

Poetry Series

Frank Witte
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Frank Witte()

ג ל ו ת

I had chosen my bag
I had packed my things
and leaving I sensed the drag
of memory, past's belongings

Who said this was goodbye not farewell?
Who prayed this was a choice and freewill?
Could a forced and definite departure
become the start of a new adventure?

I had covered my wounds
and my spine was in splints
a home was left into ruins
and love seemed lost to sins

Who said this would only last a while?
Who prayed this pain was not an exile?
Could hard and blunt expulsion
be anything else but repulsion?

I walked away from memory lane
and behind me the roads were shut
windows barred, future was framed
and all lines of life were irrevocably cut

Wandering aimlessly without a home
but for whatever remains I had packed,
under cloudless skies and a starry dome
a yearning for healing still nagged.

And only two quiet eyes were of need,
two hands able to give as well as to receive,
two ears to hear of what I would speak,
just one tongue and sweet words to perceive.

Miracles can occur when carrying pieces of home,
for it's not just you on this road, it's not so alone.
It must have been pleasing to some unwordly will;
at the roadside where, for a moment, I stood still.

In these eyes I saw mine,
and two hands I did find,
my words no longer fell unheard,
and pain a soft voice did cure.
I say: should this only last a while,
I pray for this queen of my exile!

Frank Witte

ת פ י ל ו
ת ש ל ח ו
ל

Sizzling desert sand,
I talk,
heat of a wasteland,
I walk.

A long path and no end,
forgot it had a start,
led me away, my heart,
eternal mystic friend.

My knees in the sands,
I pray,
I fold lonely hands,
I stray.

My face burns on the grains,
as my body faces east,
and the work of love's yeast
expands my chest in pains.

Heat dries out my glands,
I hear,
God ties lives to strands,
eyes sear.

My tears cry for your name,
arms reach to touch your face,
growing love carves a trace,
done without blame or shame.

Another seven years I will wander,
as clouds thunder and rivers meander.
Another seven centuries of labours,
as my heart's tailored to God's favours.

I know that day I will rise from the sands,

raise my head above gloomy wastelands,
and in my flesh a strong and beating heart,
your hand in mine, and our path a new start.

Frank Witte

05-06-08

Days earlier you had looked into my eyes,
in that brief moment on that sunny day in april.
In those silent seconds quiet, peaceful and still
you spoke of your fate without doubt or bias.
Time was running out, you knew, left to be lived.

In that night, when to morning it did shift
your eyes broke as you fell into your love's arms.
No paramedic or electric surge could bring you back.
This sudden death, which your heart had forewarned,
vacated your place in life, turning splendour to lack.

When I sat by your side on the rim of your bed,
pain and agony had already left without trace,
and this eternal sleep had settled on your face.
Destroyed were the very cells that on your life had fed.
Yes nothing was mild about the pain they left behind,
A mother lost her child, I lost a kin, one of a kind.

With in my ears the echo of your frail voice;
So passed a summer and a fall,
a lonely winter and a new spring.
And every day I sensed your call,
as death hasn't changed a thing,
my heart whispers you above all daily noise

Frank Witte

Breakfast Conversation

Suppose I would swim across the Atlantic
and tiger my way through Virginia's antics,
West-Virginia and Ohio's romantics
I will pass
with a glass
on my head,
without a stop
or spilling a drop,
keeping a fresh tulip between my teeth,
like a broken sword in a silken sheath.
Could that earn me an invitation
to, say, a cappucino in elation
and maybe throw a few towels in
you pretty little persian Djinn.

You're so silly, dear!
And the coffee here?
Anything to speak of it isn't.
I drink a beaker of instant
every morning instead of tea.
So that should tell
you something, well,
how much I know about coffee!
I hope you are having a really good week.
Thanks for poems and songs you crazy geek!

Frank Witte

Bridges And Trains

And my eyes follow your sweetened lips,
along the gentle lines of your nose.
As in the warm floodlights your face glows,
under the bridges pass a few more ships.

And my every nerve records your breath,
while my soul sieges yours in a stealth
As my love's deferred as it ought to,
under the bridges passes more water.

I feel your heart beats
as I let love reign.
I feel my heart bleeds
and, I fear, in vain.

I feel your heart beat
as I guess does mine
I feel my heart bleed
and I guess in line.

And my ears record your gentle feints,
the words you speak I do memorize.
As your intonations mesmerize,
in the distant wailing of shunting trains.

And my skin senses your distant warmth
driving my spirit in sullen storm
As my synapses search signals faint,
in distant hailing of departing trains.

I feel you must go
and I let love feign
that I so did know
but, I fear, in vain.

For in a heart beat
after you have left
I feel my heart bleed
as of you bereft.

