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Daybook

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Faith

*Let it be,
This world is astray.*

*Let it be,
Put our fears at bay.*

*Let it be,
We live for today.*



Project Abstract

The daybook assignment in the Honors Composition class was a daily homework exercise students were required to do in order to expand their expression and writing skills. We could respond to any prompt of our choice or we could take it as an opportunity to explore a more poetic area of interest. Consisting of 50 total pieces, I decided to turn my Daybook assignment into a daily log of poetry.

Statement of Project Value

Poetry, as some believe, is the easiest type of writing. This theory comes from the initial impression that is it of few words to depict a story or idea. However, this thorough exploration of poetry influenced by experience, observation, and imagination proves poetry can be a powerful method of written expression. This journaling project exemplifies the knowledge taken to create poetry through the careful use of poetic elements such as diction, rhyme, and imagery.

With paying daily attention to improving my poetic skills, I feel like this overall project has helped me better understand myself and help to greatly expand my abilities as writer. This project eliminates the stigma some hold of poetry and shows its worth as an artistic form of writing. Without pages of description like that of a novel, these works should be understood for each small and powerful detail taking into account while I created each poem.

A Foot Away from Grace

The alarm clock wails. She springs out of bed.
The electricity cuts off. She writes by candle light.
The sirens cry. She lets out a sigh.
An ambulance runs by. She's in her clothes of iron pressed.
Smoke is at the end of town. She carefully ties her shoe.
The beloved president is killed. She dances her way to school.
Oh how she glides, she is with the feet of an angel,
She's lighter than her shadow cast on the crystal snow.
A face of a porcelain doll, she's beautiful and gracious.
Her foot misplaced, she steps upon black ice.

The sirens are for her. Her parents are called at work.
The ambulance is hers. She's barely hanging by a thread.
Smoke at the end of town is hers. She forgot cookies in the oven.
The president was killed for her. Her father was his security.
The world as we know it fell for her,
All at the expense of her missing poise and grace.

The alarm clock is silent. She's already awake.
Her lights have been on for days. Her vision blurs, she shuts her eyes.
The sirens cracked in the cold. She's immobile and careless.
An ambulance strolls by. She doesn't even glance out the window.
The beloved president is mourned. She won't shed a tear.
Oh how she has lied, she knew only to smile as needed,
She's the poster child of the century who everyone knows to love.
A face of no sorrow, she's flawed and unhappy.
Her foot misplaced, she falls from grace.

Above

I did just what I was told,
I took the one big chance,
And look where it got me now.
Here I lay on a stretcher,
The paramedics all around,
I hear it now and I'm not sure if it's real;
They say I don't have a high chance,
And now it's only a matter of minutes.
I'm in too much shock to cry,
The pain has turned numb and I can't feel a thing.
A million and one things race across my mind,
But it's up to You to change my fate.
I only ask for forgiveness,
It's all I need right now.
Forgiveness of the sins I've committed,
Those that ring inside my head,
Please relieve me of their echoes,
And bring my soul to peace.
From above You watch me now,
My time is at an end,
It's running paper-thin and my eyes are getting tired,
All I need to know is where I am to go.

April

He smiles at me with his eyes as I walk on ahead,
"Go to our spot," he calls after me.
I feel the stiff grass under my feet as it turns into the silky sand;
It seeps between my toes.
Standing where the wet sand begins,
The colorful sky has started its nightly ritual-
All to remind the world that another day has come to an end.
But this is no other ordinary time.
This is April. This is our month- made just for us.
His car keys jingle with my old silver rings attached to the chain,
I can hear him walking over the sand dune from the car.
The firewood is dropped some distance behind me-
But I do not turn around; I wait.
Raising my arms into the air,
I am vulnerable to the damp and salty air.
Arms stretched high,
He quietly sneaks up behind me and slowly embraces me.
The feeling of comfort washes out all fear-
All anger- all pain.
The white noise of the foamy waves crashing ashore
Mutes my senses and calms my nerves.
There is safety here. He is my safety.
Still holding me, he runs a callused hand on my arm,
Trying to warm my chilled body.
"You forgot a sweater again, didn't you?"
I laugh, he knows I forgot; and I know he brought an extra one of his, too.
The warm air of his breathe on my neck
Is as soothing as a mother's voice to a crying child.
Together we wait for our April sun to set,
Then I watch him build a campfire.
I play with my promise ring as he stacks the crackling wood.
Smiling at me with his eyes, I am home.

As If

It's, as if, I misunderstood you,
And it's, as if, I got it all wrong.
But I feel like it's, as if, I gave the wrong impression,
And with that wrong impression you must have done the same,
'Cause I think, it's, as if, things could have been different,
And that maybe we would have had a chance.
I thought it about it last night, I thought about it last week,
And I've had it on my mind now for some time now;
Because it's, as if, I can't just let you go,
And I'm trying to let you know,
But you've just shut the door right in my face.
And it's, as if, you never did quite care,
Only I know that you once cared but now you're scared.
It's, as if, I misunderstood you,
And it's, as if, I got it all wrong.
But I feel like it's, as if, I gave the wrong impression,
And with that wrong impression you must have done the same,
'Cause I think, it's, as if, things could have been different,
And that maybe we would have had a chance.
Now I'm standing the rain, I've lost all feeling now,
I'm numb right to my soul, and I see the world falling down.
And it's, as if, my feet are glue to the ground, and I can't make a sound,
Because it's, as if, you've got me in a hold, and I'm under your control,
And I hate it so much 'cause I'm dying for your trust in me.
Standing here, I'm waiting for you; just tell me what you're going to do.
You look out at me, and it's, as if, you're gazing right on through me,
My face you cannot see so you walk by.
It's, as if, I misunderstood you,
And it's, as if, I got it all wrong.
But I feel like it's, as if, I gave the wrong impression,
And with that wrong impression you must have done the same,
'Cause I think, it's, as if, things could have been different,
And that maybe we would have had a chance.
And I still think we can, but I can't do this alone,
So hold you're ground now or go on home.

