

Anthology of SunSearcher



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

In dedication to my three beautiful children. They are my reason for living to which my endless love will always be devoted. Also, to my wonderful mother, who no matter how much she tried to get me to enjoy reading as a child, had to wait 30 years to see it happen...thank you for never giving up on me.

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Shore

Have you ever stood on the shore
Staring at the incoming tide?
She comes in to embrace you only to pull away again.
She swirls and sizzles just before
She rebels and retracts.
With each push she brings new treasures
As she pulls they remain to be discovered.

As does a child grow before your very eyes
Does the wonder of the incoming tides.
The child does too embrace you but in the blink of an eye will leave you.
They scream and giggle.
Rebel and retract? Oh the child will do this, that is a fact.
And with each day this child is a treasure.
A true God given gift I have discovered.

A Mothers Mind

How can my love run so deep
Yet also make we want to run away and weep?

You started so small and fragile
Grew bigger with the cutest giggle.
Newfound voice and innocence
To a mother is absolute bliss.
This love so strong
I wanted it prolonged
Creation number two then came along.

You started so small and fragile
Grew bigger with the cutest giggle.
Newfound voice and innocence
To a mother is absolute bliss.
Why stop at two
For that is so few?
To make a perfect world
We should try for a girl.
So our third creation
Brought us our perfection.

Things were great for so long
Then a day comes along
Everyone seems mad
Everyone seems sad.
How do we go back to what we had?

It is the time for cars
Staring at girls from afar
Oh, and the female nature
She has a voice so loud and hateful.

All my beautiful little creations
Have changes happening.
We are running on hope
That one day it will all seem a joke.
My mind races with insecurity....
Do we have enough money
For all my bees to make their honey?
Have I done what is best
On this day that has put me to the test?
Will they grow to have strong morals?
Will they love with great depth?
Choose compassion over hatred?
A few of the things for which I am uncertain .

Day after day after day
Things only seem to grow harder.
Sometimes I find myself in a corner
Hiding away
So the tears I shed
Will not put questions in their heads.

How can my love run so deep
Yet also make me want to run away and weep?.....

Most days now I find myself just wanting to be alone.
Does this make me unworthy
Of these beautiful creatures?
How do I make these feelings stop?
How did it all turn to displeasure?

How can my love run so deep
Yet also make me want to run away and weep?.....

First

A smell faintly drifts by
And suddenly I'm taken back in time.
To a time of adolescent uncertainty
But I fell for you whole heartedly.

With my senses I taste
Something strangely familiar.
I think and think with such haste
Until I remember the smile of your face.

I gave to you my all
My heart, body, and soul.
Not a day goes by that I regret
Because the best of you I can never forget.
He is my oldest and of him I am so proud
This crazy plan that God had we will never figure out.
He is intelligent, handsome, and caring
I am so blessed by him, so I thank you for sharing.

Winter

I know I should go
I hear the voices telling me daily
Yet here I stay
Suffering through this pain, it's insanity.

With you my days grow shorter
As I dream of someplace warmer.
Chilled to the bones I hear everything
My soul frozen I feel nothing.

You're the worst thing that could ever happen to me
Wrapping your long dark arms around
Never allowing me to flee.

Cold bitterness you press upon my soul
Evil darkness lurking everywhere I turn.
RUN RUN RUN!!! my mind screams.
Yet here I stay suffering through the pain.

Release me from your icy clutches
Free my spirit of your doom
Here I sit trapped inside this cellar
Cloaked within in your wicked power.

And here I stay
Suffering through the pain....

Pharmacy Blues

My career hath made me oh so jaded.
I'm well aware of why I so hate it.
This is a story of which I must tell,
And free myself of this hell.

Not rain, nor sleet, nor snow
Will slow the seeking of their Norco.
These people have become so weak
They don't even care that they've begun to stink.
They mustn't feel so all alone
Several are also seeking their Suboxone.

