James Newell’s Poetry

Haiku

Green and speckled legs,
Hop on logs and lily pads
Splash in cool water.

Metaphor

Love is a burning candle
It’s not always easy to handle
It burns, but it’s still beautiful
And it makes celebrations oh so meaningful

Personification

The leaves on the ground danced in the wind
The brook sang merrily as it went on its way.
The fence posts gossiped and watched cars go by
which winked at each other just to say hi.
The traffic lights yelled, “Stop, slow, go!”
The tires gripped the road as if clinging to life.
Stars in the sky blinked and winked out
While the hail was as sharp as a knife.

The pen.

So much depends upon a pen.
A ball point pen
With a clear outer and rubber grip
Beside the white exercise book.

IDK

White and pastey
Glowing as she walks
White as a ghost

Aboriginal Poem

Aboriginal walks through the bush
Spear poised in his hand
Preparing for an ambush.
Struck by a moment

I am stuck in a moment
With a broken heart
I could give it away
But I don’t wish to part

I am holding onto a dream
As vague as ever
Hoping someone will fulfil
My failed endeavour

I’ve been frozen for long
Love has lost its will
It shall thaw in the warmth
That you’re smile will instil

Time passes me by
But I don’t regret
There’s nothing I can do
Nothing I could have said

Like a broken arrow
Can never reach its aim
I fear if my life
Shall always be the same