

Poetry Series

Celia AmanteaSchulz
- poems -

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Celia AmanteaSchulz(November 22nd,1955)

A Relationship That Exists

You said

You asked - Why do you like me so much?

I don't know

You asked - What are we doing?

I don't know

You asked - Are you coming with me?

No, I can't

I miss you

I ask - Why do I still like you so much?

I don't know

I ask - What am I doing?

I don't know

I asked - Can I come with you?

No, you can't

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Change Of Needs

I didn't need you when I met you
I just wanted to meet you

I thought I might need you for a little while
To explore our meeting again

You had a need for me in High School
We met for several dances

I didn't need you
until we met in the backseat of a car

Your need for me was over
Because I had left you after the dance
to meet my old boyfriend

I need you now
After we met

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Craving

I Have to keep it light

If it is more than that

I will begin to need

and I will die

the slow death

Consumed by the anxiety

that needing you creates.

Craving.

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Dear Joey,

Did you ever think
That you would be
Loved so dear
By someone who
Needed a special love
To replace the pain
Of a love lost.

The rain falls
Tomorrow is a new day
You are changing your life
I am in awe of your strength

The rain is falling softly
On the roof but there is a
Tick like a clock that is
Annoying ~ unsettling

It is stopping, I think
So I can enjoy just the
Sound of the soft rain
As I enjoy you

Your softness
Your laughter
You are mine to love
I am yours to love

My heart says yes to you.
Let me feel your soft lips
Let my body feel your rain.

Dedicated to; Jose(Joey) Angel Charo, Jr.
Who endeared me to; 'Set Fire to the Rain'.

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Dream #2

Said good bye to a man
Leaving with another man with a beard

I said I stayed with man #2

On the way to whatever place

we all met

I said his house was like getting

lost in a cave.

I kissed the man good bye.
He seemed too shy for anything else.

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Dreams

What gives us inspiration
People in our lives
That have dreams

People that have the drive
To accomplish their dreams

Life becomes complicated
When dreams conflict with

Real life

Truths

When dreams
Are not the same
Are not shared
With those they want
To share their dreams with

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E-Mail #243 Thought Of You Today...

From: C

(y

Sent: Thu 7/16/00 4: 10

To: o

The sun was warm
on my shoulders

I felt that warmth
before

a slight burn...but
not too hot

like when sunning
on a towel after
swimming

on a perfect summer
day.

Today I was
reminded of the
afternoon

we met in Delavan.

A simple thing like
sunshine on my
shoulders

and a slight breeze
can hold me
hostage.

Life around me
pauses while I try to
fully

taste the thought. I
am getting better at
its flavour.

It is bittersweet.

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Expectations

A warm sunny bright fall day

Several years ago

I found myself

Joining a Literacy group

The parking lot was warm and inviting

and the air was fall.

I was looking for a replacement for you.

Maybe a Latino man would be my

tutoring match.

I found a dark skinned Chicano

Just down the street.

A tenant of the duplex I just bought.

He is Jose...he isn't you.

The difference is...

You still inspire me.

I have Joe.

I want respect from you.

Why do I feel I need to meet your expectations?

When do I give up the game?

N-E-V-E-R

You can't be replaced.

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Flurry Of An Ambitious Life

When I allow myself to catch a peek
into

The endless, tireless, relentless self of
you

I become I feel an unparalleled frenzied
creature

It's the strife that creates

That feeds my craving soul

I pause for a day, maybe two, a week...there is serenity

But no serendipity.

But alas,

there is sullenness and withering,

no conjuring of eclectic forms of art,

no reaching for clever words to twist into remarkable half-spun tales.

Just rest...a sagging mind.

Sleep. Wake. Sleep. Wake.

How long can I resist tempting myself again with your spark of dilemma.

Give just a crumb from your plate

And I will re-emerge consumed with the breath of dragons.

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Gambling...I Got This!