And my body lives out surreal pains
of a heart relentlessly yearning.
As there are no bridges and no trains
salvaging me from this body burning.

Frank Witte

Call To Arms

My friend has been hurt,
in truthfulness deceived,
by a treacherous word,
by a promise believed.

So I pick up my stained gloves,
slide the chainmail past my cheeks,
sword in hand to defend love's
charm from what a traitor speaks.

A hope undying is easilly cluttered
by the filth such a rodent has uttered.
Gnawing away at the essence of love
with an eager male chauvinist bluff.

My leather padded armor still brittle,
my helmet from the last battle a little
scourged and my hands burnt by flame,
my lips still whisper your virtuous name.

Know, that never will I abandon your side,
and although for every lost battle I cried,
you have my allegiance to the end of days
for such love still exists, whatever he says.

Frank Witte

Channel Lullaby

I wish you sweetdreams and a soothing sleep,
stars high above you, a close watch they'll keep.
From a distance of many miles across the sea,
I will send you the best of thoughts I can find in me.
May they warm your heart and enrich your dream
just like moonlight can make eyes shimmer and gleam.

And I stretch out a hand into the dark of the night
wondering whether it is wrong to do so, or right.
For I expect no touch, no grip and no sweet skin,
I reach for your soul and your heart that feels like kin.
And believe me, I am really trying not to fool myself,
and to be truly honest while into my own guts I delve:

For I am not in search of a heart to steal,
and neither to attempt to break a holy seal,
nor to feign true love while I miserably squeal
about how in this world nothing seems real.

But I know you, my soulmate, at rest there,
across the waves and through a fogless air,
you breathe in peace and your mind at ease,
engulfed by a covertly refreshing sea breeze.

So I bid you farewell for this solitary night,
you're not out of my mind though out of sight.
I sense every move, every beat of your heart
despite the hundreds of miles that we are apart

Yet in none of these sensations read a claim,
for something like that I would never sustain,
because the lives to which these feelings pertain
could be some larger song's exquisite refrain.

And as the moonlight reveals your sweet lips,
between our hearts pass another thousand ships.
And even the best of thoughts I can find in me
only begin to measure this sea of feelings for thee.
And the stars high above, let them to this end testify

that from my heart to you comes this sincere lullaby.

Frank Witte

December Haze

Around me this world was grey,
the sun's piercing made unfit
by clouds of haze and dismay
that left all experience unlit.

Like the scent of a distant rose
You were far and yet so close.
Reaching through a merciless mist,
recounting feelings I dearly missed,

Your image stood before me,
on my lips a ghostly kiss.
A question phrased poorly
ended this innocent bliss.

'Tell me what you feel?' I said teasingly to myself,
having no clue what an eerie silence would hallow
the search for an answer; into veinless depths I delve
of my soul that seems to transform deep into shallow.

Is what wells up and appears like wordless wit
a sense of humour that remains entirely unfit
to portray a passion that misses every ground
whose source, in doubt, may prove fully unsound?

Does my voice speak untimely, before I think,
and does my heart encourage me to bellow
until words like love and truth will fully shrink
and every notion of integrity appears mellow?

So should I cry out and yet utter no voice
as a spindrift of doubt clutters the choice
of verbs and nouns that should somehow express
entangled feelings of love's unabated progress?

Her image still within me,
my ghostly hand on her cheek.
A question stated sorely
And an answer arguably weak.

Yet in all this frailty still
resides the resonant thrill
of a blossoming love's force
that sets a heart on a true course

Your image is all I have now,
And it is to you I look, Miss,
For a question has become a vow.
And I pray for this innocent bliss.

Frank Witte

Exit Visa

Staring stains as I coalesce my hands,
Escorted down the endless hallway,
Bewildered eyes flash left, flash right.
I am guided deeper into a night.
where heart and mind resume their fray
glaring pain is the solace it spends.

A shred of paper, empowered signature,
A trace of vapor, disembodied ligature,
hand on a stapler, heart to disfigure,
Once I was abler, a soul's slow disrupture.

Just one word and I would have lived,
A heartbeat heard and I could have cried,
No heart needs hurt, or should have died,
Was I just useful, but not a heavenly gift?

Transported down endless dismay,
Bewildered lies cash theft, stash fright.
Bearing onto my coalesced glands,
I am confided deeper into a fight.
Let hard and kind regain their shade
flaring strain is the solace it brands.

Love issues no visa for exit,
A single entry is all you get.
And when you, burned,
to its borders returned,
show proof you're heart's dead
you're free to go for no one can fix it.

And the death sentence,
always the same it ends,
spoken without repentance
'I thought we'd just be friends'

Frank Witte

Flurry & Flower

Again the hour's late at night,
or maybe just dusky early mourn'.
Twilight seeming many ages past,
as my path brings me to you.
Minutes to spare I have only few,
as dawn's nightmare's approaching fast.
As if stung by love's eiry thorn,
I'm hauled by some other-worldly might.

