

Poetic Adversity

Andrea Elrod



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My poetic side 

summary

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Written by: Andrea Elrod

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Intro

"Poetic Adversity" is a collection of poems divided into four chapters: Loss & Memory, Addiction & The Battle Within, Love & Relationships, and Purpose & Reflection. The poems delve into deeply personal experiences, exploring themes of pain, healing, and the search for meaning. In the first chapter, grapples with the pain of losing loved ones, expressing feelings of "pain of your absence lingers, no relief despite my prayers" and the struggle to cope with the void they left behind. The second chapter confronts the battle against addiction, portraying it as "chasing a thirsty dragon" and highlighting the internal conflict and the struggle for redemption. The poems explore the destructive nature of addiction and the difficulty of breaking free from its grasp, where "the pain of losing it all is not worth the high I obtained." The third chapter examines the complexities of love and relationships, from longing and heartbreak to forgiveness and self-discovery, questioning "Why do you say you love me yet cling to your possessions?" and expressing the desire for genuine connection. These poems explore themes of unrequited love, loss, and the challenges of maintaining relationships amidst personal struggles, realizing that "love shouldn't beg, and hearts shouldn't break just to survive all the chances you take." The final chapter focuses on purpose and reflection, contemplating life's meaning and the importance of faith, stating "We are all here to fulfill a Divine Purpose" and emphasizing the need to look beyond material possessions to find true fulfillment. "Poetic Adversity" reflects on the chaos and greed in the world, to embrace compassion and seek a deeper understanding of purpose, understanding that "Life is full of tests we take only to study for it later." Ultimately, the collection emphasizes the power of love and faith in overcoming adversity, concluding that "even in the darkest of times, love can lead us back to the light," and serving as "a testament to the human spirit's capacity for redemption."

Chapter 1: Loss & Memory

Nostalgia

Recapturing moments through broken glass? Where splintered time and shadows pass, each shard holds a ghost, a frozen frame, of love, of loss, of whispered name.

Plagued with visions of your laugh, your love, your smile.

And all the arguments we had, now seem so juvenile.

My mother, my father, you were and always will be.

Your love, your compassion, your efforts, are forever etched within me.

The pain of your absence lingers,
no relief despite my prayers.
My beating heart is out of rhythm,
left struggling to find the snare.
Seconds crawl to
to minutes,
minutes drag their feet, hours slump like drunks against the morning's gray defeat.
I ask God nightly, 'Why did You take them away?' Silence answers, cold and gray, yet I kneel again
to pray.
Leaving me shattered and broken, unsure of where the pieces belong.
Faintly, hearing whispers, encouraging me to remain strong.

As a child, I stayed hidden under your wings,
protected and safe, nothing could harm me.
Now I'm afraid, alone, and in fear of everything.
Yearning for comfort, seeking the love only parents can bring.
It seems God has distance for my dreary circumstance.
My cries left unheard, in a state of irrelevance.

Still Missing You

Throughout all my years, I spoke to you, casting all my fears? Now morning comes, I reach for you,
And forget that you're nowhere near.

Some years have gone by
Since I last heard your voice.
Still feeling my heart being destroyed.
Never would I predict it would be this hard? As I put being without you in places I can't discard.

At night I'm torn, ambivalent, dreams where you still stay? I wake and hope, against all odds, to find
you, even though you remain away .
I'm left feeling let down when reality sinks in,
that another day is to live without you,

and so painful to comprehend.

My life is different now and so am I.

I've had to relearn everything that I thought I knew in life.

Only this time without you being by my side.

It's hard some days, then some days seem better.

Although the bad days are tormenting, almost too painful to endeavor.

I grapple with the anger of your sudden flight,

Betrayed by fate, my heart lost in the night.

There are those that proclaim that things happen with reasoning.

Although, losing you, I can feel my heart depleting.

I only hope missing you may get easier with time and

this mountain is less difficult to climb.

Being without your love is arduous indeed.

And with every step I take, I long for you to take them with me.

His Hurtful Last Words To Me

He looked at me, eyes dull and cold,

"What the hell are you doing here?"

And just like that?my heart caved in,

Shattered by his words, so ice-cold.

I had come with love in trembling hands,

A daughter needing something small.

Just a soft goodbye, a crack of light,

but he built another wall.