Avalanche

I smashed my phone into the freeway,
I threw the promise ring into the ocean.
I screamed at you, the one I loved and this is why:
The person who you never knew came today,
Even after all you've helped me through,
She was never in the picture, but now she's here,
And she decided to ruin it all.
She told me to hate you and you've used me all along,
Each call you placed was inconvenient and out of pity's sake.
When you asked me why I held back from you,
I dismissed it and said the story would come another time.
Joy oh joy you've gone on now, she can't hurt you anymore,
Her doubts of me left my life on hold as she went out and scored.
My family lost me, she was too involved to left them enter,
And once she left so unexpected,
My friends were already gone.
If I make no sense it's probably because she's fictional you see;
The doctors told my mom and dad to ignore her every plea.
I hear them in my head at night; she trapped inside my life.
She hates me on the even days, and odd days are too rare.
Her tongue she held so many times, she must have planned today,
She lit off a spark which set off the dynamite;
And the dynamite was placed so strategically in her manor,
That it set off this avalanche inside of my heart.
Crafty as she managed to be,
I don't understand why she wanted to ruin me.
Years had passed by and I thought she was out of my life,
Yet when I least expect it and let my guard down with you,
She returned in an instant without any good news.
You're still confused, I assume, I have not made myself clear,
I should explain this girl that has come and caused me to fear.
Her name is as mine and her body is too,
She is the promises broken that I cannot forget.
You said that you promised so I started to cry,
My tears summoned her anger and it was quickly revived.
A promise is a lie, masked in ribbons and bows,
A present sent by the Devil with waiting black crows.

Clashing laughter

The thought came to me last night,
I dreamt you finally came back to fight.
The day you left was the day I changed,
Now I can't smile unless I hear you're name.
You name, then a smile, then my eyes full of tears,
Lord only knows how hard it's been these past years.
It has been so long now since you left without grace;
And I'm starting to forget your face, your beautiful face.
I can't find a photograph; the day you left I threw them away,
I was angry and upset, and now if I could, I have so much to say.
No closure, no ending, no happy ending of man and wife,
Our story stopped mid-sentence, mid-chapter, mid-life.
This tale of our life lacks an ending which will never been seen,
A happy ending is in my imagination, and kept within my dreams.
I've tried a time or two, to erase all my feelings for you,
But no matter my efforts, the lies I tell myself are not true.
I'm growing desperate to regain the lost time spent in vain,
This shower can't wash the pain away, and neither can the rain.
My heart you stole and you cast it away, abandoned,
You wanted me this way, so I hope you are happy, I'm in dismay.
And as I stroll down fourteenth street, so lonely without you,
I thought I caught a glimpse of you, but it was only a déjà vu.
I'm choking on the tears at the sight of every couple,
It always is possible that you've found another lover.
The idea of her laughter clashing against yours,
Would be nothing compared to our harmony of happiness.
I try and wipe the illusion from my mind,
But it's glued in place and it stops all time.
My jaw tenses, I bite my lip, my head hangs low,
I'm worried and paranoid and giving into the woes.
My feet start to drag and I soon trip and fall.

Destination: Horizon

The horizon was my goal,
Took me years to see,
That that goal I was chasing,
Was like the life path of me.
You are my horizon,
In which I cannot reach.
The days that passed by,
They were the steps I took,
To try and show you how I felt.
But now I see so clearly,
You, my horizon,
I shall never meet,
So here is it that I proclaim,
My classic defeat.

Doors

If the saying was right,
'Closing one door opens another,'
Then what happens when you die?
Why would it matter anymore?
The last door was closed,
Slammed into the faces of society.
The death of one,
The birth of another,
Two doors so different,
Yet joined by each other.
Another smiles at a newborn,
The next-door over is crying,
That mother lost her child.
Was that a door?
One side of every door is green,
The other side is red.
Green for go,
Move on forgive but don't forget.
Go through a green,
Seize what you do,
Turn around for a moment,
You'll see a red door to stop.
So with a green comes a red,
And with a red comes a green,
So if there is such balance,
Why do we make chaos?
I can't say for sure,
But last time I looked,
I was colorblind.

Excuses

He's coming through the door now,
The past hour he's been planning out ideas,
They are all excuses, just for her to hear.

She's lying in the bed now,
The past hour she's been somewhat sleeping,
She already picked her excuse, just for him to hear.

They're lying side by side now,
Both are feeling some guilt, nothing too much,
Their reason, their excuse, they are more than believable.

Cheating is their strategy to this labyrinth of life,
They've created a world based on excuses,
With smiles and lies, they'll gaze in one another's eyes.

It's another late night at the office; it's the third night in a row,
She had a weekend with the ladies on a trip out west,
Married to themselves, they're completely miserable.

He finds in comforting to come home to her,
After all, in his view he's the lucky man,
He's got two lives, one dead heart, and a lost conscience.