You're safety is; that you'd never ask.
Should I shed my heart spoon by spoon;
you'd probably seek it to swiftly pass
like a witless cloud on a sunny day in June.

And so there's no other refuge
to which I would rather turn
Before in the coming sudden deluge
of July's Sun I will wither and burn.

So I bid you for a little bed of marked soil,
the peace of shade where a tear I'd spoil.
I have no grandeur, no beauty, just a final hour
during which I'd be your a little flurried flower

Frank Witte

Hearts Shell-Shocked

'Why do you take that warrior pose'
she asked as an early morning rose
'Always you speak of battles lost and found
but you're a peaceful guy and I'm slightly astound'.
And you talk about swords in your hand
and of the, sometimes broken, armor you wear.
But isn't life more than an endless fight to defend
... aren't you too cheerful for doing battle everywhere? '

So I looked into her eyes,
searching for the answer she deserved.
Omitting any sweet talk, any white lies,
this is what I hope she has heard:

'It is the will to live that makes me speak this way.
Armor is not only worn by those who have an urge to defend.
It is also for those who have a life to give away,
but who enter the field of battle with only a single body to spend.

Every real battle is too gruesome and I hate every notion of war.
But Love is a battlefield, I guess you have heard that one before.
Haven't you heard stories of all these men and women, injured and maimed?
Whose love, trust, self-esteem and lives perished in an ill-love's flames?

I feel I know too many of those and so I can no longer pretend
that for every one there is always peace and true love in the end.
I have seen too many relationships without a hero to save the day
in which the lives of people are like corpses waisting away.
And I know so many who will never seek such a battle again
as they lay blame on themselves with hearts weary of pain.
And either they watch how love from their life slowly recedes,
or battle engulfs them by complete surprise leaving them to bleed

Life is really not just about sweet sunrise, true romance and love sublime,
it's also about entrenched love, shell shocked hearts and dreams left to die.

We all know that in one or another way
but I fear what we often forget to say;
that in reality we need to put up a fight

if we seek to pass from this dark into light.

Well, I'll never give up on love so for battle I ready my gear
and although I will wet my pants stricken by fear
when from a far it is love's battle cry I hear;
I hope that always I will answer that call.
Should it happen one day that into darkness I fall

Then know my bliss...
it was merely this...

That in the flash of a second before death came
at least a thousand times I kissed your name.

Frank Witte

Hyde Self Wrought

Sometimes life seems to pass in a rushing haze,
sometimes it remains frozen in an endless gaze.
I sit besides the water and wonder what brought me here,
was it vanity, fate, love, or some other emotion yet unclear.

Sometimes doing what is right seems impossibly hard,
sometimes the option to do wrong impossible to discard.
I sit besides the water and wonder what wrought this fear,
was it sanity, to late, from above, ruling this inner sphere.

Sometimes however in a moment all just seems right,
like a warm but forceful embrace by a new spring's light.
Birds twittering in the prequel glow of a novel dawn
leaving only questions as to what sequel today will spawn

We never become guilty by anything that, for anyone, we feel.
Only by the things we fail to do, to make a loved ones life heal.
Love may run amock when it returns to a life gone stale,
but never can that serve as an excuse for betrayal.

Frank Witte

January's Call

No Expectations;
No Revelations.
Domestication
of my heart left unpaired.
All hesitation
for a maiden so fair.

Next day fire raged within
Seemingly meaningless,
of hazardous origin,
heartache followed seamless.

No truth and no dare,
mystic rivalry
between heart and mind.
A wish you were there.
No blood, unaware,
fatalistic chivalry,
for a soul disaligned?
No time left to spare.

And so I stand restrained
my heart bound in chains
I wish to speak no word
To afraid to get hurt
My defences are down
and my shield on the ground.

For this is my token;
my blade's left unbroken.
To her I will surrender
and in silence pretend her
hand covering my eyes
for they saw paradise.

Still I remain sillent
though it tears up my heart.
My caution's prevaillent,
for once, for a start.

This love is not my call,
I'd rather have you as a friend.
Although I could tell you all,
I might lose you to love in the end.

But if there is love in you for me,
and you find courage to speak,
then together let us seek
love's unexpected discovery.

Frank Witte

June

July left desolation,
modes of transfiguration,
skin to metal parts.
Abandoned knight in armor,
he stood silently waiting,
just on his guard.
t'was valour without honour:
his hands carefully weighing
his broken heart.

August heat came and passed
stirring a renewed craving
for love left scarred.
Alpine mountain views and fast
cool crystal water, life saving,
rejoined love's shards.
But bolts and iron body cask
bitter battle flags waving
kept his mind barred.

