What is left of the sun: book titles inspired verses

Literature, Poetry



WHAT IS LEFT IN THE SUN

Are the remains of the day;

The scattered beads of a rosary,

The half drunk bottle

Of cheap liquor, broken neck

Slowly leaking escape,

The silence of a room in a blistered sky

Whose pillars have heard too much,

My heart, shattered pieces

Staining my spirit with blood.

The battle has succumbed

To sleep and sweat stained

Air filter through air vents.

Wounds lie torn; red and raw

On the memory,

A rancid taste on the tongue.

Tossed properties torn

From positions of decor

To cover twisted rugs as if an

Errant tornado swept through

And left the remains of the day

For me to pick up and forget.

THOUGHTS

My poetry tend to run on for too long, I have come to realise. I have been told this before but I have never learnt how to stop from writing too much. I have to learn it.

This poem will be the starting of a series of short poems that I will be posting everyday. The poems will be no more than two stanzas with no more than twelve lines in each stanza. This would make for a maximum of 24 lines per poem. It is still lengthy, I think but let us start from there.

Also each poem will take its introductory line from the title of a novel. The introductory line might not be the first line of the poem though. Whoever can identify the line and the author of the book, would get an upvote from me.

This is not a contest, just a fun way to know about books and authors. You may be lucky enough to identify the title of a book in my poem that does not fit into the one I picked for the poem, so always search carefully before you make your pick.

If you are sure of the rightness of your choice, simply drop the answer as well as the post you'd like upvoted in the comment section. First come, first served.

Please do not drop a plagiarised post on my blog, I'd flag it to hell and back.

Thank you.

This poem above is inspired by the book, The Remains of The Day by Kazuo Ishiguro.