

Poetry Series

Atara Gedalowitz
- poems -

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Atara Gedalowitz(January 31)

A Brilliant Bond

It isn't often that I take the chance
And dare my heart to bare,
To ask someone, if perchance,
They would possibly care,
To walk with me beneath the sky,
Beneath the sparkling sun,
And think and speak and wonder,
Perhaps to have some fun;
To ponder life's details,
Its laughs and its mishaps,
To deliberate, maybe debate,
Fill in our missing gaps;
The act of trading back and forth,
The sharing that brings light,
I relish each and every step,
My soul simply takes flight
And yet I stop, I hesitate,
I'm scared each time anew,
What if I'm just not enough?
What else am I to do?
And so, I don't, I don't reach out,
Don't ask for someone's hand;
I am not often brave enough
To try for something grand,
But when I do I'm always glad
That I've faced my fear once more,
For friendship is a brilliant bond
Worth taking chances for!

Atara Gedalowitz

A Chance

A comment
A moment
A spark which is soon unchangeable
Part of the past
The past, history
The story that weaves through eternity
Encompassing all, all that has been done
We study it to learn,
To prepare in the present for the fast coming future
The future that is already now becoming the past
It slides and glides forward
Sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly,
But constantly forward
It does not stop
Actions that flow and meld into one
Building and affecting time
A comment
A moment
A chance to make history

Atara Gedalowitz

A Journey

Every Journey has a beginning,
Has a goal.
A goal that is changed and reformed along the way.
We get lost on our Journeys,
We traverse territory both unexplored and long forgotten.
We meet others, tramping too,
Some hinder, some help,
Because each is on their own expedition.
When and if we reach the destination
We find that the meaning we have attained
Is only because of how we have come to it
And yet sometimes the goal itself was nothing
A small whim that has now changed us forever.
We turn and twist, go right and left,
Find many new things and leave many behind,
The choices, ups and downs, actions and words,
Blend into something untouchable.... indescribable
And make a mixture,
That is a Journey

Atara Gedalowitz

A Pilgrimage

Note: This poem is entirely a work of fiction.

Each year, on the 8th of June
I hum the same familiar tune
Through rain or shine, I find a way
To climb the mountain, where I play
The same ole song, I first heard there,
My father played with so much care,
I remember his stubble beard,
His scruffy look and how he feared,
Not one responsibility,
How he bounced me on his knee,
He didn't mind that his nose was bent,
He cared more how his days were spent,
His eyes were brown, soft, and fine,
Extremely similar to mine,
But his had no worry, no inner dread,
That none would remember him, when he was dead,
I fear mine do - I don't have conviction,
That my life is more than just a fiction,
I wish I had more than just his looks,
Perhaps his courage or love of books,
I try to copy, what I recall,
Yet far too often and I tend to fall,
But on that summer day, I climb,
And I feel closer to his paradigm,
I dress as he did, with boots and a hat
I sit; legs crossed, just where he sat,
Each time the strings are a little more worn,
Each time my boots slightly more torn,
And yet the song gains strength and spirit,
It takes on new meaning each time I hear it,
How can this be, if it stays the same?
I would guess that I'm to blame,
I let my life seep through the chords,
I think of lyrics where there aren't words,
Look at my present and my past,
Mix in emotion, play slow and fast.

I wonder if there's anyone,
Who when times passes and I'm gone,
Will sense I was more than a clerk,
Reflect on the smile I wore at work,
Will someone know I climbed with heart,
Or that I wanted to be a bigger part,
Of humanity, of all that's good,
I wanted to do more than I could.

The melody floats in the air
Reminding me I have to care
I can't give up, I can't lose hope
My Dad wouldn't want me to mope
What hasn't happened isn't set
And so it's possible, I might yet,
Find connection to this world
Before from its presence I am hurled
This music lifts my troubled soul
Give me purpose and a goal,
I thank my Dad for this tradition,
And each occasion's fresh addition,
Of why to travel, of why to strum,
And so each year, in June, I hum.

Atara Gedalowitz

A True Friend

Someone who cares when you're up
Someone who cares when you're down
Someone who when you mess up
Will give a smile instead of a frown
Someone who cares when you're right
Someone who cares when you're wrong
Someone who won't let a fight
Get in the way too long
Some one who cares to care
Someone who cares to give too
Someone who is not only fair
But looks exactly like you!

