

Poetry Series

CHARMAINE SIMPSON
- poems -

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CHARMAINE SIMPSON(19-06-1969)

A Blinding Flash

If you love someone is it supposed to hurt?
Why does love always bring so much sadness?
Split seconds flash before my eyes
As momentary as the click of a camera
If you are not ready or just unsuspecting
Love will come out of nowhere
It will capture you in a flash of light
For a moment it illuminates your smile
Captures it –
Captures you
Captures what you are holding safe in your heart
The light so bright it was blinding
Suddenly exploding into a million pieces without warning
I am left standing alone in the dark

It is now over
I stare into the picture I am left with
This is not the vision of love I had once dreamt
I am able to now see not only the moment caught up in love
I can see the negative filmstrip that captured the picture
All of the hidden dark lies are now obvious
This picture tells my story of love
If you look closely you will see it written in my eyes
Here you will find the small hidden entrance to my soul
You will now see why my heart is so heavy
It is holding the weight of so many deep scars
You will now see why I fear to be touched by another
It is my internal body that wears bruises black and blue
Clearly Visible against the deep red of my bleeding soul

I loved you
You used your fists and left your mark on my skin
Did this love me in return?
I cared for you
You used your hands to hold me violently against my will
Was this your way of caring for me?
I adored you
You threw me down in anger forcing yourself upon me
Was this how you chose to adore me?

I committed my life to you
You - abused me.

July 22nd 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

A Different Goodbye

As I release from my fingertips, what was an evil betrayal,
from the very start –
I say goodbye.

As the last tears are shed, and wasted,
alongside all of the, emotions sadly also spared –
I say goodbye.

As I look around, and now only shake my head, in disbelief
at the amount of bullshit, that was spoken and lived,
by one sad and nasty person –
I say goodbye.

As I think back, and recall all of the bad feelings, and guilt,
along with the added torment that you created as part of my life -
I say goodbye.

As I now choose to take all of your broken promises, and any
of the feelings I once felt for you, and find a dark empty pit,
to dump each and every one, so far from my memory,
not even near to my heart –
I say goodbye.

March 11th 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

A Dream - A Wish - A Life

A picture of a life in my memory – it feels so familiar,
It was a happy time – faces smiling – comfort – security,
Honesty and warmth in shared conversation -
Echoes of a child's laughter - happily playing -
The sensation of completeness.

Was this all in a dream?
The dream was mine.
Deep within my memories I found this treasure -
Locked within the safety of my most precious moments.

I was once given a priceless gift - it was all I had ever wished for.
Was I ungrateful? Was I blind?
Blinded by the absolute beauty that was all around me?
So careless, so unaware of what it was I had in my hands.

It was my dream – my wish – my life – my happiness.
I let it slip from my grip, from my heart and my soul.
When I had realized my mistake – I looked around –
It was long gone.

January 15th 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

A Four Letter Word

A FOUR LETTER WORD

JULY 29th Thursday 2010

LOVE - What an over rated word.

LOVE - Complete incorrect meaning worldwide.

LOVE - Does not contain beautiful emotion.

LOVE - Contains pain-hurt-sadness-grief.

LOVE - Why are we all so misconceived.

LOVE - A lie to the human race.

LOVE - The karma we pay for wanting to control own and possess another.

LOVE - Who needs it? ?

Written by Charmaine Simpson

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

A Little Girl Cries

A little girl cries as she sits alone on the edge of her bed,
So perfectly made in her room so neat and tidy,
The one thing that has changed in this sad story,
Is that the little girl has now grown into a woman,
And this woman is me.

I watch each tear fall as it runs down my cheek and drips,
In slow motion - splashing like raindrops into my lap.
My thoughts wander - I feel numb all over,
Except of course for the heavy ache in my heart,
That seems to have found a permanent place to dwell.

My eyes begin to view all that surrounds me,
As I let them rest on each priceless treasure,
That I have so carefully placed with love.
Each holds a moment – a story - within my memory.
Each one more than words or tears could ever express.

This entire overwhelming sensation returns in my mind,
To the little girl I lost inside,
I begin to see and feel a time not unlike the present.
I have the same ache in my heart so full of emptiness.

The stream of tears falling from my eyes,
Around me I see within my memory my room as a child,
Each thing in its place so precisely, I see it all so clearly.
Who would of ever believed that material objects
Have the power within their story to hurt so deeply.

2nd November 2005

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

A Place Called Happiness

Hypnotic beats
Melodic rhythms
Close your eyes
Listen and hear
Explore the gift of your senses
Open the door to the power they contain

I want to show you a place where time stands still?
Where there are no rules or room for judgment
In this space that thrives on unique self expression
Maybe you have been to this amazing wonderland?

Take my hand - hold it softly in yours
Devote your soul to the joy that is music
Let the warming melody swirl and dance
Allow your mind to absorb beautiful sounds

Now open your eyes – and open your ears
We are here –
We are not alone in this dream
Look around with a perception now so bright and clear
Friendly smiles kindly greet us with acceptance
Priceless emotions soak up every inch of space

Do you feel the bliss that I feel?
Are you able to hear the gift of sound in the music?
Can you see with a vision of peace and tranquility?

I look into your eyes glistening like shining glass
Your smile glowing with radiance from within
The hug we shared held the warmth of a close friend
Silently but quite clearly your answer is evident

Welcome to happiness.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

A Place Called Loneliness

I thought family was forever
I believed it to be true
A relationship that never dies
A bond that has so much strength
It is impossible to break.

I thought it meant support and loyalty
Not only when in life things are all good
But also during times of struggle.
I sadly found out this was not so
Nothing is forever or unconditional.

My world crumbled -
Doors closed-
Darkness surrounded me-
This was the day I found a place called loneliness.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

A True Priceless Gift

A true priceless gift
My family
Together we form an indestructible bond
Together we create a feeling
That is the most amazing connection
A love that is unconditional
Loyalty and support which without a question or doubt
We give to each other

In life we do not get to choose who our families are
But I know if it could
I would pick each one by choice every time
These unique individuals each one my lifetime friend

Our mother a beautiful cherished woman
The gift of our family you created
The importance and the true meaning of this
You gave to us.

Each time I look around at these truly special people
It is obvious we all hold a small piece
Of each other within ourselves
This is why we all feel and experience one another's
Highs and lows as if they are our own.

Families are like the most precious jewel
That we are so lucky to have
Never lose sight of this gift
Never take it for granted
Always keep it safe and close to your heart
Cherish it.

September 19th 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Alone

It's cold here –
Every day – and every night.
The wind howls within this empty space.
The clouds never part
The sun does not shine
Dampness lingers
There is no escape from the emptiness.

Just beyond my reach - although close enough to see
Is the vision of a dream – this dream a reality for some.
I stand alone in the distance shivering from inside
As I watch those who smile with happiness
Warmth surrounds them with open arms
Giving closeness, security, comfort and completeness
This picture plays over as I –
Continue to dream!

Friday May 26th

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

At An Arms Length

When your heart has suffered pain and can no longer cope
Your mind forms a plan to help and protect with clear logic
This is done by creating walls only visible in your thoughts

Picture yourself standing in a large open unguarded space
Draw a circle that surrounds you at an arms length
Imagine this circle as an invisible wall that can not be broken
There is no way for any other person to enter your space.

Another 3 walls will enclose this one as they span outward
Each space further and further away from my heart
Within the closest space I will hold a very few souls
Those I choose to trust in my life as well as in my heart.
They will be so close yet still at an arms length.

Each outer circle will contain other friends or people
Those who are still part of my life and some who come and go
The ones furthest away are put there so that in my minds eye
Their position is far enough to no longer impact my emotions

Will the arms distance in my mind protect me from the pain?
The point blank pain that strikes from out of no where
When least expected piercing with a sharp cold deep ache
The weapon that sinks heavy with betrayal as its strength
Searching for any emotion that may have been attached to
Who it was I believed I could trust enough to keep close to me
It leaves behind the scars of deceit, falseness and nasty lies.

I now hold onto what still remains of my faith and trust
There are those who are a part of who I am and feel inside
I give to them unconditional love and my heartfelt emotions
This is my inner circle with no walls built to guard my heart
I reach out at an arms length not to create a distance but
To embrace and hold close to my heart those I love dearly.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Bass Deep In Your Soul

Bass deep in your soul,
Beats at the tips of your fingers and toes,
The warm rush as melody floods,
Washing over your whole being,
Lifting and taking your mind,
Your imagination to places more amazing
Than ever thought possible.
Untravelled pathways thought not to exist,
Appear as if a whole new world has been created.
This beautiful place only discovered through
The absolute escape of any obstruction.
Close your eyes,
Let the wonder of music be your guide.

Sunday April 7th 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Beautiful Friend

Look deep inside of yourself,
it is here where you will find the true beauty that lies in your soul.
At times in our lives this has been hidden from our view.
Life is full of lessons and opportunity,
not all of the choices we make are the correct ones-
these mistakes are made to learn,
and discover our personal journey through life.
Never regret these decisions,
right or wrong, they all shape us into the individuals we become.
As we have travelled those pathways of self destruction,
there have been signs along the way that show us the way out.
See the signs, believe in yourself,
believe that you deserve total happiness and nothing less.
Aim high- find your dream- and live it.

4th May 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Bubble Of Perfection

The dream of just floating -
in a perfect bubble of glisteneing colours,
reflecting silver, blue, and purple.
As the sun shines on this space -
I look at you.
Your eyes sparkle,
your smile warms my heart,
your hand holding mine -
sends tingles from my head to my toes.
This amazing connection we share -
blows my mind into this fantasy world,
that belongs to only us.
In our bubble of perfection.

Sunday 6th October 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Captured

You took my hand-
Held me so close-
Kept me safe - and warm.
You found a place for me within your soul,
To keep me from being scared and alone.
This place you gave to me felt strange at first and so uncertain,
You gently created a certainty that I began to trust.
You gave to me acceptance-
You loved me for me-
You assured the doubt I held inside,
That your love was not attached to any conditions.
I began to feel as though I belonged in the place you gave me-
I began to like it here and I let go of my safety net.
As the net began to fall away -
There was a feeling of emptiness all around me.
There was no longer anything to hold on to,
You also now - let go.
Slowly I started to feel myself fall,
Very slowly like floating but falling down-
Down with no one to catch me.
A feeling of emptiness- uncertainty- and fear,
Suddenly - you captured me.
You took me from this emptiness you had created.
Now trapped me within the confines of your walls.
These walls you built while you had me waiting,
Unaware and falling in love with you.
Within your boundaries now unable to escape,
The love I have attached to you I am unable to release.
These confines so full of rules and orders that i must follow,
If disobeyed you open the door that lay beneath my feet,
Allowing me to fall and suffer the consequences -
With you no longer as my support-
My love-
My friend-
My safety-
My warmth-
My security-
Then you will leave me -
Falling-

Alone in a darkness -
That is unknown-
Waiting-
To hit the bottom-
To be crushed like never before.

September 2005

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Captured In A Dream

Almost as though captured in a dream,
When do i awake from this journey?
Unforgettable moments that pick me up,
and make me feel as though floating
in the most perfect space in time.
If i keep my eyes closed can i stay here forever?
Comfort, warmth, closeness, security,
and absolute total happiness!
Will this journey be just another experience lost,
only in memory?

September 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Celebration

Birthday celebration.

As I lay in the state between sleep and racing thoughts,
Thoughts of the night just spent once again with the few close to my heart.
If I tried to count all the wonderful memories I have shared with them,
The number would be infinity.
Behind my eyelids I have glimpses of the night just passed,
Vivid fractals flashing and changing colour
Familiar faces smiling beautiful smiles of bliss.
Sparkling eyes.
Time suspended then seemingly almost stolen.
Comfort, closeness, honesty, warming sounds of familiar tunes.
Friends holding their own special place in my heart.
If I could freeze time I would stay in this state of happiness forever.

