

Poetry Series

**ANNE P LadeeAnne
MURRAY
- poems -**

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ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY(APRIL,27TH,1944)

I am not the professional singer Anne Murray from Canada. I love her voice, and songs. I know most of them by heart.I have sung them for years. I wish I could sing them as well as she does! At one time, we even sort of looked somewhat alike. But alas, I am not her, my name is Patricia Anne Murray. I go by the name of Anne Murray. I use 'LadeeAnne for my poetry and blogs.

I was born and raised in Idaho and graduated highschool in Pocatello in 1962. Second of five children. I'm divorced, retired and now live in Omaha, Nebraska. My home is almost 100 years old, full of antiques.

I enjoy decorating, painting, I specialize in wall murals.I'm an avid writer of poetry, articles and blogging.I also enjoy working in my garden. I don't enjoy the cold winters.

I have 3 grown children, who all live in other states and one Granddaughter, My Sweet Marina, who is 9 yrs. wise.

I enjoy writing poems for friends, family, for myself, and...just in general. It's very cathartic, putting words to paper. My poetry, is not always from 'personal experiences'. Some are sad, some are funny.... and some, show the struggles of life in general. Pain of lost love, (we all know that feeling) , humor and pleasant memories.

I always appreciate feedback on my work. It helps at times to improve my writing, knowing what others think.I've never shared my poems with too many people, so be honest with how you see them.

Thank you..... and, I'm looking forward to making new friends here, sharing ideas and poetry and perhaps a few 'giggles'?

A Touch Of Their Feathers

Listen to the still, quiet sounds
Can you hear their voices
feel their flow of peaceful, butterfly thoughts
as they land gently in your soul?
They walk with you along your path of live

Listen to their tender wisdom speaking quietly to your heart
light as a feather-
flowing gently in the breeze upon your weary flesh
They are angel messengers of peace and love
sending their herald of colors and kindness
as they beckon you to follow their sagement - their love

They send their light, feathery touches
to tenderly caress your spirit...
to soothe your restless soul-
bidding you to walk the path next to peaceful waters-
to breathe in their sweet sounds...
like the gentle waves of an ocean
as they quietly ease their way to shore