So, I really like the stock market.
I buy low and sell a little higher...
at least that's the concept.

but then I feel greed-
I buy again because I feel some
momentum and anticipate a higher profit.
Quick and dirty
Easy money; a couple computer clicks

A quick pulse..a shot of thrill.

And then it drops
and drops...again!

Ok, they aren't going to get me.
I got this.
Buy more, dilute the loss, quickly, quickly,
Down again!
Fret. Fret. Buy again. Dilute. Dilute!
I'm over my head.
Cut my losses.
I can't take the stress.
Why am I so greedy.
I never learn.
Keep my tidbit.
Be happy with what I have.
I sell to cut my losses and my nerves calm.

Then I wait for the next opportunity to cause myself stress!

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Illusions

I have illusions

I feel I can have what I want

I am using people

To satisfy my needs

Is it fair?

Why do I feel so self-righteous?

Is it the media

That tells me

Take from life what

Pleases you

Breaking the boundaries

Of lifes rules

Do I take advantage of

Or have I become some

Unknown self that I

Seek to explore

More of what I CAN be

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Phone Conversation Re: Stalker

Stalker of love.

You stalked my love
I stalked you back.

What is an affair
But a game of stalking
Someones's heart.

Dedicated to; those who know, have known; and those who may encounter
unforeseen future knowledge.

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Revocation

You can not revoke MY memories,
THEY sit and nestle where I like them to be.

I LOVED the sweet writer poet
I feared the BEAST.

When you DEVOUR all...

KNOCK then... and wonder if I will answer.

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Rural Diversity

Migrant workers..
From Texas to Wisconsin
Fifty years ago..

Coming to where the work
and dreams were plentiful.

A little ale and little sleep
This cultural diversity is a part of
our rural farming history

Past and Present

A young Texan hombre
Finding work and a little pay
Courting a senorita
both from the same tiny Texan town, Cotulla

They marry here in Wisconsin
Their offspring playing
in the fields of their toil.

Most went on to find jobs
in industry; living the blue collar life
making the steel harvesters
that promised to replace the manual labor.

Look in the fields today
Still they come,
but from farther borders
Fifty years later...
coming to where the work
and dreams still smell of promise.

Dedicated to Jose Charo, Sr and Alicia(Salvidar) Charo
in Celebration of their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary

Serial Lover

Well what do you say to the woman

You meet for the first time that your recent affair partner is interested in.

'He's a good guy.' I say. Is this reassurance that he isn't a bad guy? What makes a guy good?

You are pretty sure he isn't a serial killer. At least not in the years you've known him.

'He's lived in the city for for 28 years...it's a good sign he stays out of trouble, right? '

'Oh! What kind of trouble? '

'Any kind you don't want! '

'Well I don't know about that! ...maybe I should give you my number! '

Now what? He's a nice guy but now I'm shedding big doubt? What is wrong with me?

I can't be honest.

They say to you... never let it be known

That an ounce of jealousy should

Poison your tongue

Be you speak to a potential

Victim...oh did I say victim?

I guess I did

But someone needs to take care of this man...and better her than
Myself!

He IS a serial killer! He will kill you with his love!

'He needs someone', I say..

you see what happens when I don't think before I speak....Does that make someone sound like a lost puppy?

I don't think anything I could have said or not

...will make any difference

Once he has her.

She will be hooked

....and he knows that. No matter what he says or I say...it is her fate.

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Sleep Overs

Ten going on eleven

The world of music videos

Dancing

Friendships

In between

Pre-teen

Still innocent

But exposed

To all that's out there

Peer pressure

for popularity

The internet, chat

Who has a cell phone

Is it a pink Razor?

But still playing with dolls

Dolls that look and dress

Like rock stars

Music videos that talk

About humps and lumps

Mixed with Country

Break-ups and lost loves

Giggles and games

Soft squishy

Stuffed animals.