Sunday 16th June 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Complete Circle

The end-

The circle almost complete,
filled with so many stories,
which will now become memories.

As a new cycle begins,
it is time to reflect on each and every experience
that has touched our heart or altered our beliefs,
and take from it a lesson.

These lessons become very clear,
when we are true to ourselves,
only then we are able to gain the knowledge
we use for self discovery.

We take with us into the next phase
what has helped us grow and move forward effortlessly,
and we rid ourselves of the weight which holds us back,
that is attached to negative emotions, false friendships and self doubt.
As we step into a new year we begin to reveal the unknown-
New beginnings!

21st December 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Could Of - Would Of - Should Of

What will it take for you to love me again?
I offer you my heart and soul completely.
Is this not enough for you?
Do you see how much this is hurting me?
Maybe that is what you want me to feel?
So that I can feel some of the hurt I once gave to you?
It is working – I am hurting
I have a pain inside my heart that burns like a hot blade
Slowly slicing at me from the inside trying to escape.
I feel the hollow empty cavity of loss and rejection
As it rises into my chest taking my breath away,
Then sinks into the pit of my stomach,
With a hollow - very heavy weight.

I see you and can not tell you
All of the things I need to say
Instead we exchange empty words
My mind spins faster with all of the thoughts
And all of my feelings that belong to you
With all of the emotions I need to give to you
But I can't -
I can't seem to find the strength and the courage
To allow it all to escape from inside
So I listen to you speak
Not hearing anything you say
Just watching your mouth move
I am lost dreaming
Dreaming of what could have been
What would have been?
What should have been?

26th May 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Depression Monster

Spinning faster and faster, spiraling down, down,
Depression creates a suffocating heaviness
which consumes and smothers your entire being.
As i recall this space in time,
it seems as though viewing an experience that belongs
to a stranger.

My physical body defeated,
so tired there is no movement.
Erratic thought patterns that make no sense.
Who is controlling these thoughts?
My mind is in control,
which now belongs to the very dark powerful emotion of
Depression.

This emotion gathers together, confusion, negativity, loss,
misery, self hatred, guilt, and doubt,
all joining forces and circling faster, causing dizziness
and taking me down to a cold, dark place full of sadness.
This sadness so overwhelming it comes crashing,
over and over like pounding waves,
its too dark to see anything,
the next wave crashes over with no time for a breath
before the next wave floods tears that fall
as though they will never stop falling.
Nothing makes any sense -
I am lost, it is dark, it is cold, I am scared,
in this darkness i fall deeper into this nightmare.

1st September 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Dream Safe

Dreams –

There is a reason why we have a dreamscape
This is our wonderland of fantasy
Where we are able to travel, explore, and create,
All within the safety of our own private realm.

We sometimes dare to reveal
Our well guarded and perfected fairy tales
Forgetting why we are given the gift of dreaming
So that we can experience from within what should
Never be taken outside of this secret space.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Dreams

A year of living out dreams
Dreams that when became reality
Lost the perfect safeness
Of exploring within the boundaries
Of my mind.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Ego Maniac

For just one moment
step out of the safety you so bravely wrap yourself in
and call your world of righteousness.

As you step out of the comfort zone you have created
let the doors, and walls to your castle disappear
right before your eyes.

Do you feel lost now?
Is it cold and empty out here?
Are you frightened?
Look around you
look all around.

Do you see what I see?
In this world there are no confines
no safety nets
no certainties
no barriers for your protection
no boundaries to reflect back the words that you speak.

Your words now spoken out loud only echo
as you hear them fade
into the never-ending distance.
No body hears
no body understands
not even your own self.

As your words resonate outward
there are no walls to stop
capture
sort
then piece together
some type of structure or understanding
of each, and every spoken thought.

No
not here
not in this place.

Every word
every letter
every sound
separates
then disappears
within the darkness of misunderstanding
misinterpretation
confusion
disorder.

Welcome to my world!

now look down
if you dare
there is no room for error
in your judgment is there?
As you now can see
you so carefully balance on a very fine line
no support
no safety net
no boundaries in all directions
just your own very fine line.

Eyes peering from out of the darkness
like spectators watching your every move
waiting to see what will happen next.

Endless uncertainty
Insecurity
doubt
hesitation.

Now where is your ego?
So tell me what does it feel like
here on the edge of the unknown?
Not smiling now?
Why not?
Nose not so stuck up in the air
when you're too busy watching your feet
so that you don't trip up and make one
unforgiving mistake and fall

to the ridicule of those who sit high
upon their pedestal in judgement.

Can you feel
for just one minute
what I feel every day?
The difference is I know the rules here
in this place of instability
but you
its your turn now to feel
how i am made to feel
in your kingdom of merciless souls.

Are you lost?
Alone?
Out of your depth?
Scared?
anxious?
frightened enough to cry?

Cry?
Why are you crying?
What is the matter with you?
Was it not you who offered me the advice
so kindly saying-

"Just accept this world that you are unfamiliar with and move on"
"Build a bridge and get over it"!
'Why are you trying to hold onto the past
endlessly searching to regain a segment from the world
that you stepped out of'?
'Turn your back now'.
'Learn to live in the present'.
'Why don't you just get on with life right here
right where you stand'?

Do you recognize these kind words of advice
you once shared with me?
I am now giving them back to you.
Do they sound the same
when you are on the receiving end?

Why so sad?
Why the tears?
I don't understand you?
You're not making any sense?
Are you delusional maybe?

Look everyone
gather around,
here is someone that dared to step into the world
of those whom he so harshly judged
while he stood on his high and mighty
solid platform of permanent stability.

He who opened his mouth
who chose to speak words of no substance
that contained nothing but gossip.
It was this cruel intent he used to disguise
the inner torment of his own existence.

He who points the finger at all but himself
is in fact the soul drowning in his own
hopelessness and misery

September 2005

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Electronic Wilderness

Are we here?
We wind down the windows!
In the distance there it is -
the unmistakable beats we all know so well.
No sights yet spotted - only sound!
Excited we scramble to collect our party gear,
gather together and unite with the scene.

As we approach the bass gets louder,
until now felt through the ground we are walking on,
rising up through your legs and hips,
until you feel it almost as though thumping -
all the wind from your chest,
this then sending the powerful rush of music
through your entire body.

As each group of followers join together -
we experience an energy - almost a force.
This force creates a higher level of consciousness..
The beats are driving, the melody lifting us,
giving the amazing feeling of euphoria.

As we look around this oh so familiar scene,
glimpses of beautiful smiles, eyes sparkling.
As the soft floating lights swirl and disappear -
into the never ending canvas of the night sky.
A cherished friend appears in your gaze,
no words are needed - a smile - a warm embrace,
is more than words can ever say.

This life altering experience will capture your heart.
The power of music will take your soul,
pick you up and guide you to the most wonderful place
you have ever dreamed.

June 2003

Every Action Has A Reaction

Every action has a reaction,
Sometimes the reaction causes regret for the action.

When in life we feel lost and confused,
We try to find a way out,
The pathway we choose doesn't always give us a way out
It only gives us a different direction.

How can it be so hard to find comfort?
A life full of love and new beginnings,
To no longer feel the cold from loneliness?
To no longer suffer the heartache from guilt?

August 1st 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Every Moment

On this day capture each and every moment,
See the beauty that surrounds you,
Allow yourself to feel every emotion.
As the sun begins to rise the black velvet of night -
slowly shows the birth of this special day - your day.
Feel the blanket of warmth as the sun embraces this - your day.
Today look beyond and see that the breeze gently moving -
the leaves on your tree - is so much more than that.
Today the trees celebrate with you,
and dance to the tune of this - your special day.
Watch as a single leaf falls to the earth,
in a motion so perfectly planned,
as it brushes a still sleeping flower,
this begins the awakening of colour and fragrance,
that fills this moment with sensations to create -
everlasting memories on this - your special day.
Listen quietly to the melody the birds are singing,
look around you at the priceless gifts that have blessed this day.
Smell the air so full of fragrance -
embrace all of this wonder - it is yours,
keep it safe in your heart and know -
this day is - your special day.
This day is all of these beautiful moments and more,
This day is your destiny.

November 13th 2004

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Fathers Day

FATHERS DAY

What does this day mean to you?

For you this day you celebrate and stop to think of your Dad,
To reflect on all the times gone by and special moments you have had.

For you this day is to show your Dad just how much you care,
So open your heart and give him the gift of the love that he put there.

For you this day is to remember the times when you sat happily on his knee,
When you would climb on his back in a crowd so that you were able to see.

For you this day is about the most special man you have known,
He is the one you trust with your heart to protect you from being alone.

For you this day is filled with these priceless memories that are yours to keep,
Say thanks today that he was your Dad and kept you safe as you fell asleep.

For you this day must never pass by without a thought for all it means
Everyone needs a Dad in their life not just one in their dreams.

What does this day mean to me?

For me this day is when I stop and think of my Dad,
I think of the one I wished was there and that I never had.

For me this day is the memory of a child that missed her real dad,
I would cry and wonder why I didn't have what other kids had.

For me this day is heartache each year this day brings tears,
For all of the emptiness, and sadness, shattered my heart for years.

For me this day is about the man I was meant to trust with my life and heart,
Well this was the man who destroyed my faith and ripped my world apart.

For me this day was a reminder to protect myself from the hurt of being alone,
He took the value I place on my worth, and turned my heart to stone.

For me this day is full of memories I wish were not mine,
The hurt is fading slowly with the healer we call time.

For me this day now has a feeling that is not about my Dad,
This day now is for my son to have what I never had.

For me this day Noah will never share with his Dad and me,
He will one day learn this is not how I intended things to be.

For me this day this all changed when an angel was sent my way
He opened his heart and his life this man was here to stay.

For me this day is now for him because he became my Dad,
He gave me so much more than love- more than I ever had.

For me this day I say thanks to you John for accepting me as your own,
Thank you from deep in my heart – and for making our house a home.

2005

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Feels Like Yesterday

I have turned a corner - finally!
Time seems so unaccountable,
feels like yesterday - seems like a lifetime.
So much has unfolded,
which means i was moving?
although giving the impression of on pause -
like a scratched record.
Seemingly - somehow - so very slowly,
playing a destined track.
Like a treasured disc of vinyl -
life follows an already etched track -
that is played in the same familiar motion
as the circle called - life.
When we fight against what is destined,
the same tune will play over and over.
Although aware we write the script for our own destiny,
why do i feel as though i am walking a bumpy track blindfolded?
If i look behind - i can see clearly where i have travelled,
If i look ahead - i am unable to see the outcome of my next step.

July 21st 2004

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

For Joab

Welcome to the world gorgeous boy,
Your soul chose the destiny that lay ahead of you,
Your mum and your dad wished upon a star,
They wished for a little boy to complete their circle.
You are a wish come true.

You were born to be a little brother -
Your beautiful sister will protect, love, and admire you,
As you both grow and share your life together as family.

Joab - your name is full of strength and character,
I am certain you will wear it well,
Your journey will be filled with fun, smiles, laughter and tears.
Each and every experience you are faced with along the way, will add to the
admirable man that you will one day become.

May life gift you with success, and beautiful things,
With true friendships, and love -
A love that comes complete, with loyalty and commitment, and filled with all of
the emotions that make it so special
Love completely - Live happily - Laugh out loud.

May 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

For My Brother

Although most of our lives spent as though strangers,
You are to me Family.

My family is everything to me,
Each person holds a place in my heart.

Loyalty, honesty, and respect for each of you
Has always been one of my beliefs.

I want you to know although I may not understand
All of the decisions you make in your life,
You will always have my support.

