

# Anthology of Dakotah Lavender



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*For my fans, enjoy and thanks you! For my family, thanks for the inspiration, support, and undying  
love.*

## About the author

I enjoy my life as a rhyme,  
Flowing into my very existence.  
I enjoy my life all the time,  
Flowing into my soul without resistance.

## summary

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## Horses are my Drug

I have loved horses since I was a girl.  
I asked for one but of course I couldn't have one.  
I was 12 when I was first introduced to barn work.  
I always wanted to ride.  
Unfortunately I was never allowed to by my stepmother.  
She never allowed me to go to the ranch but allowed my sisters to go to work for their lessons.  
I never understood why, so from there my depression thickened.  
No one knew what I was going through.  
I met my first love named Stormy.  
I brushed him once and we bonded instantly.  
He was the original horse my stepmom and dad were going to buy for my sister.  
He didn't really like them.  
He was a grouch and so she found a different horse.  
This beautiful sorrel horse with his white face captured my heart and vice versa.  
Any chance I got there at that ranch, thanks to my dad, I would run to him or the other way around..  
I called him and he would come running.  
It was like the end of the world when I left, he would stand and whinny.  
"What did you do to that horse?" My dad asked.  
What he didn't know is every chance I was with him.  
I loved him, unconditionally and he loved me back, no doubt.  
When grooming him I would talk and vent to him wishing he was mine.  
I tried so hard to control my rage for at home my stepdad would be.  
The only way I could make people see was to cry out for attention.  
13, I was afraid sometimes to go home because I never knew his mood.  
My mother worked three jobs to keep us fed while he would go out and drink.  
Him coming home is when I would fear the most, for fear of being bruised or worse. A three year old sister I had to watch, doing his job instead.  
The only place I truly felt sane was that barn with the little red horse, my knight. But one day my problems got the best of me in school, as I was always in Trouble.  
It was that which turn my chapter darker yet.  
"Go get stormy" my dad requested for he knew I knew that horse the best.  
It was storming that day and he knew with me he would come without a complaint.  
It was then my heart snapped in two as I realized I was bringing him to his new owner.

I ran to the bathroom to cry, the only one who understood me ripped away from me in the worst way.

It got worse from that point, my depression took over me like a monsoon.

It wasn't until I turned 15, my mother allowed me to volunteer at a rescue farm called Wiscountry Dreams.

It was there I learned the true meaning of a bond between horses and human.

A joy within me sparked seeing all these poor creatures once suffering, happy and eager to work with me, and to please me.

I had the responsibility of working with those 14 horses and their lovely owners.

That was all I ever asked for, I started improving in school.

I LOVED them like I was part of the herd.

I played with them all in the field.

I ran and they all came galloping behind me.

I was their alpha, the leader, and I loved them with a passion.

They loved me back.

How was a 15 year-old capable of all this?

It was the unconditional love I had for them.

As a victim of previous abuse, having depression, and anxiety, they were therapeutic.

They listened to me when no one else would.

It was almost as if our previous abuse was what brought us together and together we healed.

Bonds ever so strong it was a joy to see some go to a loving home.

With radiating love, I gave them confidence again, just as they did the same for me.

Of course there was heartbreak.

A couple hadn't made it from such abuse they endured, but they passed knowing they were loved and cared for.

Since, I have yet to find the right herd, for I have a husband and children.

My husband and I tried working on a Draft farm but it didn't work out.

Their pay wasn't enough unfortunately.

The owner wouldn't allow me to work on her horses' manners as she spoiled them rotten.

Not that it's bad, they were just really rude horses.

I don't know about you but I like horses to respect me and my personal space.

She also didn't lunge them.

It pained me to leave though, I was just getting to know those horses.

The owner was nice and she had her way of running things.

It was such a shame it didn't work out there.

My favorite memory with those horses was her stallion Bomber.

He was known to rear and punch a person, quite intimidating.

I remember turning him in for the night and he looked right at me I could see what he was up to.  
Then in a soothing voice asked, "Bomber what is wrong?" He walked up to me and gave me a hug  
with his giant shire head.