Atara Gedalowitz

All The Time In The World

We think we have all the time in the world
To play out silly games
We think we have all the time in the world
So we stray to selfish aims
We think we have all the time in the world
But really, stop
And think

Where we going?
Why are we here?
Are we growing?
What should we fear?

Well, comfort's alright
Fun is too.
But not if they're gotten
By ignoring what's what's true

So If you you see a good deed
That you're able to do
Try and succeed
Your time's waiting for you

Atara Gedalowitz

Confusion

I am what I am because I am, Right?

Or is it because of what I have done? Confusion

The impact I have made?

Is it because of what I have seen and heard?

Of what I have felt?

I have been built block upon block,

memory upon memory,

time upon time,

and yet

I can not know I exist.

The past is intangible,

So is the future,

And the present constantly fades.

So what am I?

Atara Gedalowitz

Dance, Dance

Dance, Dance
To the music
Dance, Dance
To the beat
Dance, Dance
To the rhythm
Stomp your feet

Dance, Dance
Even though
Your tune they don't hear
Dance, Dance
For yourself
Have no fear

Dance, Dance
If you're alive
You're doing well
Dance, Dance
And grin
So the world can tell

You know you've got
A life to live
And you're looking at the joy
This world can give

And you're dancing and laughing,
You won't be dragged down
You'd rather keep moving
Than wear a deep frown

Dance, Dance
Til it's played to the end
Dance, Dance
With a smile
My truly brave friend

Flying Sight

To sleep upon the eagle's wings,
And dream of flying high.
To soar beyond all mundane things;
Make real the longing sigh.

Up and up and up, we go,
Till from the distant air,
We see the ground spread out below,
Laid out with loving care.

The roads and paths that intersect,
The ones wind around,
Make us stop and introspect,
To where our lives our bound.

How many can we touch down there,
Among the shackled free?
To what delight can we compare
Kindness's ability?

For surely in the sprawled mass
Of those unconnected unaware,
There's one among those we pass,
Who needs someone to care.

Awaking from the pensive night,
A surprise somewhere we'll find;
The world's become suddenly bright -
We are no longer blind!

Atara Gedalowitz

For You

This is for you
Yes you, over there,
You, the one who's brushing her hair
And you on the street
And you in the car
And you who's wishing upon that star
For the boy with the truck
For the man with hat
For the player who's picking up his bat
For the woman who cries
For the soldier who dies
For the child who struggles,
For the person who tries
This is for you
All who care
For the kind, and the humble,
The ones who dare
To live and work,
To dream and hope,
To keep on moving,
To strive, to cope
To all those unnoticed
Who don't despair,
Who continue to give,
Who continue to share,
This is yours,
It's long overdue
It's a simple, short, heartfelt:
Thank you

Atara Gedalowitz

Free And Perfect

What does it mean to be free
For in reality
We all serve something or someone

Whether it be
To a friend or a foe
We are bonded
It makes us human

We may be stuck with a master
Who makes us move faster and faster
Or maybe we just plaster
Ourselves to causing disaster
What is disaster?

Without a rule to bind
Who knows what you may find
Among us human kind
For we are both order and chaos

So maybe to create
Our own perfect world
We should wait

Or you could just tell me what it means to be free.

Atara Gedalowitz

Gifted

Have you ever raced against
Someone so much speedier
That the difference between you two
Was between glacier and meteor
And if you have,
Have you felt the thrill
Of watching brilliance at its best
Reaching higher still
Do know of the oft forgotten
Little treasure
That life brings with one's loss
Is a pure simple pleasure
Of being left very far behind
But knowing
That you've witnessed
A new feat be defined

Atara Gedalowitz

Haunting Face

It's a very narrow window
That entrance between realms
Perhaps two yards, or even less,
And yet, it overwhelms

Descending down its grimy stair,
You slip into a crowd,
Of people bent on rushing,
And tracks that are too loud.

Fear, disgust, and apathy,
Mix among this crew,
Casting furtive glances,
Stirring through the slew,
Of awful sounds and awful smells
And awful sickly air
That lies still, until it's cracked
By someone in despair
Who then is drowned, among the sound,
Of trains that come and go
With people, people, in and out -
Hordes that shrink and grow.

It's not just a means to an end,
A way to get somewhere
It's a city of its own
In which you must beware.

Catch no one's eyes, stare at the floor,
Clutch your bag and or purse,
And be warned, by those without,
Your life could be much worse.

After you've arisen,
Climbed up those ghastly flights,
Color returns, memories fade
Of the sallow, flickering lights,
And of the noise, and of the pain,
And of that other place,

It's not so hard, once you've returned,
To forget the haunting face
That lies below, that lies within
The city's thronging height
Who cares if you remember
It's safely below...right?