We all choose our own destiny,

The choices we make may not always be the right ones; these mistakes have to
be made, for us to learn.

I wish for you true happiness in your life.

For this you have to believe you are a good person.

Be true to yourself and to others,

Accept yourself including your faults.

When you believe in yourself, and who you are,

You will find others will too.

I want to thank you for taking on the responsibility
As our father, when you were also only a child.

The support and love I give to you is unconditional
It is for a lifetime.

August 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

For My Son On Valentine's Day

To the love of my life on Valentine's Day
My boy I do not need today to tell you I love you
I absolutely adore you and every little thing about you
I love your gorgeous face, your happy cheeky smile,
And the endless thoughts that I see within your mind
When I look beyond the ever changing color of your eyes

I cherish the friendship we have built over the years
The closeness we share is something so very special
We were meant to share this lifetime together Noah
The connection we have is a rare and priceless gift.

There is not a minute in my day you are not in my thoughts
There is not a thing in this world that could or will ever
Change the depth of love that I feel within my heart and
My soul for you – you are my wish come true.
Noah my precious one and only child you are my world
The love I give to you is endless.

Love Mum xxx

Valentine's Day 2007

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

For My Valentine

The night I knocked on your door and our eyes met again
The years that had passed between you and I disappeared
Your eyes that once captivated my every thought
Still held the same magnetism that seduced me so long ago

I nervously turned away overcome with a sudden sense of
The awkward reality that we were alone together once again
Alone after more than a lifetime had come and gone between us
Thoughts were spinning in my mind but making no sense at all

Why did I think I could visit you and just so casually leave?
Just walk away from you saying how nice we had caught up again
What ever I was thinking obviously wasn't well thought out.
That very minute I knew I could not simply walk away from you
From that moment I wanted to remember what it was like
What your lips were like to kiss? Was it how I had remembered?

I am not writing this simply because today is Valentines Day
I am writing this for you to keep close to your heart every day
What I feel for you is something very real to me which also scares me
It has been in my heart from the first night you kissed my lips years ago
I have held a place that belonged to you deep within my heart

My life now feels as though you were always meant to share it
You give me a perfect sense of completeness that feels right
You make me feel warmth – loved – desired and truly adored
The beautiful words you say that compliment me are priceless gifts
You give to me patience – trust – kindness – honesty – and passion
When you hold me closely in your arms I feel safe and belonging.

There is one more part of what we share and it is something
That has grown over the years and will continue to do so
It is our amazing, precious loyal friendship we share
To have you in my life as my friend and also now my lover
Means so much more to me than words can clearly express
I cherish you – I absolutely adore you – I admire you and
Every little piece that comes together to form your character.

The end of this poem must contain a "Thank you"

Thank you for all you have done and the kindness you have
Shown my son- you have taken time out for him and to me
That has more meaning than you could ever know.
Noah is my life – he is my world and my wishes come true.
I would be honored if you chose to share the rest of your life
Growing old alongside of me together with my one and only boy.

Valentine's Day 2007

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

For You

MY BEAUTIFUL FRIEND,
WE HAVE SHARED THE JOURNEY OF A LIFETIME,
ON THIS JOURNEY WE HAVE GAINED THE MOST
WONDERFUL MEMORIES.
ALONG WITH THESE MOMENTS ALSO CAME THE DARKEST DEPTHS OF
SADNESS.
THROUGH EACH EXPERIENCE OUR FRIENDSHIP
HAS GROWN INTO THE UNCONDITIONAL TRUST
AND LOYALTY HELD ONLY FOR OUR FAMILY.
YOU MY SPECIAL FRIEND, ARE MY FAMILY.
THE UNFORGETTABLE NIGHTS WE SAT HOLDING EACH OTHERS HAND,
TALKING, SMILING, AND
SHARING THE WARMTH OF OUR FRIENDSHIP.
THE ENDLESS NIGHTS AND AMAZING MORNINGS
WE HAVE SPENT DANCING AND EXPERIENCING THE TUNES THAT PLAYED ONLY
FOR US.
JUST A LOOK AND A SMILE,
THESE TIMES I WILL ALWAYS HOLD CLOSE TO MY HEART, THEY CAN NEVER BE
REPLACED.
THIS CHAPTER IN OUR BOOK OF LIFE WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED WITH A
TEAR FOR ALL OF THE HAPPINESS IT BROUGHT TO OUR LIVES.
AS WE NOW BEGIN A NEW CHAPTER,
NEW MEMORIES ALL WAIT TO UNFOLD.
I FEEL COMFORT IN THE THOUGHT THAT WE WILL CONTINUE THIS NEXT PHASE
TOGETHER.
WHEN MY WORLD SEEMED VERY DARK AND ALONE, YOU GAVE ME YOUR
SUPPORT WITHOUT JUDGEMENT.
YOUR FRIENDSHIP AT THIS TIME MEANT MORE THAN YOU KNOW- I WILL NEVER
FORGET THIS.
I LOVE YOU -
THANK YOU LEAH X

June 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Friend For Life

My friend

A precious gift

You came into my life and filled a space in my heart

A space I didn't even know was there.

When I am sad you always make me smile.

When I am happy I want to share my happiness with you.

My world would not be the same without you.

We have shared moments in life that are beautiful memories,

I will cherish each one forever.

Our friendship is unconditional real and for life.

Monday April 8th 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Garden Of Life

Walking slowly through my garden of life -
I stop - to take in all that surrounds my senses.
I close my eyes - and feel the warmth of the sun.
I reflect - on times gone by, and moments yet to come.
It is the fragrances and sounds that create the amazing -
Familiar memories held safely within this place of mine.

A new beginning suddenly seems to appear out of nowhere.
I turn to look behind at where I have just been,
The steps I have taken now have become so clear and final,
The path has turned I am headed toward an unknown place
Full of new stories and hidden secrets yet to be revealed.

I let my mind drift away - back to a significant place in time
To a day spent crying in a hidden part of my garden,
This is the place I call my secret garden of life.
It was in this part of my garden I lost the one I loved,
It was the day he chose to continue his walk in life -
In a direction that turned him away from - our path,
The one we once believed we would share together - always.

This is where we said our goodbyes - he walked away-
I watched him leave - he disappeared into the distance.
The tears that fell from my eyes - flooded my vision
I lost a part of myself that day, along with my heart.
I made a choice - I would never return to this place,
Our sacred place - this was our secret garden.

One day while walking, I found myself amongst the
Weeds and overgrowth unable to now find my way out
Captured within the depths of this lush, thriving space.
I became very scared and confused - I had lost my way.
I closed my eyes, and allowed my senses to guide me.
I began to hear, and feel moments that became familiar,
Emotions began to shower over me and fill me with warmth- I knew from that
moment - this was my secret garden.

I opened my eyes - the first thing I saw deep within -
The overgrowth was a spot of bright yellow - it was golden.

As the sun broke through the treetops - a single ray of light
Captured this new beginning trying to reach for the warmth.
I realized then - that this was a gift, and that I had been blinded by my own
consuming sadness and loss
When right in front of me all along was this strength.
A strength that was here to show me all is not lost.
I began to clear the weeds that grew around this beginning
Trying to strangle and suffocate its growth and beauty.
This precious new gift was given to me to as a sign of hope.

That was the first day I could see what I had in my life
I had been so blinded – and it was right there before me.
It was you my beautiful friend – from the very first day you
Entered my garden of life you have always been a bright happy new beginning –
lost and trying to grow in amongst
So much darkness – until the day I saw you smiling
Within your smile I saw – new beginnings – a new journey.

In the depths of your eyes I saw your soul - so full of
Sadness and uncertainty but with an abundance of love,
Your heart is so full of kindness, warmth and care.
I could see your inner glow - shining all around you.
From that day you became so much more to me than family
This was the day you became my treasured friend.

When I look beside me today I see no one else but you,
There is no one else within my garden of life my friend.
I would not choose to share this very moment or this
Part of my journey with anyone but you.
Thank you for being beside me so I don't walk alone.
Your friendship is so much more than you will ever know.

December 2005

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Goodbye My Friends

So this is goodbye my treasured friends.
As we say goodbye tears flow
Not of sadness,
Tears as we smile and cherish the unforgettable
Memories we have shared.
The days and nights we sat talking
Until there was no oxygen left in the room
We laughed as we shared our most intimate secrets.
Listening to beautiful tunes that touched our hearts.
Some people come into our lives and leave without a trace
You my friends have left a permanent mark in my heart
Alongside the 3 little spaces I hold for each of your beautiful children.
My life would of felt a void without you both
I admire and love you dearly
I know we will meet again someday
But for now – goodbye.

February 2004

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Guardian Angel

The sky grew darker,
awareness of the separation of mind, body and soul,
all now heading in different directions.
I find myself lost,
cold,
trees surround me,
as if an audience to this nightmare.
My body now takes control,
my heart punching me hard and fast,
causing a crushing tightness that hurt.
Unable to swallow,
unable to breathe,
my lips now numb,
pins and needles running down my arms
into my hands and fingers.
My mind takes over now,
the question is 'DEATH'?
it starts showing me pictures,
as if flicking through a slide show.
My life - my family - my friends!
My body as if no longer mine struggling,
to fight the poison chemical flooding my veins.
I clutch my phone
unable to call for help.
I then see his face,
his smile,
his hand reaching out to me.
He now takes over my thoughts,
all i see and feel is him,
he leads me back to my car.
Sitting in my car totally unaware of all senses.
He is now my strength.
My eyes close,
As my eyes again open,
I am home?
How i do not know?
I truly believe - he is my guardian angel x

Friday June 28th 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Happily Ever After

Once upon a lifetime ago,
That now seems so far away; it almost feels as though a dream.
My world was once filled with happiness,
With Love, trust, loyalty and completeness.
I felt the energy of life and inner peace within my soul.
To add to this picture, were my beautiful friends and family.
I had found the person, who gave back to me,
The belief in truly good people,
I wanted to share the rest of my life with him.
Out of this love and happiness, came the choice,
To bring the joy of a child into our world,
To create a bond that will never be broken.
The ending was supposed to say –
“And they lived happily ever after”.
This I live no more!
Only to be left with hurt, sadness, betrayal, guilt and the
Overpowering weight of depression.
This darkness now clouds my world.

2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Happiness In Your Soul

As i gaze into the stillness,
I see your face, smiling.
Your smile is so true,
so honest.
I can clearly see happiness,
in your soul.
You then capture my stare,
and draw my awareness deeper
into the magical darkness,
of your sparkling brown eyes.
It is here i see the love you hold within,
this love so warm,
like a soft blanket has been wrapped around me
giving me the beautiful sensation
of comfort and security.
I embrace this moment
I imagine myself falling deeper into your love,
into your soul.
Until i rest in the place which you hold,
only for me.
With your arms wrapped around me,
it is here i feel safe,
i feel belonging.

1st December 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Happy Birthday My Boy

8 years ago all my wishes came true
The angels brought me a gift and that gift was you.

From this day you were my precious baby boy
You came into my world and filled it with joy.

I fell in love with your gorgeous face, and your button nose,
I softly held your hand, and kissed your little toes

So today is your birthday, another year has past
It's hard to believe you are 8 – you're growing up so fast.

Before you know it you will want your own car
That's when I will sit up all night and wonder where you are.

No matter where you go or how far you roam
Always know where I am, is the place you can call home.

So for now its bikes, toys and anything for fun,
But forever you are my little boy, my one and only son.

October 19th 2005

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Have You Forgotten?

