

Four Poems by Luma Dikum

The testing

You test me

Like the strings of my native guitar;

You tease me

Like a woman grinding corn.

You search the depths

Of my inner-most parts

And quite unearth

The secrets of my heart.

Can I your magic powers restrain

Or nature's best in man disdain?

Everyone in this wide Earth

Is for-ever captive to your spell?

POEMS - POETRY - POEMES - POETRY - POEMES - POETRY - POEMES - POETRY - POEMES - POE

The dejected

What are you doing
At this time I wonder,
Silent in lonely rooms,
Wrapped in worldly musing,
Or deep in studious thought?
You have time indeed to ponder
But none to give to him
Who wrestles with restless whim.

Now you are busy
Too busy to think,
Hurrying to the kitchen behind,
Washing the linen you find,
Till I fear your back
For want of ease will crack,
For whole afternoons I fancy
Your fingers capped with thimble
As socks with holes you mend,
And yet for me no thought?

Though in a strange land
My eyes see without my mind
Which at this time is thine,
I walk the streets with my shadow
Imprisoned in thy hollow hand
Though fairest queen for whom I pine
And yet I cannot find

POEMS - POETRY - POEMES - POETRY - POEMES - POETRY - POEMES - POE

Bewitching hair

Weird and tantalizing
Curls of entangling delight
Whose rich, dark lustre
Charms the heart with bewitching might.

Weird as the wintry dusk,
Pleasant as a summer's day,
Disarrayed like restless leaves
That crowd and scatter like the wind.

When breezes blow and snowflakes drizzle,
Trees stand bare in awful stare,
Then that hair brings mystic cheer
To calm and strengthen the heart within.

Defeat begone !

*Defeat begone, I no more fear
 What else to me was fear;
 Though once you lurked those halls
 And dogged my lubbering steps,
 I no more lose my head in slumber
 Nor to the ground my gate incline.*

*Summer trees now shed their leaves
 Who once derided a fallen name
 And nimbus clouds shower down their dew
 To greet him vanquished in retreat
 Who now holds high his head aloft*

*These shakers of books in notes lie
 And insolent girls over tables puff
 Are all to me no more a scare
 But friends with whom to live in bliss.*

*Defeat where now thy anger,
 Where now thy thren'ning scowl?
 'Tis none no more nor e'er shall be
 For he who wrongly slept in shame
 At Easter rose to die no more.*

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