I stood there stunned, not sure to speak,

not even sure if he was talking to me.

I wanted to scream, I'm your daughter,
I'm here because I care,
but his voice was sharp, and full of fire,
and none of that was there.

I tried to make sense of his anger.
Was it pain that made him blind?
Was it cancer eating through his words,
or the damage in his mind?

Cirrhosis, Hep C, the wounds?
They stole the man I knew.
And maybe somewhere deep inside,
He missed me coming through.

But all I have are those last words,
They echo in my chest?
Not "I love you," not "thank you,"
Not even "I wish you the best."

And still I wonder, every night
If he'd been without his disease,
would he have instead changed
those final words to me?

Child of Fire

My childhood torn,
Between brightful day and a fearful night reborn.
My parents, lost in drunken rage,
turned loving hearts to a warlike stage.

Joy would visit, then take flight,
shadowed by the terror of night.

My brother and I, trapped in between,
witnessed horrors no child should have seen.

I watched my mother fall and bleed,
struck by fists, by anger freed.
Her helpless cries would fill the air,
while we, too small, could only stare.

Police would come, then go away,
then night would bring the same dismay.
Our home a stage of endless fights,
where darkness swallowed all the light.

My father, labeled the one to blame,
but both would fuel the fiery flame.
Alcohol stoked the rage they bore,
and violence ruled forever more.

We'd sit to watch our favorite show,
while knowing screams would soon bestow.
A terror that no child should bear.
We'd rush in, hands trembling, through despair.

Beside my mother, I'd try to sleep,
peace was fleeting, never deep.
For at any moment, rage would storm,
and shatter what little warmth was born.

My childhood ended, age eleven,
A life less lived than it was given.
I share my story, not for pain,
but for those trapped in the same disdain.

The trauma lingers, shadows cling,
anxiety, depression, fear they bring.
Though my parents rest, their ghosts remain,

and love feels twisted, wrapped in shame.

I struggle with trust, with closeness, with my heart,
haunted by the role I played from the start.
Nevertheless, in darkness, hope can gleam,
for healing waits beyond the screams.

Chapter 2: Addiction & The Battle Within

Past

Everyone has a past they wish they could forget,
but for some, it lingers like a bad debt.

No matter what we try, it won't go away.
Even prayers don't keep it at bay.

I tried to numb the pain,
but it only led me further into its grasp,
driving me insane.

I put my past before everything, regretting painful things I did, making relationships hard to mend.

Evil knew just how to get to me.
The trap was well-laid.
Having the devil tempt me, for as my soul, he wanted to trade.

Blaming past trauma on the ruthlessness of my actions.
Using drugs as a temporary, unworthy distraction.

Erasing traumatic memories,
Now I know that is not an option.
Living as a progeny of pain, my soul's legal adoption.

Although I continue living with unwanted waves of recollection? Hoping to find some dignity in what stares back at my reflection.

Solitude

In quiet moments,
I reflect on shadows of my past,
pondering the choices made,
the lessons learned at last.

I face the echoes of those I let down,
in pride, I forged my path and wore a heavy crown.

My flesh led me in circles,
tripping on my own demise,
Now I gaze upon my choices,
Seeing it through new eyes.

Karma's ledger calls my name,
debts stacked high in regret.
A haunting reel of wrongs replayed,
a truth I'll never forget.

One fear clings to my spirit,
this awakening might fade.
I continue to pray, to rise above the old ways I once laid.

Temptation still scratches softly
at the door of my resolve.
Whispering of failures past, urging me to dissolve.

Though, I've faced my demons,
And the worn-out song I know.
Through faith, I found my foundation,
I refuse to fall below.

How simple it can be to slip back into the shadows of my old design.
But the brightness of the light, it shines,
A strength that's truly mine.

The greatest gift I found was the essence of my soul.
The purpose for living and the reason to remain whole.

Warning signs were all around me,
I turned a blind eye.
It required the loss of everything to finally abide.

My father warned of my stubborn ways,
That those paths would lead to pain,
But his wisdom fell like raindrops, that I poured down the drain.

Yet, I must embrace the past,
for it cannot be undone.
The choices that I make today,
my legacy lives on.

With every step I take.
I hope my parents see me rise.
Wishing that they're proud of me,
somewhere in the afterlife.

