

Poetry Series

Adalie Hettie
- poems -

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Adalie Hettie(05-24-1979)

I was born and raised in Baton Rouge, LA. A few of my hobbies are photography(not professionally) , drawing, painting and poetry. I enjoy traveling and being open to learn new things. I have an insatiable thirst for knowledge. I like free spirits, hate labels. So, hello to all and I'm very happy to be here on this site. I look forward to reading others work and hope to make some new friends that I can share the love of poetry with.

A War

Is there a certain art to war?
Moving piece by piece through each man's quarrel-
Where will I find the blood soaked words?
Stains that tell the story of each soldiers' sword.
From political to religious so many sought to win
To beating the black man because he wasn't like Him.
And with so many wars for freedom fought,
Knowing the core of his brother's heart was lost.
Under every bandaged wound and
Behind every frightened shield,
Lays the now crippled man fighting for his will.

Adalie Hettie

Apple And A Tree

They say the apple doesn't fall far from the tree
And I often wonder how much of you is a part of me?
I vaguely remember what I saw.
Looking through little eyes,

Trailing right behind you, staring up in awe.
Time has passed, some would say so quickly.
Let's slow down, love each other, shouldn't we?
Plunged in to a world where

It didn't take long for the demons to reach me.
Profound emotions, feeling incomplete.
Stumbling every which way; forgotten, unformed clay
Forced to face untold truths-

I reach out to you.
Not wanting to be a part of the mass-
You reach out to me.
Our empty history has become so vast

Adalie Hettie

By His Hand

Something tugs at my heart when I hear your song
For me it's no more pretending, let it be known
I understand that you've been calling and I've wandered too far
Many mirrors were placed before me and yet the reflection I still ignored
I've been following the wrong road, filling my bag with wicked stones
Still, you want to reach me after all of the pain and suffering I brought on
Empty soul, read the signs; you cannot walk this life alone
God- The Almighty- I AM, I'm frightened with no sight, please hold my hand
Peace and calm enfold me; it's in His presence that I belong
Run to the throne, bow down and open your essence to His song
Just have faith He said, your walls are no longer weak and it's with me that you
must stand
Marching to the front line to take my place, being guided only BY HIS HAND

Adalie Hettie

Come And Go

This time it's too late
The permanent markings are taking shape
I know it in my soul; I know it's too late

Keep writing those lost entries
And swallow those ungrateful pills.
They'll brighten the color of your gold plated jewels

Discolored, pale; right on the edge
I'm here and I'm real
I live somewhere beneath this skin

I know you and you wouldn't dare ask
Beggar of men and your magical beings
The unwanted force stings my head

I'm through being burdened
Intrude on him!
No room here, my shelves are full!

While you're away not caring
You're lying and dying; you claim to be Free
And I, just dying

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Don't say those things to me
I'm bent like blue fuzzy pipe cleaner
How did you think that would make me feel?
I thought that maybe you'd listen
I thought that maybe you'd care
There are so many of you, so many full of Skill
Dr. Skill- that's what We call you
You know everything before everything
You think that you are blessed to be so aware
My suit may be zipped too tight
And my cap never fitting just right
And you are correct, I would go head first
But only if it were your reflection I saw each night.

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Expressions

What could I write with a pen in hand?

My mind wants to wander, but my feet have not been.

Can the page be a place to reveal my picture?

A snap shot of thoughts orbiting vivid and clear.

Can my creations strum chords that will penetrate and heal?

Exposing expressions that are no longer smeared.

Adalie Hettie

For Never Being Real

For never being real
I hide away.
The mind releases transparent slides; a life
Exposed,
So I hide for me.
Under any light it can be seen.