When did our world become so chemically dependant?!
There must be an end to it.
No wonder everyone has become so crazy.
They all became so incredibly lazy.
Easier to pop a pill everyday at 3
Than to deal with their own reality.

Oh, things aren't going how you hoped they would have been?
How about we give some benzodiazepines!
Have a little pain after your fall?
How about 120 Tramadol!
Oh! You broke a bone?!
Then you must have Oxycodone!
But not just for a day or two,
That simply won't do!
Take it two months just to say you did,
Then we'll give you some Dilaudid!

You see things are difficult such as death,
disease, pollution.

But taking pills is not the solution.
If you have trouble sleeping at night
Try getting off your butt and go for a hike.
Some exercise will help you achieve your REM.
No need to take that Zolpidem.

When did our world become so chemically dependant?!
There must be an end to it.
No wonder everyone has become so crazy.
They all became so incredibly lazy.
Easier to pop a pill everyday at 3
Than to deal with their own reality.

Afraid you may no longer be a size three?
Then don't forget your Phenteramine!
Then you'll surely be skinny as a rail,
Even if your heart begins to fail.

Those kids of yours are not calm at all!
I think they need some Adderall.
Can't you see they just need some attention!
Stop giving them all of that Ritalin.

When did our world become so chemically dependant?!
There must be an end to it.
No wonder everyone has become so crazy.
They all became so incredibly lazy.
Easier to pop a pill everyday at 3
Than to deal with their own reality.

Now please understand,
There are many who need help every now and then.
But I feel certain
It's not as many as who have come to rely upon them.

Every prescription drug has its place

But they are over prescribed to the point of disgrace.
So even if you're in mourning
Remember they may become habit forming.

1/6/17

Dancers Passion

**Dream ~ from the depth of your
Animate ~ to bring it to life**

soul

**Noise ~ the music to guide your
Celebrate ~ this wondrous
Express ~ don't keep it hidden**

stride

masterpiece

inside

Release

Release

Energy pulses through my soul
Begging for release.
Daily life is so mundane
It has me crying out... "Please!"
Please don't go to work today!
Please, chase that golden sun!
Please dance, sing, and play!
Please please just run!

I need a creative outlet,
That should help indeed.
Time slips away without consent.
Just need some time to be freed.
Freed of all this commitment.
Freed from all this debt.
Freed from this environment
Freed from the stress of it.

1/11/17

My Brew

My brew, oh how I love you.
I wake, then wobble down stairs
Much to my delight you are always there.
With this modern technology
I only have to wait for a minute.
Then to froth you up, I simply just spin it.
I go to sit my weary body down
Then take my first sip...aaahhhh
You've taken away my frown.
I sit right here for a bit enjoying my solitude.....
Slowly sipping my nice warm brew.

1/15/17

Carousel

As the carousel spins round
I can't help but smile.
One by one with joy abound
The horses trot right on by.

A mom and a child, they both embrace
To hold steady as it takes off to race.
Racing and charging to be the first one
To the finish line to see what they've won.

That little blond baby,
What will her future hold?
Or the boy with hair so wavy
Will this life keep him until he grows old?

So many possibilities for these young souls.
We should pray for them all to follow God's plan.
Pray that they dream, achieve, and grow
Because one day our world will be in their hands.

1/15/17

Lines

As I gaze into this reflective haze
I'm suddenly aware of each line upon my face.
Sadness begins to take hold.
Why oh why must I grow so old?
I put on the cream each and every night
Yet here they all appear, the many life lines I fight.
But wait...I suppose that is indeed what they are!
Each and every one is a reminder of this life.
They are to be cherished, these battle scars.
Each crease caused by this life's journey
Each line formed to celebrate its glory.
You've done it! You've made it this far!
So look at them and celebrate this work of art.
And cherish each wrinkle upon your face
Knowing that it is only by God's grace.

