Poetry Anthology

The silver Tarago

So much depends on the silver tarago

Four round black wheels

The shiny silver paint

Over the hot black bitumen

In the open

Sitting in the open

Surrounded by friends

Its peaceful and still

The only sound is the excavator humming in the background

I can see the cars whizzing past

The little kids playing on the play equipment

The trees gently swaying side to side in the slight rift

The teacher is doing laps of the playground

Sitting on the hard concrete block

I can feel the metal jabbing into my back

Its cold yet smooth but has a sharp edge

The grass in green and lush on one side of me

Yet on then other it is brown and stale

The bell has just gone people are moving

Everywhere ever so fast like the world around me

Everything is happening at 100 miles an hour

So fast I can’t keep up with it all

People are going about their business move to their classes

Some happy about it some sad

Everyone is doing their thing and going about their business
**Haiku**

To be a leader,  
One must first dream then act out,  
fulfilment is yours.

**The Sower**

I see a man,  
a farmhouse, wheat, sun,  
the sky, a trail,  
a man planting seeds.  
I hear birds, cows,  
the crop rustling in the wind,  
seeds hitting the ground, a tractor.  
I touch the seeds in the bag, the crop,  
the door handle on the farmhouse.  
I smell the fresh country air,  
freshly harvested grain, oil in the shed.  
I taste the fresh air, the newly planted seeds,  
the dust in the air.