Authority, keep your Expert eye off of me.
Tremors take over to tell the tale,
All behold the ravaged, unkempt temple.
No mirage, no dim light, no casting shade.
I own this bag of broken limbs—they know well
I'm on display

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I Alone

I alone, made the wrong choices
I alone, didn't listen to those inner voices
I alone, went right when I should have went left
I alone, laid there and wept

I alone, will find my light in the dark
I alone, will step up and from my darkness I will part
I alone, will never again let you in to break my heart

Adalie Hettie

I Will Feel

I will learn and grow
I will feel
The heat and the burn
The bandaged wounds
Wrapped and sealed
My skin can almost feel
When the air breathes
The tingling sensation
That comes from letting go
It's that sweet time again
I will feel

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I Win

I won't let you down
Like so many times before
Take it, my word if it's worth it
There is nothing here between us
No connection, no role for you to play
Now swallow all your fine proposals
Because on steady knees I will decline
I can't hide in your formation
This fixture is not a permanent pose
Your canvas does not call to me
My colors will not rely on you to expose
Now it's time for you to go.
It's that time.
You have to go.

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In Death

If you could see me in death what would you say?
Was your life's devotions played out in vain?
I see your disappointment in the box where you lay.
I understand your pain from the picture that you portray
To the body that is laid so stiff and straight
A picture of my former self, the reflection is mine
A reflection of me.

Adalie Hettie

Mellow

Mellow mood Shoulders slouched Feet planted

Borrowing time the brain has granted.
Behind every corner, the Prickling Light,
Streaking by, everything outside of mind.
Out of box, vision still grey
Heaviness keeps them closed to mask the pain

Adalie Hettie

My Heart

It must be there,
Somewhere in the sand.
A simple wooden box
With a little silver key.

I can no longer find it -
A way to make a connection.
What my eyes once beheld,
My mind could not conceive,

But beneath my feet and
Along the rocky land,
I will find the cold dark sea.
Just watch the waves-

How high they are
And how they are overzealous
In attempt to swallow me.
So, I know that's where I'll find you-

Lying underneath the deep blue waters.
The only still life on the deserted floor.
I'll leave everything behind
And in death I'll love you forever more.

Adalie Hettie

She Sings

She sings about the struggle
It surrounds her, absorbs her
Like the color purple
She's tired of thinking
She's tired of speaking
Waiting for two lines to point
She said she sings about the struggle
She sings when it's near
She sings about the fear
She closes her eyes,
Inhales because to her it's real
She said she sings about the struggle

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Sleep Walking

Sleeping with my eyes wide open
Head bent low, now steadily walking
Inside this frame, sits a wistful daze
And many moments lost, but not forgotten
Now suffocating on a misty haze
Drowning in sorrowful truths
Searching through the empty spaces
Looking for any path that will take me
Tripping over the loss of senses
Running from all the laughing faces
Pushing me over the highest of edges
She's killing the puppet that I created

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Spirit Of Fear

I will keep this vessel shielded; no blood will be shed from your sharp tipped spear.

I've been running through my ages, blindly dodging despair.
True to me are treacherous thoughts that continually wander back there.
Looking for strength and faith to head the way, running from a past that's never far away.

I hear the words you tried to impress and the warnings you've given so many times.

I didn't understand them then; unfold everything - look within
I ignored your pleas and begging; feeling nothing - unsuspecting

I kept spinning the wheels, taking many chances
It's taken shape and unbearably clear
It dwells deep within; The Spirit of Fear

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Spirit, Let Go Of Me

It's small, eerie, yet I'm very much aware.
It's in my head and apparent when the presence is here.
The echo is unsettling and a burden I can't define
Broken and in pieces, I call out- please, spare my mind!
High-pitched and screaming, I hear -I am your my mind!

This is what I call the take-over and my Great Climb!
Just sit back and accept this abandoned fate.
It's been long ago decided that in this mind, I own the state
You're just a capsule where I choose to dwell.
From blood to blood I own your family and I have known you well....

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Spring To Grassy Things

From deep within the rich black soil,
Blades race quickly along the thick green mile
Winding their way up and outward,
Each- aiming to be a part of the crowd.
They're the vibrant, creamy sort.
Filled with one dark vessel and,
Regal lines that point north.
Each and every blade, it floats and sways,
Overtaking last season's dead where they lay.
It's spring! It's here! I want to share!
Bringing new life and new beginnings each year!

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Stages

Awareness was ripped from my conscious and thrust upon me.

