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Brenda Christie’s book ‘rain’ is a collection of poems depicting the ups and downs of love, sorrow, hope,

loneliness and triumph. Brenda is the author of ‘222poetry’ and ‘Strands of Struggle’ a reader’s five -star review

and debuted # 1 New Release in Canada poetry online and in the top one hundred bestsellers in Canada poetry

online. Her poems will warm the coldness and lighten the spirit of your heart. This book will help you find a new

light to guide you through the healing with poetic stories and selflove.

You can find her poems on Instagram@b\_christie\_1242

2

Dedicated to all the slaughtered animals that

have endured grave pain and suffering.

“One day, you will be free to live with love.”

**Brenda Christie**

“It takes nothing away from a human to be kind to an animal.”

**Joaquin Phoenix**

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­­A picture containing text

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rain

[ poems from the heart]

8

**Love Quivers**

Love flows through me,

mending the pain in

my weakened veins

to my broken heart.

Music plays a familiar

song, reminding me

how life is a gift

worth keeping even through

hardship and loss.

Searching continuously

for oneself.

If it were not for love

the stars that keep

my everlasting dreams alive -

would burn in the night sky

and dissolve into nightmares.

Let love stay quivering in

the nights embrace,

until forever is gone.

9

**Blueberry Eyes**

Deep in ocean skies

Love can paralyze. . .

Staring into his

mesmerizing

blueberry eyes

with his sweet lips

swimming in whipped clouds,

creamed between my sun kissed

sparkling diamond ring,

shining on the dirty water’s unwashed shores.

10

**My Love**

How do I

let you go?

So, you can

fall elsewhere

in lullabies goodbye.

I sit here crying into the stillness

not knowing where you will be going.

I feel a great loss in my life,

you were a world so loved in my heart.

The wind is forcing summer to leave her

warmth of love behind.

I had to stop writing these words for a

moment to gaze into your distant eyes, as

the earth called for the pain to

fly away from your weakened body.

My beautiful love, how do I let you go. . .

when I am not ready.

11

**Buried Deep**

Tomorrow,

I will write

a poem about

today.

Today,

I will write

a poem

about tomorrow.

Yesterday,

I wrote a poem

about forever,

you and I,

right now.

12

**Love is an Alien**

Nobody can see me standing alone.

Crushed from a different world.

Skin never touched by the clouds of love.

Wasting in a smothered silence crawling inside of me.

Nobody knows I am here.

An alien that has never been coloured into this world.

The sky opens with words that dream of me looking

at the curve of the moon and the shapes of the pull

of galaxies and beyond.

I will travel where I want to go, and love as many times

as my heart was broken.

Sharpening my eyes to see a brighter side of the darken

moon, and embracing the blur as it disappears into

the shadows.

Rip apart the bars that caged us, holding us back,

and free the suffering.

Telling our stories, from the gills of the universe,

one star at a time.

13

**Once Upon a Butterfly**

I saw a butterfly

kissing a dream,

walking on the

other side of heaven.

Spreading love on

the wings of an angel

singing in prayer,

waking light to shine,

holding bright

through despair.

I saw a butterfly

feeding the hungry

gardens to grow

in the eyes of

once upon a child.

14

**We Keep Love Close**

We lift love

to rise and

shine in a

bright beautiful

world.

Because love

holds us together

and does not

separate,

no matter how

far away from home

“We stand close”

Even when,

we are hidden,

we still search

for a miracle,

breathing in hope

that wraps love

around us to

rise again.

15

**Seasons Change**

Finding your marbles isn’t easy,

when you are trying to pickup sticks.

Seasons change quickly when your mind

is stuck in the fall of September, with

no way to crawl standing up in the rise of December.

16

**Precious Boy**

It takes a lifetime to fill

holes in one’s heart

when it has been shattered

into a million pieces.

All the leaves of

September have

fallen on me.

They weigh heavy

on my shoulders

and darken in my soul.

I am not prepared

for your ashes.

It’s going to be a

hard kind of day.

No words I really can say,

I know the tears will flow.

All I can do is pray.

I must remember, this is not

all of you,

it is grief inching its way.

I miss you, my love.

17

**Craving The Moon**

Behind the New York moon

I dropped a star-

rising through the window

on a broken chandelier.

Sleeping in, with lips

bursting full bloom

as I watched passersby

fade into the night,

escaping broken promises

on the streets in empty

boxes full of time running

out.

Wake me up when tomorrow

comes-

I shall wait for restless

sidewalks to stand still

in the city that craves

behind the New York moon.

18

**Holding Love**

Love, will burst

than shine

deep in the

core of stars

holding the

night with

intense heat

in the heart

of the universe,

pulling me further

into the galaxies

beyond the blinding

desires of the unknown.

19

**Satellite Zombies**

The streets – silent.

A changing crow falls

on a dead-end sidewalk

as zombies chat in dark

rooms attached to umbilical

cords, keeping lives awake

as they sleep frozen in dreams,

telling stories

rolling down

poetic hills of

Poe and tongue

stuck in dungeons

carving spoken words

on walls

as they wait for news

to brighten the fires

burning inside the

dragon’s den

watching the moon

beaming down

upon the flesh, weeping

on weakened knees,

reading to the stars

glistening in the night

skies to the lonely crowd-

waiting for a satellite dish

to fill their plates.

20

**Breathless Freedom**

Freedom dies at birth.

Dragging its breathless

body from life into the hands

fueled in fire.

