Anthology of Night_Owl



Presented by

My poetic Side 🧣

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Dedication

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Dancing with the Angels

There is a path within the glow, where loved ones will be waiting. Walk forward on the winding road that guides you to your eternal home.

The shadow of your existence flickering in the light, around every corner, there is a memory; your spirit is everywhere.

Flourishing from your twinkling light radiates an orange glow. I will always think of you when I look at the illuminating sky.

As you dance alongside the angels' a sweet melody is flowing from your soul, the choir gives voice to your song and sings a heavenly chorus.

A small sigh escapes your lips when you realize inner peace.

Thinking of You

All too sudden gone from this earth, there is a void everywhere I look that will never be filled; at no time ignored. Forever in our hearts, you will always be.

Time has passed yet it stood still. We need to heal; the hurt is deep. I think of you throughout the day I will never forget your radiant spirit.

In a gentle voice, I hear you speak a message to all whom will listen:

"Do not grieve; for I am home in Gods' warm embrace surrounded by love. Just say my name, and there I'll be with memories past to make you smile.

While you dream, I will go to you to share my love, and to give you peace.

I will soothe the ache within your heart and find the strength when all is lost."

A Forgotten Love

"It had to be fate." ... The moment we met, there was a connection we could not deny. It cannot be ignored it would not be forgotten. The bond is strong; it will never be broken.

You held my hand as I followed blindly, on a path unfamiliar we walk the unknown.

Spending our days discovering the world anew ending the night in a cozy embrace feeling safe in your arms while you hold me tight. Nowhere else I would rather be.

Many years have passed and look at us now invaded by silence our words are forced. The majority of what you speak is hurtful; that echo through my mind.

"I miss the laughter" where has it gone?

I wish it could be like our love from the past, a hug or a kiss meant just for me. We still share those precious moments; however, they are rare.

Your steps are quick I am losing sight I have fallen behind; my steps are slow. Reach out to me and take my hand to pull me forward; walk by my side.

With tender hands and gentle steps carefully gather the shattered pieces;

to mend the wounds of my forgiving heart.

From you, three words are all I need,

for me to keep fighting for a love we once shared.

For You

All alone trapped with my thoughts excessively fast they would swirl in my head; an abundance of words too many to evade. Extremely loud it's hard to ignore my heart would ache for solitude.

Appearing from darkness a window glides open, with a glow made of kindness that gently shines through.

Afraid to move forward for fear of the unknown, I slowly approach, but stay at a distance. You welcomed me with open arms with your words of wisdom; words of support.

You've helped me more than I thought possible without hidden assumptions, there are no judgements. Because of that I will continue to grow, and for you that is why I write this poem.

Nightfall

Shading the light as darkness falls demons screeching in shadows of my mind.

A desperate need to hide to no avail to my chagrin, I have failed

captive of my imagination thoughts of hurtful words.

Inside, I feel superfluous and small like a scared little girl who could not shout.

Why

Why must I have this constant pain? Each day is a struggle. Why do I feel lonely even when surrounded by friends? No one will discover my charade as I hide behind my mask. Why do you cut me with your words? Sharp as a whip the scar is deep. Why can't I accept a kind word for me, not the feeling of insecurity? as I sit here with tears in my eyes, these are some of the thoughts that run through my head.

Saying Good-bye

Wish I could see you one more time to give you a hug and say good-bye. I am having a hard time believing you have passed. How do I accept the loss of my good friend? I will miss the loud knocking on my front door; you would stop by on the slightest whim you whirled me away like a hurricane. With only a moment's notice, our wanderings began. Whether we hopped into your car to shop or spend time with friends a day with you was quite the adventure; even when we talked about nothing. I can still remember when we first met; two hours after midnight and I was sitting on my porch. You started to throw rocks at a skunk; to scare him off. I told you to stop, he was not harming anyone. As I saw you walk towards me, I felt a little intimidated I remember thinking: "oh my God, what did I do?" But the concern I felt was for nothing; for you had a pleasant disposition. Admitting to me that it was wrong you apologized; and promised to never do it again. Not for a moment did I think we would become friends; unaware that a friendship was already forming. "Oh dear Lord, how I miss my friend."

The Power of Thoughts

Shadows of doubt hiding in the blinding light; following the waves of darkness. Waiting anxiously to delve into the depths of my mind to unleash words of despair it will loudly shout.

The battle becomes deafening with my silent screams; a war is raging inside my head. A hostage of my damaging thoughts, in a constant motion the words continue to flow.

An overwhelming desire for freedom there is no escape; its grip is tight.

Steadily impeding my inner vision a formidable obstacle; massive in size. The towering wall appears to be endless faintly touching the sky.

Immediately detecting a frailty, an outsider approaches the ominous wall. He chips away the protective barrier and guides me out of the dark.

He gave to me a precious gift the key of hope; the key to a lasting future.

Basking in the glow of midnight the beauty it designs I gaze intently. A teardrop glistening on my pale cheek as I whisper softly into the warm summer breeze: "Gone now is the power it attained,

not another moment my thoughts shall be persuaded."

Choices

You are the first to be seen after he walks through the door. From that second on I exist no more.

Granted he made the choice long before; my tolerance is painfully thin. I cannot compete with you; you will definitely win.

Suggestions are made; a day of fun is the intention, but then you come forth with a hissing sound. Cracked open once again, the seal is broken just like the promises when you are around.

You alter his personality, until he gets to be difficult to take. He is blind to the cunning of you; of how you provoke heartache.

Physically drained from the stress you induce; he must uncover his eyes and look at me. If the day arrives when he has to decide I wish that he will finally see.

An ultimatum might be a dreadful mistake; it may be the only thing to do. The hardest part is understanding that every occasion, he chooses you.

Here with You

Even though it was unexpected it was my time; I had to go. In a place of peace and eternal love, to God's warm embrace; oh how he loves me so.

Wipe away those tears for me; for I am standing beside you. Whispering in your ear with love; of memories past to calm you.

The days of when you find yourself lost and feel you are sinking in quicksand, close your eyes, and there I'll be; with a gentle smile to take your hand.

When you think of me, my dear, please do not cry, my eyes will be upon you always from the heavens up in the sky.

If Only

Yearning for the simple joys that were missed; secluded by depression and anxiety. Boundless pleasures eluding each grasp; with growing concern of ridicule.

Singing out loud to a favorite song; voice resonating inside the house. Dancing to the rhythm of the pounding beat as it vibrates the core of emotion.

The wind flutters around like butterfly kisses, the heat from the sun caressing one cheek. As he thoroughly sniffs every blade of grass walking the dog is most enjoyable.

Judgmental glances behind the window; probing each private thought. The hidden reality will be exposed by opening that sealed door.

If closely peering, it will be seen the heartache and rage coursing within. The shame glowing like an aura that is hard to miss.

Praying to God to find inner peace from this loneliness that is unbearable, sadness seeping from tired eyes each morning that they open.

Silent words are spoken through the eyes desolation shouts.

Bottle of Emotions

It is difficult to express emotion; to society, I appear standoffish. I keep my feelings locked securely; they are safer in a bottle.

Whether to comfort a friend with soothing words or partake in cries of delight, weak and bruised with invisible scars strangled by fear; my emotions continue to hide.

Frequently with the crack of a smile, the lid is ajar. As an emotion slowly rises over the edge other emotions start to rush to the surface, I mentally take hold; firmly tightening the cover.

A gentle hand is needed to loosen the temporary shelter. Someday I hope to open that bottle and let the emotions flow.

Lost

Peering through the eyes that once sparkled; now weeping with sorrow turning to ice.

With each teardrop flowing within; becoming emotionally numb I slowly die.

Emotions drained forever lost; I exist no more inside I am dead.

I glance at you through new eyes; and see the truth that cannot be denied.

Self-portrait

A comforting shoulder to rest upon; to absorb the trickle of sadness. Encouraging words to ease your struggles; a loyal friend you will have in me.

I will get you to smile forming a tickle in your chest. Releasing a soft chuckle; causing the laughter to explode.

I see the good qualities in everyone I meet in addition, never ignore what I see beneath. I do not judge on one's appearance for each imperfection has a story.

I must admit that I am a perfectionist rewarding at times, but also frustrating. My passions are to draw and pen my words getting lost in creative stimulant.

Cursed

Numbing the ache that is possessing your core finding false comfort in a liquid abyss. Desperately trying to hold onto stability as each puncture draws you closer to death.

Spiraling uncontrollably into a private realm crumbling the walls of your existence with determination, you gather the rubble and try to build a new structure.

Your demons tucked away just below the surface looking for the next opportunity to come forth one wrong decision could reverse the course, and all your struggles would be for naught.

You are on a roller coaster heading uphill suddenly the track plummets; and all is lost. Restore the track in a new direction and leave behind the old passengers.

Search deep for the cause of your distress to calm the monsters within. Be proud of today and all you have accomplished; do not dwell on what is past.

Sleepless Nights

Blindly thrust into creation settled inside a strangers' arms moments later cuddled and warm; unaware of the wickedness to come.

Not able to recognize the beast at a glance, he wore a cunning disguise; that concealed his existence.

Loved by many who did not notice; feared by all with his venomous stare. Why was I the only to see the monster residing behind the flesh?

Sleep is an illusion that I must not succumb; for if my eyes fall he will emerge. A towering nightmare that hovers above, I cannot scream; for destruction would follow.

Trapped

Did you indeed perish or just desirous thinking? Has my mind wantonly provoked me to believe it genuine?

Awakened by the echo of an uncertain scream as my nightmare surrounds the darkness, a menacing presence the terror is paralyzing; is this a dream or actuality?

The panic is suffocating my ability to react; my impulse is eager to vanish from sight. Trapped in my nightmare without an escape, melted into the shadows of a forgotten moment.

In my subconscious, why do you haunt? With each visit, I flourish sharper. You ripped the innocence from my soul, but I held firmly to my spirit; of that you could not steal.