

For a selection of Aribella's poetry, go to:

<http://www.writtenword.org.uk/Aribella%20Lafleur.pdf>

or visit the following link for some of her short stories:

<http://thegridlive.com/category/aribella-lafleur/>

The Dreams of an Ocean

The dreams of an ocean wash onto the shore
Stealing into homes abandoned.
In childish delight
They speak to the yearning;
Whispering words of silvery tongues,
Moonlight dipped.
Hiding in the deep places and
Sing. Songs of silent sorrows lost.
Ah years! Those solemn years,
Soldiers of forgotten paths tread
Effacing fingers of decay.
Erase knowledge of the ancients
In an embrace of blue and green.
Unseen, unheard but
Lifted to your ear
The melody that captures the heart
Held in the palm of your hand.

There's a Woman in Your Bed

There's a woman in your bed.

Sir, did you notice?

Is she dead?

Oh, I saw her lying there.

Yes, I did see her

Flowing hair.

Was there life left in her heart?

Sir, did you break it

All apart?

I saw a teardrop on her face,

But I just left it

In its place.

Did you ease her of her pain?

Sir, was her sobbing

All in vain?

All that sorrow in her smile.

I stepped out,

Just for a while.

There's a woman in your bed.

Sir, did you hold her

Ere you fled?

Life Goes On

Life goes on,
As the tears fall -
A crashing tide;
Blurring the words
in voiceless flood.

Just to breathe -
A stolen breath,
Swallowed, though
There is no more living
Life goes on.

The pang of memories;
Laughing sadness
From a morrow
Never to see the light
That shines, regardless.

We never followed
The same paths.
You never followed at all.
You dove in
Headfirst, fearless.

We met in the middle
From time to time.
Years changed nothing,
And nothing changed the years.
We lived.

Life goes on.
When time fades,

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We'll see each other again
And you'll laugh
At my tears.

Life goes on
And smiles emerge
From behind the clouds
Painted in sorrow, because
Life goes on.

for Laretta
R.I.P. 20.04.2008

Soul Music

The days begin to roll into one big circle of pie as
My name fades into nothing from lack of use.
I watch the birds expend their futile hours against the glass.
I blink and they never existed.

My words dance through your mind -
A marching band on parade.
The French horn is out of tune
And the trumpet missed its cue.
The never-bird flies through their midst
Plucking notes from the air and eating them whole.

The scene swirls, the drummer separates into marbled blobs
Drawn into the fibres of the sheet,
Losing his integrity as I blot him out.
I sneeze and a thousand souls die in the same instant.
Sometimes it blocks out the sun.

You see my patterns in the fluid design;
I can change them at will, it means nothing.
I am the never-bird eating your song,
Dancing through your mind
Watering the never-was trees and plucking their fruit.

You sneeze and I become the thousandth soul.

The War of Words

The war of words
Goes beyond boundaries,
Stabbing at tender places,
Ignoring the truce-flag.
Once begun, the war
Becomes self-sustaining
Until one day you wake
And can't remember peace time.
You focus your all on
The war effort,
Sending all your dreams
Into battle, forgetting that
War leads, ultimately,
To death.

Insomnia

I lie in the dark, painting words across
The canvas of my mind.
Hearing them cry out,
Sleep pales into a memory.
Exhaustion lost its meaning
Days ago.
As the words fight their way out
Into consciousness,
Where is the switch that
Puts conscious thought to bed,
So dreams may fly?
Insanity is in sanity
With less space.
Bringing my mind to the
Edge of unreason, as it cries
“Let
Me
Sleep”.

I laugh at the irony.

Time Passes to Forever

Time beats us all to dust
And causes greatest men to dread,
A life constrained by time
Brings a greyness to one's head.
Through a sea of insignificance
Your kindness caught my eye.
As time passes to forever
Do we watch our lives go by?

You look for sunshine through the clouds
And blush of roses too,
But yet I hesitate to ask a boon
Of so much more from you:
I want to know what stirs you,
What satisfies your heart.
Give substance to the time we pass
Before our lives depart.