Atara Gedalowitz

Honorable Journalist

The writer who'd fought many a war
Finally put down his pen
He stretched, feeling overly sore
Knew he'd never fight again

His armor came off
His wit flew away
He gave a slight cough
Then looked out at the bay

The sun, inspiration, was setting, slowly
It came closer to night
He knew he'd be free

Time had flown by
While he looked ahead
All that was done had been done
All that was said had been said

He'd brandished an unforgettable sword
Made heard his strong battle cry
But now he'd had his last word
Given the world his solemn 'Goodbye.'

For the people he'd stood
For the truth he had spoken
But he now understood
This was his last token

The last words he gave
To the new generation
You might want to save
And give some consideration:

'You can win, you can lose,
Take either with grace.
Here's the big news,
Life's not really a race.'

I Lived

Train me to think
Then I will wonder
Train me to wonder
Then I will blunder
Train me to blunder
Then I will seek
Train me to seek
Then I will peek

Peek at the wonders and blunders
Of this world
Then try and fix
What wasn't broken
Hoping just to leave a token
That I was here
Thought, taught, and blundered
Because I didn't know but simply wondered

Atara Gedalowitz

I Stand

I stand on a past,
A past that's quite filled
Filled with lies
Filled with truth
Filled with people being killed

I stand on a history,
A history built from labor
Labor of strong
Labor of weak
Labor of neighbor for neighbor

I stand on a strength.
A strength that's been tested
Tested by time
Tested by hate
Tested by being bested

I stand with a pride,
A pride that was won
Won for freedom
Won for justice
That I carry on

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If There Be A Soul Here Let Them Stand

If there be a soul here let them stand
For I have a dream tall and grand
One day this earth shall be filled with light
No one will see another in plight
And turn their cheek or close their eyes
But will instead hear the cries

Do your best, take the credit for your success and mistakes
Clean up the earth, throw out the fakes
Find the good in all and be the example of good
You can help the world become the way it should

Who will join me in this task?
A small act of kindness is all I ask
Take the first step, broaden your mind
For if our hearts have the will a way we will find

Atara Gedalowitz

In Time

Spinning slow or spinning fast,
Depending on your vantage point,
The earth revolves and evolves
Whirling through fragments
And slivers

It spins a thousand years,
For the bloom of one spring.
It twirls a thousand more,
For the breath of one snake.
It lives and breathes,
It dies and writhes
For a million marching feet
Who will beat
To the rhythm of their own
Hands
Clapping in time
With a pulse
Of eons
Of generations,
Who do not know their descendants,
But hope for a future
That they are causing

For a hundred thousand nights
Stars will shine
So that someone might compare your smile
To their light,
And for two hundred thousand thirteen days
The waves will roll
So you might know
For a moment
What it means to be consistent
While changing every day

A snowflake will form
Alone from its comrades
And sparkle as it falls from the sky
Towards the white mass

Where the fact that it is different
Will make no difference
Except to those who care
Why it is that the earth will turn,
A fire will burn,
Generations will come and go

For those who think about
The infinity of the ephemeral
Who will wait
With bated breath
For the searing rendition
Of the final glorious
Tintinnabulation
So they might hear
Bells throughout the universe
Chiming concinnously

Each washed-away footstep,
A speck of sand in a glass,
Spinning quickly or slowly
Or not moving at all
But always in time
With everything else
As it is

□

Atara Gedalowitz

Masks

What masks we wear,
What feelings and words
We suppress; and why?
Because they are too deep,
Because we fear our selves and others?
The hurt, the love, the shame, the pride
We stow and tuck away
What would happen if we could,
If we would, open up and share
If we could bare our souls
Let others be exposed to the torrent
Emotions, thoughts, feelings
It might be the best thing for us
But it could just as easily be the worst
We hide to shelter
We keep ourselves in check
We won't let go
What's mine is mine
What's yours is yours
We can't unbind - we might collapse
Slip on your mask, your facade
This deception for our protection

Atara Gedalowitz

On The Edge

Barely daring to breathe
Standing on the edge
Arms spread wide
Eyes to the sky
Soaking up the sun

It doesn't seem to matter
That I have no wings
I could fly
I could climb
And soar
In the open air

It doesn't seem to matter
That my voice is small
I could shout
To be heard
Through all of time
And for all of history