I stand today in solitude,
with lessons carved in stone.
A journey filled with heartache,
But so much of me has grown.

In this tapestry of life,
I weave a brighter thread.
Realizing the paths I'd taken were damagingly misled.

Chasing A Thirsty Dragon

Here's your prescription.
A remedy so small.
For worries that weigh heavy and pain that beats all.

The ivy of your troubles, the vines of disarray.
Take another dose.
Armor up for today.

It's a cycle that spirals,
a loop with no end.
The honeyed glue of addiction,
A false, fleeting friend.

Euphoria dances,
Tempting the mind,
As phantoms of pleasure
Leave reason behind.

The rhythm of your heartbeat
Caught in charades.
Yet soon will unravel
In the comfort that you made.

Delirium wraps you in threads of silk,
Woven madness
Blanket choices that you've built.

Here is your prescription
And a lonely road ahead.
Later, dreaming of moments you wish you could reset.

Chasing a thirsty dragon
May be hard to slay,
Eating dust from its feet
And choking on the taste.

Here is your prescription,
It's side effects, I warn.
May you find the relief
You came here looking for.

The Devil In the Wind

Sometimes I fall and it seems easier just to fall rather than climb back up.
For when I fall, I feel free.
I feel as though I can fly, but I can't.
I simply fall so fast and hard that everything starts spinning and rushing, there's no time to think.
I get sucked into the storm and then spit out at the brink.
Coming to my senses is always too late.
I lose everything.
Everything about myself.
All my efforts are in vain.
The pain of losing it all is not worth the high I obtained.

Shame, guilt, anger, and madness, feed me till I'm full.
As I self reproach and surrender to the pull.

The storm calls me, the devil in the wind.
A perpetual loop, beginning back to end.

Bricks

Brick by brick, I built this home.
Each piece with purpose in which it owns.

It was the hardest task I ever did face.
As I made sure everything was in its right place.

Then suddenly, my house collapsed, tumbling to the ground.
My heart started drumming, I felt every pound.

Confused by the aftermath, all the destruction in sight.
What caused this to happen?
I pondered through the night.

Was it the weight of my burdens too heavy to bear?
Or the cracks in my foundation, too deep to repair?

I stood amidst the rubble feeling lost and alone.
Wondering how to rebuild what was once my home.

As I sifted through debris, a realization grew.
Sometimes, I must let go and build something new.
Within the destruction, there may lie something beautiful underneath.
Just believe in yourself and let your heart guide your feet.

Remembering that sometimes ruins let us build something new? The fall becomes the foundation,
the loss becomes the view.

Love may lie dormant down deep in a pit,
while faith holds the purpose that mortars each brick.

Tornado

Amidst the chaos, the wails and the screams,
destruction abounds, shattering my dreams.

I cry out in anguish, but the noise never ends.
Longing for peace, for this turmoil to mend.

Through the anguish, the pain, and the loss,
The choices I've made now come with a cost.

My grace has run dry, leaving wounds in its wake.
Wondering if prayers will pardon my mistakes.

I know God is near, but I'm lost in my mind.
Searching for Him, His presence I cannot find.

I needed His guidance for the pain to subside, a whisper came, "Have faith, and abide."

As I take a deep breath and begin to see, the strength to overcome resides within me.

Though the world may crumble and chaos reigns,
with trust in the Lord, my spirit regains.

I'll stand firm and strong, for He is by my side.
His love and grace, my fears to override.

Through the storm and the strife, I'll find my way,
emerging victoriously each trying day.

Moments

Every moment carries purpose, hidden deep within.
Waiting for the right time to reveal its true intent.

Denial, may blind the truth meant to be seen, but silence wears a mask of serpentine.

Regrets of the past may linger, unchangeable and stark, echoes of our actions, leaving an indelible mark.

Cowardice may blind the truth to see what's underneath.
Once revealed, we fight for liberation we vow to keep.

We often fail to see the cost of love we push aside.
Only to face the aftermath, where our broken hearts reside.

We flip through pages of pain, the weight of our transgressions.
Finding that our hollow apologies lack any real confessions.

Desperate whispers of remorse, falling on deaf ears.
As if holding the court of silence, for someone just to hear.