They send you their calming sounds of tranquility
their love, their tender presence
as they gently whisper your name...
dropping their feathers along the way
to guide you safely home
while you answer quietly from within

~~~~~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Antiquity Of Love

They sit together after supper, two forks, two plates -dishes cleared, put away. She, with her tiny spectacles perched a little crooked on her face - he, with his favorite pipe. Her withered hands lay peacefully in her lap...he reaches out, gently touching them - not speaking any words. No words needed between the two of them -having been together for so long.

Memorable words, touching phrases spoken ore' the years spent together as one. One heart-one mind. Not always a life of sunshine and roses, but devotions never ceased between these two old lovers, these two best friends.

They held on to one another through each new day, each new tomorrow- catching one another's gaze, uttering a graceful word now and then. Wrinkled faces beautifully bestow them now- yet to him...she's just as lovely as the day they wed-his lovely bride- his precious, sweet wife of so many years. A smile creeps across his lips in remembering their cherished wedding vows.

'Will you take this women to be your wife'? He did then, he still does now.

The words sweet and strong - like the fragrance of orchids... everlasting, forever long.

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Are You Knocking

I seem to have lived my life in thrice written scrolls  
flowing throughout the eternal winds  
in bits and pieces of torn paper

I've searched my heart for you my love  
I've sent your name to the stars  
Sending it throughout the Universe...  
floating across the essence of time

I seek my heart's desire...  
Bidding him to send the mysteries of his soul  
I search and search -  
Oh, there must be more  
Is that you knocking at my door?

Why is love so hidden  
we think it has arrived, Only to find...  
it was not for our heart - our soul

In my dreams -  
you've come a thousand times  
Your spirit sings  
I'm aroused by the gentleness of your touch

I feel the passion of your caress  
My heart keeps searching  
My soul yearns for the sweet taste of your kiss  
Where are you my love...  
There must be more  
Is that you knocking at my door?

You sleep in the recesses of my mind - my heart  
Come fill the emptiness within -  
draw me into your warm embrace  
I'll wait a lifetime...  
There must be more

'Shh'...  
Is that you knocking at my door?

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# As We Speak

As we speak, our minds race through  
The hopes, the possibilities of just what might have been  
Secretely, we thought that maybe after years apart  
There may be that magic, that special moment  
where we both wanted the same thing at the same time

Love mixed with fear, pain mixed with pleasure  
Me, you, the total of us together, forever

It felt so familiar, It felt so right  
But, there were times it felt frightening, risky  
I'm fearful of trying, even one more time  
What do we do, who goes first with the declaration?

Ask me, please ask me first  
For I'm a coward, I'm afraid

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Breezes Of Time -Wrapped In Your Love

I stand in silence under the starlit skies...  
Breathing in my memories of you  
Standing so still in the shadowy breezes of time-  
Drawing in my sweetly scented secrets of our love  
So haunting -mourning the loss of your smile, your kiss  
Where your body filled my empty spaces as you lay next to me  
In the past- in that other time

I needed your love to guide me - to lead me in the right direction  
So lost was I... in the 'cri de coeur' of love  
Our love battled all the storms- like sailors on the sea of life  
I loved the feeling when I was with you...  
That I would never let go of the curve of the moon  
Your essence of live giving air, filled my heart...  
Softly longing for your love as I looked into your eyes, your soul  
Gently cradled in the hours and days of you...  
Listening to your heart beat  
It quieted my fears, as you tenderly kissed my tears away

I feel carried away into the dream of you...of us  
Standing here alone now under the moon- dreaming of you  
As the air holds the scent of you and the breezes whisper your name  
Even tho' you no longer leave your footprints on this Earth  
They will always remain in my soul-  
For my heart remains wrapped around you...  
Forever

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Burned Bridges

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I'm walking on ashes, from the bridges I've burned  
Walking backwards from all the corners I've turned  
I'm tattered and shattered, my heart cries in pain  
I'm worn out Lord, from years lived in vain

We just never know what our lives will become  
We run right through it with dreams left undone  
I've walked alone for so many years  
I could sure use a friend Lord, please say you'll be there  
Your Angels watched over me so many times  
With you by my side, many mountains I've climbed

Sometimes it's hard, putting thoughts into words  
I know what my heart feels, but there's times I'm unheard  
Lord, give me my truth  
Give me my voice  
Lord, give me the sounds to help me rejoice

---

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Cherished

In between the soft, worn pages  
lay faded red rose petals...  
Petals of the first flower you gave me  
In a time when we first loved  
A story of two lives...  
Two lovers who lived in between the lines  
Leaving their imprint on each page

I felt that moment back there in time...  
When you gave that first rose to me  
So eager were you to share your love...  
Your heart

The scent of you and our memories  
Still lingers vivid in my mind - my soul...  
Still lingers on those tattered pages  
The ink now faded from antiquity and age  
Yet still so fresh on the pages of my heart

So soothing are these memories  
So cherished  
Enough to carry me on  
Knowing...  
Each moment with you was so very treasured  
I'll meet you my love, in that other world  
When we cross the miles together  
Walking side by side - hand in hand...

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Cinnamon Memories

Buried deep within the corridors of her heart...

Echoes from a haunting refrain weave their tangled worn threads,  
Playing on her memories...

Like the delicate frayed strings of a lonely violin

Lingering whispers...

Intricately seek the depths to the labyrinth of her soul...  
Creating its delicate, woven tapestry,  
Of wild, tangled cinnamon roots and twisted leaves

Wounds of torn and shattered illusions roar their voices in her mind

Like a jungle of ethereal savagery that clipped her silken dreams...  
Leaving her with broken wings - unable to fly  
He had betrayed her with his feigned love  
Leaving her void of the soothing rhythms,  
Needed to bathe her wounded flesh

There was a cold, barren emptiness inside her...

Never before...  
Had she felt such a pillaged void in the depths of her soul  
Only fractured fragments were left of her tattered, broken heart

Tears fell like foggy, misty rain...

On the delicate, shattered glass of her mind-  
So blistered by love gone astray

Every fiber of her senses were unraveled and unnerved

As if she was on fire -  
Leaving her skin and mind feeling like a peeled orange...  
Revealing the depth and layers of her strangled emotions

She stood alone in the darkened shadows

Confused and bewildered - her body aching with despair  
Darkened skies filled the air with earthy smells of oncoming storms  
In the cold, dark stillness of the night...  
She heard the roaring of blood curdling drumbeats  
Voices of loud, rumbling thunder...  
Shot their devouring bolts of lightning...  
Shaking the whole of all Creation

The wind furiously whipped the ocean in roars of thunderous waves  
She ran breathlessly - seeking a fortress of safety...  
The drumbeats followed her every move -  
Filling her with a sense of pending doom

Suddenly...

The whole Earth filled with echoed songs of past, remembered moons  
He didn't care that he left her heart broken and tattered...  
Leaving her frightened and abandoned in the night

All she had left was her broken heart

She stood alone - cold as ice, drowning in her tears  
Shivering and afraid, weeping...  
Her heart wrapped in tragedy, inside a wall of steel

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Cloud Dreaming

I remember it so well...

Almost, as if it were yesterday  
Laying out in the backyard  
of my parent's white,  
clapboard house on Main Street

Stretched out, on the soft, cool, green grass  
Feeling the warm, golden, afternoon sun

Shining down on my small, child's face  
Just hoping...  
It would paint light, brown freckles  
On my tiny, little girl's upturned nose

Oh, I could lie there for hours and hours  
Gazing up at those soft, candy cotton clouds  
Trying to decide which one looked like a kitten  
An elephant, or perhaps a fairy princess  
Riding off on a white, thundering pony  
Into 'Nowhere land'...  
The land of angels and magic  
Fairies, with long, golden tresses  
Bewitching elves and fairy tales

Memories can be very wonderful  
Makes us wish we were kids again...  
Doesn't it?

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Dancing On The Edge Of A Pin - Death Of An Angel

She was a tiny, angel of a woman,  
mindlessly moving in a chemical haze  
Her heart barricaded, tormented from her long, lonely days...  
From dancing on the edge of a pin

Mindlessly moving, dreaming images with her feet  
on a dirty old stage- in an audience of men  
Eyes not enticing- lips falsely inviting  
Crumpled, dollar bills...  
stuffed carelessly into her thin string of silk,  
listening to a mindless, endless beat...  
While dancing on the edge of a pin

Her bare dirty feet-  
so helplessly calloused with wear- her bells and symbols clacking,  
dancing without memory, in a world of deceit  
Twirling, swirling on a bar room pole-  
trying to live her poor, shoddy role  
Stripped of dignity,  
Ripped from grace  
that's imposed upon her lifeless soul

Her teardrops falling-slowly slipping, silently dripping  
leaving behind a clear, salty trace  
as they slide down her cheeks-like icy blue, watery veins  
on her weary, tear stained face

She dances mindlessly without care-from one seedy bar to another  
in faded, jaded memories blurred by her past  
Through misty, watery depths she bleeds-  
trying to quench a thirst so deep  
in her hemorrhaged, sedated heart-  
so worn, so torn by her dreams that did not last...  
While dancing on the edge of a pin

She slides down the pole performing her dance  
floating in an igneous swirl of aqueous, diluted anesthesia  
Demons eating and devouring her soul  
through her darkened descent of amnesia  
In painful depths that twist and turn-  
in her nebulous, muddled reality of unspeakable memories  
that cannot exist in her mind-  
lest they drive her deeper into a shattered demise

Childhood dreams, stripped cruelly of their parts  
her mind wanders in a foggy, semi-conscious state of grace  
as she mindlessly dances on her stage  
with a dazed look on her innocent, delicate face

Cheap, neon lights bathe trashy, shoddy floors  
in seedy, darkened bars that smell of stale cigarettes and booze  
Dangerous, dingy, low-rent neighborhoods  
leased by lurking, lewd, slovenly men who try to grope her every move

She sits on an old, bar stool, sipping amber colored whiskey  
from a dirty, shot glass  
waiting for drunk, salacious men to approach, handing her their grimy, rumpled  
cash...  
As she dances on the edge of a pin

Ten dollars a dance...  
to the tune of one weary, old song  
or twenty dollars an hour to some drunk, bleary eyed man  
she'll dutifully belong

Shadowy features...  
biting at her heels  
Unnamed creatures...  
gripping, clawing at her heart  
like broken shreds of steel  
Her soul so bruised from so many wounds that cannot heal

A fragile, beautiful soul, so battered, so used...  
From dancing on the edge of a pin

One morning the headlines of the daily news printed one more, sad obituary  
of a beautiful soul so badly abused  
Her parents were sent a note  
from the bar where she'd last worked  
that said...

'Your daughter used to work here  
but now that she's dead...  
will you please stop by and pick up what's left...  
of her clothes and shoes'

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Do You Know Me

Sometimes I wonder if you really know me

Do you listen with your ears

Are you seeing with your heart

When my spirit shines through?

Do you know the color of my eyes

That reflect the deep corridors of my being

When your arms reach out for me

Do you take me deep within your soul?

I am here...

Listen with your heart

See me with your soul

Touch me with your spirit

---

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Feelings Of Love

It's every song I hear that speaks of love

It's every sun that sets with rapturous awe

It's every moon I look upon

glowing magnificently in the Heavens above

It's every glorious star I wish on

They speak of you my love

It's felt so deep within my heart

Wanting to see a smile upon your lips

To kiss a tear upon your cheek

To hold you warm and close

Breathe the whisper of love to my soul

Come into the light, out of the darkness

So that I may look upon your face

Share with me those words of comfort

Saying 'I Love You'

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Field Of Dreams (New Version)