When life came from out of no-where
And smacked us both in the face
Crushing our emotions,
Testing our strength to survive
And the boundaries of our sanity –
We found a home
In it we found a friendship.
Amidst our own personal chaos
In the deep river of tears we cried in turn
There was us –
You and I –
Do you forget how hard we laughed? –
I certainly don't
For these moments I have cherished in my memory –
The times within such a dark and heavy sadness
That still managed to spark joy, fun, and laughter.
This beautiful memory belongs only to us-
Have you forgotten a little boy?
He heard your key before you even got near the door-
He has lost someone special and close to his heart –
He was there with us in our home
We found our friendship –
He found what he never had before
A big sister!
Do you forget?
Noah doesn't-
For when his world seemed so overwhelming and uncertain
He knew one thing for sure
He had our home –
He had us –
We three had each other.
We shared so much that it breaks my heart
To now recall each and every significant day
That turned to night and day again,
Each new place, every experience,
The sadness, the anger, and the frustration –
All the endless hours we spent talking –
Sharing our inner most feelings and secrets –
Some I have never shared with any other than with you!

If I had trust or faith in anyone or anything
It was in our friendship-
I thought it was for a lifetime-
I was wrong –
I don't understand-
Why and how could you so easily let it go?
Maybe it never was any of this to you –
I only know what it is I feel
My heart misses you –
To me you were my friend for life.

September 19th 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Hear No Evil - Speak No Evil - See No Evil

You left behind a bad taste in my life
Not unlike a cold cup of sour vomit.

You left behind a bad odour in my memory
Not unlike maggot infested rotting flesh.

You left behind a bad sound in my mind
Not unlike the screams of a tortured child

You left behind a bad picture behind my closed eyes
Not unlike the vision of a tortured nightmare

You left behind a bad feeling in my heart
Not unlike the sensation of abuse I once suffered.

You have left behind a scar on each of my senses
So that I can remember you,
Not unlike my memory of a cold, heavy, dark sadness.

March 11th 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Hello Goodbye

Missing you -
The ache has become a permanent fixture.
Then we say hello -
Then we say goodbye -
Like a rollercoaster we climb to the highs,
filled with anticipation and excitement,
longing for our short moments,
which feel as momentary as the pause -
just before the gut wrenching decent,
to the ever present bottom of the hill.

June 2004

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

How And Why?

How do we let go of a lifetime?

How and when do the memories stop hurting?

These experiences which contain the beginning of a journey

That altered my whole being, giving me belief in myself and in others,

Able to finally see the happiness I thought non-existent.

As we traveled this beautiful pathway together, our lifetime unfolded.

We shared the amazing gift of our first child.

The day he entered our world he gave to us the true meaning,

Of unconditional love, and a whole new meaning of family.

How do we close our eyes to this, and now look the other way?

Family is for life!

I find myself continually asking why?

Why did we become so blinded?

One day the answers might be seen -

When I can open my eyes, and look inside of myself!

June 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

I Give To You

I give to you my heart,
I give to you my soul,
I give to you not less than all.
I want to share with you my life,
I want to share with you my child,
I want to share with you moments of laughter, happiness, joy and dreams.
I need to feel from you your heart and soul complete
I need to feel your trust, loyalty and support.
Most of all I want to be as one with you and create new beginnings while
Sharing love and a life together.

August 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

I Hate You

Do you know what it is like to be alone?
While you sit there in judgement
Perched high up on your throne.

You gave me so much sadness and pain
Loss – and betrayal was also part of your game

What makes you believe you are better than me?
When I look at you pure evil is what I see.

You are cruel you are nasty and so full of sin
I wish I had never opened my heart and my life to let you in

Now I wish for you only misery and pain
I hope you never ever smile again

I pray your days are filled with sadness and tears
And may you suffer this for the rest of your years.

If the word Karma is really true
Then all of this will happen to you.

December 29th 2005

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

I Once Believed

I once believed I had a special and very
Rare connection with those in my family
There was a time I felt so very lucky
To not only have these people in my blood
I chose each one, also as my friend.

We shared wonderful moments happily laughing
Along with tears we cried for each others pain
It was all so priceless - I truly loved every part
Of what only now remains forever in my memories.

I no longer share this gift of family I have explained
Not with the same meaning once contained
I loved, cared for, and completely trusted each one
I did always, have always, and continue to always
Give each of them my love, loyalty and my support.

Never did I perceive what I would get in return
Each one of them, and this included my own mother.
I was betrayed by accusations, doubts, and assumptions
My character not considered when judgments were ruled.
Loyalty overlooked when believing the lies of a mere stranger.

Why didn't they just rip my heart out with their bare hands?
Then coldly finish by taking turns to crush all the life it contains
What happened to the treasured family I once belonged to?
Did I see something that no one else saw?
Did I feel the emotions alone that I once believed were shared?

Why don't they miss all that I miss, each and every day?
I can no longer trust in those I once held in high regard
Everything has changed completely and permanently
There can be no turning back on what has been said or done.
The test of loyalty was given for each to consider and decide
The results obvious, and clear, showed an undivided conclusion.
Disloyalty – falseness and pretense the definite outcome.

I lost all that I once dreamt – I guess it was only a dream?

August 31st 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

I Say Goodbye

As i release from my fingertips what was a lifetime,
I say goodbye -
As the final river of tears stream down my face,
I say goodbye -
These the last tears i will cry for this journey.
As i recall once more the path travelled and shared
with a truly amazing soul,
I say goodbye -
As i listen once more and allow myself to feel the depth
of emotion in the beautiful sounds of music we shared,
I say goodbye -
As i thank you one more time for sharing with me
the gift of our beautiful child,
I say goodbye -
And as i cherish for one more time all the happiness,
laughter, tears, love, trust, and friendships we shared,
I say goodbye -
As i now gather together all of these irreplaceable moments
and find a sacred place in my heart and my memory
where i now choose to let rest,
I say goodbye.

for Craig x

24th August 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

I Was A Child

I was a child - only 13
I was looking to be loved
What I found was the devil
I wasn't to know love shouldn't
Hurt with so much intense pain
I wasn't to know the difference
Between passion and possession

He taught me every lesson I needed
He gave me validation of my worth
Unworthy he assured me with certainty
He told me I am now his to keep
He stole years of what was my life

His idea of play included pain
I felt his games over and over
Until I learned to no longer feel
He captured my soul and tormented it
Until he destroyed what remained

Left with no strength to walk away
Fear of death was his ultimate weapon
He took the power of my mind
He gave me a choice to escape
For this he would take something
Someone I loved - the life of my brother
My decision quite simply I made - I stayed.

What became of the years to follow?
I was a child - I was broken, beaten, kicked,
I was a child - I was tormented, raped, violated
I was a child - I was frightened, and wished to die
I was a child - I wanted to be that child again.

(April 22nd 2007)

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

In Respect For Chris - To Chelsi X

This is especially for you little sister of mine,
For you to read those days when it all seems so very hard,
When you feel the pain in your heart, and depth that you have been scarred.

You apply that radiant smile, the one that hides your tears so well,
I can see beyond the mask, that covers the window to your soul,
I see what you hide so deep within, and how you struggle to gain control.

Please allow yourself to feel, what you have lost inside your tears,
So much sadness and grief spin endlessly around – needing to be free
Waiting for you to cry the tears of healing – to heal the loss of me

It is these days when I am always close by your side,
To hold you're hand in mine, and never let you fall
I know my little sister these times are the hardest of all.

The moments when you feel my presence all around
You feel my hand lightly, resting on your arm, pausing for a while,
This is my message to you, reminding you to smile.

One more very important thing I need you to never doubt
Whatever was said and done, before I left you that day
Were not the words I wanted to share, before I was taken away?

If I could change what I had spoken so loudly, without thought,
I would take back the words that I said– and say something new,
I would change those words and say - I LOVE YOU

The last thing on my list – is just to say goodbye-
So, goodbye my precious family – I could not of loved anyone more complete
I will walk beside you silently– until again our souls will meet.

January 24th 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Karma

Why wont my heart let go?
I open my eyes as the day begins,
the first thought that consumes my mind is you.
This thought then instantly sends
the acheing sensation to my heart of hurt,
a deep hollow pain that i have chosen for myself.
The hurt i feel is the effect of circumstance.
The heartache caused by selfishness.
What we give, we will also recieve,
the hurt we inflict,
will be returned.
The destiny of selfishness is a dark place of guilt,
loneliness and tears.

June 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Layers Of Skin

Seven,
Fourteen,
Twenty one,
Seven year life span,
Like layers of skin.
Each Layer slowly dies and regenerates,
Every cell - every tissue,
As the old dead layer falls away,
It makes room for new.
Unaware of this very slow process,
Unseen by the human eye,
Unless the eye could see in time lapse.
The air surrounding us full of what we refer to as dust particles.
These well known particles of dust,
Actually flakes of dead skin,
Now floating in the air we breathe.
Dead particles of skin,
Not just our own,
A collection of every person that lives.

August 2005

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Life Changes

Life changes,
History that can never be replaced,
Loyalty,
Support,
Never any regrets,
Chosen moments shared with you,
I would never choose to share with anybody else.
Beautiful music that turned our lives and dreams around,
Leading us toward an unobstructed pathway to happiness.
Happiness found within ourselves,
Able to surface thanks only to senses, sounds, respect and love,
That we share,
My brother
My friend.

Saturday April 6th 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Life Is Like Vinyl

I have turned a corner
Finally
Time seems so unaccountable
Feels like yesterday
Seems like a lifetime
So much has unfolded

This means I was moving
Although giving the impression of being stuck
Like a needle on a scratched record
Seemingly somehow but so very slowly
Still playing out the written destiny

Like a treasured disc of vinyl
Life follows an already etched track
That is played in the same familiar motion
Of the circle we call life

When we fight against what is destined
The same tune will play over and over.
Although we write the script for our own journey
Why do I feel like I am walking down a busy road blindfolded?
If I look behind I can clearly see where I have traveled
But if I look forward I cannot see the next step
To move ahead is inevitable
The outcome of this chosen destination
Is a place unknown.

July 21st 2004

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Like Nothing Else

Like nothing else it enters your body,
flooding every inch with its ability to transport you back -
to the most beautiful place in your mind.

It has the strength to recreate the exact moment.

So real you are able to once again -
feel the heightened sensation of the most -
amazing blissful memory.

If you close your eyes you can smell,
almost touch, the chosen moment.

This all capable through the most powerful -
mind altering substance ever experienced.

The love of music.

18th July 2004

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Living Hell

Our minds choose to let go of hidden memories,
at times least expected.

10 years lost - lost in the confinement of walls -
built up so as to never see or never feel the reality
of the pain once inflicted.

Maybe at this point of change within my life,
i needed to face this personal nightmare,
without the path of self destruction -
which continually blocks my vision toward true happiness.
My mind now gives me back these years,
this time not to view from a spectators safe distance,
but to now feel the emotions that complete this memory.

Abused - scared - my own self not yet discovered,
was stolen from deep inside.

My heart crushed,
my mind tormented,
my body battered from head to toe.
Beaten - abused - as though a possession,
owned by my abuser.
Never enough strength to leave,
scared to death of the outcome of escape.
Left behind only an empty shell.
Only to step from one hell into another.

My heart foolishly trusting again,
now hating the image that was my own reflection.
Once again i allowed myself to become a victim.
Feelings of disgust - of hurt - and sadness,
a deep acheing pain consuming my entire being.
Years of this cycle - anger - hatred - betrayel - pain.
Until drugs came into my existence,
and miraculously took away all the bad feelings.

As the needle entered my veins,
years of misery was flooded and overcome -
by the warm rush of a chemical substance -
that ran through my blood.
This began the years of self destruction.

This abuse i chose for myself -
for once i was in control,
or so i thought.
Faster than a rollercoaster ride
speeding down the big dipper
addiction gained the power and strength
over my weakened mind and soul.
This ride picked me up and took me
to the darkest, coldest, sad, suicidal hell ever imagined.
When the ride stops -
and there is nowhere else to go but up,
death seems the easier option.
Up is a very long way
when there is no light to lead the way.
If i looked around this space
I could see pitch blackness,
the only thing visible was myself.