1/17/17

Trapped

I'm trapped
Living within these walls feels like a deadly disease
I'm trapped
Suffocating from all of this responsibility.
I'm trapped
Having so many lives depending on me.
I'm trapped
At times I just want to be set free.

Days go by with such monotony
My life doesn't even have time for me.

I'm trapped
Caged in by all of this love in my heart
I'm trapped
In the beginning wasn't aware of this part
I'm trapped
Who knew it would've been this hard
I'm trapped
Being dealt this hand of cards.

Days go by with such monotony
My life doesn't even have time for me.

But why?

The day will come that you'll wonder how I expressed these thoughts aloud.

So when you've grown into such a thoughtful adult, know you've made me proud.

JOY, sorrow, pain, and strain are all part of parenting, which I would do over in a heartbeat and from none of it refrain.

See these moments of JOY are much easier to express.

Through everyday motions and daily routines it's easy to show my LOVE for you.

Since you are old enough to read my words and fill your mind with wonder, you surely have figured out that my LOVE has always been there even when you've blundered.

It's the sorrow, pain, and strain that must be kept locked away.

Every parent experiences them but must not let it show.

Though this LOVE remains day after day.

So I sit alone and let these feelings flow.

In order to cope with these hard times

I took it to paper and made it all rhyme.

I love you my dear children and want you to know, each tear I have shed in raising you was made by LOVE that overflowed.

2/17/17

Captured

An ever present agitation looms
And anger boils deep within the soul
Trapped, smothering in this dark tomb
Existence no longer mine to control

Life spirals so quickly out of our grasp
Leaving us breathless, used, and spent
Trying to move on from the pain of the past
The present has you shackled with its tight grip

The future I long to change
Make things different and gay
Happiness my mind will portray
But will I ever see the day

~SS

Shackled

A free spirt confined to domestication
Is like a bird with clipped wings.
My heart and soul beating with anticipation...
Free me, free me of these damn shacklings!
My body longs to dance,
Yet is confined to circumstance.
My soul on the brink of combustion,
I'm overwhelmed with frustration.
My heart loving with conflicting rythms,
Mind racing with great momentum.
There is bound to be a better way
To live this life which is no longer mine
How long can I do this day after day,
My soul a victim of crime?

~SS

9/28/17

Day Dream

Somewhere far far away ,
In the dreams that consume my day,
Is an ocean of turquoise tranquility
With a palm where I'll lay so peacefully.
Staring off into the setting sun,
Forgetting why I had to run,
I'll lay by my Palm on that dreamy bay,
Eventually, I'll see the day.

10/1/17

~SS

Tomb

How dare ye shadows creep
Throughout thou hallowed dreams
Lurking about without a peep
As my mind begs of me to scream

Someone save me from this hell
Evil's encroaching upon my soul
Can you hear me as I yell?!
Monsters, demons from days of 'Ol
Trapped with me inside this cell
Dragging me down straight to hell

Yet, not a sound can be heard
From within this shallow tomb
Voices, oh the voices, they still lurk
Spewing evil and spreading gloom

Someone save me from this hell
Evil's encroaching upon my soul
Can you hear me as I yell?!
Monsters, demons from days of 'Ol
Trapped with me inside this cell
For now it's their wicked story to tell

One of these days...

One of these days...

Four little words so full of possibility

Full of hope, full of dreams, or full of negativity

When your day comes what will it be

To start a new life down by the sea,

To break the binds of captivity,

Or to pretend you're given immortality?

Choose wisely, for these days can't be replayed

Only remembered, regretted, or wished away.

One of these days...

~SS

10/20/17

Eleven

To you the parents who think it's bad,
Struggling through the terrible two's,
Trust me, for this you'll be glad,
Don't even think about crying boohoo.

The age to save for the tears,
Is the dreaded number eleven.
But that's what, in nine years?
Yes, but to keep your place in heaven,
You must pray now, to rid your fears.
Pray even when things are pleasant.