Come walk with me thru' a field of dreams  
Of wooded lanes and sunlit streams  
Where rainbows light the path below  
And Sunlite' beckons the flowers to grow

On beaches strewn with shells and sand  
Come walk with me all thru' this land  
We'll run with the wind blowing thru' our hair  
And all our hopes and dreams we'll share

With hands deliciously touching and learning  
To devour a flame in our souls that's burning  
The moon will be our friend at nite'  
We'll walk thru the shadows and hold on tight

We'll dance till dawn and laugh with the sun  
And wonder where the nite' has gone  
Natures sweet smells will fill our senses  
And we'll drink from it's bounty until it quenches~  
Our thirst for life and love and glory  
And pray for no end to come to our story

In endless play and voices that sing  
Sweet waters dimpling laugh from a spring  
The comforting feel of sensual fingers  
And the fragrance of skin...  
And the smell that lingers

Oh, it's such a sweet refrain...  
To live and love and dance again

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Forgotten Bud Of Love

We started like most new lovers do on a journey of passion  
Me...hoping it would last forever never dreaming it might end  
Making love with one another was magical, blissful  
Strong, yet sweet with tenderness  
Such ecstasy and passion we shared, like none I'd ever known

Romance novels didn't compare to our story  
You said I was your goddess, your life's blood...  
So right, we were, we seemed to be so in sync  
Our hearts beat as one in a passionate syncopated tune  
I remember how we fit so perfectly - like two puzzle pieces

We met at an intimate café in Madera, a small quaint city in Italy  
I was lazily sipping chinoto and eating pizza napolentana  
I was so happy and excited - it was my first time abroad  
You, on the other hand...had lived there all your life  
A true Italian uomo, 'un uomo molto interessante'  
which means, 'He was a very interesting man'

I looked up and there you were- sitting at a small table across the room  
Your gaze met mine as we smiled simultaneously at one another...  
We left together

I was feeling quite lightheaded from it all  
To my surprise, you took me to meet your relations  
a group of robust, happy, family members, gathered together for a partito- which  
is Italian for party  
It was kisses and flowers- we fell in love...so I thought  
But I was wrong, something happened

Then suddenly...  
You were gone - into the arms of another  
leaving me with a sad, forgotten bud of love, of you and me  
And...

wishing you were standing where you used to be

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Fragmented Dreams

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Last night I dreamt I fell in love again

With the sweet, purple flame of desire

I remember the honeyed scent of you

As it filled my loins with fire

The once remembered taste

So sweet upon my tongue

Your skin, so soft it glowed

In my dreams you were so young

The scent of you began to fill the air

I dreamt I fell in love again

Your beauty, so naked, so fair

Oh, so blissfully sweet

So real...

As I held you in my arms once more

My heart began to heal

My lifeless soul

Such agony and pain

Its void I cannot fill

As tears begin to flood my eyes...

When will this ache of mine heal?

---

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# House Of Whispers \_Fields Of Grace

Secrets...from the house of whispers  
keep calling out my name - in the halls and rooms  
where as a child I lived and walked within  
Unknown secrets, memories that wake me in my sleep  
yet never quite able to grasp their meanings  
They're outlined in fuzzy images - words not spoken

But still... I hear unnamed voices  
whispering secrets, whispering unknown words in my ear

I wander alone in fields of grace -  
crying out for asylum from my house of whispers...  
calling out with unnamed voices  
trying to whisper secrets and unknown words in my ear

~ ~ ~

I go to my place in fields of grace  
where all is quiet - a place where I can rest  
where God showed me I was loved and safe-  
He told me I could stay till healing came  
until my soul has been restored in His holy fields of grace

Those unknown secrets and memories  
that woke me from my sleep have quieted their voices  
My ears have been silenced to them  
Now the only voice I hear...  
is God whispering in my ear  
whispering that I am safe in His place  
My soul restored  
as I calmly walk in His healing fields of grace

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# I Don'T Love You \_Missing You

No- I don't love you - not anymore  
But then, I ask myself - do I know what love is?  
I don't want to be with you  
And yet, I find you wandering through my mind -  
Missing you

I don't love you - no, I do not!  
And yet, when I'm alone- I sigh  
Wishing I could see your face - hear your voice  
See you smile - feast upon your twinkling eyes of blue -  
Missing you

But -I do not love you  
Yet, the sound of your humming tones  
Leave lingering echoes upon my ear  
Wishing to the moon above...  
Your eyes would see me still -  
Missing you

No - I don't love you  
Yet alas...  
I can hardly trust my deceitful heart  
That fools me -whilst' subtly leading me astray -  
Still...missing you

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# If Only

I awake...

to another cold, January morning

As I look out at the grey, mist, filled sky

I find myself wistfully reflecting

The days spent with the professor

He declared his love

Bequeathed his heart, his possessions

He bestowed such kindness and generosity

His benevolence...

So alien to my battered heart

He is now in Costa Rica

with his new wife...

in their new condo

His landscapes now...

Are warm, golden sands

Painted, colored skies

And deep, blue waters

I leave the warm comfort of my bed

like I left the warm comfort of his kindness

I reluctantly slide my cold feet into my slippers

stepping gingerly onto my frigid, winter floor

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Immortal Memories

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In my heart, what I thought to be love  
Was simply my own desire  
So brief...  
Gone before time could tell it even happened  
Like a whisper  
Barely heard in the shadowy stillness of night

I tell myself its over, you're gone  
But in the same breath  
A voice whispers quietly to my heart  
Assuring me that perhaps  
You may have really cared

I tell myself it wasn't meant to be  
But in my remembering...

I find that thought elusive  
Too painfully conclusive

It weaves it's memory in and out  
Like a delicate needle sewing it's fragile threads  
Delicately twisting them intimately

Amongst the filigrees of my mind  
The magic was so mysteriously enchanting  
I tell myself its over...  
But my heart refuses to listen

My mind says to forget you  
That noone's worth this kind of sadness  
My soul doesn't need this heartache  
I tell myself I didn't really care  
That it was all just a momentary illusion

But...  
I never did lie very well

~

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ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Just A Season In Your Heart

I know I am but one season to your heart  
Yet, I have loved you long and well  
Even though all the seasons I do not dwell  
And pray...  
What does this signify?  
That I want you - and you not I?

Just what lips your lips have kissed?  
I ask, but you do not reply  
I turn my head so I won't cry

Where your loves have come and gone  
In your arms how many have lain  
The ghosts of all- who still remain

For in my heart there stirs a yearning  
A part of me can sing no longer  
For fear of others you grow fonder

For a while I shall remain  
But love will vanish soon - one by one  
One day - you'll find that I too have gone

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Little Girl Lost

The little girl inside me  
Walking through this world alone  
She wasn't looking for some lover  
She was looking for a home

She's looking for a place  
To heal her broken heart  
And lie her weary head  
Not just looking to lie down  
In some stranger's lustful bed

She's tired of all those strangers  
With empty lines and ploys  
Plotting out those lies  
To use her body as a toy

Little girl so lost  
A woman, sometimes a muse  
But on the inside she's frightened  
So afraid of being used

So she puts on a facade  
Pretending she's so tough  
Just try to treat her tender  
Cuz', she'll try and call your bluff

She's not used to honest strangers  
But men that played the games  
So if you take her, take her gently  
Cuz' her heart has been untamed

See the little girl lost  
Pleading silently for help?  
Knowing no one understands her  
Sometimes she doesn't understand herself

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Living With A Memory ~ A Face In My Dreams

Living with your memory...  
Is like music created by a feathery, cool breeze  
Like soft flowing blue waters...across calm ocean waves  
Like fingertips...  
Softly brushing tiny wisps of hair from my face

Emotions take me on a nostalgic journey  
As I watch you standing in soft moonlight  
I thought I saw you pass...  
As the waves rippled and rolled into the shore

I thought I smelled your scent...  
In the fragrance of the flowers in the air

As I stand here - I wonder...  
Can you hear my heart...  
As you walk thru' my memories and thoughts

The thought of you...  
Haunts me night and day  
Like riding on the wings of clouds

Elusive thoughts fill my soul...  
As I clutch my vision of you to my breast  
Leaving me with a burning seed of fire

Oh how I long for your return  
How I wish I knew who you were  
A face not so clear...  
As I walk with you in my dreams

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Magic Carpet Ride- Visions Of Childhood

Let the child in me come out to play  
In that nudging bud of youth that still remains  
Etch its frolic deep within my heart  
So I will always remember  
The rose petals that fall in May

I want to take a playful magic carpet ride  
Through all the cotton candy clouds I'll fly  
until I spy the land and listen to the ocean waves  
while my happy toes wriggle in the sand  
On my colorful carpet I'll gleefully soar and glide

I always want to remember...  
the first ray of sunshine that starts the day  
Like precious jewels of gold  
Gleaming through windows in Heaven  
As it weaves hopes and dreams in my childlike play

Let us walk with wonder through mystical forests  
And...  
Peek through enchanted cottages along the way  
Restore my memories Mother Earth  
Of your magical sacred ways  
That weaved their delicate threads  
Throughout the gossamer fabric of my memories  
As I re-write my stories throughout the days

Bring back to me your many ways  
Let me count the many colors of your rainbows  
Watching the clouds make visions in the sky  
As I tumble and roll down grassy hills  
Then sleep soundly under the stars at night  
Giggling peacefully in my dreams...  
As I float upon a river blue and wide  
On my wonderful magic carpet ride

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# Memories

Such a child was I  
So new to love  
How should I, my dear one  
being so naive and young  
find love so bitterly become

I wanted laughter and dancing stars  
To have love weave it's filigree  
A web, so closely knit with tenderness  
that it would not break under any stress

I long for the warm smell of you  
Like a breath from the trees  
I long to have your scent whisper  
and lovingly creep up to me

To share love, with a passionate mood  
Quite lost and forgotten  
Come back oh ecstasy and quietude

My feet run, but they cannot tell  
Where to go, where to run  
Oh, where has it gone  
My wishing well?

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# My Beloved Stranger~ The Awakening

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My silent heart longs  
For the passionate caress of your embrace  
The sweet taste of lips on lips  
Breathing in the scent  
Of our atmosphere

Oh, my beloved stranger

Where do I search for the eyes  
That fill my heart with song?  
I ache with a burning desire  
That longs to be set free

And if I should sleep  
May I hold you sweetly in my dreams?  
I shall seek you to the world's far ends  
To the far and distant shores  
My heart will lead and I shall follow

Oh, my beloved stranger

We have loved before in another time  
My heart longs for those memories of you  
Our hearts entwined one more time  
Where our love is sweet and warm

My beloved stranger

Together again our hearts beating as one  
Where I am you and you are me  
Come to me my beloved stranger  
Whisper to my heart and make it sing

We will be together one more time  
From our world and back again...  
We will love until the end...

Oh, my beloved stranged

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ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

# My Husband, My Abuser

Crippled with anger

Crippled with fear

My heart is aching

My eyes fill with tears

You tell me I'm bad, that I'm a loser

You're my husband, you're my abuser

I'm afraid to stay...

Afraid to leave

I'm scared to love you

Scared to believe

Your behavior keeps me so confused

There's so much pain

I feel so used

You've kept me so long

Under your spell

My heart feels so lonely

I'm as empty as a shell

All you gave was pain and sorrow

Not much hope for a bright tomorrow

Longing for a tender touch

A gentle voice

Will this painful life be my only choice?

A river of tears

So many lost years