It doesn't seem to matter
That I am finite
Here, on this day
I am everywhere
And everyone
I am infinite

One step back from the edge
The grandiose dream collapses
I cannot fly
I will not shout
I am not infinite
And it matters

One step back from the edge
I can still dream
But the sky does not tempt
All of time does not call
And I am bound

Atara Gedalowitz

Paper Is Beauty

Paper is beauty
If you look with
Your heart
Your mind
Your pen
Your dream
Your soul
Or anything but your eyes

Atara Gedalowitz

Pause

Take a second to look up
At that blue blue sky
Soak in the sun's rays
Take a deep breath and sigh

There's no one, no one,
In the world like you
And ah, yes, yes
What a world it is too

Filled with color and sound
History and time
Tastes and textures
Music and rhyme

There are places where it's dark
There are places where it's light
There are places where they blend
Into a great Twilight

Savor each environment
At least take a look around
They can each play a part
Full of meaning that's profound

If only viewed alone
They can touch to an extent
But put in perspective
They make a lifetime spent

Find yourself running
Slow down your gait
You can appreciate your life
Or stop too late

Atara Gedalowitz

Procrastinator's Dilemma

I will, I won't,
I do, I don't
I can't make up my mind
I am, I'm not,
Or so I thought,
Answers seem hard to find
The truth is that,
Which I'm not at,
Along with humankind
And so I'll wait,
'til a later date,
To choose where I'm aligned

Atara Gedalowitz

Prove It

If you're right and I'm wrong
Prove it!
Show me my errors and misconceptions
Through fact and example
Answer my questions
Until I have no more
And unwind my queries
Until they're all gone
Don't hide behind fallacies
And smash me with sheer power
Don't twist what I say to avoid the topic
And if I happen to be right
Admit it and shrug,
We all make mistakes,
We are not infallible
No one but G-d is.

Yes you can be selfish
And refuse to yield when conquered
Yes you you can use brute force
To cover your mistake
But wrong is wrong
And life is too short to live behind lies.

Atara Gedalowitz

Quite Like You

I have seen so many people
They pass by without a glance
The few that do take notice
Could do so by chance

How can I not wonder
About each life?
What of their dreams?
What of their strife?

To other's they may be
Just strangers on the road
But to me they're human stories
That I wish to be told

Everyone you've seen today
Is a person quite like you
Though this may be hard to fathom
Believe me, it is true

Atara Gedalowitz

Skipping Beats

It's just a skipping,
A skipping of beats,
Beats in my chest,
Thumps hardly missed -
Let alone lost!

It's just a feeling,
A feeling that leaps,
Leaps and abounds,
Rolling around -
Being so free!

It's just a tune,
A tune that I hum,
Hum right along,
Join in my song -
Join today!

It's just a smile,
A smile on my face,
A faced filled with glee,
For you and me -
As we fly!

It is a triumph,
Taking to form,
Still being born,
Filling our souls -
It is joy!

Atara Gedalowitz

So Much To Say

So much to say,
But you've gotta go,
So far away,
Yeah, I ought-a know,
There's never time
Enough to say...
Just one more rhyme,
Then you'll away.

So much to say,
But you've gotta go,
And I'll stay,
Oh, I'll be low,
But what can you say?

That destiny
Is pulling you,
So far from me?
I know it's true.
It's in your eyes.
I forgive you, too.

Tearful goodbyes,
With so much to say,
But you've gotta go,
I wish you'd stay,
I love you so -
So much!

Atara Gedalowitz

The Lesson In Goodbye

Away, away
So far away
It happens

Life turns a page
The words spill onward
The story continues

A thread disappears
The color fades
Or is replaced
Yet, the memory of
A shade so bright
That it shed light
And brought out others
Can change the view of the picture

When the chapter has closed
And the time has gone
Hold on to the lesson
The lesson, my friend, is all
You can keep

Atara Gedalowitz

The Shame Of Never

What is a poet, who's never learned to write?
Or a pilot, who's never taken flight?
What is an explorer, who's never left town?
Or seamstress, who's never sown a gown?
What is a musician, who's never learned to play?
Or a sculptor, who's never seen clay?
What is a teacher, who's never taught?
Or a philosopher, who's never thought?

What they are matters; it matters alot.
It matters because they are what they're not.