I turned my focus within and discovered-
my soul.
It was here finally i saw the beginning of a journey.
One which allows me to collect the shattered pieces
of myself -
and place them back together to form a ladder -
of strength and confidence to rise above the hell hole,
to finally gain the knowledge to become complete.
Every step up a struggle-
each one allowing me to take from the negative experience
a positive outcome -these became the building blocks
i used to build the wall around each and every
bad emotion i had suffered.
This wall became my tower of strength
and the structure i used to climb to the top-
of this my personal struggle.
Now for the first time in my life-
i could see me.
In the now bright warm light all around me-
i could see direction.
A new existence - with no boundaries.
A life that is my own.

September 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Lost Inside

The discovery of a person,
This person lost inside,
Lost inside of myself.
Once upon a time I found a place,
A place void of hurt, sadness and pain,
This secret hiding spot so safe and hidden
I lost part of myself here and forgot I ever existed.
When a part of your soul no longer exists
In your memory how can you ever feel complete?
Wanting to share my life with you
Is what has sent me searching,
Your support has guided me toward the place
I have always been too scared to find.
It is here I am faced with a lifetime of fears.
As I choose to open this door I am flooded
With memories so real I can feel the hurt
As if yesterday,
So real I can smell the day as if sadness has an odour of its own.
As I allow these confined emotions to consume me
I now am able to set free a piece of myself.
This is one of the missing pieces in my puzzle that will eventually reveal the
complete picture of my destiny.

8th February 2004

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Mask Of Meth

The strength and power you hold –
I gave to you.
You came into my life when I was weak and alone -
I needed you.
You gave me instant comfort and shared my pain.
You made everything seem so clear.
You allowed me to stop crying and face my choices.
You helped me live through them,
By becoming my strength.
You shielded me from the hurt penetrating my heart.
It was as though you had the power to take everything,
Everything I felt- and direct it away,
To a place it couldn't harm me.
You were the only thing that worked.
You were the only thing that dried my tears.
You were the only thing that kept my heart safe,
The only thing that I could trust,
The only thing that gave me hope,
The only thing that allowed me to see,
You gave me strength to go on.
Can't they all see what you mean to me?
How can I ask you to leave now?
Thank you but now - goodbye?
I am scared to let you go.
You are my support when I need one without explanation.
You are my friend when I need one without judgment.
You are part of me now -
A big part of me!
I feel a victim to you -
When you are in my mind calling my name,
Like you now need me to weaken to you.
When at first you made me stronger,
Now you beg me to crumble!
Every time you call –
You win -
I crumble! !
You tell me I owe you -
For the times you were there when I needed you.
Now I don't need you so much -

You feel me pulling away,
You hold even tighter -
Scared I may slip out of your reach.
It is like a relationship of a lifetime.
Without you Is like leaving my best friend forever.
Like going on in life without my legs or my arms.
An amputated limb although gone -
Will always bring pain from where it once belonged.

July 2005

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Me And Miss C

Me and Miss. C. - This means that i is actually we!
A child when we first met,
We have never been apart,
At least not yet.
I wished for you to be my strength,
To guard my heart from any sadness, hurt, or pain,
These emotions i would never feel again.
In front of me behind me and always by my side,
I became lost somewhere deep inside.
You lead and chose our direction,
Now detached from feeling pain,
Meant also love i would never gain.
You made all choices wrong or right,
My heart you guarded day and night.
It grew dark within these walls,
I gave you the key to close me in,
My screams would never be heard from within.
This prison was my creation,
Built with no way to enter also meant no light to see,
These walls began to close in and suffocate me.
The child i was i locked away,
Taken from the life which lay ahead,
Now alone trapped and lost instead.
All i wanted was a hand to hold,
When life became too sad, alone and cold.
What became of you Miss. C.?
I want your strenght to leave my side,
I need to now live and no longer hide.
The walls which now trap me and my heart,
Slowly they begin to fall,
I want my life - i want it all.
I hate the way you make me feel,
The anger and the lack of control,
I need all emotions to become whole.
A life detached from feeling,
Has left me blind without direction,
Unable to accept true love and affection.
This is where we say goodbye,
This is where we part Miss. C.

This is where we become just ME! !

2005

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Misinterpretation

As though I speak a foreign language
One that most can not seem to understand
I gather the words from my mind attach them
With emotion and feeling that clearly express
My thoughts or the message I wish to convey.

Something happens somewhere in between
As though each word that I choose to form
Complete sentences - will reach my lips
Then seems to be taken as a kind of jumbled
Interpretation that is non comprehensive
Mixed up dialogue which then only can be understood
With an absolute incorrect misinterpretation.

This then leaves me completely confused and bewildered
As I am aware of what leaves my thoughts and hear
Myself say quite clearly say each word in an obvious
Manner of interpretation with emotions attached.

Is my mind that disarranged?
Are my thoughts and feelings so confused that I do not
Have the capacity to make the correct combination to
Fit the words that connect to the emotions that belong?
The worst part about it therefore is that I am not even
Aware of what is right or wrong- or who is right or wrong?

April 2007

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

My Baby

My beautiful boy Noah
Words can never say enough,
I can only try and make you understand the depth of love I feel for you.
While I carried you safely in my tummy, and you began to grow,
So too did the bond we began to form.
From the moment you entered my world, my life, as I knew it
Became this place that seemed so overwhelming!
I felt scared, I felt inadequate, and I felt as though I had jumped into
The biggest challenge I will ever face.
I looked at your innocent, soft, most beautiful face for the first time,
Finally I was able to meet you.
There you were, a part of your mum, and a part of your dad,
You were instantly loved more than any love,
Either of us had ever experienced.
The love I hold within my soul for you,
Is the strongest internal love, I believe, that can be felt.
This love and attachment so overpowering,
If faced with the circumstance,
I would give my life for yours, without a second for thought.
You have given me the most amazing gift,
A once in a lifetime experience,
My precious first born child –
My son.
I gave to you the gift of life, filled with unconditional love.
You gave to me the gift of the most truly,
Cherished little person in my world – you!
You my baby are my life,
You are my love,
You are my everything,
You have shown me a new meaning of love and of family!

4-5-03

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

My Bubble

My senses alive-
Sounds capture my heart and fill my soul
My Eyes wide open I see smiles
The warm glow of soft candle light
Beautiful people
I close my eyes
There is more to see
Colours of the rainbow
Swirling and dancing endlessly.

I must have been dreaming
What a wonderful dream
Was this all in my mind
In my imagination
Was this captured inside of a bubble?
Floating weightless - in slow motion
Swirling colours of purple and blue
No matter how hard I try
I can not recapture- recreate or replace my amazing bubble.

26th May 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

My Garden Of Life

Walking slowly through my garden of life -
I stop - to take in all that surrounds my senses.
I close my eyes - and feel the warmth of the sun.
I reflect - on times gone by, and moments yet to come.
It is the fragrances and sounds that create the amazing -
Familiar memories held safely within this place of mine.

A new beginning suddenly seems to appear out of nowhere.
I turn to look behind at where I have just been,
The steps I have taken now have become so clear and final,
The path has turned I am headed toward an unknown place
Full of new stories and hidden secrets yet to be revealed.

I let my mind drift away - back to a significant place in time
To a day spent crying in a hidden part of my garden,
This is the place I call my secret garden of life.
It was in this part of my garden I lost the one I loved,
It was the day he chose to continue his walk in life -
In a direction that turned him away from - our path,
The one we once believed we would share together - always.

This is where we said our goodbyes - he walked away-
I watched him leave - he disappeared into the distance.
The tears that fell from my eyes - flooded my vision
I lost a part of myself that day, along with my heart.
I made a choice - I would never return to this place,
Our sacred place - this was our secret garden.

One day while walking, I found myself amongst the
Weeds and overgrowth unable to now find my way out
Captured within the depths of this lush, thriving space.
I became very scared and confused - I had lost my way.
I closed my eyes, and allowed my senses to guide me.
I began to hear, and feel moments that became familiar,
Emotions began to shower over me and fill me with warmth- I knew from that
moment - this was my secret garden.

I opened my eyes - the first thing I saw deep within -
The overgrowth was a spot of bright yellow - it was golden.

As the sun broke through the treetops - a single ray of light
Captured this new beginning trying to reach for the warmth.
I realized then - that this was a gift, and that I had been blinded by my own
consuming sadness and loss
When right in front of me all along was this strength.
A strength that was here to show me all is not lost.
I began to clear the weeds that grew around this beginning
Trying to strangle and suffocate its growth and beauty.
This precious new gift was given to me to as a sign of hope.

That was the first day I could see what I had in my life
I had been so blinded – and it was right there before me.
It was you my beautiful friend – from the very first day you
Entered my garden of life you have always been a bright happy new beginning –
lost and trying to grow in amongst
So much darkness – until the day I saw you smiling
Within your smile I saw – new beginnings – a new journey.

In the depths of your eyes I saw your soul - so full of
Sadness and uncertainty but with an abundance of love,
Your heart is so full of kindness, warmth and care.
I could see your inner glow - shining all around you.
From that day you became so much more to me than family
This was the day you became my treasured friend.

When I look beside me today I see no one else but you,
There is no one else within my garden of life my friend.
I would not choose to share this very moment or this
Part of my journey with anyone but you.
Thank you for being beside me so I don't walk alone.
Your friendship is so much more than you will ever know.

December 2005
For Chelsi x

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

My Gift To You

Today I looked back over the years we have shared
I thought about all of the times you were my strength
I recalled every tear I cried to you in times of sadness
Along with the smiles and laughter that warmed my heart.

I sometimes wonder how I made it through the darkest times
Then I remember it was you who held my hand in yours
You gave to me a friendship that is my most treasured gift.
The unconditional support you have shown me is priceless.

For all the thoughtful words and gifts you have given to me
You deserve so much more than I could ever afford in wealth
So I have gone over it in my mind and in my heart and no
Gift is worthy for the most precious person in my life.

So I chose to give you a special place that belongs to me
It is a place I visit when I need to escape or feel at peace.
I have traveled to this spot so many times and have
Shown you the way there, a long time ago in your dreams.

Whenever you want to go somewhere warm and beautiful
Just close your eyes and clear your mind until you begin to
Feel the glow of the sun on your skin as it warms your heart
Smell the air around you as it is filled with the fragrance of
Bright yellow flowers open wide on a perfect summers day.

The sky above you is the most perfect shade of endless blue
As you lay within a lush green field that is the bed of flowers.
Your ears can hear the sound of waves crashing near by
Washing over the rocky coast then returning into the ocean.

The air around you is full of every colour in the rainbow
It swirls like fractals that blend and twist into the landscape.
Each colour contains emotion so full of love and happiness.
You can feel the beauty all around you lifting your soul.
If you can see my special place, it is yours to call home
All you need to do is just close your eyes to return again
Knowing that in my heart I am with you in a place in my mind
This gift is for you my beautiful friend because I love you.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

My Heart In A Letter

I sent you my heart in a letter,
I gave it showing all of me and what i felt,
I was open -
I was honest -
I dont really know what i expected?
Maybe a responce?
showing me for once your true self,
or what is in your heart -
without restriction of your pride.
I have been holding on to you,
with my fingertips,
wishing one day i might hear the words -
i need to hear.
The thought of no longer trying to keep this grip,
is like letting myself fall from a cliff -
unable to see the bottom and knowing,
I will shatter -
into a million pieces when i hit the ground..
I am scared of life after us.