Fear has no home

in crated cages.

No nourishment

No light

No warmth

Only cries filling

an empty stomach

calling out in rage,

with struggles of

broken spines

pinned to metal floors

inhaling what is left to kill.

What waits on the other side,

horrifies the flesh to fall

and curl in the burning sun.

Tagged, numbered, and sold

to the biggest belly in the pen.

Transported on wheels

rolling so far into fate.

Melting down

trees, pesticide skies,

polluted waters, along

the highways to a killing place.

21

While I watch the softness

of the skin stiffen around

the broken necks waiting

for the end of existence.

Inside, I am dying

for a miracle for

them to live.

I can feel everything

trembling inside

of me and them.

Bearing witness to the:

Unseen

Unvoiced

Unloved

in the face of justice

for sentient beings

and their suffering.

I will not look

away from the truth,

but embrace it.

22

**Dreams**

I sleep in the chambers

of my heart.

Breathing in dreams

for love to love

all love that dreams

for love to live

within us all.

23

**Keep Walking**

Time to let go of something that you will never grasp-

The heart that does not beat for you.

Time goes fast-

You only have one heart,

full of love,

ready to give.

“Damn it, someone loves you!”

You screamed, to be born, fought tears to survive,

and poisoned the weeds of poverty to succeed.

Your mother walked with scars on her shoes,

and she kept walking.

You keep walking, and don’t look back

until you find the one that fits on you “perfectly.”

And that one, might be “You.”

24

**You Were More**

Before you were a mother

you were stories carved on mountains,

an explorer walking in valleys, reaching for the

unreachable dream to wake inside you.

You once were a period, a question mark, a desire

burning with sexual energy to explore and ignite.

You were a daughter,

loving the arms around you,

but craving for attention from a farmer’s routine,

in the fields of their eyes.

You once were, the girl on a saddle, escaping

from loneliness to the city of promises on the

big screen where you

were cast with love and compassion,

a roll you played for life.

Before you were a mother,

you were a woman curled on the lash of

individuality,

with her eyes full and opened wide.

25

**Home is the Heart**

She is all that breathes in the perfect moan.

Blooming so far, yet embedded between

the waves of stories falling from the stars,

caressing the majestic shimmering midnight

sky, sailing for home in her tenderness.

26

**Lilacs Bloom**

His love blooms on

marshmallow clouds

and grows lilacs in the

early morning sun, gently

inhaling the scent of her

golden hair, waving far from

the shifting sands, between

his beating heart and fingers

stroking his chiseled passion

of longing, tucked under his

pulsating thirst for her across

the sirocco winds of his bosom.

27

**Cursed By the Devils Tongue**

I stood, watching the night turn on its death marked grave.

Lost in stillness where flowers turn to ash and grow in

rows of wicked gardens flying on haunted dragon wings

cursed forever in echoes remains. The battle has just begun

it will be beaten and won. I curse all apples to fall on serpent

tongues, to release the poison from the devil breathing in my lungs.

28

**Searching For Peace**

I am whole, I am me.

I am lost

searching for positivity

in drowning waters

paddling alone in a canoe

without arms and heavy

sorrow on the tip of

my tongue,

navigating bare thoughts

for serenity and hope.

I am whole, I am me.

Peeling away negativity with

sharpened blade and one

deep breath.

I am whole, I am me.

29

**We Were Young**

Our love burns under a canopy of

shooting stars and carved out trees.

Round and round we go with flames

falling in open arms of ashes.

We hid in circles of twisted squares,

erupting with shades of crimson wishes,

we never stopped getting high between

the rings of Saturn and Mars.

With one twinkle, moonlight fell on

frozen smiles of daffodils.

The morning rose in sunken places,

and broken bottles filling us up

with smoky dreamy lies.

30

**Keeping Secrets**

The gothic moon

etched in madness,

unsteadily haunting

the grieving sky.

I am the bright light that

keeps shining in darkness

where most want to hide

in stories no one keeps alive.

Breathe in one last time,

for no one can get out

with secrets living

in an incarcerated mind.

31

**Beginning of Free**

I lurk in a nonexistent

crowd of faces,

were loneliness

becomes broken

memories.

A place

ancestors once

wandered,

as I catch myself

breathing in heavy

thoughts watching ravens

exhale in the shadows

where I breathe.

I am constantly lost

inside a small

world in which I

hide.

The noise drags

in silence

throughout the space

where light navigates

all negativity on to

droplets falling

from my face,

searching for any

sign of positivity

stretched over worn

32

out tiles whispering

beneath the surface

where we used to

greet with a nourishing

caress,

and stable conversations

with grace.

I will forever hold wilted

flowers, desired emptiness

ending unshackled.

33

**Blinking For All Stars**

Rest

on

these

shoulders

where skies

top the trees.

Blinking in shades

well- wishes, hearts only see.

Holding a candle to spark love

inside you and me, where wind follows

us home to burst warm and free.

traditions are for all stars to shine where-

ever they be.

34

**My Beautiful Sister**.

A woman that

bleeds into her

wounds, and

stitches herself up

with fire and ice

while raising her

tribe inside her ribs.

She is a flower that

blooms in the heart

that holds her forever

on the pulse of earth.

She is the sun that storms

the skies, and rises with

courage, hope, and sets

deep in the arc of our love.