~~~~~

At last, I'm free - I sent you away

Now, each nite I vow to pray

I thank the Lord for giving me strength

From now on - I'll keep you at length

You've set me free Lord - You made me brave

I promise I'll never be...

Another man's slave

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

My Man, My Friend

Although you think I cannot see
Because they're deep within your heart
I've seen you cry your silent tears
Descending down - salty, clear
Like the rain in your soul
As they silently slide to the corners of your mouth
Right on down into my heart

I feel your pain held you close within my arms
As you wept with unshed tears that caught in your throat
Some current...
Some from the past
So intent on finding peace
Somewhere...
Out there amidst your grief

My heart wonders, if someday
If you'll give me the chance...
To quench your passioned thirst
Allow my music to play the strings of your heart

In a different way
A different tune

Without ever letting you forget your other
Then one day, you'll find sweet love again

~

Dedicated to Marty Klein

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

New Beginnings

Ah, the elusiveness of time

As we painfully learn the difference

Between loving someone and claiming their soul

Love, should not be smothering

Being with just anyone...

is more lonely than being alone

Gifts are empty without the spirit of true giving

Life can be painful, but without pain.....

Would we be able to recognize the beauty of love

The awesomeness of true sharing?

Always keep your integrity in your pocket

Take it out from time to time

To remind yourself of your true worth

Hold your head high, leave your sadness behind

Claim your own way, in your own life

Build on tomorrow, leave yesterday behind

Allow the cool breeze to lift your spirit

Let the sun warm your heart

Grant the Angels permission to kiss your forehead

For they have the power...

To bestow hope, peace, love and happiness

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Night Secrets

Night Secrets...

No more my aching heart
As you sleep silent in my breast
Awakening in the night
I await your sweet caress
My aching, barren arms in vain
So many times I've wept
At night upon my pillow
While in my bed I slept

Night secrets in the darkness
Like dark, murky shadows
That linger in the night
The rain softly whispers
Through the wind and trees
Carrying my secrets
To the moon shining bright

Secrets kept deep within my heart
They whisper in the night
No one else may listen
There's no one else in sight
They echo through the evening
Those things I cannot share
My secrets whispering in the darkness
Like a breeze fluttering through air

Until then...

I'll wait my love
For your soft, caressing touch
With the stars softly glowing
Through the window in my room
I lie quietly in my bed
With the shadows of the night
Whispers flow in the breeze

Sending them gently to the moon

Until then...

I'll wait til you come again
When I can softly whisper in your ear
Those secrets that I carry
Sharing secrets...
With the one I love so dear

Until then I'll wait...
For my heart belongs to only you

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Night Wings

Cobwebs, hang in the memories of my mind

Voices of the past echo thru my soul

A melody of sad refrain plays upon my memories

Like the strings of a lonely violin

I wander thru the night...

Searching for places to warm my heart

Lie my weary head

I no longer wish to sleep -

for in my dreams

Your image sears memories in my mind

I awake, with sadness, with longing

An emptiness in my bosom

I long for peace and solitude within

I long for You

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Once Upon A Time~when We Think The Gods Fail Us

'Once upon a time' is how many stories begin
stories full of adventure
where pages of magic and wonder are held within
But life's not always a fairytale
that ends with- 'They lived happily ever after'
It's full of ups, downs, tears and joy
with different adventures in every page and chapter

Sometimes our Earthly feathers may choose to fly
into the ancient cobwebs of antiquity
where many sorrows and painful tears we'll cry
The winds of Earth and Heaven blowing to and fro
with the changing pulse of the Universe
through many Celestial dimensions and black holes

The gods usually send us what we ourselves create
but, there are times we become untuned to the song
the melody of the Universe, that musically vibrates
So whether you be a sinner or a saint
being in tune with the Cosmos-
is a matter of listening with your heart
to the Divine, the angels and the immortals
And...
by using a sage decorum of constraint

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Only A Memory

The love we had...
I crave within my heart
The sweetest of memories
of laughter, of tenderness
At times even tears

My soul aches with desire for you
to hold me, to love me
with unwritten law
If it could just be so...
I could then burst forth
with the womanness in me
which longs to be set free

But now...

Just the dust remains
The lust remains
Memoriees of long ago
A memory of faded love
The love of you and me
A love not meant to be

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Open Wounds-A Harlot's Child

Unbearable cares held back...
face turning emerald with despair
by lost, withered dreams...
by his lost childhood

He was a harlot's boy-
now a man...
lost in the wilderness
haunted by his deceit of things
that cannot be undone

A sin eater...
swallowing old mistakes
tapping against time
acknowledging his poverty
of heart and soul

A lost man...
trapped in the excesses of his life
trying to manage the consequences
come rain or shine

When he was a child
no one came to wipe his tears away
No one was there to heal his open wounds

All those who chose to trespass
against his heart and soul-
dance untamable in his mind
with his life...
slowly bleeding away

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Please Know Me

Sometimes I wonder...

If you really know me

Do you listen with your ears

Do you see me with your heart

When my spirit is shining through

Do you know the color of my eyes

As they reflect...

The deepest corridors of my being

When your arms reach out for me

Do you take me deep within your soul?

I am here my love

Listen with your heart

See me with your soul

Touch me with your spirit

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Purple Dreams Of Calico And You

through a purple-hued haze of silence
weaving its whispered magic spell
while you re-connect the strings of my heart

You go about undressing my soul
as I watch your image drift in my celibate reality
I witness the melody play its lonely tune

But...

It is absent of the warmth of touch
for its only your image I see...
my heart's held hostage by the cry of the songbird

My unknown lover...

kidnapped- by the makers of dreams and phantasies
experiencing the uncertainty
of the child that lies sleeping deep within

Alone...

with the clever artists of dreams and visions
encountering the forever of my loneliness
brushing off the blurred images of repeated memories
sleeping to be hugged-dreaming to be loved

Oh yes...

I've dealt with kings, queens and dragonflies
in the dancing reverie of the fragments of my reality
gliding in and out of the dust of Heavens stars
sprinkling me with their sweet purple dreams

They make their nightly visits into my phantasy, my thoughts...

painted by the makers and weavers of dreams
Coming out of their secret, hidden places
they silently reveal their amethyst, painted masterpieces
lightly kissed in dewy lavender scented bliss
softly swaddled in dream woven swathes of purple colored calico...

And you

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Secret Lady Of The Night

I remember so well
Dancing that last, wild dance
A journey across the essence of time

Once upon a midnight clear
I danced beneath the waning moon
Wanting to drink the sweet wine of forgetfulness
The sometimes, bitter fruit of my life
That left a taste of regret upon my tongue

Now, in my older years, I'll reclaim that woman child
I shall believe in fairies, flying saucers
Wash my face in fresh fallen rain
Wear bright, wild, plume feathered hats
I'll have a secret name that no one knows but me

Then I'll laugh at those whose judgments...
Whose absurdities, so riled my furies
I'll pray for the sweet nature of other spirits
To take up their beat within my heart

I shall be...
The Secret Lady of the Night

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

She Dreamed Of Icarus - Portrait In Indigo

She seemed to be like a portrait...

Which had fallen from its gilded frame

Abandoned...

Lying face down on the empty, cold wintry floor

An elegantly created portrait...

Once painted in striking hues of indigo blue

Her eyes told a story of bittersweet, magenta colored sorrows

That etched themselves...

Throughout the frail, intricately woven canvas of her soul

Over time...

Thoughtless hands subtly contrived and manipulated...

The beauty of her painted portrait

Into a resemblance-likened to that of a cold chiseled statue

Calloused, careless fingers molded her...

Lancinating the fragile fragments of her spirit

Leaving her heart with the etoliated, worn material...

Called her life

She dreamed of Icarus - soaring down on steel wings

Shrouded in cobalt, magenta colored clouds

With outstretched, feathery fingers...

Lifting her up to dance with him in a Stravinsky ballet...

As it is was meant to be - not how it was

She was a beautiful, delicate butterfly...

Bruised by many dark shadows in her world

Leaving her unable to fly away

From its thirsting arid rain filled skies

It left her struggling to stay afloat in the spring's melting snow

Life had bruised her tender skin...

Gnawing away like insatiable insects...

On her delicate pink frescoed soul

Leaving her feeling like a plastic manikin on display...

For all to pose her as they selfishly may

Muddied soil was the blood that coursed through her veins

Holding her tethered heart...
In fleshy, lumpy mounds of dark, chocolate brown earth
It held her helplessly clogged in the dirt
That descended down in the empty spaces of her soul...
Like the muddied strings of yellow, tattered maize
That entwined their ragged tassels through her life flowing veins...
Choking off the blood she needed-
To nourish her weakened, hungry heart

Mighty winds toppled her willowy, limber tree...
Snapping the delicate boughs of her arms
As it pulled at the fleshy bark of her skin
She stood cold and alone in the cold wintry night...
Wrapped only in her naked flesh - with open, bleeding indigo wounds
Standing under the icy, mist of the cold, winter moon
Her heart and soul painfully revealed - in shades of indigo blue

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Side By Side

We walked for awhile together

side by side

We talked for awhile together

we sometimes cried

Our souls became one

with the Universe and stars

The roads up ahead seemed bright from afar

When we walked for awhile together

side by side

We shared our secrets and all our dreams

We shared our hopes our plans and schemes

Yes, we talked for awhile together

but did we try?

