



3 Poems by Anneke Schouten-Buys

Awakening

Light seeps dimly
through the curtains,
the ceiling becomes visible.
Astonished, you lie watching:
the lamp is gone;
only yesterday
it hung right over you.
Hesitant you grope
for the wall to find
only a void beside you.

Where on earth are you?

When, in a panic, you sit straight,
the memory of the
nursery room fades,
something in the
perception shifts and
you see the bedroom
of the house where you've
been living three years now.

*(Written for a contest, under the theme of 'At home a stranger'. But as the results would be announced while I was in England, I did not send it in.)
(Changes: Sept 1985)*

Boxes

Spite is stored in boxes
kept beside envy under
dust layers of grief.

Nothing she can throw away
she piles up whatever she finds
doesn't give it a purpose.

She fills up her rooms,
her life is imprisoned
in her house, her heart.

Jamál 158 / May 2001
translation 18th Masá'il 164 / 29th December 2007



About Time

How to keep time?
Winking digitals or slow –
turning hour hands' mills,
do they measure the essence
of time?

Deep stroke of bells
high beep of watches
monthly trial-scream of sirens
fireworks at New Year's eve,
what is their relation
with time?

Time is a dance, a wave:
planets around the sun
growth from infancy to old age
galactic pattern of
ephemera dancing over the lawn
slow breath of civilizations,
rising and falling
everlasting evolution towards
higher understanding of what
love is.

'Azamat 143/ May 1986.

Bionote:



Anneke Schouten-Buys, born in Leiden, the Netherlands (1945), began writing poetry in 1983 in both Dutch and English, and later in Esperanto. Her work has appeared in small press publications such as *Gist*, *Iambe*, and *Lift*, as well as in *Glory*, a Bahá'í magazine from India. She has self-published several poetry collections in Dutch and one in Esperanto. Alongside her literary pursuits, she spent many years sculpting soapstone figures and now devotes her time to colouring mandalas. She is married, with two sons and two granddaughters.