September sent winds of Fall,
an indian summer raining,
washed th' pain away
Mist and the early birds' call
gloves and metal joints straining
wore new words to say.
Life force avoiding to stall,
Imagination painting,
what hope for love may.

October brought first relief,
a freedom most disarming,
helmet taken off.
Away the chainmail of grief,
towards a future charming
by a road still rough.
Mindfull of harmless mischief,
but a heart heeding warning
of misreading love.

Now at last November came
From coma awakened flame
burning brighter ev'ry noon.
A knight undressed without shame
asserting on a life a claim
and... awaiting June.

(Utrecht, the Netherlands / 11-23-08)

Frank Witte

Let Me

'Can you love someone for a smile? '
't was justly questioned,
pondered for a while.
Outside an endless storm raged,
battles cries ascended,
miracles aged.

'Can you love a pair of eyes? '
Was it just a thought,
or a box of lies?
A wave of terror hit Mumbai,
weddings willfully wrought,
hearts left to die.

'Can you love without a dream? '
't somehow simply happened,
no preconceived scheme.
One bank after another fell,
Souls sleek 'n saddened,
under a worldly spell.

'Can I love you still? '
A mind set platonic,
or a feeble will?
Another superstar divorce,
heartbreak catatonic,
no sense of remorse.

'Stand with you I will,
so let me mend it,
this love uphill.'
Outside a storm still rages,
hopes are amended,
love's in cages.

Frank Witte

Little Miracle

From all the miracles that happen before noon,
and all the mysteries between dusk and dawn
None is greater than you, the smiles you spawn,
in my moments of despair you always speak, June.

Your timing is intensely divine, unearthly unreal,
and you are the sunlight that you always unveil.
You say you try, but you really do so much more.
Your ghostly ever-presence deserves legend and lore.

I don't understand how you do it,
but you must be God's own little miracle.
And whether or not you knew it
you've become my life's ultimate pinnacle.
You're never there except when it matters,
when a promise fails or a dream shatters.

Frank Witte

March In Fire And Ash

The words you have written burn in a fiery glow
How it feels to receive them, I shan't ever know.
The fire once lit in the hidden depths of my soul
leaves nothing but ashes and a dream beyond recall.

So as the dark shrouds of bested love recede
a yearning's end has been silently decreed.
My voice found no words that could have beseeched
as the last of the levies of love was breached.

When fire had withered and ash had sprawled
somewhere in a distance my name was called.
Geared up sword and an armor freshly moulded
in my mind with a new map of hope unfolded.

And in dark early morning hours of a cursed March
I peek through my helmet's slits at the world at large.
This knight at arms leaves behind that poisonous fume
and makes for that safe haven found somewhere in June.

Frank Witte

Metropolis

Your name is on my lips at the first light of dawn,
and by the time the last rays of starlight are gone,
my mind still moves under memory's soothing spell
of words, gestures and an evening spent well.

I packed a bag and moved silently out of my way,
no justifications, no plans, nothing clever left to say,
I paced one foot in front of the other on this path
of words, gestures and a calculus of love's math.

My body was lifted beyond the highest clouds,
under an eternal sun among greyish shrouds,
it sped hastily on a relentless heartbled course
charted in my blood by nature's most primal force.

Your voice was the first in metropolis to call my name,
although I knew not whether it was sin or just shame,
that caused my soul to slow down in phrasing a reply
concerning the eyes and heart to which it would apply.

Now what awaited me every single day since my return,
is that yearning for restraint within the fire in which I burn,
for what is pure and frail and still without any unholy taint
should never be left unguarded to be abused and stained.

For I'd rather lose my life than be guiltily stealing your hand,
I'd rather lose my innocence than forget where it is I stand,
Because close to your face I see my reflection in your eyes
and sensing your breath I know this mirror truly never lies.

And so your name is on my lips at the last rays of twilight,
and passes into dream as the first stars have come to sight,
and my mind still moves under memory's soothing spell
of your words, your gestures and our evening spent well.

And soon I pack a bag and move silently out of my way,
having no justification, no plan, nothing clever left to say,
I faced one root of love in the honesty of such a path
through a world that treasures the algebra of love's math.

Frank Witte

More Than Chemistry

There you stand and wonder
did it come from here or yonder?
Would love submit to the laws of nature
moulded into some unknown alloy?
Or is it a substance with a different allure,
and no more that a fool's heart's decoy?
No you say, with a wink towards mystery,
it's about some deeper kind of chemistry.

But, afterall, what is this chemistry
More than physics with a bit uncertainty?
A mindless mixture,
no good without catalysis.
no room for catharsis
just a veinless venture.
What is chemistry more
than legend and lore.