Then we tripped somewhere along the way

How could two lovers have gone so astray?

When we walked for awhile together

side by side

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Sometimes

When the weight of the world wants to crush my soul
splintering my heart into tiny pieces
Sometimes, I'll just sit at my window -
staring through the glass
as the rain quietly drips down my window panes

I feel the child that sleeps inside of me,
wanting so badly to be hugged - to be loved
It nibbles greedily at my heart strings
these pangs of wanting - needing

As I feel my tears quietly stain my cheeks
leaving their clear, salty trace - I hear her voice
and I listen to the hopes and dreams of my needy child
this little girl that sleeps inside my soul - my mind
I quietly pay attention to her heart
her unspoken words- held so deep within

I imagine her dancing, laughing, playing carefree
Watched over lovingly by those who were supposed to care
Those too busy to notice
Those who failed to pay her mind...
Failing to connect the dots that made her smile
Failing to help her blossom into a woman

Through my window, I watch the rain cry its tears
As they silently drip down the window panes
of my heart-my child's heart
Peeling back the worn, torn pages of my mind
I reticently watch the world go by -
wishing

So many of my pieces missing -
leaving raw, unfinished edges on my skin
Elusive, tainted memories of a childhood never given
Love never shared

Tracing the rain as it drips quietly on my window pane
I touch the wetted tears on my face

Reminiscent of my own failings as a mother
Reminiscent of the memories of my wounded, lost childhood
The weeping tears of me - her
My little girl within

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Song Of My People

To the roof of the world the mighty eagle flies
 Silently watching the Earth down below
They fly mile after mile, day after day
 Their solemn spirits soaring in Heavenly skies

From all the forests, from all of the plains
 From all the mountains high above
Discarding sacred bones beneath the dust
 They see many people leave their Earthly stains

We stand steadfast and strong to let people know
 As we walk the trails of many tears
From deep within our sacred fires burn
 Always remembering what our Shamans foretold

Built in stony cliffs and hills beneath Earthly skies
 The modern world cannot foretell
All the thousands of legends left untold
 In desolate ruins many enshrined mysteries lie

Immortal, sacred images inscribed in stone were cast
 Held firm by rocks and boulders- left alone
Proclaiming years of hallowed history
 Their Spirit messages and figures from out of the past

One day soon, the roar of drum beats will soon be heard
 The four winds will lend their mighty ears
While the winged-ones rejoice and soar above
 Remembering the past... and the hardships endured
There and then...
 Lies the dawn of light -the mysteries revealed

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Song Of The Seamen -The Mary Rose

Mary Rose, the mighty sailing sea vessel glided majestically across the waves -
With the ocean's heaving winds blowing off her proud stern and mast
Sailing victorious and proud - her billowing white sails were cast
The calm, liquid waters of the sea...flowing quietly purple blue for now-
Unconscious of the coming storm that would beat furious against her bow
Behind the sea's Bering shore were inlets left unexplored
Those abstruse, uncharted waters left from a strange world before

Her robust, alabaster sails whipped violent and furious in the wind
Impending doom was yelling their cries while brave seamen-slept within
Down below, inside their cabins they all peacefully slept
Wrapped in the secure watch that their gallant captain kept
The oceans blue and purple waves, beat savage against starboard and port
As Captain Noe standing fearless - at first quake, did not the storm report

The beams of the Mary Rose began to restlessly moan and creep
While the roaring, rolling waves beat furious against her feet
Her alabaster sails rose proud- beating mighty against the gusts
While deep inside the bow- the sleeping seamen thrust
Suddenly...they heard the captain's distraught voice
'Awake, all of ye' ', Captain Noe forcefully roared
'Awake! Awake... all ye' seaman come quickly up on board!'
The obedient seaman rose hastily to the sound of their captain's fierce command
Her helm wheel whirling rebelliously out of control - while her stalwart sails fully
expand

The savage spirit of the sea reigned fierce with rage and fear
While the brave captain fought - his loyal seaman brought up the rear
They courageously fought together - not silenced by the eye of death
As the sea raged violently against them with its brutal, menacing breath

To save their mighty Mary Rose, they'd dip their very souls in blood
Leaving themselves merciless against this drunken, mighty flood
With valiant heart - steeled together, they fought bravely without rest
Fighting to save their spirited ship - defending her stalwart breast

With canvas, sails and muscle strong - they fought against the brine
Calling out in earnest cries... ' Quickly, bring more bucket and twine!'
With plank and bow standing fierce - between them and their fate

The raging ocean's fierce, purple waves - the sea they could not hate

Their means- their birth- their mighty ship and all of their proud names
They'd fiercely stand and fight till death to protect Mary Rose's steadfast frame
Far more potent than flesh and bone are souls and feet - not made of clay
And fight they would, ore' land, water and stern-until their dying day

The morning brought the warming sun which rose broad above the waves
The winds had tamed their violent voice - against captain and seaman brave
With unshakable courage and seaman's wit - not once were spirits broke
Each cheered his mate and captain strong - as they fought with steady stroke
Their peril fought in days of danger and night filled with pain
Their manly courage did not wane - their fight - was not in vain
For all the courageous seamen and their brave Captain Noe
Joined together in hand and spirit to save their proud Mary Rose

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Song To Luna

Am I lost to thee forever?
The moon throws off thine light
I stumbled and fell along my way
Yet mine ear heareth thy voice still
Thine every sound and tone

Shall I cast my troubled heart
Into the river near or far?
Luna, Goddess of the Moon
Heareth me now in thine light

Thee who lights the Heavens above
Come down to me...
Come back to me...

I layeth my heart
Unto the root of thy tree
Please reach down thine hand...
Bring me back up to Thee

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Sweet Baby Girl

We're awaiting a miracle...ssh,
She's asleep within the womb
One day we'll look into your beautiful face
Count all your fingers and toes
And feel your first, sweet breath

We'll all be at your birth, to share that beautiful moment
A bond will be formed in an instant, of Spirit and Soul
We'll teach you to sing and dance and be at
your side when you cry, to brush the tears away

Knowing your little heart beats
Within my daughter's womb, your mommy
Simply takes my breath away
My Sweet, Baby Girl is having her own Sweet Baby Girl

We'll see your first, tiny smile
And watch you take your first steps
God has kept you to Himself for long enough
Now He's sending you to us, on loan from above
To teach, to guide and most of all...
To Love

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Teach Me How To Fly

I want to touch the stars and moon

Take my hand, hold me up
teach me how to fly

Give me my wings

take me to the Heavens above
where tears that are shed
are like diamonds in the sky

Where peace is strong

and faith is long

Teach me how to use my wings

where God is the wind in my feathers
that makes me soar - makes me fly
abandoning my all in the air

Speak me into motion

along God's skies and oceans

Please God...

teach me how to fly

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Texas Country Cowboy Creation

It's a real Texas situation
Wow, you're one heck of a creation
I dig your hat, I love your boots
Ya' got those bang up, country roots
When you're strummin' on your guitar
you're one, red hot, country star

Ooh, wearing those, sexy, tight fittin' jeans
you're one lean, mean country machine
Ya got me feelin' like a damn fool
like a silly girl in high school
Boy, I'd sure like to share your company
so, get off that bull, come ride with me

Yeah, it's a Texas situation
cuz' you're one heck of a creation
I spent my money on this here hat
Tell me now, whadda' ya' think of that?

Come on now, I'd like to be your pretty baby
we'll drive each other country crazy
Yeah, it's one heck of a situation
cuz' you're one, red hot, Texas, born creation

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Texas Country Star

It's a real Texas situation
Cuz' you're one heck of a creation
I dig your hat, I love your boots
Ya' got those bang-up country roots
When you're strummin' on your guitar
you're one redhot, country star

Wearin' those sexy tightfittin' jeans
you're a lean mean, country machine
Ya' got me feelin' like a damn fool
like a silly girl in grade school
I'd like to share your company
so get off that bull, come ride with me

Yeah, it's a Texas situation
Cuz' you're one heck of a creation
I spent my money on this here hat
Tell me now, whadda' ya' think of that?

Come on, I'll be your pretty baby
we'll drive each other country crazy
Yeah, it's one heck of a situation
Cuz' you're a redhot...
Texas born, country cowboy creation

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Awakening -My Beloved Stranger

Oh my beloved stranger...