35

**Dispersing Love**

I will clasp on to your thrumming nectar

like a bee, sleeping in a flower bed,

wrapped so sweet around the moon

like the yellow dandelion’s sun

dispersing seeds to blow stars

falling in love with the morning sky.

36

**Humanity**

Crocheting a chain of hope

and bridging – fringes of despair

with faith stitched,

and weaved in a blanket

of humanity.

37

**Loneliness Is Killing Us**

Loneliness.

Longing from nothingness

in unseen places.

Battle on mental health

becoming unstable.

Day after day

the names appear on

scars of tattoos.

Graves covered in

darkness waiting for

the sun to part shade

on the brokenness.

Hands stained in

bottomless memories,

where they sit to grieve.

She tells me stories

jumping off the cliffs

of her tongue, as the

birds fade into her

greying hair, leaving

a trail of stars with

odourless colours

stretched six feet long

and six feet deep

watered by the ghosts

that pray.

38

Soon, everyone will

walk away from her

struggle. She will

search for answers

deep in her believes

asking

[[[Why??]]]

is life so

hard to live???!!

Cold days haunt

like grimness, been this,

twisting into nothingness

where have we gone,

when we should be

listening with

our eyes widened

to the reality

that is killing us.

39

**Valerie**

Valerie screams out for love

from inside the walls, boarding

her heart hostage.

Too many cold nights

keeping her arms around tight

smoking a high, sipping on

an over- rated star to fall in hard

while wearing a low, just to get by.

Fishing for plenty, catching a few

that stink up and die in the corners

of a cheap noisome hotel.

Kiss me ‘there” no! “there”

under over between the cliffs of

dover, swaying together down

stoned cobbles on the streets

of London, while the pulsating

lyrics dance against her thrusting

longing for time to unfreeze

from the caveman still living

in her dreams.

40

**Denim Wildflower**

They say that I am

too poetic. Not

literary enough

to be known.

I roam, where-

ever cowgirls

rope the skies

on denim trails

washed in flannel

goodbyes. Did you

know, that I grow

from the soil, and

give from the soul

with wildflowers

blooming from the

bosom, not the mind.

Take me as I am,

or leave me strung

on crystalline layers

of pearls in cornfields,

where the sun

shines on a

sweet embrace

saddled on sunsets

rising from the

warmth of grace.

41

**Break For Hope**

It’s where her mind

met her feelings, so

stunning, so lovely.

Heating up the

darkest skies to clear

in the slowest

motion, with

emotions dragging

the heaviest of hearts

to break for hope,

and possibilities

living for sentient

beings, to find

a way back home

to greet her in

heaven.

42

**Shadow Warrior**

She waits for gardens to

grow from her sorrow

where the flowers bloom,

setting her warmth ablaze.

All the worries cross her path, like

a nightmare escaping from her dreams.

She is more, than all who have made

her ill. She has buried all her worries

under the dirt, and rose with thorns

into a shadow warrior.

No other. . .

will ever

come

between.

43

**Never Too Much**

To the man I loved too much.

All I see is you.

You are the moonshine,

and healing thoughts.

You give me a sound mind

lighting the star of sunshine

in my everlasting heart

burning eternally for you.

To the man I loved too much.

Loving you . . .

Was never too much.

P.S. If, I ever find you,

I’ll never let you go.

44

**Grieving Sunflower**

Sunflowers grow tall in lies.

With starlight grieving for the truth.

Buried between our sin’s pasts.

45

**Summer Pillow**

You will find me watching the seagulls

dance in the wind,

in the comfort of a cordate pillow

in the clouds under a sycamore tree.

Where roots entwine with colours

from the earth to the sky.

Where I lost and found my lover

once written then scribbled out.

And the drinks we tell

as his mind humps my drink sober,

and the summer ends in a storm

under the sycamore tree.

46

**Bare Autumn**

Oceans on glimmering skin.

Lips pout with effervescence

of sensual nights.

His fruity flavour

aroused his primal fate

stripped in skies that bared

the blossoms of her spiked

autumn flower to crown

with a bouquet of thorns

seeding her leaves to bloom.

47

**Wild**

Chrysanthemums dance wild

in sunflower winds

swirling in tear drop clouds,

watering memories of you

to come alive.

48

**Broken Night**

All we have is ourselves

to love.

When all the stars to

trust, are cold inside.

I will love myself.

It might be dark around

the moon tonight,

but I will find hope

to shine the light,

and hug me until

it feels right.

No matter how broken,

bent, dysfunctional I am.

The only way to escape

self -hate is to cage myself

in self -love.

49

**Unworried Smile**

Whenever I see

trouble along

the way, I

take a detour

and venture

out into

unknown

places, mapping out

happiness, waiting

for me, with an

unworried smile.

50

**Pull Out the Light**

Shame on all

that broke you.

Shame on all

that cut you

so deep in your

soul. You have

the power to

heal yourself,

to mend these

darken wounds,

breathe deep.

Pull out the

light, and you

will heal again,

no matter how

dark it is you

will see once

more, the beauty

inside. For you,

and you alone

know, that you

are the light

and so damn

worth it.

51

**Thorns of Stories**

Her ancestor’s thorns

grew gardens of

roses that bloomed

unfolding stories.

52

**Weathered Harmonic Moon**

I have been weathered and worn

like a songbird on the wings

of a soundless galaxy soaring

high to climb up a man made

elevator to trace the harmonic moon.

53

**Glimmering Water**

She is more than ideas you have of her.