She tells herself she's saving their marriage,
After all, without this other man she'd never be happy,
She's out of touch to any sort of moral, she's psychotic.

Now there's a child gone unborn, it wasn't really his,
Now there's a wedding wasted, it wasn't really love,
Now there's a man and a woman, it never was a couple.

She's wants his money, he's wants her sister,
They got what they wanted and their American dream,
They just have forgotten to try and live it out.

Fairytale Dreams and Angelic Screams

Everyone is asking to see,
That of heaven and when the angels sing,
When all the while life is taken for granted,
And no one is willing to die.
A wish upon a shooting star,
We're selfish and we wish for ourselves,
We can't care for others,
It'd be too hard.
Deep inside the story lies,
It's hidden behind one too many silent cries.
Talk to a narcissist and turn to the nun,
The pain of the Beholder is far from fun.
A perfect world made in a moment,
One of a dream that won't be seen,
As the world is forgotten,
An angel falls and for all to hear, she screams.
Watching as they barely live,
Then they fall like flies,
He has the upper look on all,
But rarely the goodhearted strives.
We separate and divide away,
But none are willing to stand and say,
We are not one;
We've divided our own way.
No one can receive as it was intended,
Life is fragile but still we forget,
He is in charge of everything to be,
He is that of the Holy Man.

Falsified Virtues

Promises from the ones we love
followed by promises from the ones
we've heard it from too many broken
times before, we take in the word
like pure oxygen coated truth.

Breathing deep, I feel this time
must be that one time, the first time-
I'll believe your promise and exhale.
I feel this time is different,
the illusion that you've changed.

I take in the truth and the honesty
of a hopeful future the promise
carries with it into my mind.
I want to believe you,
I have to believe you.

Nietzsche didn't believe the Bible,
he killed the image of fear and guilt.
I would follow him with anger
towards you and your falsified virtues
but I cannot, I am too weak.

My heart strains, I can feel
the back of my throat on the verge
of breaking my voice like pond ice
at the end of April, ready to shatter
with the excuse of a broken promise.

Fighting

Can you tell me what to think?
Why do people fight in sync?
Guns, bombs, pistols, and dagger knives,
They are made to take lives.
None are hard to buy,
And from them, anyone could die.
What causes them to fight?
Is it the difference between black and white?
For ancient battles, you can look,
They are recorded in some stupid book.
People will do anything for attention,
Even if a lie is to be mentioned.
Say you knew someone, lost war,
I bet you wish they'd walk through the door.
Weeks make months, months make years,
Time cannot fight the tears.
Friend or family, even a foe,
Killing is a moral low.
Nazis were of no heart,
See where they got, ya, real smart.
People like you and me do as others say,
That's why lives are taken every day.
A drunk may drink from a bottle,
Making a car use its entire throttle.
A mother struggles to make ends meet,
At dawn, the drunk hit her crossing the street.
How is this life ever fair?
Her own kids heard the sirens blare.
I wonder if the government knows of this,
Life in this world cannot be bliss.
If you want to stop and see,
All has a price, even to be free.

Finger-painted Tile

The humid air encourages painting
of the climbing palm trees draped
in front of the swooshing ocean.
I painted one tile.

I sat playing cards with my sister
until he introduced himself
while accidentally imprinting the tile.
His finger print stays.

The tile collects dust on the back
of my desk at home behind a stack of paper.
I know precisely where it waits.
My tile still holds his first impression.

Years have passed since our first meet,
Then two planes later he was here-
Vermont had never been so warm.
Surprise from the big sister.

Over a year of daily phone calls
and constant letters in the mail,
some trips were made to and fro.
By and by, the flame became smoke.

Feelings grew bitter, and bitterness
fueled anger and remorse followed
by forgiveness and needed distance.
Even at the end, I keep the tile safe.

First World Starvation

I took a trip on down,
To that third world country town,
I got off the plane and then I knew,
My reality check was long over due.
Their faces were smudged with grime,
The rags of clothes were washed with slime.
Alas, with good time,
With patience, understanding and hope,
It was far from the terror I was blind of back home.
Here they were happy, starving yet smiling,
Grinning children they were thin, yet away laughing.
Call me a fool for saying such things,
But if I could grow wings and fly to heaven,
These people were there, and I'd stay there forever.
It was in this little God-loving village,
That had those would had never even heard of a fridge,
I felt the warmth of faith and belief,
It was one that back home, was buried six feet beneath.
This only led to one question,
Why it is that home was what it was,
For at home any religion was lost long ago.
In a first world I was born and raised,
My worries were of summer and the days that remained.
But it was in this third world, that I saw my true face,
I realized that life was more than a race,
I learned this one evening as everyone gave grace.
A world where hunger is accepted,
A world where the missing is unnoticed,
It is not a third world, or second, or a first.
It is the world we have created,
The one of the new age and new era,
Where only the food hunger is noticed,
And the starvation of God is unimportant.

Freckles

He starts out running,
Then slows to a walk.
A goofy smile of a grin-
He'll be a heartbreaker.

Freckles frolic across his face,
Fair skinned and free-
He's only eight, you see.
Over four foot tall...

He loves football.
I love his freckles.

Some blend together,
Other space apart.
Creating little islands-
Little freckly islands.

Soft skinned and smiley,
His eyelashes barely show.
I notice a freckle on his eyelid-
When did that get there?

That boy's my baby brother,
The only ginger in the family.