My silent heart longs
for the passionate caress of your embrace
Where do I search for the eyes
that fill my heart with song?

I ache with a burning desire
that longs to be set free
And if I should sleep
may I hold you sweetly in my dreams?

I shall seek you to the world's far ends
to the far and distant shores
Your heart will lead and I shall follow
Undressing my soul...
as you pull on my heart strings

Oh, my beloved stranger
I have loved you before
My heart longs for the memories of you
to find our hearts one more time
where love was sweet and warm

Together again...
Our hearts beating as one?
where I am you and you are me
Come to me my beloved stranger
whisper to my heart and make it sing

Together one more time
From our world and back again...
we will love together...
Until the end

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Boy Who Rides By The Sea

The boy from the sea
rides bareback along the shore
His magnificent stallion and he
In the early morn and the eve of night
riding each day by the sea

Every day at dawn
I rush to the shore
just to catch a glimpse of he
In the moonbeams of night
I race to the land...
to watch them gallantly ride by the sea

So beautiful in majesty
I quietly watch them ride
Moving together as if they were one
like a beautiful melody
Riding quietly together in perfect harmony
This magnificent horse and he
By the sea...
By the sea

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Chill

I feel a chill in your kiss...
like the cold, February wind that rushes through my veins
 Oh, how I long for the soft tenderness of your caress
which has now become strangely vacant
 Your warm embrace seems to have lost its fire
and you no longer stroke my face while I sleep

 Suddenly...
The warmth is gone from your touch
 I swallow the pain down inside
not wanting to notice our bridge may be burning
 Why can't you just say it-instead of pulling away?
Do the risks seem too high to take a chance?

 The painful words in my soul bring tears to my eyes
We used to find love in quiet, hidden places
 You without pity - I without shame

 Who has taken my place...
 Entered my space?

How could I have known you'd tire of me so
 Will you no longer stand by my side?
Together...
 we could make things right
But...
 your silence is so deafening

Raindrops pour their waters
 washing away my hopes, singing a melancholy song
of lost hope-of disappearing dreams
 I lift my face to the darkened sky
feeling the rain slide down my cheeks
 Staring into emptiness...
as my heart cries out in silent pain
 blinding me from the light

I feel so lost without you
 But then I realize...
You never really found me

Now my heart says...
 Where do I go from here
Oh God...
 Tell me - where do I go from here?

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Chill Of An Early Winter

There's an early winter in the air

But tis' naught from the ending of the fall
The leaves have yet to turn their golden reds
And sail freely through the early, morning mist

The eve arrives late...

Still beckoning the children to play
Before darkness cloakes the golden, autumn moon

Ah, the early winter is in my heart

It's my spirit that feels the chill
It comes from an emptiness inside

An emptiness...

Like that of a newborn babe who wakes
Finds the warmth of his mother's bosom is naught
And cries for the nourishment of the suckle

Tis' the emptiness of a broken heart I feel

Yes...

The chill of an early winter

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Dream

If you would have loved me
when I needed love...
I would have known the lips of comfort
I knew, had you been with me
I'd would have heard the melody of the song

I walked in the tides of darkness
and I willed myself to think of you
I would have learned the secrets of the night...
had you been with me

And I, frightened and alone, had no arms to warm me
Once again...
I willed myself to think of you

The wind, with it's soft breath whispered...
'once more'
I willed myself to think of you

Then suddenly... I found you
standing there in the moonlite
I was no longer alone nor fearful
and the past was not true
For there in the night nothing else mattered
but the white fire of moonlite and my bright dream of you

Then...
I held out my hand and you came

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Game Of Love

Why must there always be a pursuer and a pursuee
in this vast Universe we share?
The me of you and the you of me...
We just seem to confuse one another with the chase...
With all these games of love we play

Is it fate that brings us together...
or do we cling to the illusion of fantasy?
Why is it such an effort?
Why are we afraid to just let go and be real?
Although we may try to do our best...
is it really good enough?
What if we fail to make the mark...
Keep the spark?

We laugh, we cry
And so, the chase goes on...
Me, you, the world
And...
All the silly games of love we seem to play

We bloom, we fade, we fail, we feel
And still...
We throw the dice, we gamble
Wondering...
if we'll win or lose as we play the game of love
Will we score this hand
Or...
Walk away with empty arms?

When we play this risky game of life and love
It almost seems to laugh at us...
in this game of love we all play
Sometimes without any meaning
Sometimes without any rules
The line so thin between winning and losing
It can sneak right up on you
Or...
It can confront you face to face

Then, when it seems too good to be true
it can just as quickly rub it in your face
And then...
It can turn it's fickle back on you
Ah yes, the game of love
Bittersweet...
But oh, so real

Love can lose its truest beauty
when we play it like a game
Cuz' when...
your cards aren't on the table
and the dealing's all through
all life's chips will fall where they may
Then, the game of love...
Will start playing its game on you

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Gift

I had a dream last nite, so vivid, so unfeigned
As you touched my face, my heart became unchained
An Angel with a pen, was writing down our script
You softly touched my skin and gently kissed my lips
The colours were radiant, our skin softly glowing
The Angels and the Universe were granted a 'knowing'
You reached down into my heart, you touched my very soul
I knew our precious Gift would be written on a scroll

We were born to be one, our souls joined together
I heard a whisper say, 'Your Gift will last forever'
You held me in your arms, with gentle words unspoken.
The gift wrapped in love would always stay unbroken
When I awoke, I felt the tears that stained my face
I opened my arms and sensed your warm embrace
I need to slumber now...
I'll go back and lay me down
Come back my love,
Give the gift...
I've never found

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Gift Of Love

I sit alone in the darkness with only my memories of you
But my thoughts alone cannot recover...
the sweet, remembered hours of the way we were
My feelings for you were immortal, for I loved you strong

What ended our splendid dream?
Once lovers, now strangers...
Was it something heard, or a sudden cry
That meekly and without a word came between us?

The bond, that's now forever broken
Strangely...
without any words being spoken
we slipped apart
You and I...
Gone

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Lord And The Ladee'

The Lord and the Ladee rode into the night
Her arms entwined around him tight
The horse they rode was dark, glistening black
He majestically carried them both on his back

They rode with the wind and the shadows of dark
For the night holds secrets deep in their hearts
'Mystical spells, from the Earth and the Sea
said the Lord of the Night, to the Elfin Ladee

'Spells', she whispered? 'From the Mystic and Olde
'Use them well', he said, 'Be brave, be bold!
Cobweb Silk and Dust from the Stars
Magical Promises, from lands afar

'Have no fear', said the Lord to the Elfin Ladee
as they rode through the evening so dark and shady!
'No longer my love, will you be alone
Magical love, together we've sown

With thundering hooves, they rode into the night
The Moonbeams golden, the Stars glittering bright
With Ritual Magic of Sorcerers and Elves
Soft, green moss and bewitching spells

They rode hard and fast into the night
Guided by the Stars and soft Moonlite
His hair, black as midnight, hers golden as the sun
Their spirits and souls, joined together as one

'We'll soon be there', said the Ladee to the Lord
'We'll find Moonbeam Faeries and Elves with swords
The Magical Spells and the 'Enchanted Scrolls
They carried them tightly in Mystical Rolls

The Lord and the Ladee held the Key
This Lord and Ladee of Mystery
They carried Magical Stones and Celtic Spells
They were very wise, they would use them well!

The Moon Beam Riders had traveled to Earth
To bless each child at it's moment of birth
The Lord and the Lade' rode swiftly down the road
Towards the Leprechauns and Pixies in the Forest of Ode

They must quickly make haste, before the night turned around.
Fire Faeries and Star Babies danced merrily on the ground
Dream Weavers and Sandmen scurried joyfully through the woods
Carrying bright coloured baskets filled with Magical goods

A Woodland Wedding for the bride and gGroom
In The Garden of Ode', under the Stars and Moon
'Faerie Bride Shena, with hair spun of gold
Leprechaun Groom Avid, so brave, so bold

Shena's gown shone with gleaming, starbright white
As Avid, the Brave One, stood by her in the night
They all joined together singing songs of great glee
When suddenly, The Lord and The Lade' rode in with the Key

Magic and Music echoed throughout the evening air
As The Lord and The Lade' joined the Tiny Pair
The Magical Garden rang out with jubilant song
As Shena and Avid pledged their vows to belong

Elves, Gnomes, Wizards, Moon Babies and Pixies
Water and Earth Spirits and a Faerie called Trixie
All dancing in the Garden where Wizards dwelled
Gardens made of Faerie Dust, Moss and Bluebells

Slowly the twilight started slipping away!
As they sang and danced in gleeful play
Then all of a sudden quite out of the blue
In the blink of an eye, and away they all flew

The fluttering of wings vanished in the night sky
As Faeries, Pixies and Elves began to fly fly, fly
Their Silvery wings glistened like Stars in the night
As they magically ascended into Mystical flight.