To feel self love, she must stay quiet

with calm breathes, that drown out

all cloned thoughts that wear her down

in murky waters. In her sleep she waits

to wake the dreams that have been

glimmering in her hair for centuries.

She will not shed one more tear, nor

turn away, but face her fears with fear,

and acceptance.

54

**Music On My Skin**

Music falls in love

Music comforts grieve

Music cultures youth

Music sings to my heart

Music lives forever in

my poetic orchestra.

55

**Stripped in Lust**

I Stripped the walls of heartache and roses.

Drinking a bottle of wine in every corner

where love unraveled thorns and hung

inside my heart like an iron lung.

So, I painted the whole room with

strokes of hope and the rest covered

with small peonies on strips of wallpaper

just so I could breathe you in spring

on every wall and be inspired.

56

**My Beautiful Love**

You are love

You are grace

You are a bouquet of mirrors

breathing in light to shining down

on shady places wilting in the dark.

You have given all you have to give

when you should be carried on a

throne of rubies with a golden

glow and praised to the god’s

of glory. You are a mother,

a sister, a friend, and a

singularity in space.

You have bled

onto the pages

of your life

inked in

power,

courage,

hope,

and

tears,

woven

into a

rainbow

blanket

of

sister-

hood.

57

**In Dreams**

In dreams we enter a world

that’s entirely our own.

Reaching for the unreachable,

as we dive into the unknown,

with blazing imaginations

stretching the stars in galaxies,

igniting into our minds

pulsating knowledge.

58

**Loving Memories**

I want to fly into the heart

of a butterfly.

Hold on to the wings

of an angel.

Never stop to feel grief.

Only loving memories

fluttering inside.

59

**Empty Vase**

She was thirsty for life,

like flowers to rain.

How will she leave him?

When she depended on

him to water her grave.

He wanted her to look

beautiful, until no one

was looking anymore.

Then, he left her wilting

for someone new.

Blooming with fake

petals and pretty buds

in blue.

Now, he grieves for

someone. . . to fill

his empty vase

and water his disgrace.

60

**I am Pig**

Balloons burst in oceans confetti.

Flooding with blood sucking stars

falling close to home, where you

will find me stretched across a

violent sky in rays of violet haze.

No longer am I attached to

mother’s nibbles, with parts

gloomy inside, pulling strings

from her heart. Wipe those

inaudible tears dry. For I have

longed to hold the weak

that die of thirst, when I

should be breathing under

my mother’s love.

What “God” would allow

such suffering to prey upon?

I am a tiny existence on land

with rotting flesh cloned

in human form. I have been

killed many times before.

I feel my limbs rot in your

bones, and linger in your

soul. I am pig – I am life –

Dying to break out –

To be free.

61

**Raging Fires**

The sky turned crimson red

with charcoaled wings of

the dead.

Six billion lives burn in

the sky.

Leaving me with pained

ashes of tears, falling

into the oceans grave,

where sharks are tangled

in someone’s fish net

stockings.

Raging fires are out

of control, and I sit here

complaining about nothing

all day, wondering if this

selfie makes my thighs

look too big.

There are petrified souls

crying out for help, and I

am twiddling my thumbs.

How, do we free the tortured

birds, impacted by anthropogenic

sounds in the fires from hell.

Are we the devils? That walk

down the streets thinking

we are gods.

62

We are life that whines

and bitches in huge

circles of small egos,

wanting to be the only

one in the centre.

Turn the damn lights

out in the caves, where

bats hide from any

human contact, because

human eats the flesh

carrying diseases that

should stay hidden in the

fires reflecting from the

moons pain.

63

**How Do I Grieve**

It doesn’t matter

how old we are

when we

lose

our mom’s

We are always

their children.

Your mom

has taught

you

how to

love,

but she didn’t

teach you

how to

grieve for her.

64

**Pole Dancer**

She was his little

night light

shining bright

with love –

dancing wild

and free

lighting up

his darkened heart,

with stars, melting

in her eyes

just for him

to see.

65

**Abandonment Hurts**

I am not depressed

I am sad

You left me

with tears

and wiped

away the joy

from my smile.

My cheeks

are frozen

with emptiness

in my soul.

Abandonment

does not

teach us to love

it teaches us

to hurt the

ones we love.

66

**Demonic Pleasure**

Angels watched,

as demonic pleasure

burned like a hellish

pitchfork in heat.

Tying their wings,

so, they cannot fly

far from your soul.

Don’t extinguish

the darkness on

halos and horns

igniting fires

with their charm.

67

**God Knows**

God knows, his sin was me.

Devilishly hot.

Hellishly heaven.

His church rang in my prayers

and holy ways.

68

**If You Feel the Spirit**

The spirit of my sister

beats down on the cosmic

tree, lighting up the golden

shores with a treasured smile

to the bottom of the sea.

Take the angels to heaven,

twist the ghost of the devils

wrist, and listen to the whispers

of my sister’s spirit, planting

seeds in the wild, burning inside

the rising sun.

Fly away and take my hands

on the wings of a raven god,

to where my sister’s spirit,

is catching fire in me.

69

**Grail Skies**

If,

god was the sun, moon,

and holy water deep

in the milky way of stars,

I’d whisper these words

across the grail skies:

“Hold tight to the black

hole living in your heart,

and fill it in with warmth

and love from the galaxies

shining bright

in your ever giving soul.”

