

POEMS

Fruits of the End

The sweetest fruit I had ever tasted—
The delicious flavor of success—
And the tingling joy left in my mouth
Were all worth it, every moment.

And the memories of the fight prance on,
The struggles to grasp victory,
But to some, a question comes to mind,
“How would defeat be different?”

If I had been weak, it would all be over—
A fall from which I’d never stand.
Yet if I were strong, it’d be even better—
A step closer to winning I’ve come.

Defeat is the key to victors.
It is that from which they learn.
And the more defeats that come before,
The sweeter the fruits of the end.

What I’ve Had

What I have has been taken for granted.
It’s slipped through all my fingers.
I’ve lost what matters without even knowing
What I’ve had, what I’ve had, what I’ve had...

It’s gone now; it can’t be chased.
All that can be done is to wish.
If it’s ever in range to grasp it again,
I’ll reach for what I’ve had, what I’ve lost...

But it can’t be grasped—nevermore.
It has gone and vanished forever.
All I can do is learn from regret
And think back to what I’ve had, what is gone.

Both Poems By Anita Shantes, Boise, Idaho