

Poetry Series

cynthia Routen
- poems -

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cynthia Routen(May 19,1992)

hey, my names cynthia but everyone calls me cyndi. I was born in Kodiak, Alaska on May 19,1992. I have lived in Alaska all my life and i have written poetry since i was 7. A passion for poetry or maybe just for freedom of expression has always run in my family. i love to wrestle and play sports as well as read. I've been called complicated, morbid, and I've also been called closed off.I am working on graduating high school so i may begin basic training to join the marines.....im proud of all the men and women who have stood on the frontlines of war and given their lives for our freedom.....i pray each night that our troops will return home successful and alive....thank you and god bless you all

~ Letters To Santa Clause ~

Blissful quiet fills the halls all around as the children lay so peaceful in their long lasting slumber. One dreams of the snow fight he plans to win tomorrow and the other dreams of a way she could fight to protect her family, just like the strong courageous soldiers she wrote letters to day after day. The girl was so much younger than her brother and she knew she had years to wait until she could do all she could to protect all that kept her free. This young girl wanted so much to give her country all it had given her. She woke to the sound of the front door opening and feet creaking and tip-toeing across the living room floor. She went to the door and peeked out and right in front of her was her one christmas wish come true. She could remember word for word what her letter to santa had said. Such innocent words that would make the strongest man weak. She had written a letter to Santa and this is what it said....

Dear Santa Claus,

I'm not going to say I haven't been naughty because I'll admit there were times where I argued with my mommy and times when I just ignored what she would say. Sometimes I can be stubborn and more often than not I've been very disobedient. My free spirit and anxious on the go attitude keeps me from settling down. I'm still young Mr. Claus and I'm bound to make mistakes, but don't we all? But Santa, even though I haven't always been obedient I have one christmas wish and one gift I'd very much like to have. You see, my daddy is a strong man who fights to protect us and the rest of this beautiful country. It has been three years since I've seen my daddy and I miss him so. I wish to be just like him when I grow up. My one christmas wish this year is to see my daddy again. I miss him so much and I know it's very selfish of me to want to take him away from what he does day by day but to see him again I would do anything and I would never again argue with my mommy. Well Santa I hope you'll take into consideration my wish but for now that is all I have to say. Thank you for reading this Santa, even if you can't make my wish come true.

love,

a soldier's little angel

Cynthia Routen

A Bite Of Lonely Frost And A Slap Of Winter Heart-Break

Fighting off this aching feeling deep inside of me, I need to know you're there. I reach for you with numb hands and eyes that refuse to see but when I reach for you no one's there reaching back for me. You had always been there before and now I seem so lost. I feel my heart freezing over with the beginning of a subtle bite of a lonely frost. It's snowing deep inside me as I realize you're gone. My bodies breaking down as I begin to grow cold, now I see what people mean when they say their spirit's growing old. I remember when I was warm inside smiling everyday now I'm always sad because they took my sunshine away. There's no more time for gentle caresses of fall and spring time bliss it snowing inside me now and it like a cold is sure to come. My body aches with pains unhealed and sorrows that can't be shared because I'm sure you see the winter is like heart-break to me.

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Another Form Of Servitude

I'm not whole when you're gone. I'm not happy when you're away. Without you I'm not the person I was meant to be. I'm lost, I'm lonely, and I'm broken. God has forsaken me, left me hollow, left me cold. The devil's cast me out of his burning embrace leaving me begging and crying for affection. I'm living surrounded by darkness. I'm damned to lose everyone i care about. Condemned to live with a black heart and a frozen soul, I'm the servant of pain. I revel in my body's torture. For years and years I bleed and slowly die, but I continue to live forever in a painful, demonic servitude.

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Broken Child

Look at her so broken and hurt, laying there with her face covered in dirt. Look at her crying all those tears with the knowledge that she was slowly dying through the years. Once a child of youthful beauty living so loving and free, now a child she will always be, but one without love or beauty or the ability to be free. Beaten so long, wondering what she had done wrong. Ignored and alone with nowhere to go, she had no home. Look at her, what once was beauty is now a face all bruised and scarred. 'Oh you poor young beauty do come to me, i will take you from your pain.' 'Come to me for i shall set you free.' Look at the pain in her eyes, listen to her tortured cries. Look upon the pain you caused, in someone so mild. Look and you will see a torn and broken child.

cynthia Routen

Choices

The Begining

She was young
She was dumb
She thought he was sweet
She fell for his honeyed lies
She gave him one kiss.