Our hands are criminals to the fires that we've made.
Condemning us for our wrongdoing, leaving us alone in the ashes that we laid.
Moments pass, whether wrong or right.
Just thoughts remembered as we lay in bed each night.

Chapter 3: Love & Relationships

Questions Left Unanswered

Why do you say you love me yet cling to your possessions?
If I had to leave here today, what would be your confession?
Would it break your heart to lose me, to not see my face?
Or would you move on in silence and bury my love in its grave?

What are you feeling that you refuse to let me know?
Are you afraid to reveal what is hidden down below?
Why do you allow your silence to leave me in despair?
Lost in a sea of questions, drowning, yet you're unaware.

How long must I carry the burdens of the past?
Is my suffering just to see how long I'll last?
Despite my anguish, I love you now and will still after my dying day, a delicacy that I crave.

Do you ever think of me as often as I think of you?
Or are thoughts of me fleeting and pushed right on through?
Am I a part of your future, or just a ghost from the past?
Is your cruelty a test, to see how long I'll last?

Will you share the answers I long to hear each day?
Will you stand up for our love and chase the fear away?
Will you answer these questions that encumber my thoughts?
And love me again with moments never lost?

I'll Wait For You

Each day, I long to feel your warm touch,
Your sweet affection.

Only truly satisfied when I'm yours and your heart's my possession.

Though rejection may linger, my heart will always stay.
I rise each morning eager, dreaming of you every day.

In the past, I was misguided by what I thought love could be.
I wandered through the shadows, feeling lost and empty.
Wondering why my heart felt like a fading,
distant light, with no hope I'll ever find.

My dreams of being loved just became a distant fantasy.
Leading me to question, 'Was love out there waiting for me?'

Discouraged and left with heartache, I realized love was just a game.
A fleeting, fickle notion, nothing to obtain.

Suddenly, an essence of purpose wrapped in skin,
came along and unlocked the cage I'd found myself in.
From our very first encounter, my heart filled with delight.
You turned my darkness into light.
You showed me real love, with no need for convincing.
Our hearts entwined so effortlessly, I found what my heart was missing.

Unfortunately, beneath the surface, I battled demons deep inside.
In my struggle, I caused you pain and your love began to hide.

How quickly a sweet melody can turn to disarray.
As if the devil beats the drums in a string- only symphony.

The pounding drowned the whispers of those I held so dear, pushing true love away that I looked for
all these years.

But here I stand, despite my flaws, ready to wait for you.

Forever sorry for the hurt, for all the pain I put you through.

If I never feel your love again before our time is done,
I know that the hope of us has kept me living on.

It saddens me to think of a world where we're apart.
When death comes, may it take my broken heart.

As long as I have air that my solid lungs can breathe,
may one day it be shared with you, with you right next to me.

Reminisce

Your words, they don't go unheard, they settle deep in my heart, where all that you are never
departs.

From the moment we met, I sensed something rare.
Compelled to explore what was already there.

Quickly, I realized you were the missing piece in my life.
The way you make me feel, beyond riches, beyond strife.

Mistakes of the past, I wish I could undo.
Their weight serves as a lesson that I never should have put you through.

The pain of losing you, like shattering each bone,
etching it forever in memory, carved into stone.

My days are now centered on how to keep you near.
For losing you has become my deepest fear.

My tears, they fall, for the wounds I've caused.
It's fair, for the pain I brought on.

You ask why I care now and when given the chance, I'll unveil my all, vividly enhanced.

No words can capture the depth of what I feel.
If you could see inside my heart, it'd all be revealed.

Your love is like a warm bath inside my soul,
captivating feelings I can't control.

Though our time together is passing us by,
I couldn't leave without giving it one last try.

If I must be without you and have moments missed,
I'll cherish the ones we had, our love to reminisce.

The Longing Heart

As I look at her, I wonder why she doesn't see, the one she loves will never be.
Holding onto hope.
Believing that love will find a way and bring him back home.

She couldn't bear to live without him, that much is true.
Whether or not he loves her, may be misconstrued.

She'll always love him, it seems that's her fate.
If only he truly loved her back, she wouldn't have to wait.

Although, there she is, waiting for him to return.
Eyes to the sea, where her feet stand firm.
The rippling water, her tears blur her reflection.

