alone, oh rose

Elbert Matt Loubser

# One Last Second

One last second is all that I ask  
Albeit the years have passed like the  
swarms and flocks and schools and tribes  
in numbers as great as the pain I have.

I perceived you true. How could such a smile,  
with warmth and care challenging the flaming  
sun, felt it to me like summer in wintery times,  
not be the break of dawn in my darkest mile?

I held you once and would not let go,  
not the safer waters, the fountains thereof  
not the feelings, the hope, the love  
not the care your eyes did show.

I stared for hours into your heart  
and for the life of me could not tear my gaze,  
I saw beauty were you saw null, this valley called You  
had never shown me that we would part?

What hides your being, the truths of your love;  
unmovable mountains of the pain of the past,  
they cast shadows where light is long over-due  
these ragged razor peaks of icy winds above.

I care not if there is fire, nor death, nor needles, nor snow  
If I can't move these mountains, I'll climb forever.  
My limbs might rot, my bones lay the land white,  
my heart shall stay true, to you it'll go.

For now I hide it all, my heart it wears a mask.  
I know a day would come one day  
when every second I would not have to say  
that one last second is all that I ask.

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Painted Canvass

A canvass was given to me  
one that has already felt the touch  
from coarse bristles not of my hand that held it  
it was meant to be untouched ere I could touch it  
and my eyes saw not a white vastness;  
more pure than snow  
no, they saw the creation from a stranger  
one of whom I should not know

And at first I felt sick to the core  
who would change my painting to be  
to pleasure their own dreams  
...selfish little dreams  
who would, with any heart, guide my hand  
with their will  
who would make me scream their thoughts  
or when I amn't bended, make me still

But I gave in...  
for what could I parry that was not,  
for me, known as a threat  
...this welcomed threat  
to will their will upon me  
a painted canvass they gave me  
one that I had needed, had yearned for  
I was blinded by what could be

And now I live by this  
this canvass given to me  
and I study the painting each and every day  
to make sure that I am within another's will  
this painting; black, cold, life amiss  
and I in the middle, chained by the neck  
what has become of me that I accept this

What has become of us that we accept this

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Shade

Rain has taken longer to wash the guilt away  
Or be that as it may  
Untrue, for these days do seem much longer than those before it  
A due, the more they push the borders the more I wake from it  
And wake I shall from the washing sway

And sleep has seen the ways of me  
Droughts and sands that creep for ages unhithered to be  
And bellow low notes that resonate the mountain's stride  
And pride, and grimson light, and pride  
Always passive never mockingly

At times the light would shine and shade and meld and wake and burn and bade  
Those seen, those few, their guilt has stayed  
For unblinded wonderous rains have taken time to come  
To lighten the burdens of guilt for some  
And left them with the rains to fade

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Sonnet 1

In watery ways  
And watery days  
I yearned for the sun  
Too precious to pray

Ah, the sunlight  
And sunlit days  
Where the 'butter' flies  
And true life plays

Blindly seeing  
Misbelieving  
Not pretentious  
Yet always fleeing

Was it not for my blindness  
I would never have met its gaze

Elbert Matt Loubser

## Sonnet 2

Lie in the meadow  
the trees they spoke  
I heard them bellow  
the fires they choke

I caught a whisper  
it cracked through the air  
some tongue lisper  
by birth seed's lair

The leaves they rubbed  
and melted green  
by wood be clubbed  
and eyes unseen

Was it the size, Willow, and bark stubborn  
Or rustling surmise, hard pillow, and fern

Elbert Matt Loubser

## Sonnet 3

What is this memory?  
I can not tell mine self from me  
what is the free but free?  
not free, it seems to be

Acknowledge and stand  
those of life, simplistic not bland  
do not lift thine hand  
I shall choose; dull or grand

Where is that day?  
I looked to yee to look away  
on me no hand thine shalt lay  
this thought lost within the fray

Ah yes, now the fog hast gone, the fog that lingered for all too long  
pray it stays, truth be told, I feel as a codex, with one major fold

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Taker Of The Weak, The

There are sand-dunes surrounding my dream-castle  
And e'ery wind spills the dust into my cool chambers  
The ones I hold dear seem to have cracks in the rock  
Solid walls I have built with the years  
Of toiling benieath the horred presence of the sun  
Glaring into my eyes, seeking a way through  
The once tight walls that I have built with  
Grandeur and hope, the bricks of  
These fortresses

O maraudering fools

Turn with haste I grow impatient from  
Your persistent endavour to scale the wall  
Of my keep wherein I hold those treasures  
Your heart yearns for, lusts for, I shan't  
Sway  
Not to the rythm of the leaves  
Of the winds of the trees  
Of the roots burrowed into my ground  
Yes you have taken hold

O arrogant fools

Throw away your weapons let down your tools  
Embark upon your empty journeys elsewhere  
Consider and think well  
Your hearts are fond of untruth  
Do not follow that which does not stay

Elbert Matt Loubser



# Thought

Brisk dawn; the winter's end  
Beneath the hilltop-tree guide

Where nothing passes their own  
Where my thoughts can frolic, bide time

The questions unravel;  
once murky depths  
not known

Are they: Where do I reach from?  
Where do I reach?  
What precedes me?  
What will precede?

The marks end when times end  
A blossom finds its way to an end  
Brushes my cheek upon its journey down

My hope rises to their answers: Who am I to become?  
Who am I?

Near the answers to silence;  
A swallow swings past  
Oblivious to my aquiline discourse;  
Like its chaotic flightpath  
And untethered thoughts

I conclude mere mists  
What does it matter? and mirth  
It is hard to think  
My solution another question's birth.

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Tide, The

A wakeful setting brings the light to my eyes  
a crashing cacophony, peace to my ears  
and with the significance of the boulders  
you shall not ever understand my tearful cries

The shells make it calous, especially  
scraping the surface of my den  
the setting that steals the storms  
and hides them fast and frantically

Theses storms that wreck offshore  
Bête Noire, feeding on the pure  
they fail to touch where I stand or stumble  
where the waters dreamily softens the core

With the ebb and flow, turbid or tranquil  
I shove this feeling, like a piquant parcel  
to the sands of Low, and the lay High  
comes to take the fray, to take its fill

Am I healed? -nothing of the kind:  
to set aside these needles and thorns  
is to grow a thornbush. In truth,  
the sea is inside me, the tide is where I hide

Elbert Matt Loubser

# What Follows

We walked this day downtrodden  
as asphalt and pitiless penny  
what justice there is in violence,  
I know not,  
but know not to grudge  
until my bones wither  
the winds would sweep me  
the earthquakes take me  
me and my ashes  
the grey, dull, insipid, injustice  
Oh take me now or let me be  
or let me know  
what time sits in wait for me  
my path it hates me  
winds and debates me  
the bushes and shrubs they hold me  
to silence and to hush me

Please

just judge me  
set my place in eternity...

Elbert Matt Loubser

# Within A Heart

Within a heart  
there is light and dark  
a prism beholden to both  
that splits them unto the walls of it

and both are there and not  
for once felt, as yet observed  
the other hides, as if shadowed  
or shown upon

for light is not;  
when shadowed,  
and dark is not;  
when shined,

never coinciding  
nor ever together  
only as a wave felt; the ebb and flow  
one then the other,

and when once, with rarity, felt together or seen  
the heart, in its entirety, would be in turmoil

Elbert Matt Loubser