29th July 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

My Mind Game

My body remains lifeless,
Lethargic,
Longing
For the one,
The only,
Instant relief
From this weight
That has become my crippling disease.
I lay drenched in a toxic sweat
In what I refer to as a comatose sleep,
Unaware of exactly how many hours,
Days and nights are lost within this state of oblivion
My eyes struggle to remain open,
My mind searches the space it resides
Persistently craving –
Tormented
As it endlessly hunts
For the chemical needed for my recovery.
With my eyes closed
I see it,
With my eyes open
It flashes
Over and over
Like a luminescent exit sign
Giving me clear direction toward
The path that is my escape
I know what will end the nightmare
Of this self denying want and desire
I know how to stop this incessant yearn
This need will never leave me alone
Until I satisfy the hunger
I know what it is I am longing for
In my blood and in my mind
I fumble blindly for my phone
I dial the number I know all too well
The answer is all the strength I need
To stumble from my bed
To my feet,
I reach for my keys

To put an end
Once again
To this tale of shame and self defeat
As yet again I lose the game
I choose to play on my own
Alone

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

My Mirror Image

We have traveled a lifetime as friends,
We have shared the most unforgettable, wonderful times.
These times never to be forgotten for the beautiful memories,
We have gained from those experiences.
Along this journey we have come to learn
That what we share is our souls, and our hearts.
You to me are a mirror image of myself,
But you are the image of my strength, and my confidence,
That I have buried deep inside of myself.
Your continual support, and encouragement,
Has given me, a glimpse of the light, at the end of that very dark tunnel.
Thank you for caring,
Thank you for being my friend,
Thank you for being you.
I love you.

June 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

My Mother - My Creator

My mother.
My creator -
giving me the gift of life -
loving me -
protecting me -
keeping me safe -
guiding me -
allowing me to grow -
always standing by me,
without pressure or expectation.
Trusting me to make my own decisions -
being there for me when they werent
always the right ones.
You are in my blood -
you are part of my personality -
you have given me good values -
taught me to respect myself -
my family and my friends.
Thank you for your support.
Thank you for being my mother,
my father and my friend. x

Sunday April 7th 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

My Sister

Memories shared -
Intense feelings of closeness -
Total honesty -
Warm morning sunlight through windows -
The miracle of life shared -
Unforgettable -
Emotions felt deep within my heart -
Friend for life -
Unconditional love -
My sister x

Saturday April 6th 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Never Lose Sight

□

Never lose sight -

When at times we are suffocated by the crippling weight of our own darkness, we glimpse a flickering light struggling to survive that shines from deep within our soul.

This is the eternal glow of our inner core - this is our true spirit -our being.

It has travelled through past lifetimes gathering together wisdom, knowledge and direction,

continuing to grow and retain every experience to now become part of this present destiny.

Each lifecycle feeds our soul gaining a deeper understanding of our selves, giving us awareness and respect for our amazing planet and for those - we seem to encounter in this and every other lifetime.

Never question your destiny, live it from within.

Feed your spiritual self on this your chosen journey.

Find the positive energy in each and every moment.

Dig deep you will find priceless treasures throughout each day.

Recapture the natural wonder of this abundant planet that is your gift.

In your darkest moments open your eyes - dont just look -

see the beauty of a tree - the endless serenity of a blue sky,

wonder over the magnificence and the secret depths of the powerful ocean.

Breathe in the air that surrounds you filled with the perfume of a summers day.

This creative canvas a feast for the senses - indulge - be enchanted.

Never lose sight.

18th March 2004

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Once Upon A Lifetime

Once upon a lifetime -
As though not my own -
Thinking blindly -
As if time stands still -
Viewing the past -
Almost seems surreal -
Was it ever what i thought?

August 16th 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Our House - Our Home

Our House -
Our Home -
An unread book -
The first chapter begins -
New directions -
Unexplored pathways,
The beginning of a new life,
Starting with looking deep within ourselves,
To find the happiness that we have buried,
By our past experiences.
This home we chose to be our vehicle,
To surround us and to take us on this journey together.
The sun on the windows creates a beautiful warm,
Comfortable essence that floods our happy home.
The friendship we have found is a true bond,
Full of unconditional support and care for each other.
Our book of wonderful memories contains first - music,
The beats that need no explanation -
Just a smile between us is all we need -
To feel the emotion attached to the melodic sounds
We have been so lucky to experience.
The nights we have sat until the sun appears -
Talking, and laughing so hard until it hurt.
Sharing our innermost thoughts with each other,
These times will remain treasures in our book of memories.
As this book nears the final chapter and we have discovered
Parts of ourselves we had never known, and learnt from
The choices that we made - wrong or right.
These experiences have altered our hearts, souls and minds.
Although this book will be closed when our story is complete -
We will always share these beautiful moments that fill our eyes with tears -
For the happiness-
Lost in memory -
never forgotten -

Sunday 6th April 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Parallel Universe

We all have a parallel universe,
The keys some never find,
The entry points never the same.

Our individual chemical key automatically
Shows us a slither of light beaming through
The cracks of an unopened door,
Once opened this entry point vanishes as we enter,
Never to be found again,
The key allowing us to travel within this parallel space,
With an insight only possible if we choose to explore.
This parallel is the fairy tale version of our reality.

Like a mirror image without any destructive emotion,
No sharp corners, no sense of time, no hurry, and no fear!
As we feast within this space the chemicals that brought us there begin to break
down.

We are quickly guided toward an exit,
The trip is over as the door closes and vanishes.
This amazing fairytale will now become a memory,
We endlessly search for this lost place,
We try to create the exact chemical key,
Hoping this will guide us to our amazing memory.

Without fail every chemical unlocks we an entry point
The point of entry is never the same one.
Each space consumes our emotions as we enter,
And greets us with feelings of warmth and comfort.
Everything seen and heard is clear without imperfection,
Each time complete with individual heights of sensation.
Another insight, and another beautiful memory.

When we choose to explore these altered states,
Without allowing for these consumed chemicals to dissolve,
We then begin to create involuntary combinations,
Giving us keys to enter spaces that must be wastelands
For all of the emotions extracted from our fairytales.
As we enter into these black holes, waves of fear crash over us,
Blurring our vision making it difficult to breathe.

Anxiety, self-doubt and anger consume this space.
We frantically search in this darkness for an exit.
This nightmare seems as though it will never end.
So we hold on tight until this ride is over.
Then suddenly we are given an escape.
A sigh of relief.
Another memory – lost!
One we hope never to find again.

The desire to escape into worlds of perfection is too strong.
So we choose to take the chance over and over,
We continue to explore our parallel worlds!

March 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Peace And Happiness

What I see, believe and perceive of life and my individual journey
Is a personal choice and vision that I have come to understand
From my own experiences and from the people I have encountered
And all of the lessons learned from good to bad and all that lay between

This journey we take is what is also called our destiny
We each set out on our own path when our soul is born to this world
Aimlessly we search for the answers to ourselves and why we are here?
The road traveled isn't always smooth and without bumps or road blocks
This is what leads us into those unfamiliar places and uncertain outcomes.

Here we are met with new faces and confronted with so many options
This is all a part of our destined track although sometimes we seem so lost
When we are faced with obstacles we are forced to search for knowledge
Each hurdle conquered is a challenge met and a question answered
Allowing for growth and progression as we continue to move forward

Along the way there are pathways or crossroads that form intersections
They are the tracks of other souls also on their own journey
Sometimes if the time is right it is here we meet and may choose to travel
Together for a while discovering that each of us has something unique
We share a tiny piece of our individuality with those whom we choose
For if one day we say goodbye we will always take with us this gift.

Then there are those who pass our sights with not a reason to pause
We meet a few that for some reason we feel compelled to follow
Allowing ourselves to be led around in aimless circles ending up
Right back where we started or returning to places we have already been
Yet not completely discovered.

There are times I have not been able to find energy or reason
I have questioned the worth in my soul and strength I have left to continue
Why this lifetime has dealt me so much sadness, pain and despair.
I have no answer so I continue searching in the hope that one day
I will find what it is I am looking for –it something that seems so simple
It is the pot at the end of the rainbow -true peace and happiness.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Perfect Yin -Yang

We lay still -
Our bodies touching -
Forming a perfect yin - yang.
I can feel your love like a blanket,
so soft and warm wrapped around me.
I can feel your legs -
on the back of my legs -
your lap is the space that is made -
for my bum to sit so snug -
your stomach touches my back -
your chest against my skin -
your arms fall over my shoulder -
across my chest like a harness,
keeping me safe, holding me tight -
giving me warmth.
I am aware of your breath on my neck -
I feel every exhale.
We breathe slowly together in unison.
This total comfort begins to take us both,
from this state of bliss and carries us away -
to our beautiful dream world together.
So pretty we can smell the flowers -
so warm we can hear the sounds of summer.
Dreaming - weightless - floating - safe - happy.

August 24th 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Pure Evil

You took possession of my mind
Gave yourself the right
Claimed me as your own
You stole my power to make a choice
You completely destroyed my life
You crushed my will to survive and my want to live
This was your evil game of absolute destruction

Your next step was to dominate my body
I became your plaything whenever you chose to play
The games you played I did not like but I did not choose.
I tried to reach the door to run, to never again return
My hair caught between your fingers as I fell to the floor
Scared to open my eyes to see the blackness held in yours
I hid within my secret place deep inside of my mind
Here I am safe from you and unable to feel the pain
This is the place I built with walls I made of steel
I needed this place as child where I could not be found
With not a window to see out or one to be seen

I curled myself into a ball and closed my eyes tight
You began at first with your fists aimed directly at my head you stepped back I
thought it was over until I felt your kick
From head to toe you kicked at me like I was not real
I took it all with not a tear would I cry for you
The beast that grew inside of you now yearning for more
Adamant for coldhearted sexual victory
Ripping at my clothing you forced my legs apart
Pausing for only a moment to spit words of filth in my face
Merciless you forced yourself inside of me with disgust

When you decided you were done filling me with your scum
I lay lifeless – cold – hurting – and in a pool of my own blood
Your hand reaching for me again I closed my eyes tight
Gripping my throat now leaving me unable to breathe
I felt myself drifting from this world and smiled with relief fingers still locked and
firm you pulled me to my feet

Kissed me softly upon my lips whispering the love you felt
Hushed my reply as you began gently cleaning my wounds
Each cut you bathed with care as you promised of better days.
While I quietly recoiled in my hatred and absolute contempt
Making a silent promise to take your life as you took mine.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Reality Check

As I look around – my world seems so different!
Was I sleeping?
My mind is filled with questions that exist when woken from a dream.
Did any of it have any meaning?
Close friends – smiling – laughing – dancing.
Someone turned the lights on.
Faces became visible, once hidden behind masks worn to party!
Intentions of selfish greed attached to words which no longer
Disguise their obvious meaning.
The dark energy that surrounds each of their souls radiates,
Restricting and weighting, it suffocates every part of my being.
I then come to realize – I played my own part in this lie.
The choice was made – this game was over!
As the eradication began I could feel the weight lift slowly.
As I now head toward a vision of truth and reality.
The last negative people fall from my life.
I can now begin my new journey.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Regrets

Every action has a reaction,
Sometimes the reaction causes regret for the action.

When in life we feel lost and confused,
We try to find a way out,
The pathway we choose doesn't always give us a way out
It only gives us a different direction.

How can it be so hard to find comfort?
A life full of love and new beginnings,
To no longer feel the cold from loneliness?
To no longer suffer the heartache from guilt?

August 1st 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Rotten To The Core

There are no answers -

I cannot find reason -

What do you hide beneath the surface of your -

Well polished, false, hard, and very cold exterior?

What I now see is obvious weakness – no stability –

Crumbling with the weight of lies, and a saddened sense of self-belief.

Your soul is empty.

You are pathetic.

You had to restructure the reality of your complete person

In hope others would view your ideal self-perception.

Your now, very obvious act, no longer fools anyone,

You have become completely transparant

You not only look bad from the outside,

Now we can all so clearly see that,

You are rotten to the core.