Ever single summer season,
The shining sun brings more to life.
SPF five hundred can do its job,
But freckles force their way to freedom.

Gambles of the Heart

Getting your hopes up
Compares to gambling.
Emotional gambling.
With a hope
With an idea
With a promise
You place a bet-
A gamble- a toss up.

I placed a bet
On the fastest horse
And I thought I guaranteed
Myself some peace at mind.
But a gamble is still a gamble
and oh how I still failed.
I lost it all with a full
Placed bet, I thought
I had beaten the system.

There is no system.
The only true system
Could be counting cards.
But you can't count emotions
You can't read what play is next
So we play our hopes at best.

Grandpa Dan

I remember your green rocking chair,
we would pile onto your sturdy lap.

At the naïve and innocent age of six,
death was beyond my comprehension.

I wish you knew what it did to us,
When you chose to leave us behind.

I was the first to put the dirt down,
a handful on your small box.

Guilt

I'll say I know it wasn't my fault,
I'll be calm, I'll be content;
I'll sit here silently, screaming inside.
This kind of thing you don't forget,
This kind of thing will cause regret.
You may never state the blame,
But it is me that will feel the shame.
I can pretend forever that I'm okay,
This is my choice and I'll live it my way.
Don't try and change my mind,
The harder you look the less of me you'll find.
I won't let you in you know,
You can stick around but I won't put on a show.
This kind of life I don't care to live,
This kind of life leaves me nothing to give.
I know it in my head it was beyond my control,
My heart is unwilling to forget, neither is my soul.
Remorseful, I hate myself for all I've tried to mislead,
The guilt in my blood itches so I'll scratch until it bleeds.
Days and months I'll have to wait,
This feeling here is linked with my own self-hate.
This kind of game I can't figure out the rules to be precise,
This kind of game is far from sevens' shown on some dice.
I can't stop the failure or start the success,
Each day I wake up feeling life even less.
My gambling issues placed me here,
You my dear, I know you are from near.
I am not allowed to say such expressions,
I remember how my lack of care had left an impression.
They can't keep on telling me it was only a mistake,
They can't keep on telling me they were your meds to take.
I shake with confusion, pain, and the tears,
As I sit here I am unnoticed by a single one of my peers.

His Voice

My stomach's in a knot,
I think I just might lose it,
I'm scared;
More scared than ever before.
I haven't even hit the final digit,
But the tears are welling in my eyes,
These damn tears;
I swore I'd never cry.
So I hit that button,
And the ring starts up,
I've lost my voice completely.
The headset is stuck in my ear,
Dear god what have I done...
My pulse must have stopped,
Because standing there,
I'm so dead yet alive beyond belief.
All the times I coached myself into this,
Thinking I would be just fine,
I was wrong.
The second ring hit me in the chest,
I couldn't even breathe.
I blinked,
Here come the tears...
His voice,
It was music to my ears,
The kind of nails on a chalkboard,
Click.
Maybe next time.

Holding My Breath

I'm drowning in my head,
Thinking up an ocean,
I tell myself you'll turn around,
But that life raft is yet to be found.
You forgot to call, you forgot to write,
You forgot I existed,
I can't do this constant fight.
I refuse to keep on waiting on nothing,
I refuse to hold my breath for hours,
I refuse to let this empty dream drag me down.
You've led me on forever and I'm letting go,
It tears me apart to say it, but this is no life for me,
It's not life at all for anyone but you.
I thought she was a fling, until I saw the next girl,
She made me realize so much with her cheap plastic nails,
You were no man and still a boy of no manners.
Lord help your soul because the devil's at work,
He corrupted your heart and you can see what you've done;
I tried for so long and it's not worth my time,
Time is what I gave you, and in return I received a dream.

Home

Every since the start of us,
I would jump into your arms
Each time we met, no matter
The time passed between us.

Slowly as I pull away, you would
Run a hand across my cheek
Then slide it under my hair
And touch the back of my neck.

Even after I thought I had
Fallen further than imaginable,
But kiss after kiss I'd fall
More and more, and I still do.

We've got our math problem:
Four times two equals eight,
Plus zero, equals eight.
Its simple, but it's all ours.

I can remember the first time
You kissed me on my forehead,
You told me just what it meant:
You'd be there to take care of me.

Now you are my inspiration,
Now you are my safety,
You can make my tears turn
To laughter, and my anger to joy.

Now you are my purpose
To a much too chaotic world,
Where sometimes I get lost-
And you always bring me home.

Population 800

Meet Montgomery:
Vermont's capital of covered bridges.
Stop lights? Non-existent.
Bears and moose cross the roads,
And we've got a single gas station.
Less than a thousand people,
I'm one of six houses on my road.

On the side of Burnt Mountain,
Is it the Regan Road?
Or is the Reagan Road?
Depends on which end of the dirty,
Mountainous, one-lane way you go.
Cliff jumping in the summer,
Kids ride four-wheelers down Main St.

We are a ski and riding town,
Jay Peak's just up the road.
We are a small town,
Even other Vermonters don't know us.
I was raised a giver,
I was taught to explore,
I was born to leave.

The only factory in town is closed.
The Montgomery Schoolhouse Toy Co.
It was my grandfather's business.
I grew up popping wheels on wooden cars.
I'm trained to love the scent of sawdust.
My secret hideout under the stairs?
I bet my Mom never knew it was there.

How Would I?

