

Poetry Series

Chrissy Horning
- poems -

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Chrissy Horning()

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Walls and fear compressing
The free flow of our higher selves
Streets and thoughts congesting
Our conscious minds in an idle state
Rampant energy and feelings combusting collectively
Empowering to the minds willing to receive
Yet methodically disturbing to the meek
Singularity is pertinent to achieve a universal composure

Chrissy Horning

Goodbye

Goodbye to you, my life long sorrow
Your presence will fade into tomorrow

Farewell to you, my life long depression
Your force will soon become regression

I know your shadows will creep up behind me
Trying their hardest to always remind me

But my smile will extinguish your fire of rage
And my strength will throw you back into your cage

The war, you see, has just begun
Your obscurity will soon be burned by the sun

Happiness will then rule my mind
And traces of you will be hard to find

My advice to you is to run and hide
Within my soul you have already died

Chrissy Horning

Hands

Crossing...

Bridges that crumble behind me

Streets that bear no names

Realms I refuse to grasp

Waiting...

For those who lag behind

For courage and will when I falter

For triumph and truthfulness

Stopping...

To realize who's beside me

To inhale a deep breath and exhale relief

To lavish in my vision of an extraordinary existence

My dreams of flying are inevitably disrupted

I awake to find my wings are clipped

I gaze at my hands in awe of their power

Assured of their strength to clutch a firm grip.

Chrissy Horning

Infested

Indifference corrodes my will these day,
Like the rust that rots my shitty car.
Always planning to find my ambition tomorrow,
Then tomorrow's race starts, but I'm stuck in tar.

Struggle comes with no milestones.
Countless setbacks now I'm numb.
I once marched to my own beat... til some assholes stole my drum.

Same sad song now stuck on repeat,
No choice but to tune it out.
With no music there's no hope,
Just a stagnant pool of doubt.

Wading in the parasites called emptiness.
Infested to my being's core.
Lost my battle with the void... Now I am its whore.

Forced to surrender inevitable emotions,
Feelings are no longer my cross to bear.
Pain won't hurt and love can't help,
When you lose the ability to care.

Chrissy Horning

My Turn

Standing in line, biding my time
Behind an unintentionally slow man with glasses
'Excuse me Sir. It's my turn.'

Sacrificing my smile, days full of denial
Retreating to solitude is no longer an option
'Excuse me Dread. It's my turn.'

Expelling the poison that's shattered my faith
Revealing an undeniable poise and grace
'Excuse me Pain. It's my turn.'

Moving forward with genuine strides
Power and love are this journey's drive
An attainable destination manifested by hope.

'Excuse me Time. It's my turn.'

Chrissy Horning

New Start

TIME abides by only his rules
I often curse his will to exist
To steal you from us was abrupt and cruel
He should have known how you would be missed
DESTINY called you, disregarding our pleas
Her plan was absurd from my perspective
She watches us cry on bended knees
We beg to know her secret objective
PAIN steps in, he provides no relief
Just lingers around and thickens the air
Along for the ride, who else? ...
DISBELIEF, he summons his allies..GUILT and DESPAIR
HOPE feels their vengeance and heads towards the light
Our spirits too broken to convince her to stay
FAITH gives us advice to put up a fight
She informs us regrettingly, she'll be miles away
LOVE dwells patiently amongst the torment
Subtly tending to our broken hearts
STRENGTH vanished, he's been lying dormant
We wait for his power to find a new start

Chrissy Horning

Roll Call

Blank pages of a disgruntled novel
Words scribbled with invisible ink.

A hollow echo of a muted scream
No collected thoughts left to think.

Beliefs shackled by the morality police
To a faceless crowd I make my stand.

Diffused energy and a weary soul
Depleted by the 'helping hand'.

Trudging through a recurring dream
Legs that don't run despite the pain.

Existence arrives to take attendance
A mouth that refuses to acknowledge my name.

Chrissy Horning

Same Things

Arriving fashionably late
For a half-hearted attempt at a date
God, I hope he doesn't show
Warm smile, but I immediately notice he's a mouth breather
Kind eyes, but they lack the depth I'm searching for
Any chance of a second encounter is dismissed before drinks are served
Finally home, roll a joint and exhale the unfulfilling conversation
Reflect on my perceptions, ponder the constant uneasiness
Realize I'm a self made bitch, smile proudly
These perceptions I own are correct
This uneasiness is easily relieved by relying on my intuition

Chrissy Horning

Secret Place

Far beyond life's tragedy
There is a place I have yet to see...
Yes, this is the place for me.

My mind is hazy and my thoughts are dim
But a sudden force pulls me in...
Now my dream can begin.

In my mystic paradise there's no pain
No cloudy days or dismal rain...
No agony and heartache to sustain.

Only ecstasy and blissful things
The sun will glitter and the birds will sing...
And good news is all the messenger will bring.

I will only shed happy tears
No tears of rage or sorrow or fear...
And those around me will smile with cheer.

Unfortunately now I must return
To the place where faces are cold and stern...
And my heart is left to slowly burn.

When reality is unbearable to face
And I cannot fill the empty space...
I will always take comfort in my secret place.

Chrissy Horning

The Rising

Grateful to feel the sun's warm kiss

Wearily emerging from a wretched abyss

Evading the darkness where my will was left stranded

New awareness of gifts I've been taking for granted

Understanding hard truth, without loss there's no gain

Humbled by the power of once crippling pain

Wounds are slowly healing from grief's relentless strife

Thankful to be salvaged by the sweet magic of life

Confined by constant misery, and loss too vast to cope

Amazed to find that devastation has infused my heart with hope

Struggle provoked the rising of a strength from deep within

This strength brings grace, faith, and love to let me live again.

Chrissy Horning

To You

The girl with lost hopes and dreams
Things aren't as bad as they may seem
Confusion wins the best of you
But time will take his toll
Eventually things will fall into place
And you will win control

To you...
The girl with sad eyes
Don't mask your pain, you can cry
Don't cover your fear with a plastic smile
Let someone love you for a while

To you...
The girl with crazy thoughts
Don't forget the things that you were taught
Avoid temptation, don't give up your pride
Do what's right, you'll know inside

To you...
The girl who has given in
Please don't live your life in sin
Don't turn your back on your soul
It's your life, now take control

To you...
The girl who has grown old
Your face has turned hard and cold
Your life has vanished before your eyes
You just grew old, but never wise

Chrissy Horning

What Does It Mean?

A man once said that life goes on
But I'm not sure I'm feeling that strong
My pain causes weakness, my weakness builds fear
My fear forms anxiety, my head won't stay clear
A storm is brewing inside my mind
A definite answer is hard to find
Insanity taunts me day in and day out
I'm wondering what life is truly about
Is it constant struggle to reach eternal pain?
Or is it sunshine that comes after the rain?
I ponder these questions everyday
If God is real which path is the way?
Someone please guide me away from my past
I'm feeling confused and losing ground fast

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