Her mind is distorted with perception.
But love surpasses the misery she keeps, waiting for him, as she weeps and she weeps.

No One on the Other Side

I gave you my days.
I gave you my nights.
Burned through my spirit just trying to fight.
I built every bridge.
I opened each door.
You never showed?you wanted no more.

I tied my bleedin'heart in pain.
This pain, crying out for you, screaming your name.
In return is silence?no empathy, just emptiness, far less than sympathy.

I spoke in soft thunder.
I whispered in the rain.
Hoping you'd hear through the weight of my pain.
I stretched myself thin, till I barely could stand.
Still reaching, still hoping you'd offer your hand.

But love shouldn't beg, and hearts shouldn't break
just to survive all the chances you take.
I stood at the edge and waited in vain?But no one was there, just echoes and pain.

It hits like a storm, the truth when it lands:
You can give all you have, but still be unmanned.
You can try, you can believe and still fall?
Because some never answer, no matter the call.

So I'm done with the silence, the cold, and the chase,
with losing myself just to fill in your place.
I won't hold on to what's hollow with pride?
It's time to let go...when I know no one's waiting on the other side.

Alone

The thought of losing someone is hard to bear and holding on only brings more despair.

Hopes and dreams turn into disillusion, bringing on deep depression, along with seclusion.

Despite the pain, the heart fights to survive.

As absence kills anything left inside.

No hope remains of reasons to care.

Feeling beat down, crying out in despair.

Alone with your thoughts with no room to spare.

Lost in the moments, shared throughout time.

Leaving you in pieces when they left you behind.

A selfish kind of pain, only felt first-hand.

The empathy can't feel what hurt apprehends.

Soon the loss will reach a subtle peak.

Where illusions proceed for the sake of grief.

Finding solace in tears that is now your new home.

Discovering peace by being alone.

Let Love In

Past wounds and scars may shroud our hearts with pain.

Blocking love, the beacon that guides our way.

If we let love in and learn to let go, we'll learn love is better if it's shown.

In the depths of darkness, wounds lie deep.

Where scars of the past haunt our sleep.

Believing in love's light shines through the pain,
guiding us through its labyrinth domain.

Let go of the anger, let go of the fear.
Opening our hearts to let love near.
Love's essence is the music that carries on.
A beautiful melody, playing an infinite song.

In the end, love will remain.
Transcending through the hurt of all past pain.
With love's embrace, we'll find our way as scars from the past fade away.

The Labyrinth Beneath the Cabin

Through whispering woods where the shadows sway,
I followed a path that had slipped away.
Leaves cracked softly beneath each stride,
Like a half-forgotten lullaby, time tried to hide.

Through sun-starved trees and a dim green gloom,
I stumbled upon an abandoned room?
A cabin hunched like a secret kept,
where ancient stories curled and slept.

Its door breathed open with a timbered groan,
As if warning me to turn back home.
But curiosity, sharp and deep,
Pulled me inside where memories creep.

Dust swirled gently in trembling beams,
Walls peeling back their long-lost dreams.
Cobweb curtains swayed in the air
Thick with silence, thick with scare.

A pot on the stove, a chair left still?
As though someone paused against their will.

The cabin watched with patient eyes,
Holding back truths in its demise.

Then under a rug, nearly concealed,
A trapdoor begged to be unsealed.
Its hinges screamed as I pulled it wide,
And a stairwell yawned to the dark inside.

Downward I stepped where the cold air crept,
Where silence thickened and something slept.
A corridor stretched in a stone-cold hush,
Doors marked strange in faded rust.

Whispers hummed through the shaky air,
Like voices trapped in despair.
Then in the wall, one stone loose,
Held a box with a key meant to choose.

A wooden door waited, locked and still?
The key turned slow as if testing my will.
Inside, tall shelves in shadows stood,
Guarding secrets misunderstood.

A desk lay cluttered with relics old,
Letters yellowed, stories untold.
Carved in the wood, a chilling doubt:
"The door is locked. There is no way out."

Panic rose sharp in my pounding chest,
I beat the door in a frantic test.
The silence swallowed every cry?
The cabin, it seemed, enjoyed the sight.

Collapsed in fear on the dusty floor,
I spotted a glimmer beneath a board.