Atara Gedalowitz

The Spark

All alone in the night
Hear the raindrops
Feel this sight

You're not alone
Though it is dark
In this hard darkness
There lies a spark

Reach for that spark
And you may find
Light in the corners
Deep in your mind

Warmed by the flame
That is your soul
You'll feel a purpose
Shining and whole

Hope will burst forth
And beat at the dark
Shadows will flee
From your little spark

So in the night
Reach down inside
And you just might
Not need to hide

Atara Gedalowitz

The Tunes Of Life

March, march
Hup to right
And march, march
Hup to right

Slow and steady
Beat bu beat
We progress, we digress
Meet and greet

Strangers we begin
Bonded we end
But to what end, what purpose,
Do we ascend?

We are one, we are many
We grow tired or strong
Warriors of experience
But for just how long?

Is it a short tune?
Does it swell and crest?
Does it lengthen and strengthen
When we act our best?

Some songs are happy,
Some songs are sad
We can listen and enjoy
Or simply go mad

Each chord, each note
Rushes past, rushes past
We get lost in this world
That spins so fast

What we feel, what we think,
What we hear, what we see,
It's confusing, it's irrational
But hey...

Life's music is free

Atara Gedalowitz

Two Worlds

Enter here
And feel the fear
Of desperate dismal dismay
Of those who wish to be free
From their bondage night and day

Enter here
And see those dear
To mountains of great power
Those in this place, feel no need to chase
The place of those who cower

Enter here
And you will peer
At a world that is quite queer
Where those with much are out of touch
From those who need their ear

Atara Gedalowitz

Victorious Veteran

Carry me slowly,
Carry me softly,
Carry me far away

Carry the battle cries,
Carry the bloodshed,
Carry me far way

Carry all sadness,
Carry all sorrow,
Carry me far away

Carry my triumph,
Carry my memory,
Carry me far away

Atara Gedalowitz

What An Odd Sort Of Thing

Seconds, seconds, seconds.
What an odd sort of thing -
The way we let our lives tip.
Step and pace so cyclically.

A song that speaks,
A plan that rips,
A path that swerves,
A spoon that stirs,
Stairs to the stars,
They might be -
What an odd sort of thing.

Stumble, stumble, stumble.
I'd like to see
A moment in its glory
With all the detail of the unseen.
It is a mere dream,
A silly hope,
A curious heart -
What an odd sort of thing.

Atara Gedalowitz

What It Means To Live

How could I really know what it means to be alive
I am just barely not a child
Have I really learned to strive
My life's been rather mild

I tried to find what was correct
Some answers can not be told
But must be given in affect
Through a showing that's quite old

Compare and stretch, what you've got
Then grapple to understand
What bits of truth you spot
But can't grasp within your hand

You blink confused and sigh
At the shadows that do shade
Your searching wandering eye
You tramp on, hoping they'll fade

But suddenly you see
You hold amazing power,
You can uplift the world
If you don't curl up and cower

This it what it means to live
To see the right and wrong
To fall, stand up, and learn to give
To find where you belong

Atara Gedalowitz

What Will You Do?

Are you wiser than any man
Or richer than any child?
Can you sing, tie a sling,
Or be calm when all is wild?

If you can, are you proud
Of all that you can do?
After all it's all amazing
And it makes you you

No one can take you down
When you are strong and weak
You alone hold the power
To make yourself feel meek

You are important but stop and think
How did you get that way?
You were born and lived, my mighty friend
And one day you will be slay

What will you have done
With all your talents and gifts?
Will you have brought kindness,
Or wrought humongous rifts?

There is a time, a place, a need
That you are meant to fill
You can choose right, you can go wrong
That's why it's called free will

Atara Gedalowitz

When I've Been Wrong

I'm feeling down inside
My face I wish to hide
I can't fully express
This inner stress
Of downtrodden wounded pride

It comes from the hurt and shame
Of taking all the blame
When you've been wrong
And try to be strong
Yet you can not feel the same

Most learn to try and avoid
This bleak and silent void
That's in your soul
It takes its toll
And makes you feel destroyed

You must take the pieces back
Re-arrange them stack by stack
Learn from this mistake
Give your head a shake
Try to get back on track

Atara Gedalowitz

Where Do Wishes Fly?

We wish, we wish,
For many things
But where do wishes fly?
Scattered, wasted,
Upon the ground
Or floating in the sky

We dream, we dream,
Of places far
Then look about and sigh
Missing, missing,
What's all around
The wonders we pass by

We hope, we hope,
For better times
But do we often try
To make our world
A sweeter place
With dreams and actions high

'We could, we could'
Won't do a thing
It's just an empty cry
If there's no cause
There's no effect
No truth inside that lie

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