I know you believe in Enchanting Spells

I know you believe in Faeries and Elves
Some night the Sandman, might whisk you away
To The Lands of Magical Mystery...
You just might want to stay!

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Night The Moon Refused To Shine

on this stage
as i face the struggle within
setting the past aside
i've grown used to my indecent hostilities
transfixed by the sadness of poverty

i tire of the disappearance of life
doing things no one appreciates

i try to ignore the irrational
shall i go on- keeping up the payments of life?

all the crazy torment, of taking chances
i utter the words while the past twists and turns
as I keep talking it over with me...with God

covered in despair i feel like a discoverer...
on a ship with no life raft moved to the side of the river

i've fought through the inevitableness of agony
accused of an increase of emptiness
i've sacrificed romance forever
with the time ticking away

time has no explanation
it's all- or nothing
along the path with life's mortgage past due
haunting memories -rehashing the disorder of belief

i assessed my expectations
i'm just too tired to play the games anymore
i accuse destiny of my dying inside

i inherit threats of leaving
coloring the days and nights for the time being
in this land of dreams, an unbearable obsession devours me...
i was so torn by the exit of you
somehow i've grown accustomed of losing everybody in this life
should i let my despair show...

beholding an obscure face
with tears refusing to cry their wetness
breaking apart
feeling nothing
as the moon lights the frozen lake?

sizing up all this misery
i don't know how i got here
hardly moving through the being of this world

are the fish still biting...
in the loneliness of this unsavory landscape?

across the street i laugh at the untutored shouts
of night's uncertainty...
it's all so altogether painful

i expose everything
tricked by the bitterness of change in the unproductive rain

i'm drifting through things of the past
complete with prophetic discontent

i tell you... the nonchalance of it all is disgusting
the difficulty of pretending about my place in this world
setting everything in motion as the night passes
i face stale foolishness

love is just so much unplanned profanity...
the misbegotten affairs- the liars, the cheaters
what uncolorful experiences

i move through life's hurt
as a grenadiers song is playing
and all those sterile people I choose to leave alone

now, at this time in the night...
the night the moon refused to shine
i'm in seclusion dropping out
in the yellow of the cold december moonlite
wanting to leave behind
the hurt -the damage

lost in grief
one last time
with no feelings left to share

by anne p murray

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Sun Goes Down On My Days

My writings are merely shadows of my regrets

The taste of sadness, of thoughts left unsaid

Touches not felt -

Tears that dried, leaving salty traces

The feeling of emptiness in my hands, my arms

Walking slowly through my memories...

I long for the moment to come

when I can reach up and touch the sky

I long for one last, unending kiss

I wish I could say 'no regrets' as I muse all alone

Now- in a deep shade of purple the flowers fall asleep...

as the sun goes down on my days

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Touch Of Their Feathers

Listen to the still, quiet sounds...
Can you hear their voices
feel their flow of peaceful, butterfly thoughts
as they land gently in your soul?

Listen to their tender wisdom speaking quietly to your heart
light as a feather-
flowing gently in the breeze upon your weary flesh

They are angel messengers of peace and love
sending their herald of colors and kindness
as they beckon you to follow their sagesness-their love

They send their light, feathery touches to tenderly caress your spirit...
to soothe your restless soul-
bidding you to walk the path next to peaceful waters-
to breathe in their sweet sounds...
like the gentle waves of an ocean
as their quietly ease their way to shore

They send you their sounds of tranquility, love and calmness
as they gently whisper your name...
dropping their feathers along the way
to guide you safely home
while you answer quietly from within

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Wait

We shall wait awhile longer
and while we linger...
we'll resolve our hearts to slumber
Our souls will find a path
a way for us to walk this weary road

We shall wait awhile longer
and while we linger...
We'll plant our seeds
welcome their flowering beauty
and the sweet fragrance of their blossoms

We shall await awhile longer
and while we linger...
we'll listen for the sounds of His harmonious music
Our spirits will soar
then our souls will lift into the sky
into the arms Of The One...

The One who knows our beauty, our worth, our goodness
Our voices will sing as tomorrow...
brings forth a happy new day
A brighter new tomorrow...
that will last forever

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The Way We Were

I'll remember you always
Holding the memory of you, of us
so deep within my heart

In the years to come...
those remembered moments...
when I hear the echo of remembered tears
I'll recall the gift of love we shared

We tried to love...
amidst the pain and sorrow
that time and life dealt us

And so...

My heart goes on, occasionally stirring up
dusty old dreams, smiling memories
Of you, of me...
And the way we were

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

The White Fire Of Moonlight... And You

I had a dream inside my mind...
If you would have loved me...
When I needed love
I would have known your tender lips of comfort

In my dreams...
I danced with my tall dark stranger
I know- had you been with me
I'd have heard the melody of the song

I walked in the tides of darkness
The cloak of eve crept silently in the shadows of night
And...
I willed my heart to think of you
I'd have known the secrets of the night had you been with me
Sheltering my soul with your sweet, tender embrace
Trees lowered their limbs to me...
Mysteriously crying

And I...
Little and alone, had no arms to warm my soul
Again...
I willed myself to think of you
The wind with its soft, velvety breath
Whispered quietly to my heart
"I am with you"
Then...
It secretly stole my thoughts away

The night smiled-as it said...
"Be patient my lady"
The moon came down and danced with me
While the gods softly whispered
"Once more"

Again...
I desperately willed my trembling heart to think of you
As I remembered your gentle touch

Suddenly...

I found you, strong and sweet

And I...

In that soft moonlight, was no longer alone

For there in the night, was nothing else that mattered

And nothing past was true...

But the white fire of moonlight

And my bright dream of you

Then...

I reached out my hand...

And you came

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

There Ain'T Nothin' Better Than A Cowboy Lover

He was her part time lover, even though he was her only one. A man you could love. But she'd never let him know she had a full time heart. Although her strings had some wear and tear throughout her years. She'd been burned by love in the past, had given her heart away to the wrong man. Where a passionate fire once burned in her heart, were now bitter ashes of her past. The embers of a once remembered love, that burned so warmly, had waned and dimmed cold. Faded now, to memories of cinder. She was hungry for the taste of true love, but her heart remained guarded

So...she wasn't going to let him put her heart in his pocket
No, she wasn't about to give her heart away

She'd play it cool
Never let him see her fears
Pretend she was tough
Never cry or show any tears

He was a man
Raised right by his mother
He'd lay a rose upon her pillow
He was a man like no other
There ain't nothin' better
Then a cowboy lover

His name was Jesse from Montana. He had skin the color of lightly, roasted coffee-from being out in the sun so much. His smile...a bit crooked-made him look a bit mischievous, in a teasing sort of manner.

It could knock your socks off if you gazed too long. She met him at a little café in Big Sky, Montana, leaning against the counter like a long, tall drink of cool water. Boots, hat and all, the makin's of a real cowboy.

She had to catch her breath as she looked in his direction. He was one good looking cowboy. She was close enough to catch his masculine scent.

But...she wasn't going to let him put her heart in his pocket
No sir, she wasn't about to give her heart away

She had slayed the paper dragons of her past, put them all behind her. She was

bold and brave. He asked for her number, which she willingly gave. He smiled- it was a little bit crooked, a tad mischievous in a teasing sort of manner. He nudged his hat back with his thumb as he looked at her. His green eyes sparkled as he playfully grinned at her, revealing his even white teeth.

He was the tallest, sexiest man she'd ever laid eyes on, standing there in his cowboy boots and hat. She barely stood five feet tall, he must have been at least six feet...and then some. He was a rugged-looking man. He looked down at her with his gentle smile. When he spoke his voice was strong, yet soft. It was almost tranquilizing.

Still...

She wasn't going to let him put her heart in his pocket

Nope...not just yet

They'd cuddle in their blanket under the stars and moonlight, listening to Hank Williams songs, drinking coffee around their campfire, telling stories from their pasts, laughing and snuggling. Before she'd go to sleep at night, he'd kiss her cheek and hold her close in his arms.

In the mornings when she woke-there was always a flower lying on her pillow-one he'd picked out in the meadow. She'd never had a man that was so caring and thoughtful. It was enough to make a girl fall deep in love. But...she was still afraid to give her heart away

One night as she lay in his arms, he stroked her cheek with his tender touch-gently kissed her lips and held her tight. He whispered softly in her ear, 'What would you do if I asked you'? Ask me what', she said? He said, 'Little lady, do you know how much I love you? Would you kindly be my wife'?