And remember to rest easy

on the dark nights that cross

your path with comforting

light shining on your

Virgo spirit in signs of Leo.

70

**Social Media Droned in My Head**

Hopeless thoughts spread across the blank pages of my toxic mind.

Memories lost to social media. Craving all the time to drone out

kings and queens when I have become a pheasant to my own

throne. Stuck in a nest of rotting wood, lined by vultures. Searching

for a hidden spirit as I lay here waiting to be unstuck.

71

**The Aging Road**

Verbs are words

locked in cages.

Accept this ache

that I earned.

A fading face

haunted with

visions hung

in dark nights

hammered shut

in places, cracked

beyond garden’s

heavenly repair.

Across the old

bridge, torn

scars bathe in

bruises, and

sleepy screams

cursed between the

melting stars.

Caution when

approaching,

for I will rip

apart, and chew

down metal plates

stuck in the vessels

where the tides rise,

and fall, in open

California skies.

72

**Longing For Her**

Mother

Mother

Lord of all butterflies

I long for your love.

Mother

Mother

I am feeling all alone

in dark places

with small bones broken

in prayer holding on.

Mother

Mother

Unstoppable tears sink

without light

to comfort loss.

Mother

Mother

I hunger for words

only you have spoken

a language trembling in silence.

Mother

Mother

I wait with shivers

caressing the faceless crowd

until someone lends, a heart in hand.

73

**Unbroken**

The sky is no stranger to cold

hands looking for comfort in

corners where words are lost and

found on cracked skin breathing

in desired places.

A dying sparrow prays on a

lonely sidewalk.

Silence rolling off its tongue

with wildflowers growing

between the broken streets,

buried in its own coffin, on

prairies decaying grin.

I have become adept at turning

grief into understanding while

flames peacefully wave in

a ditch.

74

**Just For One Night**

I see you standing

tall in the night hall.

Turning back pages

burning for us all

in psychedelic dreams

through heavy

pill popping screams.

I wish you well, I

wish to wash away

the love we had lost

in ultimate darkness,

stained misery, buried

in memories, haunting

after me, wearing worn

out heels, strutting

down the catwalk in

Gucci’s summer seashell

breeze. I wish you heaven’s

demons from hell,

Just for one night, on

the runway my love.

75

**Yes**

She

moves

forward,

he steps back.

He takes her hand

somewhere to dream.

Flash lightning strikes

on thunders command.

Beating, rumbling, to the

rain dance, with tiny fingers

stretching his heart with one

pelvic thrust until the clouds burst.

His love for her pours heavy in drought.

A beautiful stone-cold light show. Watching

her dance in juicy clouds, sweeping up the salty rain.

76

**Lost Identity**

All the satellites left me

in this invisible world.

I watched the stars fall apart

with thirsty minds, in dark

caves we starved for madness.

Hollow dreams sleep with

spiders in coffin drawers.

Brewing witches do not burn,

they are lit on demon tongues,

rising in the flames. I am

hidden in corners, living inside,

holding broken times. Someday,

all that I loved, will come back

to me, and I will be okay. For

now I am washed away in a

boat full of wicked moons.

77

**Umbrella Sky**

They say, life gets hard sometimes.

I knew this from the start, before

our love fell apart under umbrella

sky lanterns painted in dreams,

blowing away from where we

are now, on yellow, green, and blue

balloons, swelling to get high

reaching for stars. I will always

miss you under umbrella sky

lanterns painted in dreams

with tears buried in the backyard

where we danced in coolness.

Holding on to tall glass memories

filled with love, beating against

the night, pounding in our hearts

until the rain stopped falling for us.

78

**She Was Home**

A woman who loved to dress

up like a princess, but also loved

to watch wrestling, challenging

me to a good arm-wrestling match.

A woman that took in pregnant

young girls with no where to go.

A woman that had very little, but

gave all of herself. A woman that

put her children first before anyone

else. A woman who left my father

in a time when women stayed.

Paving the way for women’s

rights and generations to come.

She was a woman that survived

domestic abuse. Only received

five dollars a month for each child

after the divorce in 1978. Held his

cold hand as he died, because

she refused to let anyone eat away

at her soul. And still smiled with love

in her heart for all.

79

**Walking in Mommas Boots**

I miss my momma’s eyes, and the way she looked at me.

Sometimes, I wonder, if I am still alive.

I stare into nothing and get nothing in return.

It’s as if, she is fading away and taking me with her.

She had the coolest colour of eyes I had seen.

They were tiger eyes with flecks of black around the green.

Her eyes told a story of a prairie girl born from the soil,

with a suitcase in her hand, carved into the gut of poverty.

Her story might be somewhat sad, looking back on

what she went through, with no electricity, yet finding

her way home to find some peace in the dark,

despite everything boiling inside her, she survived

because she remained calm, with a force of a smile.

It would have killed most, what she survived in her life.

She was a powerful woman. . . I long for her light, to

be spun into my fading webbed heart.

In her grave, her body died, but in the strokes of

hair, the stories live-in weeping ashes of home, caressing

sunlight and morning curled spring stars, that bloom

forever in tall grass, where a prairie girl birthed

into the city with heels.

80

**Baba**

You’ve travelled far to get here

with babushka on your mind.

The wind brought the folklore

on wings of birds, taking us home.

On the counter, food was spread

with love, from hard working

hands that never slept with

eyes closed to dream.

Church bells rang

in polish prayer, to

roman gods sculpted

from wooden eggs and grace.