All these experiences with these horses touched my heart.

I will never forget all the horses that changed my life for the better!

## Our Hatchling

\*Poem To my son Xander\*

Our youngest, our hatchling , you grow every day.

Fast as a dragon, you'll fly your own way.

The time will soon come, when you'll leave the nest.

But hatchling, we know, you will be the best.

Our youngest, our hatchling, to us you'll always be.

Feirce as a dragon, you'll fly proud and free.

The time is ahead, where you'll have your own say.

Till then, we will guide you without any fray.

Our hatchling, our sweet, we'll show you the way.



## A Princess at Best

\* Poem To my daughter Symphany.\*

Dancing, twirling, and singing.

Your voice in my ears always ringing.

Longing for spotlight, there's no doubt.

Screaming, shouting, and swirling about.

Stibborn, sassy, and does her own thing.

It's certain everyone's under her wing.

Looking for love, her heart's not a toy.

Striking, cunning, and is always a joy.

Beautiful, radiant, and smart.

Her smiles will forever warm your heart.

Strength and leadership, is of no contest.

Loving all things, and a Princess at best.

## Close Your Eyes

Close your eyes and picture,  
The breeze light and warm.  
Close your eyes and picture,  
A towering snow capped form.

Close your eyes and picture,  
The grass tickling as it sways.  
Close your eyes and picture,  
Fragrant flowers beneath sun rays.

Close your eyes and picture,  
The sound of a brook whispering.  
Close your eyes and picture,  
A story it tells as you're listening.

Close your eyes and picture,  
Birds singing soft as a yawn.  
Close your eyes and picture,  
A doe licking her new fawn.

Close your eyes and picture,  
The the world like this at peace.  
Close your eyes and picture,  
A life of enjoyment and ease.

## Forest Spirit

Walking through the forest,  
stalking my nights meal.  
Tracking a path is the surest,  
a life is what I must steal.  
To pay a price for such fares,  
dancing spirits I must follow.  
Upon arrival a Forest Spirit stares,  
dread crept leaving me hollow.  
He then bowed to kiss my brow,  
then cursed turning me a spirit.  
Since then I've nothing but sorrow,  
heart crying out for all to hear it.  
There is no undoing this curse,  
eternity of regret, and praying.  
A life wrongfully taken and worse,  
price I pay, I am now paying.

## Always

In life there's always one who pays,  
not always deserving, financial halt.  
In life there's always one who prays,  
not always deserving the painful result.  
In life there's always one who's lazy,  
not always deserving their spoils.  
In life there's always one who's right,  
not always deserving the other cheek.  
In life there's always one who'd fight,  
not always deserving out of greed.  
In life there's always one who's imprisoned,  
not always deserving their fate.  
In life there's always one who's unforgiven,  
not always deserving the hate.

## A Bed of Concrete

As you lay on a bed of concrete. Disapproval is apparent, not at all discreet.

Though you sleep without a home or bed, you haven't a sign or a thing to be said.

Cold nights were upon us, yet you stayed there. On a bed of concrete that's cold and bare. There's always some who'll spare a ration, there're always more who lack compassion.

Even though we hadn't much food. I went to you offering, trying not to be rude. You smiled so gently you took it so lovely. Then broke it apart, to share with your puppies.

Sometimes at night we'd lay in our truck. I'd hear the pups crying, my heart was struck. Crying out how this world's so cruel? It's the greed that tries to hold rule.

Isn't it sad? Isn't it strange? The world needs love, so time for a change! Isn't it concrete? Isn't it obvious? Without greed there will be happiness.

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## Next We Meet

I cut my hair, an extension of sorrow I rid.  
I loved you so, why'd you have to go?  
Selfish of me leaving, not a farewell did I bid.  
How can I forgive myself, I do not know.

Unable to tell you how I loved you before..  
I'm sorry, I love you, I admit my defeat.  
Then listen to your stories as I did once more.  
Hopeful for your forgiveness next we meet.