Awakening-

It's a blanket that covers my existence like the blackness covers the sea.

Paralyzing-

The simmerings run wild in a field like a whisper when a diary loses it's key.

Emotional-

With goodness and compassion lost, like the Pharaoh's people, I need God to see me free.

Death-

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That Man

Who is that man forcing my stare?
Behind those dark brown eyes I should be.
No more than a name and no more to me.
There, I can simmer in our unspoken words.
And dare I find a new love affair?
Jump in with me and float down the stream
I can see you there, torn apart, I am aware.
Now I go no further than what my eyes have seen.

Adalie Hettie

The Farm

A place to let my mind wander
My thoughts flow freely
My body moves toward the trees
Listening to the autumn songs
Kicking around the dying leaves
A slight breeze teasing
Leaning back against the old oak
The feel of something brewing
Grass still wet from the early morning dew
The sun is peaking
Sweet smells everywhere
And the air releases
So smoothly it flows
Everywhere it may blow
My mind is lost in the beauty of the sky
Fingering the cloud formation
Everything seems right
Doing nothing quickly
My body not moving, lying about so shy
Knowing nothing of the clock
Not caring if it's ticking

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The Hate That I Hate

I hate the hate that resides in me now

I hate the hate that is so heavy it weighs me down
I hate the hate that keeps my emotions tightly wound

I hate the hate that charges my wall
I hate the hate that lies to strengthen my fall

I hate the hate that has me in chains
I hate the hate that courses through my veins

I hate the hate that is a shadow at my side
I hate the hate that has stolen my mind

I hate the hate that blinds me from the stars
I hate the hate that has created my war

I hate the hate that has stolen my grace

My scarlet letter written all over my face

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To Thine Own Self Be True?

To Thine Own Self Be True?

I wonder if the lips that first released this really knew

□

It's discerning to stand in the light transformed

As many times as many have tried before

Pieces of this puzzle were left out at birth

Seems others have arrived fulfilled and understanding their worth

It's not the lie that I want to believe

Its truth and color of the material and all the random pieces

I'll tell you what this is; it's all about my feet

One is kicking down the door and the other is scared to leave

Adalie Hettie

Untitled1

I trusted myself with you completely.
It's still there, the burn-
When I think of you it becomes heated.
I think of how you deceived me,
And how I was treated, undeserved-
Worn on my sleeve was the love for you
Still you lashed out and I retreated.
My wounds became deep
I tried to ignore,
To turn a cheek.
Knowing how you lied,
It's the pain I remember
The blow it delivered,
The knots in my stomach-
They bled and I cried.
Something hiding, small-
I can barely see it.
It's here- front and center
Waiting for me on that lonely pier.
I will jump in, cleanse my soul.
I will be free of you, let me go.
Understanding I will be given.
Healing for so long I've needed.
I am no more ashamed, no longer waiting
I am ready and wanting to receive it.
I look for you from afar
I see through squinted eyes,
It burdens my senses,
There you are!
Searching for someone, anyone.
Again, doing it with a darkened heart.
You try to think, but your actions steal
You can focus no more.
Now- you sit so hopeless on that bench.
I see you acknowledge and take it all in
While drowning in your pitiful stench.
It must be hard for you to maintain-
I can't comprehend living like you, lying like you
I can't fathom never becoming a man like you.

Drink up that fine liquid courage.
For every night which you partake,
It's cowardly you will feel in the morning,
Should that lie allow you to wake.
Drink up that evil liquid-
The one where you place all your blame.
Needing that one thing, but having nothing-
A cloak, a cover
Something to hide your shame.

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Untitled2

I want to live in the lighter days.
I won't stay lost in my minds dark caves.
The world will see my fire, recognize my glow.
This life will not enslave me to a lonely grave,
Or leave me a broken shell
I will walk with spirit and compassion will be my name.
I want to be great, fierce and fiery.
Flying over the raging seas at night
Then, spiraling through the puffed clouds by day
I would boldly sit next to her battling the great storms
And in the end I would close my eyes
And die again with the late, Amelia Earhart.

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