It Grew

The kiss became heated
He pushed for more
She was reluctant
He closed the door
His hands found her body
She didn't know what to do

You can guess the rest

He ignored her
He pushed her away
He didn't want them to know he'd made a mistake
He was young
He was dumb
He took her innocence
He gave her nothing in return

Months go by

Her parents kicked her out
Her stomach has grown quite round
She can feel it inside her
She feels it kick
The doctor says it is a girl
She turns to hide her face as she begins to cry

The birth

Unbelievable pain for hours
Finally it ends
She hears the baby cry
Right before she dies

The end

They'd told her it would kill her
They said she should abort
She chose to give her life
She chose to save an inocent
She refused to punish an angel

For her own terrible choices.

cynthia Routen

Define A Father

what did i do so wrong, to make you hate me for this long? your supposed to be my father, your supposed to care, but then again what father breaks promises made to his child, what kind of father is never there. I tried so hard to please you. I gave you the best i could to make you love me but you never would. I thought it was because of her that you never wanted me around, i did all i could to make you see how much she hated me. Then she was gone and i thought the problem would be fixed but the truth was so plain to see, it wasnt only her who hated me. you'd always ignore me, that would hurt so bad, then you'd yell at me and tell me ' you didn't want to see my god-damn face' and that would make me so mad, your supposed to love me, damnit grow up and be a real dad. Define a father to me and all that comes to mind is a loveing, secure man who knows that his children love him and even more, he knows he loves his children. Define a father and sometimes i still try to see you but in reality your only love is electronic and doesn't really give a damn that you love it. Define a father and there's no way to describe the love and devotion, the smiles and cheers, he helps you succeed and wipes away your tears. A father to me is devoted, loving, determined, and is willing to do whatever it takes to protect his family. Define a father and i dont see you.

Devotion to his family and all the things he can do. CAn you look at your father and know that he loves you?

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Do It

“Cut me till I bleed.
Bleed me till I die.
Do the evil deed please,
do not be shy
for I want to die.

Bleed me out,
let it flow
until it is no more,
until I'm no more.
Watch me hit the floor
gasping for breath
this is it,
this is my death.

Screaming.
Dreaming that i'm not breathing,
ceasing.
It's all stopped.

Heartbeat slowing
but here I am.
Feet still moving,
mind still choosing
what's right
what's wrong.
Trying to keep strong,
trying to move on.

Yes, I died
on the inside.
I screamed,
I tried to flee,
I wanted to be free.
I blame you
because you killed me”

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Dr. Sues(For Kids Or Dr. Sues Fans....Inspired By My Geometry Teacher)

read this book it is the best.

it's fun, it's hard, and it beats all the rest.

it's totally fantastic but please don't try to bend it, it's not elastic.

it's quick, it's fast, and your sure to have a blast.

go on take a peek.

the words may be like a jungle,

but off your tongue it's sure to tumble.

so lets learn to the rhythm

of the dr. sues jumble.

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Eternity

in the darkest hours of the night she finds herself searching for the forbidden light. knowing that she searches for that which is burried beneath her in the deepest depths of hell. so she stays locked away in this cell alone in the days and tortured in the nights. in their anger she finds most of her pain as the abuse her mind and rape her body over and over again. she used to be called beautiful, sometimes people would say she looked like an angel bathed in heavens glow, now her skin is burned and her body remains broken as she shivers from fear every time those bastards get near. each night they come with a renewed rage, sometimes they'd just beat her with their hands, other times the cut and make her hurt so much she can't stand. they seem to get their pleasure from seeing her bleed crimson and from hearing her cry out in agony.

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Exist

Is it so hard to believe that it's possible to hurt me? Is it such a mystery the fact that I'm alive? I'm just like you and all the rest, I know this life is just a test. To prove ourselves worthy of the light or to prove that we should be damned to an eternity of endless night. Confronting my fears I step out into the crowd mingling my body with theirs, feeling for once as if I belong. I feel their warmth pressing down on me, surrounding me, and setting me free. Their blood flows freely as does mine, from every wound we've recieved throughout time. Consciously unaware of the deadly incantation being spoken as we bleed, as every scar is reopened revealing our broken bleeding hearts. We're so vulnerable, so consumed in the warmth. I feel my life begin to fade and fear starts to worm its way back into me. Terrified I try to run but when I turn I come face to face with a gun. Fearing now for my life I duck and the bullet hits a man's wife. She bleeds slowly dieing, ceasing to exist. Is that to be my fate? To die and never be remembered, to live but never know what it's like to exist?

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Fairy Tale Pt 1

Locked away in a tower
lieing lifeless like i'm a dieing flower.

Feeling the warmth of the flames dance around me
wishing this wasn't how it was destined to be.

Praying one day he'd rescue me,
take me away where i could be free.

My knight in shining armor would spoil their scheme
and come and shatter this uneventful fairy tale dream.

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Fairy Tale Pt 2

The dragons
the witches, the trolls,
and vampires. This fairy tale is
full of twists and turns and unfulfilled desires.
surrounded by their evil plans i plan to show the
world their all smams, liers, and cheats, losers, and theifs. Who makes
the rules, who breaks the laws? Is it just me
or is this fairy tale world filled with
flaws? There's deadly mazes everywhere and
there's cowards amd heroes
in this fairy tale.