Baba, I love you (kocham cie) for

sewing the country worn on

floral skirts and paska bread. Making

new memories home to rise and mend.

A glass of cherry brandy, to thank you

for birthing the greatest momma

that forever will live, in the love I give,

written in this love poem for you.

81

**Precious Ashes**

Hard days roll like storms.

Today was that sad day

I tried to wipe away the tears

stuck inside the sills of my heart.

I took my precious dog’s ashes to

your grave and dug a hole,

spreading the memories

we all shared once upon

a time ago.

It has been along

time momma since I have

laughed with you and felt

the silk of your skin

against the love shining

bright through my eyes

to my soul, where I will

never let you go to far

from my heart.

I miss you both

so much.

82

**Power of Possibilities**

When you feel

the sky stepping

all over your body’s

will to continue

to climb the most

difficult climb you

will endure. Give

yourself the power

in the palms of your

hands, to feel the

possibilities, and

never let go of the

dream’s living inside.

83

**Sunflower Wings**

Tangled clouds

dragged her down.

She spread her wings

across the fields of

sunflowers waving

in the sun,

opened her heart wide

and flew away with

storms of love.

84

**Winters Blanket**

Hush little autumn.

Fall- down on me,

and breathe through

the trees with blankets

of leaves, wrapped

with winter’s devotion.

85

**Bus Stop 11**

No.” I will not hear another word.”

You were that superwoman.

A strong woman. The one

that never backed down

and crumbled inside

for very long.

Every morning

You got up

got dressed

and waited for a

bus to take you

to work for a 12

hour shift.

It was a long wait

for you, but supper

was on the table

for you most of

the time. Depending

on your shift.

You never feared

anyone after the divorce.

Hell, you were a north ender,

no one was going

to mess with you.

The only fear you had were spiders.

You would call the national

guard if it meant ridding him.

86

Remember,

that time, when we were on

the bus, and the bus driver

was staring at me through

his rear-view mirror and

he suddenly went up the curb

then went the wrong way.

His face turned beet red

and we laughed for days.

He asked me out the next

day, but I didn’t trust

his driving.

Momma,

I think you were my friend

before you were my mother.

I miss those bus ride days.

And hell, some of those

journeys we rode

held stories

no one would

believe in heaven,

and are better left

at bus stop #11.

87

**Grieving Road**

Maybe I haven’t told you

that the gravel is rough

on the prairie’s humbled roads.

Maybe I should have

showed you how

the city moves the

heavy from

the suns early rise.

There are times when

you look at me and I

feel alive, and

then there are times you

look at me and I

want to hide in the

ache deep in the

bones, fuming

with love, lost

on the highways grove.

But I know the

road has been

hard to drive on.

You have taught

me that love does

not exist in your

heart for me, and

I’m tired of grieving.

88

**Before She Was a Star**

Before the stars begin to fall, they see

everything moving from dark- lucid places,

dragging the soul from shimmering galaxies,

catching a glimpse of the moon watching how

we got here, curled in fire and ice with dreams

crushed and burnt on sparse lashes, emblazing

the sky, pulling energy from storms, searching

with sparks flashing on lids floating along the

oceans floor. Drifting on waves, swimming in

thoughts and changing the shape hidden in

silence. Lost, broken, and drowning in a

chain of love with one breath to catch a

pocket of air, sinking alone to survive.

Her lungs will unfold and unlatch

from deep within. Once and for

all, she will control the power

that walks within her to

become the rising

star for all the

constellations

to breathe in

her eternal

radiance in

the palace

of the

universe.

89

**Fly High My Love**

Pain shifts itself

to find the only

thing it must do

to survive, is to

let go of what

weighs heavy in

the creases of

oneself.

The stratosphere

opens its wings

embracing his

elements tied

on heaven’s

balloons. The

winds warmth lifts

the memory and I

let go of heartache,

never love. For love stains

permanently and can never

be washed away or

erased from one’s breath.

90

**Light Burns**

Run deep in the woods.

Hide from the grave

buried in his mind.

The terror stares in her eyes

ripping apart the bones

in her flesh between raging

fires melting glacier

hearts in her eyes.

It is cold in the dark

for the light burns

into the flesh with the

coldest curse of love

torn in her soul.

She will grasp at the flames

from within to survive

the burning inferno that

has engulfed her life

for so long.

Her life will become

hers to live, for the

first time she will see

herself as one of the

most powerful women

she has known.

91

**Sparklers on the Boardwalk**

Rooftop sparklers ignite across

cinnamon apple skies, dancing

under moonlight stars.

Our names written with sizzlers

of light over the boardwalk,

as we sway towards bonfires

setting us ablaze on a hot

summers night draped in love.

We wave goodbye to the ocean’s

breeze with sparklers fizzling

on the way back to the cottage,

where his orb traces the sparks

still burning for his touch inside

the beast in me.

92

**It Comes Back to You**

I wear your boots along the broken nights.

Encased in a world without words that held me tight.

How the hell will I get home when I just cannot see the light.

I am sleeping under rare stars with a golden blood moon.

Saving my life for all the love I have left to fight.

I will bend like a river and breathe in the sea

releasing the ghosts in rose petal gardens, haunted with

shadows and covered in webs where graves never sleep.

Swallowing the path in temporary shades of blue

whispers, in hidden castles, cascading down pink

champagne waterfalls, carving our hearts in hollow

places where animals run free from cruelty.