## Purple

Purple is the color of my heart.  
Like a shattered amethyst glistening.  
It's cold, dark, but peaceful for the most part.  
Yet it beats for you, are you listening?

Purple from years of being numb.  
Singing serenity almost like a dream.  
Each beat it bumps is of a merciful hum.  
Yet it heals for you, stitching it's seam.

Purple like mourning and death.  
Grief and abuse has tarnished it.  
It'll resume to pulse purple till my dying breath.  
Yet it longs for you, a fire relit.

## **My Husband**

**Stop all this sorrow my dear,  
There's much we have to do.  
Stop all this sorrow my dear,  
There's family here who adores you.**

**Please my love dry your eyes,  
Our lives have only just begun.  
Please my love dry your eyes,  
Our future holds much fun.**

**Think my love of growing older,  
How we cried at each kid's wedding.  
Think my love of growing older,  
How we attended every birth setting.**

**Imagine how proud we'll be sweetheart,  
When we pass on our story of pain.  
Imagine how proud we'll be sweetheart,  
When we pass on our story they'll gain.**

**Stop all this madness my husband,  
The best part hasn't happened yet.  
Stop all this madness my husband,  
The future holds greatness, it's set.**

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**\*To my husband, I know depression can be overbearing but I PROMISE it will pass, you have me and our two children that love you and will ALWAYS be here for you.\***



## Leave it Be

Little one take your time.  
You're young still, leave it be.  
Little one take your time.  
You're young still, not eighteen.

Little one take your time.  
You're beautiful, no need to expose.  
Little one take your time.  
You're beautiful, certainly not hoes.

Little one take your time.  
You'll be an adult, you sure will.  
Little one take your time.  
You just enjoy, you pay not a bill.

## "Chi-ca-go"

A beautiful quail on a branch near by,  
she's perched there crying "chi-ca-go".  
while there's a hawk circling the sky,  
she cries out once more "chi-ca-go".

Across the way is her handsome mate,  
to her nervously he's saying "be-care-ful".  
"Pit-pit" he calls at an alarming rate,  
Then again he says to her "be-care-ful".

A great grey chest takes to the air,  
shortly she follows crying "chi-ca-go".  
Grasped in talons, one from the pair,  
she repeatedly screeches "chi-ca-go".

Frightened and heartbroken she mourns,  
crying out to him constantly, "where'd-ya-go".  
Into the rose bush with prickly thorns,  
taking cover as she's hiccuping "where'd-ya-go".

## Darkness

We sit in the darkness together,  
Our love will never be severed.  
Though in the darkness we sit,  
Our hearts will be forever lit.  
The true happiness still remains,  
With love flowing in our veins.

## Anxiety

The world is a blur to me,  
as I shake and shiver with worry.  
It does not make sense to you,  
It makes none to me too.

I pick my lips, bite my cheek,  
due to my brain being a freak.  
Just that I have no control,  
for that, I look down on my soul.

I look at myself in disgust,  
and ask is it myself I can trust?  
I second guess all that I do,  
afraid that I'll lose to you.

Why is it my brain can't see,  
how ridiculous it can be.  
Am I just a complete hot mess,  
or is it that I am put to the test?

## A Dance

Swaying with emotions to the beat,  
so powerful it had lifted me from my seat.  
Swirling and toes pointed until they meet,  
so pleasing I do all the work with my feet.

Elegance in motion so very sublime,  
Each move planed out landing on time.  
Preciously blending together like a rhyme,  
a sound as true as a beautiful paradigm.

## I try

I can't seem to do good with my life,  
or to be who I'm supposed to be.  
I try something new to be cut down with a knife,  
nothing I do is good enough for you it seems.

I tried to make something happen that's good,  
but I'm cursed and it will never end.  
I'm drowning in sorrow I guess I should,  
because to you you think I don't bend.

This grief should soon end as I try my best,  
to keep my family happy and fed.  
In your eyes I don't try like all the rest,  
like I would rather lie in my bed.

Maybe someday you will see my real side,  
the side I cannot ever mend back to "sane".  
I am who I am and I stated it, not hide,  
the problems in which I try so hard to tame.