By: PaulChafer

Anna T requested some poems, as she is a dear friend and a great talent who writes the most inspiring verse, who am I to deny her: enjoy .Anna



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An Inside View

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The wealth of human emotions.

Embedded within my face;

Fingerprints of passing generations,

Trapped, and locked in place.

Wining and dining at elegant parties;

And lavish masquerade balls;

High spirited girlish laughter,

Echoing from pannelled walls.

Young eager couples, embracing love,

Pursuing clandestine passion;

Vainly posing, painted faces,

Silken dresses of highest fashion.

Women; unashamedly flaunting,

Treading the footsteps of their mothers,

Gentlemen strutting like peacocks,

Impersonating confident lovers.

Saddened silver haired ladies.

Yearning for long lost youth,

Turning their wrinkled backs,

Upon my unbearable truth.

Children playing their games,

An Inside View 2

Laughing eyes and innocent smiles,

Unaware of lifeâ s long journey,

Through decades of weary miles.

A witness to their losses and triumphs,

The sins the truth and the lies,

The blank unaccountable sadness,

Reflected in troubled eyes.

The cyclical images secured

Within my silvered layer,

Untouchable touching memories,

Secreted unwittingly to my care.

Frozen slices of captured time,

Framed in suspended animation,

Preserved in my looking glass prison,

Forever beyond emancipation.

Observed by not one person,

Yet frequently viewed by all;

The secret silent watcher,

Hanging discreetly upon the wall.

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