A golden plate with a riddle read:
A labyrinth waits in the worlds ahead,
Each clue you find, each door you free,
Will lead you further in mystery.
Behind each path, a trial awaits,
A choice that twists the hands of fate.

Before I could breathe, the lights snapped black?
My pulse raced wild, no turning back.
Then a spotlight cut through the shadows deep,
Revealing a figure too lost to speak.

A woman trapped in a cage of steel,
Eyes wide, unsure what was real.
She begged for help through trembling fear?
But the darkness whispered, "No one is here."

I called to her softly, "I'm trapped too,"
But the cage between us split her view.
The labyrinth breathed with a wicked art,
Testing mind, testing heart.

A single spark passed through the gloom,
A quiet heat lit the room.
Her gaze brushed mine, a stolen touch,
A longing neither meant to clutch.

Though caged in iron, trapped and bound,
A quiet hunger curled around.
No vows were said, no chains undone,
Yet something deeper had begun.

The darkness watched with a jealous chill,

As tension climbed against our will.
Two strangers caught in wicked fate,
Whose hearts it sought to captivate.
But even in the quiet where the memories still ached,
a part of her kept whispering that she wasn't meant to break.

The bruises on her spirit
slowly faded into grace?
She learned that even wounded wings can lift you from a place.

One day the door that held her wasn't locked the way it seemed, and the girl who once felt
powerless rose steady and redeemed.

She walked out of that shadowed cage with a trembling, fearless light?not running from the
darkness, but reclaiming her own found light.

And when soft hands later touched her, they didn't try to hold her down;
they traced the shape of freedom like a halo she had found.

A kiss became a promise that she'd never feel confined, a breath against her collarbone rewriting
her storyline.

In the warmth of gentle passion she discovered something true:
you can leave the cage behind and still let someone close to you.

For love that doesn't chain you
is the sweetest kind of flame?
it burns away the old ache
and calls you by your name.

She made it out?
not just surviving,
but alive in every way.
A woman forged from wildfire,
who learned desire doesn't prey.

Now every touch feels softer,

every kiss a healing page?
proof that even shattered hearts can rise and walk out of the cage.

Forgotten

Gifts of gold and diamonds, you can put away.
Those aren't the things that'll make me stay.
I long for thought, for love that's shown.
In ways that make me feel I'm known.

You go all out for others on special days,
With gifts and words and thoughtful displays.
But when it comes to me, it feels so small-
Like I barely matter to you at all.

All these years, I've stood with grace,
Doing my part to hold this place.
I mow the lawn, and put plants in the ground,
So you can rest, not run around.

My love is quiet, strong, and deep.
In things I give and time I keep.
But on special days, I feel left behind.
Like thoughts of me never cross your mind.

It's not what you give that holds my heart.
It's the effort you put into it, while we're apart.

On special days, I feel left out.

Like love was something you could do without.

I tell you these things to help you see.

To give a damn, to notice me.

Not for the chores or things I do.

But for all the love I give to you.

Unspoken

I carry your name in the back of my mind throat,

Choking on syllables, with feelings, I spoke.

You walk through my thoughts more than you know.

Leading me, everywhere that I go.

Though convincing myself, silence is safer somehow,

But my heart always speaks, when my lips won't allow.

I've felt you beside me, felt truth in your eyes, in the spaces too honest to hide.

All I need is clarity that I wasn't alone,

Where we made love down to the bone.

When the world fell quiet and the air felt alive,

Where eyes said more than what we tried to hide.

Ask me what lingers, I won't pretend,

It isn't the past and you as my friend.

It's the love I feel that won't let you go,

Lying deep in my heart, deep in my soul.

I won't chase a future that's not meant to be,

but I won't erase what was real to me.

Truths don't fade, they just learn how to wait,

As love stands still at an unopened gate.

The One I Can't Live Without

Through every storm, you stayed right by my side,
A constant friend, my heart's faithful guide.
When I felt lost, you helped me find my way.
You never left, you always chose to stay.

In every laugh and tear, you showed you cared,
With gentle words and love you always shared.
You saw the real me, broken yet still true,
And loved me hard in ways I never knew.

From friendship's roots, a deeper feeling grew,
A love so strong, so honest, so true.
It filled the spaces I didn't know were bare,
Never failing, you're always there.

I can't imagine life without you near,