

The Sky that Falls

A Collection of Poems

by Deniz Besim

Volume I

Pantoums

My Baby Boo

About the day he brought me to his house:
We had more fun than I thought we would do,
I never thought that so, he had a spouse,
But I got pregnant with his baby boo.

We had more fun than I thought we would do,
It wasn't supposed to turn out this way,
But I got pregnant with his baby boo,
I had to tell him, though, what would I say?

It wasn't supposed to turn out this way,
Having a baby with a married man,
I had to tell him, though, what would I say?
Will he understand? Do all that he can?

Having a baby with a married man,

Or will he leave me all out to the ditch?
Will he understand? Do all that he can?
I felt so alone, I had no good pitch.

Or will he leave me all out to the ditch?
I had to go away, not let him know.
I felt so alone, I had no good pitch
And so I left town, a new life to sow.

I had to go away, not let him know.
I never thought that so, he had a spouse
And so I left town, a new life to sow,
About the day he brought me to his house.

Learning About the Kid

I bumped into her in a country town,
So surprised, I hadn't seen her for years,
With her face contorted into a frown,
Holding to him tightly, a child in tears.

So surprised, I hadn't seen her for years,
'I must confess, but is your wife with you?'
Holding to him tightly, a child in tears.
She said: 'There's something I just wish you knew.'

'I must confess, but is your wife with you?'
I said, 'No she isn't is something wrong?'
She said: 'There's something I just wish you knew.'
It seemed like bad news, I had to be strong.

I said: 'No she isn't is something wrong?'
'This child is yours, you were never aware.'
It seemed like bad news, I had to be strong.
It was the first I heard, I met his stare.

'This child is yours, you were never aware'
And that was because she knew of my wife.
It was the first I heard, I met his stare,
This is the little boy who'd change my life.

And that was because she knew of my wife.
I could never tell Belinda of it,

This is the little boy who'd change my life,
He even threatened our divorce a bit.

I could never tell Belinda of it,
With her face contorted into a frown,
He even threatened our divorce a bit,
I bumped into her in a country town.

The Wife

Her husband's being quite quiet of late,
He must be keeping a secret, she thought.
'Can you spill it already, happy mate?'
Hoping with it she would not be distraught.

He must be keeping a secret, she thought.

He looked at her but could not meet her eyes,
Hoping with it she would not be distraught.
'I've got a little son, to my surprise.'

He looked at her but could not meet her eyes.
'Thus, you thought that you would be forgiven?'
'I've got a little son, to my surprise.'
'No kids, but with your wife, you weren't driven.'

'Thus, you thought that you would be forgiven?'
He said, 'Quite strange but I feel no remorse.'
'No kids, but with your wife, you weren't driven.'
'That makes more sense, we would have to divorce.'

'It is quite strange, but I feel no remorse.'
'So you wouldn't fight for your wife,' she said.
'That makes more sense, we would have to divorce.'
Packing her bags, out of the house she sped.

'So you wouldn't fight for your wife,' she said.
She slapped him angrily before she went.
Packing her bags, out of the house she sped.
'Good luck with that slut!' she felt really spent.

She slapped him angrily before she went,
Remembering her mood earlier on,
'Good luck with that slut!' she felt really spent.
A curse she had ever noticed upon.

Remembering her mood earlier on:
'Can you spill it already, happy mate?'
A curse she had ever noticed upon
Her husband's being quite quiet of late.

Morning Stories

Open the papers to the missing girl,
Abduction is known on quite a large scale,
Stories causing all of our minds to whirl,
In expectation of a better sale.

Abduction is known on quite a large scale,
To shouting commoners in a riot,
In expectation of a better sale,

They're angered by news now in the quiet.

To shouting commoners in a riot,
Some more bad news to conceal those stories,
They're angered by news now in the quiet,
Do you wonder why everyone worries?

Some more bad news to conceal those stories,
The media has more stories to throw,
Do you wonder why everyone worries?
It says, hate thy neighbour he's sunk so low.

The media has more stories to throw,
Stories causing all of our minds to whirl,
It says, hate thy neighbour he's sunk so low,
Open the papers to the missing girl.

The Bully

It was my first year of secondary school,
I was bullied by a boy in my class;
He called me names, treated me like a fool,
He called me a 'wuss,' a 'girl,' a 'dumb-ass.'

I was bullied by a boy in my class,
Everything he said, I tried to ignore,
He called me a 'wuss,' a 'girl,' a 'dumb-ass,'
I tried to shut him out, he wanted more.

Everything he said, I tried to ignore,
Out in the playground, he wanted a fight,
I tried to shut him out, he wanted more,
Punched me when there were no teachers in sight.

Out in the playground, he wanted a fight,
He hurt me, I punched back, then formed a crowd,
Punched me when there were no teachers in sight.

The crowd got bigger, kids were shouting loud.

He hurt me, I punched back, then formed a crowd:

'Beat him!' 'Kick him!' they jeered, they wanted more.

The crowd got bigger, kids were shouting loud;

The teachers saw, pushed their way through the gore.

'Beat him!' 'Kick him!' they jeered, they wanted more.

We were a bundle, hard to tear apart.

The teachers saw, pushed their way through the gore,

They screamed at us, told us we were not smart.

We were a bundle, hard to tear apart,

My face was bloody, scars on my body,

They screamed at us, told us we were not smart.

I hated the school it was so shoddy.

My face was bloody, scars on my body,

They met my parents, I got expelled;

I hated the school, it was so shoddy,

Since for him, an ambulance was propelled.

They met my parents and I got expelled,
I hurt him critically, I had to go,
Since for him an ambulance was propelled;
Told my parents, I did not start it, though.

I hurt him critically, I had to go;
Started a new school, the bullying ends,
Told my parents I did not start it, though,
Bully-free zone, I have now made new friends.

Started a new school, the bullying ends,
No longer would they treat me like a fool,
Bully-free zone, I have now made new friends,
It was my first year of secondary school.

Sestinas

Fires

Fires took place, people ran against the walls,
Too high up, a fireman's pole necessary,
They couldn't go down that way, no staircase,
Elevator not in use, no way out,
What were the alternatives so high up?
People jumping out of the windows, restless.

Fires took place while the whole world watched restless,
Within the buildings, there were crumbling walls,
Daylight shone, yet so dangerous to look up
High when caught by fires, aid necessary
And a route-way out, around the staircase,
But when that's in fragments, there's no way out.

An alternative to the crushed staircase,
People could go down a fire-pole, restless,
The whole way down twenty floors, to get out.
An alternative to contagious walls,
Coughing out smoke off lungs necessary,
Parachutes be needed to fall from up.

Firemen heroes tell them not to look up,
Those far lower down can use the staircase,
The lift, out of bounds, not necessary,
People need to get out, they feel restless,
Since there is still no end to burning walls,
Bodies bumping to and fro; no way out.

Helpless alternatives, but no way out,

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