March 11th 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

So Surreal

There are days when I sit alone and wonder
I ask myself "Just who the hell am I really? "
There are so many years I seem to of lost
Were my eyes and ears closed?
Was I living in some kind of stupor?

I have searched the outer reaches of my mind
My memories show me not even a trace
My life has to be buried in there somewhere
Doesn't it?
So much seems so surreal.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

So This Is Goodbye

So this is goodbye my treasured friends.
As we say goodbye tears flow
Not of sadness,
Tears as we smile and cherish the unforgettable
Memories we have shared.
The days and nights we sat talking
Until there was no oxygen left in the room
We laughed as we shared our most intimate secrets.
Listening and dancing to the endless tunes,
That touched our hearts, and etched our memories.
Some people come into our lives and leave without a trace
You my friends have left a permanent mark in my heart
Alongside the 3 little spaces I hold for each of your beautiful children.
My life would have felt a void without you both
I admire and love you dearly
I know we will meet again someday
But for now –
Goodbye.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Solitary Journey

Life changes direction -
Questions and challenges are our obstacles.
The importance of true friendship becomes clear.
The support and love of these few lifting you -
high enough to overcome those self doubts.
Encouraging and caring, not for personal gain,
only for wanting to see true personal happiness
for a cherished friend.
As we are all aware the path to our happiness -
sometimes feels very cold, dark, alone and never ending.
When one day there is a small glimpse of light
that shows us there is an end to this tunnel.
This is the beginning of finding the place in our lives -
only few are lucky enough to ever experience.
This place is for each of us an individual dream,
the dream of a life complete with happiness,
confidence, peace and love -
love that has no confinement, and no expectation -
real love felt so deeply - there will be no doubt -
we have reached the end of this journey.

4th May 2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Step- Dad

You came into our lives and took us in as if your own,
When as children we were rejected by the person
That should have been our strength and leader,
Our father.

You were willing to now be there for us,
Care for and love us.

It takes a very special person to step into this role
Asking for nothing in return.

As we have all grown into adults with our own children
I look back at my childhood and do not for a minute
Take you for granted.

You have been there for each and every one of us
When we have needed you,
With your support, love and encouraging words
Of Truth from your heart.

You are a wonderful man.
Thank you for being my dad.

Sunday 8th December 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Summer

Warmth -

Beaches -

Beautiful Blue Water -

Endless Blue Skies -

Sand Between My Toes -

Summer Holiday Memories -

Happiness -! ! !

January 11th 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Thank You

Thank you – is the word I give especially to you -

Thank you - for opening your arms and your heart –
For choosing to share your journey in life,
For giving your love, and commitment,
To a very special person,
My big brother.

Thank you - for loving him, complete with honesty, and trust -
The love that he feels from you, and all that he holds in his heart for you,
Is written in the smile he has worn since the day you met.

Thank you - for finding enough love within your heart,
To welcome James, and Aaron into your life.
Unconditional love and acceptance of this kind takes a very rare soul -
The soul of an angel.
Sharing their lives with you, and learning from you, will give each of them,
Some of your positive qualities, your morals and your softness,
For them to add to their character, and their already gentle nature.

Thank you - for being part of our sometimes very strange,
Generous and warm loving family.
For sharing with us your beautiful smiling face.
You have shown a tolerance and patience during times most others,
Would have screamed –
I admire these qualities in you – they are rare.

Thank you - for your support, when I did not need judgment.
When I was in a place that felt very cold, empty, and alone.
You were there, at the end of my bed, without question or doubt.
We hadn't had the chance before to get to know each other very well,
Yet it was you that showed me unconditional acceptance, and loyalty.
This I will always remember – this meant more to me than you will ever know.

Thank you - for sharing the priceless gift that life has given to you - to cherish.
To nurture, to keep very safe, and warm - inside of you,
Where this little soul can now continue to grow.
One day very soon, we will get to meet your beautiful child.
This new life you hold – waits to begin a destiny that lay ahead.

Thank you - for all you have shared of your self, and your life.
I don't have a lot to give, but want to show you thanks.
I want to give to you Jenny – a few things that are part of who I am
My true friendship - I give not only as words, but with all that it contains.
My loyalty - I give with complete honesty as my friend and as part of my family.
My unconditional support - I give to you, with my love for life.

February 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

The Answers

Questions that have been given no answers -
The answers will never be shared -
Held within another who selfishly,
Makes the choice to never reveal -
What would bring resolution to uncertainties.

Why do some wish to be so cruel?
Why do they want to inflict suffering on another?
When they hold the key to release the pain of confusion.
This could then very simply end hurt and disillusion,
But would mean to surrender the power they hold.

The power is simply - the answers!

10th December 2005

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

The Blind Illusion Of Love

A delicate butterfly – wings velvety black
Splashed with brilliant shades of warm orange
Almost floating but flutters just enough to remain in motion
Gently resting momentarily lightly caressing and tasting
The sweet nectar held within the petals that create fragrance and a rainbow of
colour for the senses.

WHACK- There one minute – crushed the next-
Over when least expected.
It only takes the selfish, egotistical, insensitive action
Of another to destroy so much splendor and enchantment.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

The Boogie Man

Do you know what it is like to be scared?
When I say scared I don't just mean frightened
Like when you're afraid of the dark or the boogie man
What I mean is have you ever been terrified?
In living fear for this may be the last day of your life?

Do you know how it feels to be hit with the fist of a man?
To be smacked so hard the physical pain is no longer felt
Only absolute fear reigns within as death enters your thoughts
While your body responds pitifully curling into fetal submission

Do you know what it is like to have your soul drained?
When someone steals every last emotion leaving emptiness
I mean so completely empty that you can hear only an echo
Of the last tears cried right before your heart died of despair.

Who I am today is an outcome, a result of violent brutality
I will put it in simple terms so that it may be clearly understood
I am a product of what remains when hell chews you up and spits you out
From its cold dark dungeon filled with merciless nasty anger

Sadly I am now often misjudged as I may not respond as you do
I may not see, hear, act or behave as you or others choose to do
Do not punish or ridicule me if my perception and response is not what you do
Do not place an expectation upon me to live and conform in the way you do

I have clearly lived in a world with no guarantee or promises of tomorrow
This means nothing foreseeable or predictable strangled with insecurity
So when what I do does not correspond or equate to what you choose to do
Pause for just one moment to consider the obvious fact
Quite simply – I am not you

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

The Creation Of Earth

True beauty is all around us, feeding each of our senses.
The most amazing priceless piece of artwork we cannot only see,
But feel, smell, and also taste!
This total feast for our senses seems to sadly, so often go un-noticed.
Open your eyes, and truly allow yourself to see
The white majestic soft fluffy clouds, as they slowly move across,
The endless blue sky, and create a sense of eternity.
The ocean so deep, so blue, so mysterious and powerful,
Its body providing a world full of life, and beauty,
Forever growing, and changing,
All of this wonder hidden,
By the endless cold blue blanket of water,
Which washes up, on the soft white sand, and begins the next gift.
The contrasting colours of the earth, lay beneath our feet as we walk.
Open spaces filled, with a rainbow of flowers,
Each painted with splashes of colour and finished with fragrance.
Swaying and dancing in the breeze are the trees,
They have so much life and purpose, by providing homes,
For our wildlife, and filling the air with oxygen for us to breathe.
Take in this gallery of the finest art form.
This is the creation of earth.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

The Destined Day

Why did I reach for that box so covered in dust from the past?
Why did I open and read the promises that lay inside each letter and card?
You have no idea what you did to my life do you?
You have not a clue or at least could not care less about the damage you left
So many words you said so carelessly without the intention of living even one
Those that you so freely expressed with no intelligence or forethought
For the true meaning together with the emotion contained within every one.

You took my heart that I gave to you trusting you would keep it safe
While in your hands you chose to close your grip slowly squeezing tighter
Until you crushed any love or life it once contained leaving me gasping
You turned and walked over me killing any part that you may have forgotten
If I now search to find words or feelings that best describe what I see in you
I see emptiness in your heart and soul – you are worthless and insignificant
Your day will come around and you will be faced with your destined karma
Just when you least expect it fate will smack that smile right off your face.

August 10th 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

The Fairy Tale

It has been too long since I have put pen to paper or expressed in words all that has been circling in my mind for months.

I lay alone in my bed early hours of the morning unable to sleep.

How do you close your eyelids restfully when your mind and thoughts are working as though it is the middle of the day?

How do you clear those busy thoughts when they pull at your heart also causing an obvious awareness of it aching with sadness, and the pain is one known so well?

Love isn't supposed to hurt so deeply, it shouldn't rush through your body as though it doesn't belong, creating nausea in the pit of your stomach.

If only it was as easy as focusing on the nausea until the inevitable stomach tightening begins, working on bringing up in one powerful motion all that is part of the pain.

Including each and every bad emotion or feeling from the depths of my mind to the whole of my heart- each and every bad sensation gather together in one heaving vomit it all has gone-

Rid my body of what feels like the poison. Flush it away and never ever feel it again- it is over- start another new day - no remnants wandering within- pulling at my heart each minute, every hour- this is not love- and if it is? Then love is not all it is made to believe - in fact it is actually the complete opposite.

One day when you fall in love yourself. It is then you will find the true meaning and you will ache like never before- you will cry more tears than you have time to wipe from your eyes- You will feel the presence of your heart in your chest because you will feel its heavy deep pain.

You will, for the first time question your mind
and feel the power of your thoughts as though
they are their own master, and dont need your help.

Love is a curse-

so why do we go back over and over looking to find what we
have been foolishly led to believe.

Who are we kidding?

How many times do we get the negative outcome
before we stop looking for something that only exists in fairy tales.

We know they always deliver the same bullshit ending of -

'They all lived happily ever after'.

Wednesday 28th July 2010

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

The First Day

The first day you entered my world,
Tears fell from a place inside of my heart that I had never known,
yet falling from my eyes.
These tears born to an emotion with a power so overwhelming.
This was the day your soul chose to begin its destiny.
This day you blessed my life with the most cherished gift,
the gift of giving you life.
This was the first day we met my beautiful boy,
the first day of your journey that lay ahead of you this lifetime.
This day our souls reunite and travel once again together.
You held a key that unlocked a place in my heart that was always yours.
This was the day you opened my heart to love with completeness,
Love that knows no boundaries and has no conditions.
Before you were born i wished upon a star for you-
Today my wish came true -
I love you.

September 2005

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

The Game Of Love

The game of love – the long distance marathon of life-
Our paths crossed – we became a team –
Our goal was to complete the journey together –
Life's challenges and hurdles we would no longer face alone –
Committed to the end –

What happened?
Who were you?
Who are you?
Why did you?
How could you?

You were playing to win – power was your prize –
You raced ahead toward your personal goal –
You left me behind – I couldn't keep up –
Lost in your dark shadow – you covered your tracks –
Leading me to a path that took me back to where I began.

Off in the distance – I saw you – standing high on a cliff top –
You stood looking down on me – why didn't you wait for me?
How did you gain such a distance from me?
Your eyes met with mine – with emptiness behind your gaze –
You turned away and proceeded toward your goal –
Leaving me to now travel the remainder alone.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

The Most Beautiful Girl In The World

At a time when my world was dark,
I felt alone and very confused,
I asked myself the question
"Why am I here? "
I struggled to find reason!
Your soul gifted my life
You were born
You gave me reason.
When I saw your little face,
I could see,
"The most beautiful girl in the world."
I could see wisdom within your character,
I could see family in your sparkling eyes
And your precious smile,
In an instant I felt the need to be part of your life.
I was to be your auntie
I wanted to be everything you needed me to be.
Each day when I woke within my reality
Of which was darkened with sadness,
I would come to see you.
You filled my days with smiles and wonderful moments
That I now cherish dearly.
Some people are in our lives for reason,
And have such a positive impact.
You Jessica made a permanent mark in my heart and soul,
Without you I may never of found one of the most
Treasured people in my life,
Through you I began to discover and truly love
The gift of my beautiful sister!
I was able to see the love that you blessed her life with,
The amazing unconditional love only given to a mother.
You were and always will be very special and very loved,
Always know I am here for you in good times and bad,
Never to judge you, or betray your trust in me,
I am here only to listen, support you and guide you.
You have grown into the vision I saw the day you were born.
"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD".

