

# Words from the Heart

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Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## summary

Snow

3 A.M.

The Siren

An Oncoming Storm

My Lover's Eyes

Family

Alone With the Moon

Blooming

What they don't tell you

Fire and Ice

Home

## Snow

Beautiful yet cold and dangerous

Just like you

It leads me to the warmth of his arms

Like it leads you to the warmth of a fire

## 3 A.M.

3 a.m.

Sleep evades me as my mind travels worlds away

To a place where there is no pain

Only happiness

Maybe if luck was on my side, I'd be peacefully asleep

Instead of wishing on a star for a dream that will never come true

## The Siren

The sun is blazing  
I can feel it drying the water on my skin  
My skin is scorched  
Hot and crisp yet it feels refreshing  
I can feel the breeze in my hair, the water lapping at my ankles  
I breathe in the salty smell and stare out at the abyss  
Longing fills me  
Oh how I wish to let the current take me out to sea  
And return me to the place I belong  
To the place where I feel at home  
But why does the ocean make me feel this way?  
Perhaps I'm a Siren stranded on land  
A long way from where I'm supposed to be  
Perhaps I am homesick...

## An Oncoming Storm

The air is fresh  
It smells of lilacs and roses  
Magnolias and peaches  
But there is a darkness looming far in the distance  
The leaves start to turn up  
And clouds gather in the sky  
A storm is coming..

## My Lover's Eyes

His eyes

They shine brighter than any star I've ever seen

A kaleidoscope of colors always changing

They can be a blue deeper than the sea

or clearer than the skies

A green as rich as the grass in spring

Or a brown as pure as honey

No matter how many times I look into his eyes

I still manage to get lost in them

## Family

They say family is forever  
But when family is always the first to leave  
You soon realize, nothing lasts forever.



## Alone With the Moon

When I am alone at night  
The moon comforts me  
I tell him of my dreams, my sorrows, and my fears  
and in return he is light in the darkness  
It doesn't matter that you're not here to hold me, not anymore  
I have learned that I look forward to my time alone with the moon

## Blooming

Like a flower, I too shall grow again after being trampled  
I too shall bloom again  
Fresh and beautiful after the trying times

## What they don't tell you

People say that time heals all wounds

What they don't tell you is about the time before you heal

The pain, the loneliness, not being able to recall memories because it hurts

They don't tell you that'll you'll cry yourself to sleep

They don't tell you that you'll always miss your loved ones that are gone

They don't tell you that there are days where you wish you were dead so you can be with them again

And they don't tell you about the guilt you feel when you start to heal

That maybe you shouldn't be moving on yet, it's an insult to their memory

But moving on can bring you peace,

Maybe there will come a time when you can think of them; a brother, sister, mother, father, grandmother, or grandfather. Maybe you can think of them without crying at the memories

Oh it will be hard, but the smallest things can bring peace

A cardinal perched in a tree by you, a flower blooming, a child laughing

You will heal, but it will hurt

## Fire and Ice

He is fire  
passionate and hot tempered  
full of light and warmth  
He is life  
but left unchecked he can bring destruction

I am ice  
distant and detached  
full of darkness and cold  
But I bring balance to his flame  
I never let him lose control  
and he shows me how to love

Maybe this is why we go together so well  
I keep him safe  
And he teaches me how to live

## Home

The lights of the city dance around me  
Everything is moving so fast  
The people are always rushing by  
This is my home but I want so much more

I want the closeness of a tight knit community  
I want to watch the sunrise over the water's edge  
I want neighbors that become best friends  
I want a white picket fence life

I long for the slowness of a small town  
Someplace deep in the South where I can visit the ocean everyday  
I long to smell the salty air and look out into the abyss  
I long to see the stars every night

I can't help but think how simple life would be there  
But I am stuck here....  
wishing, waiting...  
Someday I'll make that small, sleepy town my home