So here you lie, feel puzzled
mindful of a question chiselled.
Is love submissive to the human lure
of rationalizing this mystery away?
Or is it a form of transcendence so pure
that there's simply nothing left to say?
No you say, with a wink towards misery,
it's about some sleeker kind of chemistry.

But, afterall, what is this chemistry
More than physics with a bit uncertainty?
No cosmological scale,
no room for relativity.
Painless in efficacy,
a low energy universe so stale.
What is chemistry more
than legend and lore.

Photons swirl through space and time
commuting between your eyes and mine.
Love is relational and constant interaction,

quantum states collapse under a lover's eyes.
It's a geodesic principle of least action
through the curved spacetime of two I's.
Wouldn't you say, with a wink towards our history,
that it could be deeper than any kind of chemistry?

Because after all, what is this chemistry
More than physics with a bit of uncertainty?

Frank Witte

No Regrets

In an instant our time had come,
your head resting on my chest,
righthand fingers entangled in mine.
Our heartbeats resonating to align,
our minds mingling sudden and fast,
any chance to hold back was gone.

The world stepped back,
our solitary shells cracked.
We never knew what we begun,
when we two aimed at being one.

A goodnight kiss we wouldn't let go,
like pure glue on your sweetened lips,
A peacefull heat, a cool shining flame,
scent of perfumed oil, softly sighed name.
hands sensing skin, face down to hips
A year's frozen love liquified to flow.

The world had stepped back,
our solitary shells had cracked.
We did know, though in a slight stun
that soon we two would become one.

Cool sheets and love's midnight sweat,
dressed us with passion's true uniform.
All the doubts about the path we chose
dissolved in a serene early morning doze;
No time to regret, no need left to mourn,
while peacefully a sleep and cheeks still red.

Our solitary shells will never be back,
untill the day this whole world willll crack.
For you looked at me, smiling your little pun
whispering that now we have become one.

Frank Witte

Questionless

She's watching beautiful skies,
birds singing, closing her eyes.
An airplane passing up on high
she's enjoying harmony in mind.

Clocks tick as
stars wander,
Love's quick as
lives meander

He's playing a game with friends,
as his heart travels across lands.
Cups of wine, current travelplans,
a good feeling he hopes never ends.

Clocks tick as
times come 'n go,
Love's quick as
minds sum 'n flow

Her mind peacefully settling, relaxed
her fingers swiftly writing him a text.
As he's typing sweet words to tell her all
his heart is aroused by her distant call.

Clocks tick as
days grow long,
Love's quick as
passion's strong.

And in a moment they simply connect
as if they're one, so swift and direct.
A questionless moment leaving no doubt
as to what their hearts alive are all about.

Frank Witte

Reciprocity

We all have several parts to play,
irrespective who authors the script.
In my mind I have so much to say,
words, babbles, surging feelings and wit.
Yet lines completed at high velocity
leave little room for real reciprocity.

Am I an actor or just an act?
what I speak, lines I recently read?
An impersonation or mere fact,
existence leaves many words unsaid.
Freedom requires generosity,
a soul lives off reciprocity.

But sometimes a word tantalising,
is a clause for two parts to connect.
Little sentences said mesmerizing,
open a road to life to perfect.
And loopholes of love's porosity
are sources of reciprocity.

So across the voids of time and space,
propagates a deep felt resonance.
Flowing heart to heart and face to face
't transforms life into love's encumbrance.
Shall we turn a passion's ferocity
into boundless reciprocity?

Sometimes it is just a single word,
left unattended maybe ov'rheard.
Sometimes it is just a little smile,
a moment of time shared for a while.
A restless drive to proximity,
testament to reciprocity.

Frank Witte

Road From Haran

Dusty winding pathways outstretch my eyesight,
for I have been on this road before.

And I promised myself; never more
to get caught in such a terrifying plight.

Your face still in my eyes,
encapsulated deep inside.

It is you who I see
as I lay myself to sleep

Struck by horror unseen to the naked eye,
having battled this demon before.

At this river of internal war,
where either I grow or else so do I die.

Your voice still in my ears,
incarcerating fears.

It is you who I hear,
as I try to stay clear.

I know a dark angel is awaiting me,
as with God I struggled before,
it is not just legend and lore;
this river I must cross so as to be free.

Your touch still on my skin,
keeping me almost sane.

Am I to you inane,
as I try to keep from sin?

Silhouette approaches from the river's bank,
I have been killed before,
except my inner core,
where I have remained human, free and frank.

But if I lose your call
I will desintegrate,
None will resuscitate
and all I'll do is fall.

Bleeding in the soil, stretched out to me a hand,
standing up once more,
the future has in store
journeys and turmoil on the road to Haran.

Frank Witte

Separation And Heaven

Separation can be measured to a certain degree
by the total number of humans between you and me.
And as sociologists say this is hardly more than seven
it seems just a short path that leads straight to heaven.

