

Poetry Series

cathy clough
- poems -

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cathy clough(march 30th,1970)

i am a happy-go-lucky spontaneous highly sarcastic person. my 19 year old son is a very accomplished artist (mommy bragging...never heard of that before, huh?) . i love the outdoors, kayaking, hiking, camping, reading, music, friends, family, new adventures and to constantly try to learn something new each week. my other great love is my 5 year old dog Terra, great girl she is. i am an aries, and of course at least 92% of my behavior proves it. i try to find something to enjoy with each new day. what makes it all the more enjoyable is to share it with the ones i love. jeff, gregg and terra are my family and closest friends which makes me a lucky person. My escape, my relaxation comes from writing. it doesn't have to mean anything else to anyone, it is enough that it means something to me. Yep, that's me wrapped up in a small nut shell. I, like many others, have survived some very personal tragedies but i try to find strength through them, though it is not a feat always accomplished easily. On a completely different note I am a hughe Red Sox fan...so go sox.

A Work Still In Progress (Seriously)

He wrote to her,
a letter declaring
much more than devotion.
In his mind, the words
played a mute symphony,
hoping that they'd read
like the grandest of scores.
Tickling in the recesses
of his private thoughts,
lived his greatest wish,
that she would not be
tone-deaf with her sight.

cathy clough

Destiny's Trail (Raw Version)

Seeking my destiny's trail,
I walk against the crowd,
Ensnared by old memories
fears hunting me down.

causing me to pause
to repair my heart's incision,
refusing to look back,
as i cut without care to precision.

For I am now the noose, the rapist
the glint on a moonlit knife,
I now control the fate
of your infernal life.

Eerie capering revelers surround
They all lack any vision,
Caring to just feed off the weak
who know only indecision.

Revelers prey on these souls
wanting to be their candyman,
no other trades to ply,
in this barren forsaken land.

Relationships rarely last here
just glimpses of what could be.
As I travel through here and look
sad glimpses are all I can see.

Not to be daunted, I go on
still searching my destiny trail's end.
For it may take a lifetime,
or could be just around the bend.

cathy clough

Down In The Valley

down in the valley
in the gypsy's firelight
hunched a wizened man
stillness in the night

in the darkness
predator's take flight
those preyed upon
stay out of sight

in this silence
i hear creaking old bones
as the wizened one arises
vanishes, he's gone home.

(cat)

cathy clough

Excuses

here in my garden
of so called eden
are roots and seeds
planted by uncertainty
for surely here
there could be no weeds
to tangle any gender
to trip any lame
in this garden grows
images of mirrors
reflected onto images
of other mirrors
meant to distort the truth
as the snake did
in the original garden
so, what do i accept
as the real, the truth
the words you're saying
are they really true
or just some excuse
just some other excuse
to get out of another task
enough, i say, enough
no more excuses
just please go mow
the friggin' lawn.

cat

cat

cathy clough

Gone

he bowed
she beckoned
they stared...
wishing, wanting, waiting.
he moved
she neared
they met...
curious, crazy, carefree.
he led
she followed
they danced...
flitting, flying, free.
he smiled
she laughed
they began...
learning, living, loving.
he worshiped
she adored
they belonged...
timeless, telling, together.
he asked
she answered
they united...
accepting, achieving, always.
he wondered
she wavered
they wandered...
uncertain, unraveling, undone.
he wearied
she tired
they collapsed...
mindless, meaningless, mournful.
he walked
she drove
they parted...
drifting, driving dying.
gone...(and all that remained was a small sliver shell of mirror
containing reflections of forgotten memories) .

cathy clough

Have You Ever?

have you ever stayed awake
through many haunted dreams
have you ever whispered out
all your anguished screams
have you ever soared so high
with feet firmly on the ground
have you ever gone deaf when
listenening for every little sound
have you ever stood erect
though you felt damaged and stooped
have you ever trusted again
after being soundly completely duped
have you ever wondered then
what it is that makes you whole
have you ever than realized
that it was your fractured soul?

cathy clough

I Am

i am humbled
bowed
not yet meek
for it is only
shelter
for which i seek
insular shelter
solitude
on a distant shore
still humbled here
still within myself
now alone evermore.

