

KM Wegelius

# My Po&ry



A Collection of Poems



My Son

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Collection of Poems

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# I Natural

## March

The sun showers intense light,  
painting the last snowbanks purple

The first day of March is heated by the logs and their  
chemical transformation play

On my writing desk, in a cloudy glass of water, a greenish  
pussy willow

In the opposite window of a dilapidated neighboring  
house, a young mother appears breastfeeding

The reflection of the window obscures her image,  
rejected by the echo of swaying church bells

The downy, yellowish branches of the pussy willow curve  
from the glass, like the mosaic of terrene tentacles of  
Amos Rex.

A passing lane in the sky, silver strings of clouds make  
headway after February, before tired April, one ordinary  
March



## **September came**

...and its unfinished clouds,  
with themeless drops falling from them,  
dripping like a runny nose,

damp stories as remaining leaves cover my house in  
empty verses.

Until an epic snowfall takes over,  
tragically banishing autumn into obscurity.

## October

Everything that smelled of summer withered away

Bright warm colors became deeper before the end

My friends crouch into their caves like the bear retreats  
into hibernation

Silence has thrown its purple quilt over the sunset

Behind my window, darkness plays hide and seek with  
my reading lamp

I am writing a poem in key minor, about living hope.

## **From cold to warm**

From the North Sea wind  
frigid, a tear wells from intensity,  
drowning into the waves of the tumultuous sea  
and mixing with the surf,

suddenly finds a way to your skin,  
in a most beautiful and warm moment

I hear, see and experience things, constantly.  
They are said to be good, bad, right or wrong.  
Unwittingly I form my own view of them.  
In my texts I weave organized bodies of work  
from the blanks of my thoughts.  
They have form and parlance.  
Mine.