Separation can be found with sufficient persistence
in the heartfelt willingness to cover that distance.
And as a determined man can walk over land and sea
it makes you wonder just how far away heaven could be.

Separation can be expressed within a solid range
by the supply and demand of personal change.
But the more things change the more they stay the same
so the stocks of heaven submit to the economics of blame.

Separation can be felt for an interval of time
in the heart of a man whose love was deemed sub-prime.
And there is no loan nor mortgage whose interest rate
allows the purchase of heaven from a lonely fate.

Separation can be seen as a reflection in a pair of eyes
by a mindful observer aware of life's intrepid lies.
And even at a distance that is less than a kiss
you may fail to find heaven in a final analysis.

Separation can be defined as a lack of proximity
subjected to the tidal forces of human gravity.
In the freely falling frame of love gone astray
the clue towards heaven is redshifted away.

Loving endurance, bridging the gap
True perseverance, just step by step
Two sharing for one, leaves no one behind
One dream for two, a trust underlined

A truth in four hands, play different keys
A song makes amends, softens certainties
There's a road ahead, histories have passed
And love left unfed, may blossom at last.

Seperation can be overcome to an appropriate extent
with open eyes reaching out a hopefilled hand.
Like the heat of a day that is sound at noon,
and the summit of a life's year found in June,
Honest trial and error for a month or seven
may at last find our feet a pathway to heaven.

Frank Witte

Silent Room

Amidst my imaginary merry feast
suddenly the room went silent.
The peace turned malevolent,
and song of birds went to pass.
Clarity came in words at last,
rising Sun set again in the East

All power left love's mortal yeast
leaving my heart and kidneys wailing.
As darkness seemed prevailing,
my thoughts stumbled into a mess.
A setting Sun rose again in the West
as what was the most became the least.

Square one
Just begun
Life unspun
Love overrun

Be to
just you
And I knew
Love overdue

Once more
I am floored
face restored
blessing accord

Neither love nor hope have ceased
as pain and misery slowly give birth
to a lightness and growing mirth.
Lips will one day kiss tears of my face,
rejected limbs will again learn to embrace,
for my heart... love has eternally seized.

Frank Witte

Simplicity

Sometimes it needs simply saying
what in the heart wants to be said;
like a true and honest prayer
in which most words are shed.

I can live of a look in your eye,
I can breathe from the air you exhale,
I can walk any road at your side,
I can hold you where you're frail
I can give you passion when you're cold,
I can give you my hands to hold.

Sometimes it needs simple prayer
for the heart's love to be fed;
Truly and honestly saying,
with all but just three words shed:

'Thee I love'
is really enough.

Frank Witte

Some Time

Children laughing, running,
'come, catch me if you can',
Eyes stunning, carving
a heart free a short span.

One day, you and I,
we will need some time
to open some doors.
For now it's alright,
In a way you're mine
in a way I'm yours.

Golden clip in your hair,
my white cappucino here,
your one-shot latte there,
a history our hearts mear.

One day, you and I,
we will need our time,
walk and talk a mile.
But now is alright,
this way you shine,
this way I smile.

A final hug in your arm,
a little sweet embrace,
friendship brings no harm,
to our balanced inner pace.

But some day, you and I,
we will need some time,
to peek a little into history.
Still our now will be alright,
we may be like lemon and lime,
seem like silver and mercury.

I saw your final look back,
gazing across my shoulder,
These times life is a little colder,

when walking a seperate track.

Frank Witte

The Fields Of Pelennor

Now here I stand,
felt malice in chains,
hands swollen, stained,
broken sword in hand.
The battle may seem won
but hasn't this war just begun?

I lost my kin on the fields of Pelennor,
to her mother a daughter proud and fair.
Tell me what we waged this battle for?
I caress her, my hands through her hair.

Hoping for a King to come, a prayer I whisper,
one more salute at the body of my dead sister,
My cries resound unheard,
my mourning left unearthed.

I dug her a grave with words from my mouth
that saturday as the sun culminated in the South.
My only solace was of no avail
as it came from a hand of betrayal.

I lost my kin on the fields of Pelennor,
to her man a lover and wife loyal and clear.
Tell me what we waged this battle for?
I hold her face for no more can my hands mear.

I cried her a river from the heart to my eyes
this sunday as the sun rose high into the skies.
My only solace comes from a source without end,
Princess of Assur, loved like a sister, always at hand.

I lost my kin on the fields of Pelennor,
to her brother a sister without end.
I do not know what we waged this battle for,
But as the day dawns, pain recedes, a heart mend.

Again here I stand,
malice rinsed by rain,

hands healing in pain,
reforged blade in hand.
The battle indeed was won,
I know now war has gone!