Between the trees and the wind. . .

Telling our stories deep in our roots, to grow once

more with unknown memories coming back like the

bones and spirit of a boomerang.

93

**Flesh of the Vulnerable**

I wonder if God knows

the love I feel for animals

the hard nights I grasp

at a broken heart shattered

in places I cannot reach.

I took a trip outside the nucleus

of our sphere in which I exist.

Venturing into the universe

of unknown planets without tears,

and I became tired, quickly.

Resting on the moon

to glance at the earth with paper

and ink scribbling thoughts on the

chalkboards of space. Asking a

higher power question’s relating

to the cruelty on flesh of the vulnerable

and the gentlest animals on earth

the slaughtered and the

silence from god’s voice

was muted.

94

**Soft Care**

My love is real,

it spins on gentle to be

handled with care.

Love me on delicate

no harsh rinse in this

soul that absorbs the

dark nights, bleeding

in the fabric of the

threads of my heart.

95

**Empty Space**

He looks at me

with very little

interest, I must

stop digging

holes in my heart

for it can never

be filled

by someone

not capable

of loving who I am.

Not once has

he ever kissed

the joy I feel

in the happy

spaces in

my head.

96

**Embracing Rain**

I am November rain

pouring a thin sheet

of winter’s heart, to

inflame the months

without our two lips

embracing the stems

of May, growing

forever, in intensities

fulgor.

97

**Visions of Her**

On the corner of main street

there waits a man with thoughts

holding his hand to his forehead

shaking every moment lost to a

love that chose a plane

ticket for a future strung with

possibilities lurking in mirror

skyscrapers, and drinking latte’s

on every dream sitting in

front of her. He lost his way

driven to dark crossings, headed

towards a dead -end mind block.

He held her close on the cliff’s of

his heart, leaping each time the

visions of her were blinding

his bleak, and blurred view.

98

Slow sips of her, fade

into the grasp of his embrace, tasting

her memory with a sobering smile

keeping him warm by wearing her success.

99

**Orbiting Love**

Was it too much?

Asking for real love

to touch a soft hand.

Kiss, gentle lips.

Stroke the nights

under heaving skies.

The stare of your heart

beating ever so gently

in every thought

between the falling stars

showering comets of

love, colliding with galaxies

bending space within her

pulsating celestial body.

100

**She is All That is Cast**

She lives in her head,

no one ever sees the beauty

she paints inside her sky

dreaming far beyond the stars

erupting in her eyes.

She walks with her love

dipped in her dreams

on the bathing shores

of serenity and tranquility.

She is all that is cast

as she moves the moon’s

tides with the compass

of her mysterious waves.

101

**Stems of Kindness**

Plant the seeds

of kindness in

your heart’s soil.

Let it grow

bright within the

smile of the suns

stems of our soul.

Blooming with love

for all life to live,

without cruelty.

102

**Moon Seashells**

Her love rains lavender ocean’s

bathed in sage and rosemary skies

Her poetry reads on her skin like

a familiar lyrical note

strung on to a necklace of seashells

dancing in the moon’s

breeze, etched on her soft tanned

skin, rooted between the layers of

summers ripen peach, blossoming

on her budding rose cheeks.

103

**I Died Instead**

You once said:

You are just as beautiful

to me in the dark night,

as you are in the bulb light.

At one time,

your love warmed the cold

madness entangled in

my pulled back hair,

revealing the taste of crazy

shades, peeking

through, where you

wanted more,

104

but time changes, and

rotten words handed from

dangling fists, find no one

home in this heart.

To be without love

is to be detached

from reality.

I can not survive

without

being whole,

so, I died instead,

and you did

not notice.

105

**Anchored Soul**

Cuffed hearts

unlock souls.

You are the living cell

to my penitentiary.

Escaping pinned

to my shackled

pulse,

anchored with

arrhythmic love.

106

**Her Love Rains**

Her love rains

storms of poetry

from the heart

with the lights

turned off in the dark

cellars of her mind.

She has the power

to switch it on

but keeps it off

for a moment until

she can see beyond

the callous struggles of

night to find her spirit

waiting for her on the

other side with soft

luminous love.

107

**Garden of Stars**

Peeling apples

to the centre of the

galaxy’s core.

Never, have I seen

a garden of stars

ignite like this before,

they have out shone

the round knights

of raging wolves

on blades of fire n’ ice,

with razor sharp swords

of flames, lighting up

wings of angels on

burning torches inside

the dippers north star,

singing hallelujah to

the garden of stars

growing in the castle’s

on the mountain’s south shore.

108

**Hope Whispers**

Hope:

Whispers in her dreams,

holding on to a brighter

future.

Love:

Embraces her heart to

swell with joy and

Peace.

Faith:

Believes in, all she

believes in, to carry

her.

109

**Love Myself**

I have searched

for myself, all

of my life.

I still have

not found me.

I wonder if I

ever will?

I hope it’s not

too late to

love me.

110

**Her Feral Ways**

She is strong and fierce beyond

the fibres that created her.

A damsel in distress; she is not.

Hypnotically sensual, arousing

her own senses to be whole.

Her burning desire, inked on

her bare skin to her soul.

Her punk, feral ways, can

never be tamed.

She is the alfa leader to

her own destination-

Unleashing

the wild with pride.

To be freely-

Unchained.

111

**Summertime Lives Here**.

We write our names

barefoot in the beaded

sand, where heart’s catch

fire in tangerine skies,

melting in peppermint

dreams and sunset goodbyes.