If you asked me what she looked
Like, I'd tell you she looks like me.
Now I don't mean this in a bragging
Fashion, because I don't see her a family.
This is simply a reality,
Divided by morals and care.
She's getting somewhat older now,
And I've never seen her face in person.
She probably has changed a bit,
As we all age differently-
But sometimes I wish I could see
And resolve how this came to be.
We know I've never heard her voice,
And I have not much intention,
But by and by I wonder why,
What her much better than me?

I Never Spoke a Word

Flipping through the stack of notes,
I saw more than I wanted,
I needed to see the truth for real,
It had been there all along.
Choosing to ignore it,
I'd never looked before;
But now I see how wrong I was,
How things were beyond control.
Only if I could have known before,
Something could have been done.
Now I have no choice at all,
But to accept what has become.
He was more than my price charming,
He made my world complete;
And now he's off completing hers,
The same way he did for me.
That spark between, it died so long ago,
It died when in his heart he decided to let go.
I wish I had that courage,
To give up on my love;
But it was different I guess for him,
His love lived down the road.
I didn't want to see him leave,
So I never spoke a word,
Now all of him is gone for good,
And there's nothing for me to hold.
Maybe finally now he's happy,
He's far into starting his new life.
I miss the warmth of every morning,
And the sweet surprises all the time.
I throw them in the fire,
Those notes addressed to him,
What a mistake it was to read them,
Just like this life, it's beginning to the end.

I Really Mean It

When you look at me with that look in your eye,
You're sad and lonely and somehow deprived.
But still you try when I've got nothing to give,
You're dying for me when I can't even live.
Holding on you won't give up,
I want to win strong but the race is done.
You've got real hope for an empty soul,
I'm shallow, selfish, and always cold.
I've hung myself on a string of lies,
I've broken promises and swore on Christ.
But when I say that I really mean it,
Please, don't believe it,
Just don't, just don't believe it.
Taking me in on you're good will,
You're digging a whole that can't be filled.
Cut you're losses, I'm not worth the time,
The sins I've caused are worse than a crime,
Far more worse then five lives of jail time.
I'm a mistake of God and he knows he did it,
A quick way out, no, he wants me to feel it.
Deep inside, something's missing,
It was lost long ago and I can't replace it.
Too far gone now it's worth chasing,
I'll cry out to God, but he won't listen.
I've hung myself on a string of lies,
I've broken promises and swore on Christ.
But when I say that I really mean it,
Please, don't believe it,
Just don't, just don't believe it.
Turning back, no, I won't go on,
I'm starting over with a brand new song.
What's done is done and I want to grow old,
For years I've searched and it's finally here.
He hear me when I called out last,
I was gasping for air and time was fast,
I asked for one more breath and he gave me ten.
Life was hell so sent me heaven.
I've hung myself on a string of lies,
I've broken promises and swore on Christ.
But when I say that I really mean it,
Try one more time 'cause I know I mean it.
It won't turn out wrong, I'm already leaving,
So for this last time, please, just believe it,
For God I've found and I'm no longer breathing,
So with this breath I ask you,
Please just believe it.

Imagine

When you imagine the world has gone crazy,
Don't go asking why.
Everyone can always imagine,
That the world has gone crazy,
But never,
Think that the world is going to be the same.

I always know that when I'm imagining things,
That they will never be the same;
Even when I look out my window,
I can see that it is different in the world,
It is different from one day ago,
One hour ago,
One minute ago,
And different than one second ago.

When you imagine that you won't be a part,
Because you will.
You don't have to imagine,
You can dream.

The Lake Between Mountains

Amber raindrops of sap sprinkle slow
as we tilt our faces to the sky to taste
the sweet, sticky dew descending down.
The tangerine tufts flee across an aqua sky.

I struggle to hear the murmuring sound
of an engine purring across the water
in the distance of the mountain lake.
The coral mist clouds my vision.

The vibrant violet vegetation's secret
scent reminds me of his aroma
and the comfort which it brings.
The luminous lime fireflies guide me.

The teal, sapphire, and navy petals
sing soft whispers as they fall in sync
to the forest floor of autumn.
Walking, the leaves chime underfoot.

My Lungs are Empty

I can't begin to explain,
How lost I have become,
This streak of sun just got a downpour,
Noah's building up his ark.
Could it be that all will be flooded?
I suppose everything was destined to die,
We all know nothing lasts forever.
However I had set out to change that,
Create something to be worthy,
That all of time would capture its essence,
And always shed its beauty.
Now my hopes are deserted and dry,
They don't matter and neither do I.
No I don't want your sympathy,
That's the last thing I could ask,
Just tell me now real loud and clear,
That what we had is no longer here.
Say it is what we all deserve,
You'd be the only one to state the truth,
No one lives without a lie, a secret, or a scar.
I want to scream out loud,
But I can't make a single sound;
My lungs are empty,
They can't even hold air inside.
I hope it ends for good now,
I'm scared of even a bit more pain,
Call me selfish but I don't want to suffer,
Ending all now is the Devil's best offer.

My One Weakness

Feeling it at the fingertips,
I know it's starting now,
It's like an electric shock,
And it's running through my veins.
I want it to stop,
I didn't ask for this to happen,
It's too much at once.
You know I didn't want this,
I wasn't serious about you and me,
How could I be?
You know what happened before,
It doesn't work like that,
There isn't a happy ever after.
Why do you have to do this?
You had to find the one part of me,
That I wanted to forget,
And you're looking at it up-close,
You've put it under a microscope.
My one weakness,
And you're asking so many questions,
I can't answer you, you know that.
You should know by now,
I'm not what you're looking for,
I don't deserve you.
Stop trying to ignore the problem,
You can't look past it,
We've failed at this you know,
And it wasn't even really there at all.