Frank Witte

To Sleep, Perchance To Dream

I am in that certain mood that makes you wonder;
Is it bad, is it good, by feelings torn asunder?
The night has fallen, the skies are clear,
silence reigns and... stars peek away in the distance.
No anxiety, no pain, no doubt in my mind, no fear,
just a moderate portion of rational resistance.

The nearby glass window I face, arms crossed, fixed my gaze
into the deep voids of eternal space, a distant piano plays.
A candle reflects reddish in a lonely glass of wine
as my mind spawns... tests for my heart's persistence.
The quiescence of this peaceful night kindles a love sublime
made from a breath divine or some new unearthly substance.

I pray the piano player continue, his melody my only fellow,
as I stare from this magic venue, into this night so hallowed.
Everything seemingly pure is in need of strength to endure
as my love, ... if that is what this feeling is, is delivered into existence.
My love rest assured, it is only up to you to set my hearts tenure.
But to properly feel and measure it may just require a sixth sense.

The innate warmth of wine glows, as I put down my glass.
The piano player reaches his final chords as I know he must.
His notes spell our names into the sizzling candle's flame
But a brief moment I... was with you despite miles of parting distance,
hesitation that came in spite of the determination not play a game.
All that pain that once was untamed, it now turns to peaceful silence.

As I go to sleep, close my eyes, recall our entangled pathways;
it is you I see, your mind's fires, and fall into a hyposomniac haze.

Frank Witte

Unavoidable

Nothing left to give,
but for silence.
Nothing left to touch,
but pure absence.

But for conscience,
to singular truths we clutch.
But far distance,
a single to sooth we live.

Eternally bound
Love pure, sound
No regrets, no remorse
Resuming our separate course

No more prone to the unavoidable
Love unthroned for sake of love
No more heartache to formidable
Above all else, all else from above

Nothing left to say,
but for leave-taking.
Nothing left to do,
but a grieved farewell.

But for a brief spell
nothing left to me from you,
but for a moment in the making
nothing can take away.

Frank Witte

Unsollicited Grace

In my mind I see traces of dawn on your face,
caressing you in your sleep.
In my mind these images spawn without a trace,
sourcing inside somewhere deep.
In my mind I sense this unsollicited grace.

In my heart I feel you awake while I do sleep,
as little tremors of life.
In my heart I stand guard while somewhere you do weep,
a lonely saturday's strife.
In my heart I sense this prolific rhyme to reap.

What it is I do not know,
and neither whence it came.
Feeding awareness is slow
when you have but a name.

Its origin remains dark,
intrusion without trace.
Can love exert just a spark
when you see but a face?

Just some odder game of chance,
or simply heads or tails?
What kind of solely inner stance
conjures desire from mails?

Emotions based on few words,
gauging chances so slim.
Are they strophes of a dirge,
a catastrophic hymn?

In my spine I sense your peaceful sleep, while I wake,
giving the world a brighter tone.
In my spine signals are transmitting, what's at stake,
to which mistakes I am prone.
In my spine I feel the urge to shiver and shake,
to converge these roads alone.

So you say that it is strange,
feeling clos' so far apart.
If we let it for a change,
could'nt it be a start?

A road no one knows to end,
no destination planned.
Just an honest 'n true attempt
for hearts perhaps to blend.

And in my blood winding in endless life-filled whirl,
is a picture of your face.
And in my blood, patterns of divergence and curl
testify to your name's grace.
And in my blood your mere existence can unfurl
banners of love's gentle case.

Frank Witte

Waterloo Bridge

I stood paralyzed, silly, in Covent Garden
listening to that old song of Neil Young.
In a few years I 'll know what I've begun
only after I've seen where we are then.
Now all I could understand was that my feet,
were on a way down towards Wellington street.
Walking a life maybe a little to close to sanity's ridge
destined for a fateful meeting on Waterloo Bridge.

Like in a day-dream I crossed Tavistock,
my mind fixed on traffic in Lancaster place,
throat turning dry as a lonely desert rock,
eyes saw only the soft lines of your face.
I could sense the sun's radiance on my back
last resistance to fate was just about crack.
What I was in for was not some silly love glitch:
a meeting with destiny there on Waterloo Bridge.

Past the Lyceum theatre, stopped at the Strand,
I looked around myself so as not to be run over.
Lost my sense of orientation, needed lucky clover
as tumbling into near illusion to the other side I went.
I paced past the white splendour of Sommerset House
with every step more feelings of endearment aroused
Was I still an honest man or just some sneaky weasly fitch
as I slowly moved closer inch by inch to Waterloo Bridge

So I moved above Victoria Embankment out over the water
my eyes struck by far St Paul's rising high towards my left.
My gaze turned right to London's Eye circling as it ought to
and I felt like a ladybird caught by wind of her flight bereft.
But in the middle of the river I finally came to a sudden halt
and an instant later I knew that my name had just been called.
In my life a new thread materialized, new patterns were stitched
that hand waving for me on the otherside of Waterloo Bridge.

