

Anthology of Mizzjewel

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To the hearts of my heart

Acknowledgement

Praise and honor to the creator, my parents, and the love of my life...

About the author

Oakland-bred, I grew up seeing the times change and people stay the same. I spent a lot of my life just trying to figure life out. So, many unanswered questions left my mind to wander and wonder so I began to write. Though I love to write I knew that for me, writing would not be my career. I changed my career preferences many times. The one thing that stuck with me was baking, and so I put forth the effort to make it my reality. I was a single mother of two struggling and surviving until I met who I consider to be my soulmate. Upon this meeting two more children were added to the equation, making us one big blended happy family. I am a lover of art in all its forms. My story is still being written...

summary

Reality Bites

Unforgettable

The Mind

Society Blows

Words Hurt

Untitled

Distance

Reality Bites

What was meant to be a clear summer day is now a hot smog filled terror.
Children in the "ghetto" running up and down the streets after dark with such disregard.
Cars piled in traffic maneuvering to get nowhere quick.
Sounds of anger and frustrations coming from all directions.
Young ladies flaunting around with babies running behind them.
Young men walking with pants so low their legs show.
A field of shattered hopes and dreams.
The news blaring about disasters across the world.
Animated conversations about unproductive situations, he said/she said/they did.
Who's going to save us from ourselves as we ride this merry-go-round of oppression?

Unforgettable

Unforgettable love comes with forgivable pain.
It oozes satisfaction, compromise, and dedication.
Shadowed by despair of exes.

A weapon so powerful nothing could compare.
Unforgettable, unbreakable, and unnatural the jealous come to tear it down.
Magical enough to be considered unreal.
Seemingly perfect, it's perfectly imperfect.

He and I, this fantasy come to life.
I reminisce on days I used to pray for this.
With so much to learn and much to experience, it makes the future an exciting destination.
Knowing things can only grow from here.
Unforgettable this love we have and my tear drops mark the road of our path.

The Mind

What is beyond this sky,
All things set up so high,
Are they not destined to shine,
Are we blind?
The Mind,
Wonders,
Wanders,
Creates and communicates,
Too many things to figure out to escape.
How de we fully understand the untouchable,
Thoughts,
Opinions,
Educated guesses?
Don't leave a blind eye,
It leads to a tormented mind.
How can I go on daily,
Not knowing what's really above?
It's an artist's nightmare,
The sun, moon, and stars.
Is it a figment of our imagination,
The Mind is an endless lair of questions,
Yet the unknown remains unknown.

Society Blows

Surrounded by superficial and artificial it's hard to see ahead.
Distractions from social madness and mediocrity that has been glorified.
I do not hide, merely stand aside and analyze.
Others participate and criticize, yet they idolize all that stands before and beneath them.
I rise above, floating away from "the norm".
That's what I never want to be.
This circus is like a whiff of bad breath, society blows.

Words Hurt

Words cut deeper than any blade ever could. A physical wound eventually heals, emotional wounds can last a lifetime. These emotional wounds mar me, marked by the path of my tears. I am forever changed. Hardened by the coldhearted. My eyes hold the story and my lips have sealed it tight. Forever tormented by the storm of sorrow in the back of my mind. Yet no one is to care because it is my responsibility, my duty, to put on a happy show to make the world feel comfortable. I could really use one of you great pretenders to be my mentor, I'm not very good at being fake.

Untitled

Trapped in a dark space because he can't see just how much he means to me. Silently I suffer the difficulties of love. I want to give him all he deserves. Yet he blocks me while pleading for more, I'm constantly losing this endless war. A girl in mourning, a girl in heat, no words in this world could really describe me. I pull, he pushes, he pulls, and I push. Never can we ever meet at the same nut bush. I yearn his touch, his wisdom, his love, but there are other things he's thinking of. Pushed to the back burner, I act out in despair. Wishing, hoping, praying he'll notice I'm there. Not a thing in this world can prepare you for love. Thinking back on the fantasies I used to dream of. I realize I know nothing, nothing close to what I have and I'm thankful for him but wonder "with me, is he glad?".

Distance

The sound of a distant heartbeat,
like the wails of La Llorona.
The pounding of a distant heartbeat,
like a fading drum.
The feel of a distant heartbeat,
like the last bite of a favorite meal.
The pain of a distant heartbeat,
like getting stabbed while on novacaine.
The tears from a distant heartbeat,
unheard but pouring still.
This distance is fast growing,
too fast for hope to keep up.
Like a rose dying a slow somber death,
this distance kills me.