Never Again

A wish
A hope
A shooting star
It's gone
So gone
You'll never want it again.
A lie
A tear
A room full of fear
She's lost
So lost
You'll never see her again.
A gun
A weapon
A tool used to damage
They're dead
So dead
You'll never be at school again.
A life
A soul
A newborn baby
It's hurt
So hurt
You'll never see the mom again.
A dream
A thought
An unrealistic idea
It's forgotten
So forgotten
You'll never hear it again.
A world
A society
A blur of hatred
We're blind
So blind
You'll never see real again.

Nobody

The class has been in session for forty minutes now,
She's sitting off to the side, but still in the crowd.
The teacher walks around, answering questions left and right,
She won't ask for help, she's fine; she's got everything she needs.
Looking at the assignment, nothing makes sense really,
They may ask a question but they understand it, everyone but her.
Looking at her pencil, she sighs.
She sighs a sigh of giving up and it's a sigh of defeat,
And no one hears her sigh; they're too busy tapping their feet.
The class keeps up their work,
They're a circus of different worlds, yet they all understand,
The show must go on, but she's sitting in the stands.
Staring out the window at nothing,
Nobody will notice the nobody looking at nothing.
She's a machine without computation,
Pages filled with notes and vocabulary,
But she doesn't understand a single word.
She missed all last week, not a soul could have cared,
Now she's back but no one turned a head.
Her teacher bumped into her in the hallway,
He didn't recognize her or know her name,
Shaking his head, he just walked away.
It's a miracle God found her, and with seconds to spare,
She would have left the world last night.

Once, twice, thrice

I have fallen down once.
I have fallen down twice.
I have fallen down thrice.

I have cried once.
I have cried twice.
I have cried thrice.

I have dreamt once.
I have dreamt twice.
I have dreamt thrice.

I have fallen in silence.
I have cried in silence.
I have dreamt in silence.

I have prayed once.
He has saved once.
I have smiled once.

I have prayed twice.
He has saved twice.
I have smiled twice.

I have prayed thrice.
He has saved thrice.
I have smiled thrice.

Once, twice, thrice,
He is forever.

Only if you knew

I went looking for trouble,
And surely that's what I found.
But even though I could have stopped myself,
I knew what was coming around.
I read them once, I read them twice,
I even read them thrice.
Only if you knew,
How much trouble this has put me through.

Making glaciers out of frost,
The bitterness is growing.
My nervous antics turned on high,
God knows when I'll come back down.
I'd ask for you to stop,
And then you'd ask me 'stop what?'
But at that point I would be speechless.
Because only if you knew,
The truth I hide from you,
And if I told you, I know you'd act this way, too.

I thought I was the one with secrets,
Secrets no one would have to know.
Yet here I am with a common knowledge,
That you planned for me not to learn.
Shame on you, for only if you knew,
I will not mention a single word,
For these things are irreversible.

Plain

I saw you in the halls in between our classes,
During lunch I reminded you 'I love you;'
You turned to me and smiled.
We went our ways and waited for the end of the day,
After school we'd hang around like we always do.
But before we were together to walk around outside,
You stopped by my classroom and told me what we had, had died.
You said that I was plain, and that you wanted something more,
I thought you were joking until you're friend walked in the door.
I ran down into the bathroom,
And collapse upon the floor.
Never since then can I remember tears like those,
I couldn't breath and my body was shaking;
A year together and you left me for the taking.
Days passing, I asked for you to change,
I asked you to go back and we could make it all the same.
You shook you're head and said it was over,
And you told me I'd find someone new.
Now I find myself waiting and closed off to those around,
People have come and they passed,
Close enough to care, but never close enough for pain;
Yes; close enough to care, but never close enough for pain.

Promises

They are far from the truth,
Deception is hidden behind each word;
Why is it that you still claim these promises?
It is not a reason to hate or cause anger,
It is not a reason to cause laughter;
All that comes is disappointment.
A promise to a friend is a lie to an enemy,
There is no reason to promise,
For you know you can't follow through.
I won't promise, no,
There's no reason for you to trust me.
This is because you make a promise,
And you intend to keep it,
Then something happens and you lose that promise;
You feel no regret or remorse, you just are.
Those sugar-coated words of falsehood mean nothing,
You won't fool me, no.
No one keeps a promise, they never can,
It's pointless to even bother.
Why put a child to tears?
Why make a loved one suffer?
There is no purpose other than to hurt,
But when you put these promises to action,
You see what you see each day.
Yes, there are fake smiles that stretch for miles,
Those around you die inside as you keep those promises.
Breaking, shattering, smashing them into nothing,
I hear about it on the streets, in the halls, in the classroom,
So few are there that keep the sacred marriage vow.
It was once a promise to love forever,
Now it is torn, now it is burned,
Now all that it stood for is lost.

Reality vs. dreams

Reality is the death of a loved one,
In dreams they live forever.
Reality is the pain of a broken heart,
In dreams we are loved and love
With all there is to give.
Reality is our college debt,
In dreams education has no price.
Reality is the moment we discover
The truth behind the lies told to us
By the ones we trust the most,
In dreams honesty is the only law.
Reality is found in an empty bottle,
In dreams there is no need
For an escape, for all the joy
And laughter is at present.
And the only dream we hope
To wake up from is, that of reality,
Because, even against all denial,
Reality is the enemy to our dreams.

Redemption

It's hard to tell what it is you want,
You say you want to be happy,
But then you don't tell me how I can help.
If you're going to miserable with me,
And me leaving would be worse,
Can you tell me how to help?
It's not fair you hide like this.
I tell you everything that goes on,
Here you are,
Keeping this and all else from me.
You tell me that you're hurting,
That you're lost and you're alone,
But most of all,
You say I didn't do anything wrong;
But does this mean I do nothing right?
Please just tell me what to do,
I'll do it as you wish.
Redemption is knocking on the door,
But you ignore its very call.
Locking yourself inside can't solve this,
Stay strong and fight it through,
No one can hurt you now.

Saved

I was lost and alone,
Without direction or guidance,
I walked to a payphone,
And across the street,
There was fence and there He stood.
My jaw dropped and I shook my head,
Trying to tell if it was real,
The phone fell from my hand,
I took a step closer and His love I could feel.
I dropped to my knees and started to cry,
Now I knew to myself I had made a lie,
He could come to help,
Give me guidance,
He could save me.
I wiped my eyes to see He was there,
Still looking at me.
I arose and crossed through traffic,
He held out His arms in forgiveness.
“I’m sorry,” I said,
To which He did not reply,
He looked in my eyes,
And then I could tell,
Not only could He save me,
He could show me how to see.
He pointed to a church,
Which I walked into and stayed,
My sins were diminished,
And help He gave.

Selflessly Confused

From what I know so far in life,
There are some people,
Who are one type of selfless,
And these are the people that,
First off they'd think about others,
Put others' feelings before their feelings,
Put others' lives before their life;
Anything to make *them* happy, you know?
Of course you know,
You probably have attempted that once or twice.
Jee, I wonder how that turned out.
So then I've met a few others,
Who, they too are selfless,
But in a completely different way.
The only reason they don't think about themselves,
Well... that's because,
They don't even know who they are,
They're constantly confused,
Wondering their 'place' in this world;
And yea, so I know a few like that.
Eventually they will, well hopefully,
One day they'll pull their shit together,
Take their heads out of their asses,
And just do something with their lives.
Okay, okay, it's a little harsh to say that,
Because, being confused, for lack of a better word, sucks.
So these two types of selfless people,
Mixed together and baked to perfection,
Quite frankly, equals me at least a little bit.
Alas, I shall admit, I don't like it all.

Senses

Oblivious to the obvious,
Innocent to the apparent,
It goes and it goes completely unseen.
Speak to me now,
And I'll know you are listening.
Hold onto to me now,
And I'll know how you care.
Laugh with me now,
And I'll know you're at ease.
So yet here we are,
As the world it is spinning,
And we are so very unaware,
That this world, it is spinning for us.
Put your hand with my hand now,
And I'll know this is real.
Look in my eyes now,
And I'll know you are true.
Kiss me so sweet now,
And I'll know you are fearless.
Those around, they have no clue,
As to what I am thinking.
And as that applies to all but you;
I want you to know how I feel,
So you can feel it, too.

Sinking

The weight in closing in,
It's collapsing my lungs.
Breathe it in,
It's all around;
Take it in all at once,
Not a short breath,
This will be a gasp,
A gasp multiplied over again.
I wonder briefly how I arrived,
How this situation came about...
But then I give up,
The weak like us have no will.
If I were to have seen this coming,
I could have stopped it,
Swam back to shore for safety.
There is not a cloud in sight,
I think I have a sunburned face,
And despite the ocean all around,
The only thing that soothes the pain,
Are these tears that drench my face.
The sky watches me struggle,
The waves mock my efforts,
In this moment I forget all;
In this moment there's no chance.
Down I sink,
Let the sharks finish me off.

Split Personality

No, don't look over your shoulder,
Look back, you have to.
Come on, keep walking,
Don't rush yourself, pause and slow down.
No regrets remember?
It's okay to know when you make a mistake.
Stick with what you know and you won't get hurt,
Sometimes you have to take that risk.
The second time won't ever be the first time,
Something may just be better than nothing.
Be safe and trust the few you know are real,
Trusting is a step that you need to take eventually.
It's better to know you won't be hurt later on,
Choosing wise over heart is no way to live.
You don't deserve more time spent on idle life,
Fast decisions are usually the wrong decisions.
Back to routine and what it was before,
Forgetting what it was before, that was for a reason.
Be fair to yourself and take what is yours,
Take a stand and at least try to get what you feel is yours.
You're joking with yourself to play a game of no end,
This game you started but it doesn't have to end now.
Move along because that's what you do best,
Forget what was close because that's what you do best.

Stars in the Sky

It's like that time when you're little,
And you gaze up into the starry sky,
Realizing how tiny it is that you are.
Amazed, that little child lays on the grass,
Complete infatuated with the idea.
The stars combined together,
They shape into animals and heroes,
Shifting into the most flawless sense;
And all that those little children think about,
Is how the next day,
Those stars, just slightly different,
They will always be there, even if they are hidden.
Clouds may cover the stars,
And a storm could block my view,
But if something so pure has lasted eons before me,
I know at least they won't let me down.
Older I still see them, but something has changed;
Now I gaze at you,
You're beautiful in every way,
And even the constellations in the sky,
They're no match to you.
We won't live forever,
Anyone knows that;
And if I died tomorrow,
The stars would stay the same,
They would stay in the same place.
And the next little child,
They'll see how amazing they are,
And they too will find in them,
A comfort they can count on;
That is, until, they find someone like you.

