

Exam performance for Experimental Poetry and Creative Writing

## **Letters from the Night**

**- A collection of the emotional poems of an artist-**

by Christian Esche

## Bittersweet

Oh Poetry,  
What is it that you are?  
What is it that makes us follow you?

Bittersweet Art of words and letters, where are your brothers?  
What are your sisters?

Singing and dancing?  
Painting and crafting?

Are they with the Mother Art?  
Bittersweet Mother.  
In disguise and hard to find at times.

Oh Bittersweet Arts, in the pale moonlight  
You dance like fairies with wolves  
And fill the artist's night with life

Oh Bittersweet Arts, your spark holds artists awake  
Haunting and protecting us like winter wolves  
It's your spark, your roaring flames, coming from beyond Art's gate

Oh gates of goddess Art and your guardian sphinx  
Inspiration you are called and in riddles you speak  
Will you let me pass, so I may find what I seek?

## Ideas

I see the stars so bright  
I see them in the darkest night

They call to me as an eternal choir  
They wait for me to be reached and described

I see the stars so bright  
I see them in the darkest night

They call in my head and I can see them  
They shine on me and I know how they look

I see the stars so bright  
I see them in the darkest night

They shine in the oblivious night  
They ignite the void of my life

I see the stars so bright  
I see them in the darkest night

They are my guides when I feel lost  
They are my dreams

## Only Silent Pages

When the last words have been written

When the last strokes were drawn

Only silent pages remain

To others it might speak and break its silence,

but not to me

To me it's just a silent page among it's brothers

Finished, yet incomplete

All done, yet far from ideal

The flaws I see, the flaws I read

THEY scream to me

THEY SCREAM out loud

AND I CAN ONLY HEAR them

BECAUSE ONLY SCREAMING FLAWS

and silent pages remain

I hunt the flaws,

yet they are legion

I hunt the failures,

yet they are hydra

FAILURE, again you taunt me

YOUR LAUGHTER is loud

THE SCREAMS ARE FIERCE

but the pages remain silent

A creator I was,  
a free spirit in my dreams

BUT IN SILENCE THERE IS NO LIFE,  
IN SILENCE IS NO love,  
NO WORDS of affection,  
NO whisper of caress

and only nightmares and silent pages remain

## The Circle

Pity I feel

Sorrow I feel

Ignorance and disgust I feel

And hate?

No...annoyance I feel.

I feel them thrown at me  
and burnt into my flesh by searing eyes

I look at them and remember them  
yet strangers stare down at me

Searing, yet cold  
close, yet so far away

Fear I feel

Grief I feel

When I feel disgust, where love should be  
frustration, where trust should be  
and ignorance, where aid should be

They turn away and void closes in  
loud and blinding void  
worse than hate  
worse than fear

Because there is only death in the void

I run

Back again in pain and grief

no word, no aid

but no void at least

I take the pain and swallow it

and I take a pen and banish it.

## The Essence Of Silence

Oh so silent she comes  
Oh so stealthy she visits

Inspiration, oh nightly spirit

In silence you come and keep me awake, like nothing else  
You silent spirit, you speak loud through my nightly work

Is it the stars in the night?  
Is it the nightly light of town?

No

It's silence that inspires me

Night by night I draw and write  
and read and even sing a song,  
although the cats complain

I hope to sing again tonight



## When Art And Inspiration Flow

When art and inspiration flow I forget the time,  
forget all the sorrow of life

This moment, when art and inspiration flow, this moment is mine

Oh if I only could let them flow all the time  
Jumping in the river of creation and leave it all behind that drowns me  
Because when it flows there is nothing better  
when it flows I feel alive

A stroke, a word, so colorful  
A line, a page, of so much life  
A minute, a day, I lost the time

Only in life I lose the time

What they see

WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK  
WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK  
WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK  
WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK  
WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK  
WORK WORK **S U C C E S S** WORK WORK  
WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK  
WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK  
WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK  
WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK  
WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK  
WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK  
WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK