

Unsaid thoughts

?????

Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

Escape;

Listen;

Stuck;

What mother earth taught me;

Tears;

Not very long ago; In a land not so far away;

Why I Cry;

Who are you;

So much life left to live;

Invisible;

Escape;

Where the thoughts meets the soul,
There's the answer, that makes you whole,
Where there lies truth, no doubts no fear
Where there's no proof that the world is real,
Where reality is no farther than dreams,
Where there's tears, flowing in streams,
Where gently the sunlight beams,
Where peace cleans what time won't heal....
Beyond all that I feel....
Where I'll live after my last breath...
Wearing forever, a mystic wreath,
To live in the land of the dead...
To live in the promised land....

Listen;

Sshhh...

Be quiet... and listen...

To the sky above and earth below and peace within...

To the rhythmic pattering of the rain blessing down...

To the cricket singing...

To the grass rustling...

To the owls hooting...

To the leaves rumbling...

For those who listen,

there are words within...

through the loudness within the quiet

Oh, there are words, can't you hear 'em?

Be quiet, and listen..

Can't you hear the words they speak in unison...

Maybe the words are tangible..

But to be touched they are too frangible

Maybe the words are a feeling...

I can't explain but it's ever so appealing...

To The soul who's listening and not hearing

To the soul who's listening and eagerly waiting...

Wait a little longer an you might hear them singing

Stuck;

Stuck.

I'm stuck between society's expectations
and my own humane limitations

I'm stuck between my choice
and their overruling voice

I'm stuck between what i want
and what they want for me

I'm stuck between making them proud
and what i really want for me

Stuck.

I'm stuck between my self,
between mind and soul.

Stuck whether i should listen,
Or to go chasing after my dreams.

I'm stuck from both sides,
and I'll be crushed in between....

I'm Stuck.

What mother earth taught me;

Oh, how the dandelions that taught me to let go;
And how the great old trees that taught me to grow.
And pesky weeds that taught me life finds a way;
And the flowers that whispered, "You'll bloom one day".

And the beach that told me to be calm like the ocean;
and the ocean that told me to be wild like the waves.

And the clouds that let me rest in their fantasies;
Or the stars that guided me with their legacy.

And the autumn trees that taught me change is good;
Or the dead dried leaves who told me change isn't easy
Like Fireflies that told me, "you're never too small,"
Or the great mountains that taught me to stand tall

Tears;

Funny how

Ethereal tears

Carry so much weight

Not very long ago; In a land not so far away;

Do you hear the rubble cry?

Do you hear the stones scream?

Lullabies buried mid-sentence...

Dead while between dreams...

Kids who never woke from slumber

Gone are the eyes that burned like stars

Infants who never made it to summer

Living in the middle of war

Living through things too violent for fantasy...

Do you really still believe in humanity?

Buried with so many dreams,

Nowhere but in a land called *Palestine*.

Why I Cry;

In the quiet moments, my heart starts to speak.

In the loud silence, my thoughts start to leak

Deep in the night, my souls whispers to me

run, run, run you know you're not free

The day weighs down drowning me in tears

And suddenly the world is full of my fears

I cry because I don't know who I am when no ones close

I cry because maybe behind my friends hide my foes

I cry because i don't know if im living the life i really want

I cry because i dont know what it is for which i long

so I cry, I cry, I cry, I cry

I cry because i think, maybe it'll help

i cry thinking maybe ill find myself

I cry, and i cry till the night cuddles me

And through my tears i drift to sleep

Who are you;

Who were you before the world told you who you should be?

Who were you, little child, when you had a dream?

Were you the soul of an astronaut,
before the world told you you're not?

Were you the soul of a poet,
before the world took it and crushed it?

Were you a teacher, a learner, a preacher?
a leader, a dreamer, a healer?

The world doesn't tell you who you are

Nor does it tell who you ought to be

You still can be who you were

Be the little child with a dream

So much life left to live;

So much life left to live
And there's so little time
So much life left to live
Dunno if im doing it right

So much life left to live
Will i spend it all like this?
So much life left to live
But will i ever live to be me?
So much life left to live
Just gotta make it through

So much life left to live
But is this all I'll ever be?
So much life left to live
Can i spend some of it free?
So much life left to live
Wish i could begin anew
So much life left to live
But will i make it through?

Invisible;

Sometimes,
When people look at me,
I don't feel *seen*
Though they know i'm there.
I've always been.
They see right through me
Like I'm not here
I just hope
One day Ill be the choice
and not just an option

And I hope one day
In a crowd of people
I could rest assured
Knowing someone'd pick me