(cat)

cathy clough

Rape

ah, aurora, you've awoken me
my beautiful goddess of dawn.
why now though, i wonder
for the night has not yet gone.
have you brought a message
borne from hermes himself?
Of my deeply locked secret
plucked from my very chest
or could it be sweet tidings of joy?
more likely potent deadly gifts of love
if so, then how could this message
have come from the skies above
where the heavenly spirits sing
songs of the sweet seraphim
i know it's come from hell's library
sent directly from him
he, my own private demon
who emerged straight from hell
though of our meeting
not a soul did i ever tell
i did scream long and silently
and shed so many lonely tears
that i had to bury deep the pain
all the scars from old fears
so, my messenger before the light
he will still stalk my days and
it makes not a difference for he haunts my nights
leaving me quite unbalanced
on this serated knife of life
where all of my happiness
ends up being all of my strife.
i am sorry aurora, so sorry
but my message you can keep
for i know it now word for word
and will keep it buried deep.

cathy clough

Shuffle Of The Macabre

THE SHUFFLE OF THE MACABRE

WORLD ONE:

SLICK AND SEXY

ROUSING AND EPIC

LAVISH AND ELECTRIFYING

LUSH AND LOVELY

DYNAMIC AND CAREFREE

FUELED AND ENHANCED

GRITTY AND STYLISTIC

SWEEPING AND PROVOCATIVE

ADAPTIVE AND EVOLVING

AWESOME AND SPECTACULAR

HEART-POUNGING AND MIND-BLOWING

PANORAMIC AND UNIQUE

DARING AND ROMANTIC

HOPEFUL AND CARING

TRUSTING AND TRUE

PULSING AND POUNDING

TASTE AND TOUCH

SIGHT AND SOUND

CHIVALRY AND KINDNESS

VALOR AND GLORY

SWEETNESS AND SPICE

CAUGHT AND RELEASED

SURPRISE AND AMAZEMENT

UNWAVERING AND TRUE

EBBING AND FLOWING

FREE AND WILD

RAINBOWS AND GREYS

SKITTLES AND M&M'S

BLACK AND WHITE

YOUNG AND YOUTHFUL

LIT UP AND ETERNAL

LOYAL AND ACCEPTING...

WORLD TWO:

DEEP AND DARK

STERN AND COMMANDING
SINISTER AND EVIL
VILE AND DISTASTEFUL
HATRED AND WAR
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION
OWNERS AND SLAVES
CAPTURED AND TAMED
BIGOTRY AND HATE
POLLUTED AND UNSEEMLY
DECEIT AND LIES
DEVOID AND EMPTY
DIRTY AND CONTAGIOUS
PUSHING AND SHOIVING
DOWN-TRODDEN AND BEATEN
UNLOVING AND EMOTIONLESS
GREEDY AND DESPERATE
DESOLATE AND LONELY
JUDGED AND JURIED
DISLOYAL AND UNTRUE
UNREAL AND UNINTERESTING
PHONY AND FAKE
ENVY AND JEALOUSLY
PARANOID AND CRAZED
DISRESPECTFUL AND RUDE
SNOBBY AND RIGHTEOUS
VEILED AND SECRETIVE
ANGRY AND RAGING
UNFORGIVING AND JUDGEMENTAL
BURIED AND SELECTIVE
BRUTAL AND FIERCE
SEEPING AND REEKING.....

WHEN THESE TWO WORLDS COLLIDE
WHETHER GOOD OR BAD, WE ALL DECIDE
WE LIVE FOR THIS CRAZY RIDE...

THE SHUFFLE OF THE MACABRE.

CJC

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Solitaire

awoke to the silence
that deafened the ear
awoke to the pain
of a soul being seared
colors surrounded me
entertwined in the scheme
of picasso proportions
what could it mean?
saw drawings etched
upon the flesh of creation
strong smell of brimstone
was it Hell and Damnation?
the moment was palpable
a moment of fate
an odd game of solitaire
where the only move was mine
and i...
well, i moved too late.

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Strangers In The Night

I was visited in my sleep last night
by someone quite unwelcome...
In fact, I had had that mat removed.
Still, you were there on the inside
of my locked keyless door.
What fool had granted your passage
across my threshold.
Fully awake now,
I realize that fool had to be me,
for I dwell alone.

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The Pest Quest

the opposite of my sex
oftentimes, i confess
really put me to the test
of trying to behave my very best
for many times, i suppress
my complete and utter surliness
as i watch their eyes molest
my fairly ample busty chest
proving again, dogs just don't rest
as they continue on that one main quest
to try and bed and nest
each and every female guest
all that time that they invest
just to satiate their lustful zest
sometimes though, again, i confess
i find myself in on their fest
but just that once, at the lest
encourages every single pest
into thinking they're the best
so i hit the door, and head out west
in this fact, i do not jest
i leave as they reach their crest
for i'd rather they clean their own damn mess! ! !

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This Ride

stack the deck
cut the pack
take it all
give nothing back
turn the card
roll the dice
pick your poison
choose your vice
lean in close
fall right back
tighten the noose
ease the slack
stand up tall
sit up straight
be the fish
not the bait
grin and bear it
keep your pride
hold on tightly
enjoy this ride

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