This horrific pubescent age,
Will push your patience.
It will evoke an inner rage.
It will disrupt the household cadence.

Now that I have been through three,
And I'm hanging on by a string,
I can say with absolutely certainty,
Eleven year olds...are not for a weakling!

~SS

10/27/17

Home

Confliction pulling at me night and day,
Besiege upon my soul,
Pushing me further and further away.
I cannot stay here to grow old.

Feeling like a prison in which I must stay,
This place I call home.
Leading to such bittersweet misery,
And desire to escape and roam.

~SS

11/5/17

People

People, we see them every day.
Some we look at with disgust,
Some we smile and wave,
And some we view with mistrust.

People pass us by,
With burdens upon their shoulders.
Yet, we never know why,
Their souls seem a bit colder.

People enter a place of business
And shoot up one another.
How'd our world get to be such a mess,
Where we don't care for one another?

To all the people, we must have hope.
It really can be...quite simple.
Put away the hate, lay off all the dope,
Attacking your mind, making you...a cripple.

See the people all around you.
Look for kindness deep within.
Have compassion and patience too.
For if we don't...evil will win.

~SS

But I'm Not

This bitter cold windy day
Passing me by in a haze
Looking through these blurry eyes
Can't stop myself from asking why

Those days we spent side by side
The ones that left me warm inside
Must have meant nothing at all
Why did I let myself take the fall

My heart will never be the same
This heartbreak driving me insane

If I were a better person
I'd hope you find your pot of gold
If I were a better person
I'd you pray you don't end up alone and old
If I were
If I were a better person...
But I'm not.

You turned so so callus and cold
And all I wanted was you to hold
My love no longer enough
You turned to her, broke my trust

Now these nights I lay and weep
Never able to fall asleep
All I can do is think of us
And how it all just blew to dust

My heart will never be the same
This heartbreak driving me insane

If I were a better person
I'd hope you find your pot of gold
If I were a better person
I'd you pray you don't end up alone and old
If I were
If I were a better person...
But I'm not.

~SS

11/15/17

To Fly

The bird calls by dawn's dim light
After saying her piece lifts off in flight
The view to be seen way up in the air
Must be one quite extraordinaire

The freedom to fly away as you please
With no guilt or expense, only with ease
For freedom that so many do wish
Blessed to the birds not human or fish

~SS

11/16/17

The Best

I was just a scrawny, brown eyed girl,
Searching, trying to find my place in the world.
From scouts to ballet and trombone,
You had to do it all and do it all alone.

Moodswings to mood rings
And everything in between,
You worked, nurtured, and cleaned
So that we could have everything we dreamed.

For all you gave up and all that you are,
Was for us with all the love in your heart.
Thank you Mom for being the best,
Even though your patience we did test.

~SS

11/16/17

In Your Arms

At the very end of these long, hard days,
When all the kids are quietly tucked away,

The dishes cleaned and shelved,
And done are the multiplications of
twelve,

You hold me in your arms
As I always give in to your charms.

With you I am finally worry free.
I can relax without any scrutiny.

At the end of my day you're always there,
Oh how I love you, my 'ol comfy chair.

~SS

11/17/17

Power Outage

Rustling of the autumn leaves
Wind howling at the eaves
Cracking of the majestic oak
Covering us in a darkened cloak.

To our wax and wick
We set about right quick
Then to the table we gather
For a family game of Scrabble.

An hour has soon to pass
And still the darkness has last
As the kids we try to entertain
To avoid hearing them complain.

The hours tick by to four
Maybe even a bit more
The degrees have dropped inside
Along with the eeriness of this night.

These conveniences we do surmise
When without are taken by surprise
Take these moments or hours to reflect
How blessed we are in retrospect.

The power has now been restored
We're all snuggled in for our nightly snore
Thank you MLEC electrical team
My family can now peacefully dream.

~SS

11/18/17

Time

Slipping away like a thief in the night,
Time will disappear without a fight.