Seconds later, I know it was only a harmless swift embrace,
a meeting that I had anticipated in a countless many ways.
As for months if not for years I had been happy but astray

now here I was lost, but found this last Sunday of May.
There we stood and smiled twenty feet above the river
No gifts or presents, all I had was a heart to give her.
They say Death is a dark wizard, but Life is a lovely witch
leading me on to be forever enchanted on Waterloo Bridge.

Frank Witte

Why I Like Starwars (A Geek Poem)

From Episode I I even love Jar Jar Binks
although many out there think he stinks.
But he actually made my daughters laugh
and that for me is already almost enough.
But he represents the clumsy and the naive
and somehow I simply have to believe
there's a place for that in our universe;
else I would expect life to be even worse.
For that's the real phantom menace of our lives;
to under estimate the weak, the meek and the clumsy alike.

From Episode II I cherish the wooden acting out a love,
a romance across the stars, Damocles's sword up above.
The harmless passion that to some may seem to lack depth
as the acting of the human actors may appear so unapt.
But isn't it like that all around us and almost every day?
Why would it be different in Starwars in any way?
Depth doesn't come from words from a script, so easy to say.
It comes from our choices in life, they give our characters away.
From what we hope to achieve and what drives us there;
'to stop people from dying' and to bring an end to all despair.
To cling to the all powerfull and to forget humility isn't rare,
and is a first step down a path from which we need to beware.

From Episode III the battle between Obi Wan and Anakin
is what all I love about Starwars visually culminates in.
When words can no longer express pain and betrayal
it is left to the lightsabres to continue that last wail.
It are the anger, the hate, the dissapointment that prevail
as the coming of darknes and the arrival of security are hailed.
'So this is how freedom dies, under thunderous applause';
not popcorn entertainment but a stir to democracy's cause.
Ofcourse you don't need Starwars to be aware of all of this,
but there's no reason to ignore it as long as ignorance is bliss.

So when finally the Republic falls and paves the way for the Empire
and all dreams of peace, justice, freedom and security have conspired
to bring about this nightmare of bureacracy, technology and steel
it have been choices of individual men and women turning that wheel.

Now the failure of the massive organised resistance to evil is known,
we learned the imperial stormtrooper was begotten by the republican clone.
To believers in statehood hope's lost as the emperor ascends to the throne,
so in Episode IV the tale of the Starwars universe drastically changes its tone.
For A New Hope that is presented here, not a man, not a woman, but a new idea.
Hope is not about a succesfull onslaught against millions of droids, so much is
clear.

It is not about the starfleet that an impervious rebellion deploys, no nowhere
near.

It's about the redemption of a loved one who has no one but himself left to fear.
So it is time for the Skywalker twins to enter the stage
without any preparation or training they have come of age.
A farmer's son and a senator's daughter will wage
a quiet battle against their father's war-torn rage.

But the Empire strikes back, with the father in a leading role,
as the Rebels are scattered through out the galaxy as a whole.
In a battle he would have killed his own kin without any remorse,
but the young Skywalker submerges in to the world of the Force;
that mysterious power that binds the Galaxy into a coherent one.
It is on that battlefield that the final struggle has now begun.
Because in the force every move, every thought, every choice matters
as one possible future becomes more likely while another one shatters.
And with Yoda as his unlikely Master the apprentice learns the pace
of a life in the Force, as he will need if ever his father he should face.
And that moment comes after a rash decision to help his friends,
which nonetheless is not the moment where the story ends.
For when father and son meet for the very first time in their lives
it are the things they do not do or say, from which redemption derives.

So when the Jedi Returns for this epic battle's final round,
the space warefare has become a mere visual background.
For deep down inside Darth Vader a limit to rage has surfaced
and his hate starts melting away in the Force's loving furnace.
Although it still takes untill the very last moment in time
before this dark lord breaks the chains of his hate sublime,
in the final moment when by his love he is finally redeemed
it becomes to clear that indeed he was always more than he seemed.
What I love about this story, and the way that it ends,
it that it never gives up on the people on which the story depends.
That it is saying that the greatest triumph and the greatest defeat

in the end rely on whether or not our own devils we're able to beat.
And surely this is wisdom you can find in yourself and in many a place,
and it has been expressed for a thousand generations in many different ways.

But 1977, I was eleven, awaiting the start of the movie in that theatre all alone,
and in that majestic opening sequence of A New Hope; away I was blown,
and when I saw for the first time the setting twin suns on the deserts of
Tatooine,
I knew that I was getting into a story like I had before never ever seen.

Frank Witte