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The Love Of My Life

The love of my life
The one who holds half my heart
And most of my soul
Has a new girlfriend

He told me he was interested in someone
It doesn't matter to me
I'm just a friend
Trying to stay a friend

I got to meet her yesterday
I see the attraction
I know because I am attracted to her
myself
I might want to date her myself

I don't think because I love
everything he loves
I think because she is so earthy
Weathered Texan skin
Spirited grey hair
The fine hands of an Indian princess

You have passed me over now
To join the others that wait for your
call.

Will she know that this is her fate?

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The Real You

I love my memories of you

The good...and the bad.

The ones that I Have yet to explore...

The ones that I can not grasp

as I try to put meaning to.

The ones that pass overhead with the honking geese.

The ones that follow the last warm breezes of October

When the sun is still strong enough for sandals and short sleeves.

The real you asked me

To travel with you

to a place that would keep the summer alive

Just a little longer...

In a week from now...

the trip of dreams.

But I said NO!

You are not the true keeper

Of my heart!

It is the fantasy you create

That is the dream I labor

To keep alive.

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Unobtainable

I can be a big fish
in a little pond.
Or you know how the saying goes a
little fish in a big pond.

It doesn't really matter as long as I
have a direction that inspires.

If the object of my inspirations is
unobtainable

Doesn't that provide all that I need?

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What

What happened to me?
Maybe there was never a me.

There was only what my friends
thought of me.
Did I ever become a person?
Or what I am is what I did for
others?

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Yet To Find

What is it I am looking for
Never wanting to lose
Someone who that I loved

But where am I
When that injection of blood flow
Is denied

It is time to take that blood flow
Within myself
And take it with me
To create
A new dream
Inspired by a new passion

One I have yet to find

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You Won't Look At Me!

YOU WON'T LOOK AT ME!

What does that mean?

Angry with me! ? Why?

We are not in High School!

I thrive on your relation to me...

I can't deny it.

Is it too painful for me to be close?

It is too painful for me to retreat.

I realized that I tried everything in my power to find you.

When I didn't understand what happened...between us.

Friended your sister

Showed up at your house

Called you it seems a thousand times...thanks Adele

You were nowhere to be found.

You were angry..

You wouldn't speak.

Does seeing me bring all that back?

We made up...

We apologized.

We danced... and I made sure of that

Because you said we never would.

Is this how you challenge me?

Am I like a two year old?

If you say no...I have to have it?

Prove you otherwise?

Fine.

I am pushed to continue then.

Yes I know we did things we shouldn't have

We pushed the limits

But then there was Usher and the mid-life crisis crisis

For god's sakes...

Everyone was nuts!

Suddenly it seemed that it was just me

A foolish soul

Knowing nothing

Misunderstanding everything

Fell into a black hole

That only you could pull me out of.

Or fooling myself that it was you pulling me out

When it was me that fought long and strong.

Credit to both..

My reaching out to you

Sparked this creativity

How to reach you...

With my creativity.

The circle again.

Spinning Wheel.

High School.

Racine means Roots

How fitting

I wished you would write about me

But you didn't

And that is how I knew

That I would never know

What you didn't want to say.

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You You You

It's true it's true
The more you do...

The more I try to parallel

Your relentless energy.

If you led a sedentary life

Not always trending
Collecting accolades...

I could rest.

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Your Last Book

I did not read
Your third book.
I bought the book because you asked me to.

You were looking for donations
So the endowment would match
Your funds

But when it was finally published a year later
And I had my promised signed copy
I read the editors page.

You didn't mention a friend that typed
Your entire second book so it would be available on Amazon.

You didn't mention how I evaluated
Every word you spoke

Wondering what meaning it might
Have for me.

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Your Tongue Does Not Match Your Words

The words your tongue forms
And explode from the space
between your two lips

Do not have the Oxford dictionary
meaning
of the vowels
and consonants they represent.

Then again the words
I hear
are a formation
of my interpretation.

This is how I like it.
Conversation in my favor.
Translated to my language
of your love.

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