It's really quite ironic,
How it can seem so hypnotic.

Then in the blink of an eye,
Ten years has passed you by.

We pack something into every minute.
Will we look back and regret it?

At times wishing our lives away,
We gaze at the clock all night and day.

To slow down and enjoy the moment,
May be the key component.

Embrace these precious ticks of the clock,
Make memories not to be forgot.

These days we have are aphoristic,
Seize them and be optimistic.

11/20/17

~SS

Undone

Watching the late November sky
I can't help but keep asking why
You gave up so easily and just walked away
Leaving her your memory day after day

Do ya wonder what our life has become?
Do ya wonder how well she raised your son?
You missed out on the best thing.
You missed out on the best thing!
...Time can't be undone.

A small girl sitting in a darkened room,
Can't help but feel nothing but gloom.
Wishing for a daddy oh so bad.
Crying, shaking getting so mad.

Why didn't you want to be with us?
Wasn't it really just selfishness?
Hard to watch your friends with theirs,
Knowing mine would never care.

Do ya wonder what our life has become?
Do ya wonder how well she raised your son?
You missed out on the best thing.
You missed out on the best thing!
...Time can't be undone.

It's sad to see a kid with such depression.
All you had to do was show some love and compassion
Instead you left us in half of a whole,
Questioning if you even have a soul.

Thanks to her, we are who we are.

Thanks to her, we each have a heart.
Thanks to her, we are both so strong.
Thanks to her, cause she didn't get it wrong.

Do ya wonder what our life has become?
Do ya wonder how well she raised your son?
You missed out on the best thing.
You missed out on the best thing!
...Time can't be undone.

~SS

11/22/17

Plans

How'd we end up in this mess,
Livin out here with no Internet?
Others city slickin, livin large,
We're mowin five acres of yard.

Wanted some land for the kids to roam,
So they'd leave the 4 walls of our home .
Instead they lay around and play,
XBOX and watch tv all day.

Nothings goin quite like we planned,
Thought we'd be doin it hand in hand,
But through it all we've grown apart,
Staying here to save them scars.

Got 'em so wrapped up in sports,
Never have time for chores.
All we ever do is stay on the go,
Always fast, never taking it slow.

Need to fix some things on the property.
Can't seem to find the currency.
Digging this whole deeper and deeper in debt,
Afraid we'll only end up with regret.

Nothings goin quite like we planned,
Thought we'd be doin this hand in hand,
But through it all we've grown apart,
Staying here to save them scars.

~SS

11/24/17

Illusion

Waiting, holding breath,
To feel more than ice cold death.
Hoping, wanting, awaiting for more,
Is that so much to ask for?
Like two ships passing in the night,
Not even doing so much as to fight.
How long can we keep this at bay,
Pretending that day after day
Everything is okay?

'Tis the Season

Upon all the neighbor's windows and door,
Is a garnish of beautiful festive decor.
Off to the forest without trepidation,
To find the perfect tree for this glorious occasion.
Then we scurry about in a frantic haze,
To find the right gift for the holidays.
Rushing back home we find a place to hide,
All of which we just spent our last dime.
Then in the kitchen we brush on the glaze,
For we have begun this seasonal craze.

~SS

11/25/17

Enchanting Winter's Day

Farm land so far and wide

A picturesque piece of earth

Many a place to hide

From thoughts carried deep inside

Strolling about this wintry day

Content in solitude

A song of sorrow my lips do play

On the soil snowflakes softly lay

Entranced with wondrous eye

These mystic flakes descend

From a gray maudlin sky

They float and drift on by

This journey bringing such peace

On this enchanting winter's day

Donned in mittens and fleece

My damaged heart is at ease...

On this enchanting winter's day.

11/30/17

~SS

Chipped Away

Hearts do mend and heal,
Yet they can no longer feel.
Why did it have to be you,
That so long ago I gave mine to?
Why did it have to be you?
Because now we're through.