The Weather Inside

Shapeless sad,
The clouds are undefined.
Recklessly confused,
My soul is undefined.

Harshly pouring down,
The rain sounds piercing echoes.
Painfully in my chest,
The heartbeat in my body echoes.

Covering all the land in sight,
Shadowy dark skies are futile.
Unaware of what is in store next,
I'm blinded from being myself so futile.

Flashing bright,
The lightning strikes to me.
Shocking me off this flat-line,
It shocks me back to life.

Two-Faced

Half angel, half devil,
Some won't see the difference,
They can't recognize the vital signs.
Obvious to the naked eye,
But not to the drugged society,
He'll walk around in broad daylight,
Concealing the other side.
A butterfly at hand,
The sun grows brighter,
Until the wings are plucked helplessly,
The wingless creature left to die.
Clashing and feuding,
Unable and naturally disagreeing,
The voices in the back of his mind scream.
Hidden from one and from all,
The act of living and breathing is painful.
Life is not worth living when he is alone,
No one around to listen,
There's no one to understand.
Jesus is his loving savior,
Helping him pull through.
Satan is his reassuring mentor,
Guiding him along without a heart,
Learning how to avoid a conscience.
She learns of his power and weaknesses,
Unsure of the two-faced man,
She leaves, scared weary soul will get to her.
For there is another, she too is two-faced.

Winter Joys

Snow slowly drifts down
To the frozen landscape below,
Blowing cold kisses to the hills
We know as our homes.

Quietly sleeping we lay
In our beds with thoughts
Of joy, awaiting the holiday
Spirits to fill our hearts.

Love wraps around the ones
We cherish as the warmth
Of joy and laughter light up
Our dreams during the night.

Writers' block

Talking aloud is harder than a written expression,
But what to do when the audience leaves in constant succession?
And my veins have lost blood and are filled with chalk,
I disappear in the rain and I bleed out dusk,
I would always rather write than do this "talk".
But if I have lost this ability to rhyme,
What use is the word of the following line?
This has happened before and now this is no surprise,
I'm biting at my nails, looking for a sign,
All I want is a subject to rant on and on about,
Everyone now and then I could use a good whine.
About a year ago there came a drought of inspiration,
Until a random morning I rose to write five poems before sunrise.
I can't say a dream encouraged the line after line,
But God knows where it came from; it must have been His design.
My teeth are grinding and I can't seem to focus,
I'm getting so desperate now so I can't fall asleep,
No worries, I'm holding my tongue, you won't hear me cuss.
Stop me now before I'm labeled a fool,
This writing away feelings always has been my favorite tool.
I've grown to hate the sound of silence to my ear,
It feels like horrifying screams inside my aching head,
The high pitch is sharp enough to make me the only one to hear.
Five minutes to construct,
Two minutes to re-arrange,
This poem right here puts the silent four months to shame.

Wrong to Right

Where did I go wrong?
This caught me by surprise,
So I'm not sure what to say.
There was a time so different,
A time of black and white;
Now it is crowded with grays,
I can't even find real white or black.
One wrong turn landed me out of place;
Finding my way home I won't do alone.
It was fine, so very fine I know,
I didn't need this to happen to me.
The downpour covers over my tears,
I'm scared;
I'm lost, and I don't know where to go.
How did I go right?
I'm standing here with you tonight,
You helped me find my home,
I'm back where I belong.
You took away the clouds and rain,
You took away all my pain,
Replaced the rain with sun,
Replaced the pain with care.
But now I see so clear,
That without that single wrong,
I would not have found you;
We wouldn't be here tonight.
But why did I find you?
You've changed it all around,
Flipped things up before they went down;
Took me by the hand,
And you brought me back to sanity.
If I had been left there,
None of this would have happened,
And that,
I cannot even begin to imagine.

You're My Flash

When you aren't around,
I feel like something is missing,
All the colors in my world,
They start to fade away.
It doesn't get quite black and white,
But everything is muted.
And when you come around again,
That statement is refuted.
I'll start to get the feeling,
Just as you turn away from me,
The light around me dims.
Now don't jump to conclusions,
I'm not forcing you to stay,
But just remember that when you leave,
I start to see colors mixed with gray.
Explaining this only makes it harder,
With each line you're getting more confused,
But as complicated as it sounds,
You bring the life back into my world.
Like an abstract painting by an unknown artist,
Things aren't what they're supposed to be;
And as you hold me in your arms,
That picture is complete.
With you as my miracle,
Somehow the scene becomes flawless,
Colors and all are added, all at once.
When you aren't around, it's far from a perfect shot,
I'm part of a picture which was taken without the flash.
It may just be one single picture,
Like I am just one little person,
In a dark world of billions;
But this one little picture could sell for millions,
And if someone doesn't turn that flash on,
We might just never know.

Zolo

I found out just yesterday
But the feeling persists to stay.
Like a parasite on an inner side
I feel it with every stride.
I think of what amounts of pain
You must have been going through.
I wish this all upon myself,
For I never came to you.
I wrote you off as if I were gone,
No chance to say goodbye.
No chance to see you smile,
No chance to hold your hand.
Between us was four thousand miles,
And I never tried to call.
Even still I'm kept far away,
I'm without a chance to see you rest.
The only thing consumed by mind
Is how I should have taken time
And made our lives intertwined.