We laugh deep in the

folds of warm winds

blowing in the stars of

gold dust in our eyes.

We hear the whispers of

love, calling our names

on the waves of shores

engraved in the ocean’s

of our souls.

We are the wings

soaring over uncertainty

surviving the storms.

112

**Secrets in Her Eyes**

Broken places

between the

rivers rough edge,

bending down stream

on her broken

dreams where she keeps

hidden with the secrets in her eyes.

She lost her way,

the day

love

suddenly slipped away.

Alone and on her own

sitting at an outdoor café

with lonely tears

crying in her heart.

She stared at the

unperturbed

distant moon,

taking a deep breath,

letting it all go in

the chilled air.

113

Her

breath, danced in

the blood and bones

of the night sky

as the aurora borealis

faded into her memories

rolling back the

film of her life

on the streets

that lit up

inside broken

places once upon

a time in her smile,

spewing in the

black hole in

her heart.

114

**Vison of Green**

I explore the world behind

the eyes of animals healing

the trees with visions of

hope, breathing life into

the wounded pith of

forest seams, threaded

with tapestries of green.

115

**Let Me Go**

I am a kite afraid to fly.

Afraid of heights

and neon lights.

Don’t ask me why,

I feel this way.

Left in your hands

I feel quite safe.

If you let me go

I’ll have no control,

I cannot breathe,

it feels too tight.

The sky is too big

I feel too small.

For the time will

come to let you go.

I am a kite afraid to fly.

Afraid of heights and

living high.

116

To reach the

emperor butterfly

with naked wings

spread wide in the

strangely steepled

mysterious sky.

“Believe me folks

I really do try!!!”

I’ll burst the bubble,

shake n’ till I bleach

the fabric of fear dry

then I’ll rinse and

Let it go.

Wipe them tears don’t

you cry, untangle the

knotty strings in

life to fly free from

your eyes.

It’s okay to be afraid.

It’s okay to let go.

117

**To You My Son**

Think of me as a

flashlight in the sky

watching over you

while you sleep

like a battery

forever charged

in the night.

There will be storms

that you see.

And I know, you

will cry when

you think of me,

but I will peek a boo

through the tiniest

hole in the clouds

to shine that light

in front of you,

So, you can make it

through the dark without me.

And one day,

you will find your own

light to shine

for someone else.

118

**Rain Falls from Her Heart**

She hides behind the pain

of crumpled tissue paper

torn into a million pieces

scattered in the twirling

threads that curl her mind.

There are missing ghost’s that whisper

in the shadows aboard a ship

sailing back and forth the oceans

floor with tears jumping overboard

with images

of lucid dreams,

and sounds of

tepid water streams

running past

her dark night screams.

Some say her love

is a curse slipping

on grounds of

broken places moving

her empath supernova heart

tangled in all the chaos

she loves to cure.

She is love. . . She is rain.

119

Trembled Passion

I know, I have messed up.

I see the world everyday

looking back at me

with unsympathetic

vicious eyes,

long nails,

sharp teeth,

and self-critical poison dipped

in venomous blood scribbled

across the billboards of the

heart’s living courters.

Life is complicated

and reserved for those

that devour the shivers

of darkness into the

stillness of light blooming

in magnolia flower’s

bursting with fever to bud.

I will stain words together

to soak in and launch

the unexpected vessel

towards your trembling

passion, believing in a

new world to break open.

120

**All We Ever Wanted**

One day,

I will live in

a country with

the lungs I long

to breathe.

There is no

turning back

tomorrow’s

pandemic clock,

for time is valuable

and the most measured

value you can give

yourself, is freedom.

Freedom that looks

up at the moons wishful

stars shining in captivating

light escaping the whispers

fluttering in dark rolling nights.

All we ever wanted was

another heartbeat against

our own, keeping the

wings of love alive on

the windchimes of life,

swaying to glass butterfly

dreams, unbroken.

121

**No One Notices I am Here**

Dirty shoes.

Step in before

you walk on by.

Shining hunger,

feeding an amputated SKY.

Smuggled tears

frozen to God. . .

let us CRY.

You take us to a place

to birth in greed,

with no good deed.

This is how we TRY.

We teach the

children to FLY.

WHILE EVERYTHING

is taken away

before they land

with limbs carved

in ruin.

122

Taken to graves

grieving the night.

ALL THE ANGELS PRAY.

“This is how we DIE.”

123

**Purple Storm**

I dreamt the possibilities, painted across the moonlight tower, lifting the sky.

I thought his love was for me, but his words hit the wall to my heartache.

I should have ran away, long ago, and never looked back at the past.

Did I ever love myself first? I need to find strength for self love.

One day, I will cleanse you out of my life, and remind myself,

that home is the warmth of memories touching my face

to bud in spring flowers, blooming where I walk,

admiring the dotted blazing star, strengthening

my heart with wild rain and purple storms

pouring with forgiveness, to move on.

Love, espouse me with a new

circle of life I Once belong

to, from the beginning

to the end, to see the

cluster of light,

shine deep

within

me.

124

Thoughts from the author

If you can picture it.

Optimism is happiness.

If you stay positive,

good things will be attracted to you.

Stay focused on the ride carrying

a magnetic force taking you to

places you only imagined of.

For an unexpected friend will be

drawn to you.

Grasp the moment and enjoy the ride.

125