

Anthology of Willow Craven

Willow Craven



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

Friends

Thinking of You

Soldato

The Puppet Master

You

One Bird, Two Stones

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The Journey

Friends

You and I, we're not friends.
We are scripted, stares, and double takes,
You are fire, and I am the ice,
The melting cool to calm your flame,
Tears that carve a river down my cheek
Flow to you, and you see.
All the times I haven't dared to speak
And all I ever wanted to be was
Free.

You and I, we're not friends.
We are silent words and brushed fingertips,
We are unspoken promises and beautiful lies,
We are terrible passion and forbidden lips,
We are are constant. And our own demise

But you and I will never be
Friends.

~ *Willow Craven*

Thinking of You

I was sat on the stairs, thinking of you,
And how my life would change if dreams came true.
You, further away than the furthest star,
You, more out of reach than Venus or Mars.
You, in space, where all my hope goes to hide
Miles away at the front of my mind.
Only ever seen on the darkest night -
Then off you run, like a trick of the light.
Here and then gone in the blink of an eye
Like a candle in the wind; live and die.
I keep us at arms length. It's for the best,
You must have heard stories and know what's next?
On a different page, then different chapters,
And slowly but surely, it would break us.
The blurb would show less than a light in fog,
And just make for an awkward epilogue.
Even that's too good to be true. Come on,
I said you felt nothing, I wasn't wrong.
I know that it's worth it because you mean
Everything to me. Living in my dreams
Where I am happy in a fantasy.
Watching me and you swimming in a sea,
Together, like we were supposed to be.
Living and loving, happy and carefree
I could be all you need. You're all I've got.
And I would be with you. But I'm not.
I'm just sat on the stairs, thinking of you,
And how my life would change if dreams came true.

~ Willow Craven

Soldato

We sit close, knees slightly touching,
My head leaning against the wall.
A blanket and a lighter, we're sharing,
And an ear out for distant footfall.

Harsh winds bite at vulnerable cheeks,
Shadowed by a bitter night.
We relish in the silence of this air, so bleak,
And watch rabbits play in false light.

Lorries and flashing lights fly overhead,
The noise muffled by thick air.
We're out of place here, a loose thread,
As fitting as a sin in prayer.

As soon as you start, I know there's no stopping,
It's killing you, but it has to be done.
Replaying your life and I cant stop watching,
Paralyzed, horrified, I let it run.

You stare straight ahead, blind to the world,
And I cant take my eyes off yours.
The stories come fast, memories unfurled,
Broken yet alive, a veteran of wars.

I've been closer to you than this, I know,
But I will never be this close again.
I have seen the truths you never show,
Seen what you hide, but from me in vain.

Later on I will cry, again and again,
Crying in a ball on a single mattress.
Crying for your pain,

Crying for your loss,

Crying because you did not.

But here, now, sat by you under rainfall,
I just hold your hand under the blanket we share.
Pass you a lighter with my head against the wall,
And watch rabbits play, blissfully unaware.

~ Willow Craven

The Puppet Master

Come and visit me, deep in the night.
Don't tell a soul and knock only twice.
Agree to my deal, although you know the stakes,
Let me take all of your world, and all of its weight.

I will loop your strings around my fingertips
And hear the breath of relief fall from your lips.
All of your burdens rest in the palm of my hand
But when you held them yourself you could barely stand.

I can sharpen your tongue against your friends
And bar you from making any amends,
Shape you in my image - straight out of sin,
Feed you my lies and let the show begin.

You can scream and cry and send blame my way
But we both know you led yourself astray.
Or you can call me the Devil, try to flee
If you dare to believe that little of me.

Or accept the you chose easy over right
And relax - there's not a choice to make in sight.
Now my darling, please, just dance a pretty dance for me.
I hope this is what you meant when you asked to be free.

~ Willow Craven

You

Its hard to write in the harsh light
Of the sun through my window.
So to do this right, I wait 'till night,
Sat on my bed with a torch on low.
My mask falls in sync with the sun,
And guarded emotions become undone.
I think of you more. I can't help it.
I feel my chest or heart start to split.
I try to sleep, I really do,
But sometimes I'm too caught up in you,
Thoughts and memories and dreams of you,
Things I've had and will never have with you.
So I write things when I can't sleep,
Poems and songs I can hide and keep,
So when the lights not right for me to write on my bed,
I can read about you instead.

~ Willow Craven

One Bird, Two Stones

One ear hears the shuffling of secrets.
The other hears piano through thin walls.
One half wonders if you meant it,
The other half ignores your calls.

*To you I give
My will to live
And I hear you say
'I won't go away'*

One hand holds a cardboard knife.
The other grips a pen.
One half prays, with all your might,
The other won't do this again.

*Nothing is enough
To call your bluff
And escape from
Under your thumb*

One eye tastes the lies you spew.
The other drinks them straight.
One heart is entranced by you,
The other beats with hate.

*I loathe to know
To make you go
I must do the same
And win this game*

One fist is bruised around the knuckle.
The other is clenched for a fight.
One half is sure, you won't buckle,

The other thinks you might.

*My tears you take
To fill a lake
And weigh me down
And watch me drown*

One ear hears the shuffling of secrets.
The other knows the music stopped.
One half realises, you meant it.
The other half isn't shocked.

*And the branch I use
To hang my noose
You'll cut
For firewood.*

~ Willow Craven

Tatau

Tatau

Tatau (*samoan*)

(*tah-TAH-oo*) ? *translation: tattoo*

Noun

- An open wound

I looked different after you.
Sometimes I stand in the mirror
And see you written all over.
In the lines of my face and the straightness of my spine,
In the tilt of my chin and the lightness in my eyes ?
Still, I carry the marks you left.
I wear them on my skin, covered.
How do they not stare as I pass?
You left so much behind I barely see myself now.
Will they age, I wonder, like ink deep within my skin,
Losing colour and shape as I
Grow old and tired and more weary
Like a testament to lost youth?
Will I still stand in the mirror and smile back at you,
At the imprints of lips and fingertips you left me?
Or will they shine proud, even then,
Despite the ravages of time
And remain untainted and true?
No. They will fade, I'm sure of it, fade but not leave me.
Time heals all, but your memory is not to be healed.
And now as I leave you behind,
These marks, these reminders you left,
Will always be an open wound.

- Willow Craven

The Journey

The Journey

Birds pluck worms from the grass
And then leap and fly,
Watching over as I rest.
The trees whisper and laugh
As I trudge on by,
On to the next and the next.

Hedges grow tall and thick,
Snag me as I pass
But never shorten my steps.
The path narrows and splits
And seasons change fast,
On to the next and the next.

There is heart in this clearing
So I slip away,
Feeling it in my chest.
The sun is warm and healing,
Facing the new day.
On to the next, and the next.

~Willow Craven