Each little piece that you chipped away,
Still missing to this very day.
Forever gone, unable to be regenerated,
Leaving dark holes of hatred.

Why did it have to be you...
~SS

My Tree

As I gaze across the room at my prickly pine,
all the pretty packages wrapped with twine,
And the illuminated globes of color that shine,
I can imagine with such clarity the words they'll whine...

Has Santa come, is it time?
Why did he get that, it should be mine?

Although this is not how Christmas is defined,
To a mother these moments are truly divine.

~SS

12/14/17

Let It be Me

As I walk in casually tardy,
And mingle around this lame ol party,
Everyone a nameless face.
Scanning, I land upon your grace.
Slowly I walk nearby,
With anxiety, daring to say hi.
But just as I most feared,
You don't even know I'm here.

Your presence causing my skin to shiver,
Just as quickly as pulling a trigger.
So easily you blow me away,
Just by casting a glance my way.

Longing for the day I can feel your touch,
Desperately praying for just as much.
Weary of all the practicalities,
How can I make this a reality?
My heart belongs to you,
Yet you haven't got a clue.

Watching you stand and talk amongst the crowd,
My voice wanting to scream out loud.
Please, won't you come talk to me?
Let me be the one you seek.

Let it be my hand you touch,
My hair you casually brush.
Tuck it back behind my ear,
As you stand all so near.

So near that your breath,
Can be felt blowing across my neck.

So near that your captivating eyes,
Can gaze longingly into mine.

Longing for the day I can feel your touch,
Desperately praying for just as much.
Weary of all the practicalities,
How can I make this a reality?
My heart belongs to you,
Yet you haven't got a clue.

~SS

12/19/17

If

If it weren't for your soulful eyes,
I wouldn't be needing these alibis.
If it weren't for your astounding good looks,
I would be content just to read my books.
If it weren't for your mind, so clever,
I wouldn't be needing you...ever.

The way you pull me close,
With such obvious desire.
The way you whisper in my ear,
Everything I want to hear.
The way you touch my skin,
The most fabulous of sin.

If it weren't for you...

~SS

12/19/17

Recover

Never have I seen two people together
Go to such efforts to stay apart

A fool to believe over time it would get better
Now it all just seems a false

We have so much at stake
But I'm not sure how much more I can take
Day after day we're here together
But I feel more alone than ever

Is this how the rest of our years will be?
You and me, yet not a word we'll speak.
Somewhere along the line
We stopped finding the time
To love one another
Now I'm afraid we can't recover.

~SS

12/21/17

Private Conversation

Am I really here?
The voices are growing louder.
I'm holding back the fear,
not quite sure what's the matter.

My brain's in constant turmoil,
from its inner dialog.
Can I hide it well enough to fool
those in the white smocks?

They want to ask me questions,
but the voices won't agree.
We have a moments hesitation,
too late, they are approaching me.

After we quickly discuss this,
they're already strapping me in.
The voice which comes from my lips,
isn't the one to make this end.

~SS
12/26/17

Condemned

Vast blue as far as the eye can see,
Grit beneath feet,
roaring in ears,
a gentle breeze caresses skin,
a soft cry from up above,
embraced by warmth,
a serene mood settles...

the brisk, brittle cold creeps back in.

Is it possible for a place rarely seen to be home?
Seemingly an ignorant question,
yet one undismissed.

Or is it possible to never be content,
always wishing for something different, just out of reach?

Such a dreadful thought,
however most likely.

~SS

12/28/17

Vessel

Left alone her thoughts adrift
with a bouyant rise and fall.

One exposed to sun
will flourish and blossom.
The other submerged
to dark depths unknown.
Both newly charted.

Her beauty unnoticed,
her strength underestimated,
her abilities undiscovered,
by the crew
she abandoned.