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The years

Over the years I have
Grown into the crease of your smile,
Been voiced with every word you speak,
Laughed in the joy of your laughter,
Danced in every step you have taken,
Touched the universe as you looked upon it,
Breathed in the flame of your expression,
Shared the essence of your life-force,
Abandoned myself to the desire of your caress,
Lived in the moments of your being,
and Loved....

Loved in the miracle of life that we share.

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Span of days

Without a smile in the eye
There is no illumination.
Gazing up at the clouds
I see scribblings of the thought-beast
Emblazoned across the sky.
The ever-present struggle to exist.
Without breath to aspirate:
How do we animate?

Probability incessantly dripping
Into conscious thought.
Dissimulation and equivocation
Span the days of the masses.
Although we see through
The smoky, half-full glass,
I see precious crystal
In your gentle regard.

You Tried

You Tried

Last time

Was the last

Til the next,

And again

You tried.

I'll be here,

And you said

You'll be here.

Changes then

Become so plain.

Clear and simple

Lost and found in

The noise of stillness.

Treading Silent Paths

We share the silence, with open mind.
Words, unuttered, drifting freely -
Swirling through reality.
Plucked from repose,
We marry them together.
Simple pleasures become exquisite delight,
As the blank page transforms into
A child's portrayal of certainty
Walking amongst the Grand Masters,
Head held high.

Untitled

It's summer now, but we lost the sun
Hiding behind droplets of winter.
Pale faces turn upward to
Drink in the stale, yellowed glow.

I wish, I wish, oh how I wish
Someone would set fire
To the sun, to warm my
Chilly winter-heart.

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Jellybean Today

(written for jellybean Day)

I met you here, today.

The only place I could meet a talking confection, really.

Your colour changing

Like the flavours of your personality.

Why are you never black?

I think aniseedy depths would suit

You better than

Sickly, lemony sweetness.

I met you tomorrow and

You were someone else entirely.

I liked the wholesome candy

Better than the erratic taste

Of your new outer shell.

I wonder if the inner you

Is such a hard

Pill to swallow.

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LIFE'S NO PICNIC

For teddy bears life's no picnic,
Without opposable thumbs.
Cotton-stuffed heads don't cogitate
Deeply enough to do sums.
They don't have bendy elbows,
Nor do they bend at the knees,
So how can they pick up a ball
Or cover their nose when they sneeze?
Give them a dark, fudgy brownie
And watch as they pretend to eat
With no stomach, no way to digest
The delectable chocolate treat.
So, sending them off on a picnic
Really just doesn't add up,
Though the irony is quite amusing
While watching them sip from a cup.

(written for Teddy Bear Picnic day)

LETHARGY

The clandestine harmony swells;
Dulling the tone
Of her wit,
Now stretched
Until gentleness groans.

Sacrifice all to the moment
In penance,
A clotted atonement - lingering,
To surrender adornment
And grace.

An onerous cup
Raised
To anaesthetized lips.
Weary head, cradled
In ice-brittle hands.

Fractured days
Split lonely months,
As oblivion beats
Closer
With intimate embrace.

Heavy the toll divided;
As coins
Plumb the wishing-well depth,
Raising summits
Of silver and gold.

Black dragon plunders the spoils.
A sinister spectre of gloom,
Brooding in intimate space.

THE WITTY SCHISM

Let not my repartee descend
Into a dark, sarcastic end.
Lost on my tongue, the bon mot flies
And in esprit d'escalier, dies.
But Carpe Diem! I leap back in
To volley another round again.
Yet, neither to be fool nor wit,
As Bard in ancient times had writ;
I close my mouth and smile instead
And let my quip stay in my head.

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Mood Indigo

To wish a wish,
And dream a thought,
And sew that dream
Within the fabric
Of being.

To wish a wish,
And remember a smile
Painted poignantly
In feathered strokes
Of desire.

To wish a wish,
And touch a heartbeat,
Coursing with life
As fragile as
A wish.

Work Like a Dog

Work like a dog, you say?
She lies around
Licking herself and rolling in the grass.
Chasing dreams in the
Winter sunshine
She works hard
At doing as
Little as possible.