2004

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

The Search Begins

Endings bring inevitable new beginnings
As the year draws to its close,
The last sun rise will greet the morning sky
And begin to spread its light and warmth.
This day a day of celebration that concludes another era
Giving closure to another year lived and learned.

Now faced with a new start – I have set myself a new challenge
I believe if I am to move forward, to grow as an individual and
Continue what is my destiny, and then I need to search deep
To find my heart and soul that I lost some place, somewhere
A very longtime ago when my reality became A living nightmare...

I long to be able to feel true peace and happiness
To learn to once again trust with the ability to love completely-
To smile – and to Share my life with those few I love dearly.
I am ready to begin my search-to face the challenge.

2006 - 2007

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

The Stench Of Alcohol

Lost - uncomfortable - scared - invisible - alone.
My world as a child -
I watched as you put the bottle to your lips
and continued to fill not only your mouth,
but also our lives with your sadness.
My window was my view into your world,
like watching the same bad movie,
over and over, with the same tragic ending.
As i saw you lift that bottle to your mouth,
i began to build my wall -
which would surround and protect my heart.
As the wall went up the hurt began to feed the hatred,
which i began to feel for you.
Hate wasnt scared of you,
hate wont let me feel the sadness -
when you eventually walk out of our lives.
Along with hatred you created panic
as part of your input in my life.
Your car - the door - the smell of alcohol -
you brought with you a feeling,
it was all around you, and consumed our home.
This feeling makes the memory more complete.
This was the other part of you that you gave to us.
A sadness that contains a hollow empty space.
The struggle for self acceptance -
became the endless search for self worth.
The void you left was the emptiness we all lived with-
after you took a piece of our hearts with you.
Maybe you needed to fill your own empty space,
by taking something from each of us.
Maybe by sharing some of your own personal suffering with us
it took away some of your pain.
Forgiving you was the start of acceptance-
for the person i have become.
I have learned to live with a piece of my heart missing.
Your negative impact became a positive lesson-
of the importance of family of love and loyalty,
of promises and commitment,
of compassion and empathy,

and how blessed we are,
to have a beautiful, loving, selfless mother.

2004

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

This Time Around

The glimpse of a friend throughout our lives,
A warm smiling face, always a warm welcome.
Throughout our life journey familiar faces come and go.
Along this sometimes very fast and bumpy path,
When you least expect it, a beautiful friend enters again.
This time we have gained the knowledge,
Of the extremely limited number of true, and loyal souls,
That enter into our lives, and also quickly depart.
The few we choose to keep, and to cherish,
Are those who are a reflection of who we are.
These people come upon us at the times
We seem to need them most,
When we have lost sight of ourselves.
I believe our paths have crossed once again,
Not out of coincidence, but at a time when we had almost lost sight,
Of unconditional friendships, that holds no judgment.
I am blessed that we have this time around, been able to
Form a friendship that does not feel the burden of pressure.
Only to find, when in your company part of my weight is lifted.
Thank you for your positive words,
Thank you for being my friend.
These friendships to me are for life!

2003 – for Scott Lauder

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

To You Marli Moo

To Marli Moo-

This is your birthday - you have now turned three,
You have grown so much my beautiful girl -
You are no longer a baby, and that is plain to see.

When you were only still one, very cute and so small,
Your smile full of warmth, you captured my heart.
It wasn't long and you decided it was time to crawl.

You turned two; you walked with so much pride -
Your head always held high, your eyes full of happiness
Shining from your soul deep inside.

Now you have turned three, you can dance and sing
You are so very talented and extremely smart
Another year full of fun for you is about to start.

You will always own a special place within my
Heart and thoughts -This is your place alone -
A place always full of love for you,
That you can call home.

January 15th 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Vacant Space

□

When will the continual ache that lives in the vacant space you once filled become the warm familiar position i hold in my heart for my most precious memories?

When will i no longer feel the pain associated with your smile, but can remember our journey with not only a smile on my face but with true peace in my soul, and happiness in my heart for the gift that part of my destiny was shared alongside of you.?

2004

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Vile Destruction

I wish I could erase you from my mind
Delete and destroy each and every
Infected piece of what you dumped
Your debris still remains there unwanted.

Although most of the nightmare you created
Has become a black void in the story of my life
There will always be those undying dregs you left
This has infested my spirit with permanency

You damaged my ability to feel and use my emotions
Your scum has blocked my ability to love without doubt
You might be out of my life but your vile destruction
Lives like a disease inside of me forever.

(22nd April 2007)

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Weekends Away

I miss you when you are not here,
when i walk by your room i look in,
you are not there.

I miss you when i am sitting in the warm sun,
I dont see your smiling face playing in front of me.

I miss you when i feel like being silly,
you are not here to laugh with me.

I miss you when i feel sad,
I look for you to hug,
you are not here for me to cuddle.

I miss you because you are my life,
you are my love,
my everything,
my little boy!

2003

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

What Is It About?

What is it all about?

Lost in this endless vast dark space

The boundaries (if any) are not visible

To pinpoint where it is that I exist amongst

What seems an immeasurable landscape is impossibility?

Do I rest so close to the boundaries which are set

Amongst so much blackness that they are non-existent

Within the scope of my view, or do I reside floating

Aimlessly lost within the core of this untold emptiness.

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

What Is Love?

What is LOVE?

I believe each person has their own interpretation
or set of values that explain this misused four letter word.
Love seems such a simple word until you look within its
Meaning and understand the power that it truly holds.

The love I hold for you in the depths of my heart
have been built over years and have now grown into a history
Filled with precious moments that have become our memories
of the times we shared in what now seems a lifetime ago.
Although our paths went separate ways destiny brought us back
for a reason and that to me is more than plain to see.

You gave me back a smile and touched my heart with kindness
when I was not aware you captured my feelings with tenderness
While I wasn't looking you kissed my lips with passion ever so softly
the emotion and depth of love that is contained within a lifelong
Friendship runs deeper than either of us is even aware.

So what is LOVE to me?

Love is certainly not just a four letter word or something nice to say.
Love is knowing all about someone, and still wanting to be with them
More than any other person, love is trusting them enough to tell them
Everything about yourself, including the things you might be ashamed of,
Love is feeling comfortable and safe with someone, but still going weak at
The knees when they walk into a room and smile at you.

Well you do more than make my knees weak -

I love you – for the admirable qualities you possess and for the friendship
we have both respected over the years we spent apart.

Most of all I love you for that little something wonderful that you have
brought back into my life and that is happiness!

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Why Do You Question My Intention?

Why do you question my every intention?

Why do you not trust in the long-standing foundations that we have built?

I once gave to you proof, of the friendship you now so obviously hold in doubt.

This gift to you was a material form of what I felt from within,

It was my heart put into words, as this is my most honest, and true feeling,

That which I can express, and share my inner self, through my creative form.

This was part of myself I gave to you, and to our friendship.

It was a mark of permanence, in which I placed with you.

You now doubt my actions, and intentions toward you.

This I can only interpret, as you undervalue my gift to you.

I find myself left with few true people in my life,

This is my choice, as I have always given my whole self, openly and, Completely to those friendships that will stay in my heart for a lifetime.

Therefore I hold no reserve, there are no walls, and I leave myself open,

Open to share whom I am inside, and open to feel what I am given in return.

What is true in your heart should hold no guilt, no envy, or manipulation,
There should be no feeling of intent or expectation.

I am sorry if you have felt any of these negative emotions out of my actions.

I am also sad that what you see of me is a picture of smug superiority.

If this is whom you see- why are you not looking at me?

If I am failing you as a friend right now I can only try to explain

Sometimes in this struggle I call life, walls seem to close in all around me,

Until there is a sensation of suffocating – no air to breathe – It gets worse-

The floor is then pulled out from underneath my feet,

Now I start sinking, quickly.

There is not a thing to reach out and hold on to – I am drowning.

I have now only to look at my struggle and question myself quietly

Why am I here again?

Why- when I should of already learnt these simple lessons?

I am able to see the few I love reaching out to guide me to safety,

I cannot take your hand and bring you into this place that I have created,

I choose not to, as I need to overcome my own personal struggle for worth.

Why do you convict me when my intention is only to save my own self?

If you are unable to stand by and watch me battle my lifelong demons,
I totally respect your choice, your friendship, or loyalty, I will never judge.
There was once a road that you took as part of your journey in life,
I held out my hand and offered you my friendship with no conditions,
You my friend did what your heart told you to do –

You continued on your path toward self-discovery, and self-destruction alone.
This choice you firmly believed to be out of respect and value
For what we have shared.

I did not question – nor doubt your intention –
I trusted in the lifetime we shared.

When you became lost in your confinement,
Was your withdrawal and isolation purely for the purpose of clouding my View,
for me to then doubt and judge your true intent.?

Is this why you question my similar display of actions?

You say I am too afraid to look at you and see myself reflected there.

I have never run from or turned away from whom I am,
I see all of me,

Including the bits I choose not to regurgitate back into my present.

I do not need to relive mistakes that have been lived, learned and filed.

Never forgotten! – they make me who I am –

I believe in one part of myself - If not any other –

And that is I never doubt in what I am to those I love and care for.

As my friend I will promise you a lifetime of loyalty and all that I am complete.

You will always be part of my history – part of my life that I can never replace
A part I would never want to replace –

I was unaware of what, and whom you see,

Who it is you see in me –

I must then see a distorted picture of my own self –

I see from the inside out,

Viewing my reality with attachment to my feelings in my heart,

Maybe this is what blurs what I can see?

Or maybe it is you - who stands looking from the outside making judgment,
Based upon your view?

What you see is merely my material body –

You have shown me with your words, you do not see what is inside of my soul

This is whom I am because this is where my emotion and my eternal life exist

I hope one day my friend that you allow yourself to know the person that is me..

January 2006

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Why So Sad?

Why so sad little girl?
Why do you sit all alone?
Why do so many tears fall from your eyes?
Why do you not smile play and giggle?
Why does your heart contain such sadness?
Why does your soul carry this heavy burden?

I turn to respond
There is no one here
No one but me
I dwell within this personal vehicle
That is my shell
I hide in here
I cry in here

What are you crying about now?
Do you want a reason to cry?

Red Finger prints clearly painted upon my skin
Each finger outlined separately
A unique hand mark is left behind

The very simple question I now ask is
Why?

CHARMAINE SIMPSON

Winter In July

As the winter sun shines on the windows,
warming my skin,
I sit and stare,
Wandering what direction my life should take.
I feel as though i am at an intersection,
the traffic lights arent working,
there is no sign to tell me which way to turn,
or when it is safe to go.
Will it be the right decision?
or will i cause massive destruction by incorrect judgement?
should i just close my eyes and jump into my gut feeling?
Why have i come to this junction?
My heart aches for true happiness.
Does this belief of absolute content exist at all?
Am i forever trying to find that greener grass?
We explore every inch of one life till we reach its boundaries,
then naturally we want to explore the other side,
undiscovered territory.
Is the answer to life to explore every peice of oppurtunity
that is placed before us?
Or do we stay within our safe boundaries,
and just dream of those windows of opportunity?
Maybe this is why we have the power to dream?
So that we can explore without ever leaving! !

Tuesday 9th July 2002

CHARMAINE SIMPSON