

Bing Of The Bell

Bing



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

To my love, and my sorrow. Hopefully you know which is which.

summary

Silly

Ruined

History

Definitely Your Turn

Moments

That Straw

Push Me, Pull Me

Forever Curled

Push The Boat Out

Silly

Girl, with your hair, dress and made up eyes,
Wondering about the latest (one, two, three?) guys.
Girl, telling me about some stupid trend.
When will this ever end?!?!
Before you go;
Let me please just say,
You leaving made my day!

Ruined

You destroy my facade,
Wreck my pride,
Mock my shame.

You overthrow my modesty,
Belittle my bravery,
Ridicule my graveness.

You collapse my self-confidence,
Scupper my generosity,
Crush my softness.

All because of you,
You are a storm in a pair of blue eyes,
and an easy smile.

I don't pretend anymore,
And I quieted my pride.

I'm learning to forget shame,
and own what I've worked at.

I've pushed my bravery further,
and learned to laugh at myself.

Confidence is mine now,
no longer an abstract concept tied to me by string,
built on foundations of sand.

When I'm kind now,
I do for the love of it,
as much as I can, and no more.

I'm gentler now,
because instead of feeling soft,
I feel strong, but choosing to be tender.

You ruin me, so I may be rebuilt.

History

Standing on the shoulders of giants,
Is what my father said,
Be dutifully, respectful and pliant,
Is what my father meant.

Bow and scrape to the merciful forebearer,
Who saw to our situation,
For what on earth could be fairer,
Than a childhood owed, to the parent generation.

Respect your elders, they scream,
While clutching their financed diplomas,
We gave you life, they mean,
As if shed in honey suckle aromas.

What can we be, if we stay,
A life beholden to ancestors,
What can we speak, if we say,
Words offensive to our investors.

Definitely Your Turn

I don't have the words.
I can't tell you that your smile is like the sun,
That your voice calms me and excites in equal measure.
My throat closes when I try to tell you,
About how you always make me smile.
Your arms around me feel like home,
Your fingers twined with mine,
Hold me close, and please don't let go.
My mettle lets me down when I try to say;
I never wanted to live that long,
I don't value life for life's sake.
But with you, I cling to each new day,
I plead for another year, another second,
So we can be quiet together,
And argue about whose turn it is to do the dishes.

Moments

When we were young, and bruised of knee,
We'd tell ourselves stories about the future.
We'd say how clever, beautiful, and rich we'd be.
And what we'd look for in a suitor.

We'd think of our houses, or castles,
With a partner we loved more than life.
Our kids, those adorable little hassles,
And a job with tons of money, but no strife.

We'd think about our...destiny,
This perfect life, with no worry.
And a moment, with clear chemistry,
Where we knew we were right, in our theory.

Now I'm older, and somewhat lesser in surety,
Instead of looking for the perfect moment,
I feel the peace, with love and purity,
Happiness in the life I have chosen.

That Straw

Step by step, I tread further.
Breath by breath, I continue.
Each new blink, an achievement.
And each new day, a trophy of success.

I never thought to travel this far.
Along the road that we all traverse.
Each second a heavier weight.
And my back bowing with the effort.

My soul weary, my mind full.
Each night more memories flood me.
My tears reflecting unfounded fear.
A pinprick like a stab.

I bear the full brunt of most things,
Yet the smallest trip fells my progress.
Is it not the same with all of us?
Above the whole load, an extra straw breaks the camel.

Push Me, Pull Me

Sink me slowly, I say,
Into the mire of life.
Boil me gently I plead,
Like the frog in a pot.

Push me sweetly,
Into the absence of thought.
Follow me gingerly,
Through the dense fog of truth.

Pull me delicately, my darling,
And worry me not with reality.
Draw me tenderly, sweetheart,
Deep into your embrace.

And cover my eyes, my beloved, so I see not where I tread.

Forever Curled

I am the rubble of yesterday's mistake,
The potential, the promise so great.

I am the seed from which oak trees grow,
One of hundreds that they sow.

You are the star that lights my sky,
My reason to be, my why.

I see you not now, not even then,
All I know is the fact, not the when.

You will be my life long love,
And my getting to you will be so tough.

It will be passion, anger and disgrace,
But my eyes will stream when I see your face.

I have longed for you since the day I was born,
To your well being, my heart was sworn.

You are not a lover, a friend, a foe,
You are my child, only this I know.

There will be no other in my world,
Your soul, around which I'm curled.

I can hear you, crying in the dark,
Each unshed tear a stab to my heart.

For though I love you with each strangled breath,
Before I could give you life, my body gave you death.

I know not your touch, your soft embrace,
But at every thought, my heart does race.

I am sorry, my little lost lamb,
I cannot help you, my body I damn.

The saddest thing to ever say,
Is there was a child lost today.

Push The Boat Out

I'm going to push the boat out here,
And tell you I love you.
I've told you a thousand times, a thousand ways,
But here I am, taking a leap, and telling you again.

I'm going to shock you completely,
Say that I want you, always,
I want you to hold me so sweetly,
While we while away in a love drunk haze.

I'm going to totally amaze you,
And let you know today will never be enough,
Let's both walk down life's avenue,
Step by step, through good and tough.

And finally, here it is.
I fucking love you.