~SS

12/29/17

untitled

Why is it so hard to see the good, instead of the bad
So hard to change this life I've formed
I should just be grateful for all that I have
Instead of concentrating on what is mourned

Driven by a desire for more
Rage simmers below the surface
Trapped inside, can't unlock the door
Day after day, searching for my purpose

My body contained by hills and capricious weather
My soul captivated by sun and surf
Will I be chained here in this hell forever
Unable to escape and end the hurt

Is it too late to have what I wish
No longer am I my only obligation
Would it be pure selfishness
To deploy to a new location

Driven by a desire for more
Rage simmers below the surface
Trapped inside, can't unlock the door
Day after day, searching for my purpose

The Voice

A way to step outside and see within
To hear the screams that whisper from lips so thin
A dream or a nightmare
Left alone and threadbare
She weeps.

~SS

8/29/18

Curtains of Green

Tucked away down in the holler
Hidden by curtains of green which stood much taller
Sat a little white homestead of five
Where it seemed all they did was hide

The father, going off to work day after day
Then home to the couch he would lay

The oldest, goes off to work or to school
Then home to sit in his room

The middle, used to be the liveliest of all
But now home, his playstation will call

The youngest, finds volleyball to be fun
But then straight home she will run

The mother is quite a mystery
Because home is the last place she would like to be
Yet day after day she does so run
And with each rising sun
she doesn't recognize the person she's become

The world has become so full of evil and hostility
Maybe that is why home is where they'd rather be

I can't help but feel somehow
That a spirit is lurking in that little white house
Chained like prisoners the five seem to be
To the little white house hidden in curtains of green.

~SS
9/15/18

Hoot

I step out into the frigid night
Just slightly past twilight
In awe of the twinkling stars
As I shiver and gaze afar
I hear the trickle of a nearby brook
As an owl hoots and turns to look
Perched above in the tree, so old
Many a story he must have to be told

If he were to fly down
And land at my feet on this frozen ground
Would he ask my name
Or tell me a story so epic it's insane

If the brook were to freeze
Would I be welcome to slide, perhaps on my knees
Until the laughter I used to know
Escapes so loudly it echoes

If I could fly up to the sky
Could I count the stars by two's or maybe five's
As I leap from one to another
Elated with this world of wonder

Shaking off this amusing thought
I turn, going in to thaw
For the night is too cold
For this phantasmic story to be told

~SS

11/15/18

Do I

Do I cry

Do I laugh

Do I dig up regrets of the past

Do I ask why

Did my soul already pass

Do I no longer exist

I am invisible

Completely miserable

Was this inevitable

~SS

10/7/2020

Too Late

My soul is conflicted
By burning desire
And the look in your eyes

This confusion you have inflicted
Set my loins on fire
Without you I'll die

I need you to touch me
Take me
All of me

I need to taste you
Feel you
Have you

My hearts screams no
He isn't yours to hold
I'll only shatter and crumble
Once you take that tumble

I'm afraid it's too late
Dear heart of mine
?

~ SS
2/16/21

Salty River

The salty river flows
Glistening by the headlights glow
Haunted by memories of the past
Replaying on the radio

Wonder how it could have been
If time would've been a friend
Maybe our love would've last
Too late to try again

Because the bridge fell apart
The minute you broke my heart
Irreparable damage
Causing a lifetime of baggage

~ SS
1/9/21

Magical Memory

My eyes slowly close
And suddenly I'm there
Standing in your arms

Lip to lip, nose to nose
Pulling back I'm lost in your stare
I should be hearing alarms

But no panic arose
And I have not a care
For I'm captured by your charms

~ SS

2/23/21

Useless

This has turned into a huge mess
My wanting you has passed
We gave it our best
Until we couldn't care less
It's useless

No night sweats
Don't even share the same mattress
Only adding more stress
I may be an award winning actress
But...it's useless

~ SS

2/21/21

Sol

It charges her soul
With vibes
She needs its beautiful rays
To shine
For her spirit to glow and peace
Of mind

~SS

3/21/21