When he so lovingly whispered those words in her ear that wonderful night under the stars, she realized she really did want him to put her heart in his pocket.

That was the night; she trustingly gave her heart away

She wasn't playin' it cool-

She finally let him see her fears

She really wasn't all that tough

Then he cried and let him see her tears

He tenderly wiped them from her eyes

He was a real man alright

Raised right by his mother

He laid a rose upon her pillow

He really was a man like no other

Nope...there sure ain't nothin' better...
Then a cowboy lover

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

We Shall Meet Again My Love-In Another Time- Ayor' Anosh' Ni'

You are the white star of twilight
The moon in the sky's far end
I shall lie down with thee...
Rise up with thee
For in my dreams thou art always with me

Oh Great Spirit when you look upon us
Give us your peace and refreshing sleep
For you and me, my beloved...
Are two halves joined together
Each others distant shore
The left and right wings of the bird
Two halves of a seashell

We are apart...
Yet connected by a greater love
The sun and moon bless the union of our spirits
Designed by our Creator for life's endless circle
Joined like a tree to earth, a cloud to the sky
You are a part of me, as I am of you
Bonded by the Great White Spirit

You are my love, my heart's best friend
Our love will never cease... never end
I know it is thou...
Who moves within my heart
Now and forever my beloved

Ayor'Anosh'ni'...
My Dearly Beloved

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

What Were You Thinking?

Did you really believe you could love me?
Was it your mission to lead my heart astray?
Just what were you thinking?
Or was it your intent to purposely betray?
I believed in you, your words sweet and kind.
Just what were you thinking?
Were you trying to drive me from my mind?
So many times you made me cry?
My heart is broken,
I'm afraid it won't heal.
So many tears that just won't dry.
Just what were you thinking
As you now, go along your carefree way?
You think you can fool the others?
You'll find out some day.
Someone, will grab your heart
Then, you'll see..
They, will make you pay.

Anne Murray

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ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Winter's Kill- Your Stone Cold Heart

Memories...

Of what I thought was love
Leave me feeling bitterly cold and empty
Cold and empty...
Like the old oak tree in the dead of winter
Who's lost it's leaves of greens and golds
The old, oak tree...
Once covered with soft billows of green

I was once covered with your soft, tender love

Now...
I feel like the old, oak tree in it's winter
Your love...
Was just a temporary blanket to be removed
When your cold, icy bitterness set in

The cold resentment that blankets your heart
Is like petrified, icy snow
That lies on the barren cold wintry ground

Will the sunshine melt your frozen heart of stone
Like the springtime melts the icy, wintry snow,
as it tenderly persuades the budding leaves to bloom?

No, you remain cold...
Like broken rain
Cold as the icy, frozen icicles
That hang on the branches of the old, oak tree
You...
With your stone cold heart

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Words Off Wisdom

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

Did anyone ever tell you the wonderful story
About life and love and all of it's glory?
Well, don't be misled by all of this talk
Come along with me, let's go for a walk.
When God created a man and a woman
He meant it to be, a very good union
Be careful of words you speak when you're mad
Be watchful, of making a loved one feel sad

Watch the words you speak to ones that you love
Be kind and cautious, be gentle as a dove.
When greed and selfishness get in the way
We get lost in the shuffle, now what can I say
To mend all the hearts that get scarred and broken
Cuz' once they've been said...
They've forever been spoken

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
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ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Wounded Thinking

I thought I knew you

Your spirit, your soul

I became accustomed to your flaws

And so...

I lingered on

I believed in you

My blinded eyes led me

To an empty space

A space, you call your soul

My own mind and heart betrayed me

Just like you betrayed me

Your deceitful affection misled me

I believed in your illusion

But now my dear...

I've come to the conclusion

This time...

I know who you are

You are one...

I no longer desire

And yet...

I feel sad, empty

Something is gone.

Something...I never really had

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

Yes, It Was So Lovely Back Then

Once upon a time it was love...
Before the the love and passion...
Settled in cooled ashes of limpid cold embraces
Before...
When you remembered special dates and made special dates

I remember once upon a time...
Dressing up for special occasions choosing a special dress to wear-
And shoes to make me feel tall and sexy
When we talked at our table in a restaurant
Instead of staring at others...
Envious of their words and looks that spoke of passion...
Passion that we once shared

Yes, it was so lovely back then...
Looking forward to nightfall
In un-conjured confidence that love would fill our longings
We once shared those warm, special moments at breakfast...
Smiling, like we had a secret we'd just shared...
Pretending shyness -
Knowing we had just shared passionate, special moments

Then it found itself disquited...
By long moments of unfamiliar silence that touched both of us
With a single, extinguished tiny flame...
Yes, it was so lovely back then

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

You Are My Light Across The Horizon

You are hiding in my heart, my thoughts, my dreams
A sweetly scented secret...
Like waiting for the bud of a rose to bloom
Clouding my vision...
With your scent lingering sweetly around me
Holding me vigilant in your soft, bewitching spell

Although I know not what, or who you are
I feel your very essence floating in the air...
With a thirst so in need of quenching
Desires in need of your soft embrace
The tender touch of your fingers on my skin
And the warmth of your lips on my cheek
For life-giving waters to bathe my heart, my soul

Longingly searching for eyes that shine
Patiently waiting for your return
With every part of me...
Breathing in the essence of you
That still lingers so sweetly in the air

Just a thought am I without you
Floating aimlessly...
On tender tendrils of time and antiquity
Waiting for your softly spoken words
To paint eternal stars in my heart
Waking my soul...
With twinkling, dusted rays of moonlite

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

You Call This Love?

One, cold day in December...

The year was 1996

You walked into my life

Later on, with your kind, blue eyes,

You asked...

'Will you be my wife?'

I didn't listen with my head

My heart did all the talking

Then one day...

You gave the crashing blows

And I sent you walking!

A few days passed

Then, like a fool...

I let you back into my life

You said, you loved me...

After all, I was your wife!

I thought you'd change

Your promise...

Just words said in vain

Then, you hit me in the face

My head, my heart...

Filled up with so much pain

With hands around my neck

You sat, watching me bleed!

Then, you blamed it all on me

But it was you...

Who did the dirty deed

Your love, your heart,

So filled with rage, so mad!

'It's all your fault', you said

You then accused me of being bad!

I need to ask...
'Why did you hurt me so?
With battered faces and unloved spaces
'Why'? I'd truly like to know!

Stripped naked, raw to the bone
Our house, empty of love...
Just a place, that never felt like home

My confidence, slowly feigned
Tears slowly dripping, slowly slipping
Like rain on a windowpane

So many lost and wasted years
So much pain, hurt and tears
Now, I bid you a lonely farewell
One last thing I want you to know
Dammit...
It still hurts like hell!

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

You Wouldn'T Know Good Lovin'

You can tell me that you love me
But...I know that it ain't true
Because you left on Sunday
Said you were tired of feelin' blue

So now it'sTuesday afternoon
And you're coming around again
Well it doesn't really matter
Cuz, I ain't lettin' you back in

You said that you had changed
Told me you knew you'd done me wrong
Well baby I heard that old line before
Same ole' story same ole' song

Cuz' you wouldn't know good love ...
If it came knockin' at your door
You wouldn't know it now
Darlin'- you never did before

I know you well enough by now
That you'd say most anything
To get right back into my heart
But baby...
When it comes to good lovin'
You don't even know where to start

So you think that I'd believe you
With that same ole' dance and song
Well, baby there just ain't no way
Now go on back where you belong

Cuz, you wouldn't know good lovin'
If it stared you in your face
Once you had me, now you've lost me
Now...
Go find someone else to chase

~

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY

You...My Decadent Indulgence

Big chocolaty, liquid brown eyes
That make me want to swoon
Rich cherry red lips
So edible, so delicious
I want to reach for a spoon

You're a cornucopia of flavors
Your rich, buttery soft, coffee colored skin
Smooth as the skin of grape to my touch
Ohh, I want to take all of you within

Your kisses...
Taste of sweet strawberry wine
Lingering, long and delicious
So luscious and oh, so fine

It's like dining in exotic elegance
Tasting your raspberry lips- so fair
Smelling the fragrance of lemons
That linger pungent in your hair

I could feast on you forever
Like rich decadent elegant cuisine
Laying forever in your arms
Your skin -
Tasting of sweet vanilla bean

ANNE P LadeeAnne MURRAY