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Fall From Grace

Remembering nothing from my
past
I realize now that innocence doesn't
last
Ruined now from every
lie
Frozen now and refusing to
cry
Shattering all of my hopes and
dreams
I take a pillow and muffle my
screams
Falling fast from
above
He helped my pain with a violent
shove
Feeling ashamed I hide my
face
As I continue to fall from
grace.

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Free

A confused mind and a shattered heart, why wont this pain just stop? tearful words are spoken in the dark all alone. a lonely girl who just wants to go home. She told no one of all the things that make her hurt, and she never spoke unless asked. quiet and refined to her own world where she doesn't cry and where she still knows that she's alive. this can't keep happening, she can't take much more so she'll just lock these feelings behind a secure door. No more crying, no more pain, she'll take that gun and it won't ever happen again. She pulls the trigger but nothing happened, why isn't she dead, there should be a bullet hole in her head. What kind of curse is it that and continues to make her suffer? why wont anyone leave her alone so she can rescue herself and finally be free? Why can't she just move on and forget everything that made her this way? Why does the pain and suffering have to stay? Can no one see that she's not happy with the way her life has turned out to be? Can no one set her free?

They locked her away, calling her crazy and saying she was insane. She's lost, totally overwhelmed with hate. Why is it when someone asks what made her the way she is she can't seem to answer? she wants to tell someone so much that it's tearing her apart but the words seem to be stuck. she just wants to scream, to let it all out, she wants to shout. she can remember how it used to be before her parents' deaths. Her life was full of warmth and a joyful bliss that she never thought could end. it was finally Friday and her first week of middle school was finally over. skipping joyfully home from school with a huge smile on her face and a happy song playing over and over in her head. she opens the front door expecting a 'welcome home sweetie' or a 'how was your day?' instead she walked into complete silence. the house was so dark and cold, not like the usual place she had always called home. she went to take another step but her foot met something wet. There right by her feet lay the bodies of her parents. Now she knew for sure she was all alone and terrified. She only wanted to be free.

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Freedom

Clad in uniform, a man unknown walks up to the families home. He gently knocks on the door and a beautiful young woman who looked to be in her early 30's answered the door. At the sight of the man her face turned from a bright cheery rosy pink to a white pale of the ghost and she couldn't seem to find her breathe enough to find her voice. ' your daughter fought long and hard for her country and you should be proud.' the man whispered too afraid to be too loud. ' she was on her way to the airport on christmas eve to come home on christmas even if it would be for just one day. She loved her family but she knew her country needed her and she was willing and more to leave her family once again and go to war.' The woman couldn't stand anymore, she fell limp, her body laying in a weepin heep on the floor. AS tears fell down her cheeks she remembered how she had argued with her daughter, telling her she wouldn't allow it, her daughter just looked at her with the stubborness she had always had amd only one word that she spoke let her know that with or withouter mothers aproval she was determind to go. The woman found her strength and stood to look the man in the eyes. ' my daughter was strong and smart, and even though i didn't want her to go i knew she was right. Before she left she said one word and i understood why she felt she had to fight. She held me tight and whispered in my ear, 'Freedom'.' years passed and the woman died soon after her daughters funeral but in their town the girl was a hero, not because she fought but because she died for the one thing she would have died with uot, she died for freedom.

cynthia Routen

I Dont Know Who I Am

nothing i do is right. everything i do seems to start a fight. i try my hardest to make them happy but all i seem to do is piss them off. their my family, their all i've got. i know its me, theres something wrong with me and it scares me. i see myself so angry, so ugly. im terrified i'll hurt them. in my head i lash out not caring who or what i hurt as long as it all stops. im lost, confused, what am i supposed to do? im still a child, thats what they keep on telling me but i havent been a 'child' since before i can remember. im sick, i can feel it, but theres no kind of medicine to heal this ailment. im disturbed and insane. when i dream all there are is pain and screams. i can feel the rage growing inside of me, is this how i was born, how i was supposed to be? people call me morbid but thats not who i am. they say im a poet, a messenger of the gods, but thats not who i am. i know sometimes what i am but for the life of me i dont know who i am.

cynthia Routen

I Don'T Want You Always Here

I thought you would be there
I believed you would be the one to listen
I can't be the only one to care
I won't be the one whose tears glisten
I don't want to be without you
I don't want to live in fear
I don't know what to do
I don't want to always need you here
 I thought it was love at first sight
 I believed you would be there to hold my hand
 I can't live when everyday is a fight
 I won't let you be the reason i can't stand
 I don't want to need you
 I don't want to live in fear
 I don't want to not know what to do
 I don't want to always need you here
 I thought I was strong
 I believed you would love me
 I can't believe I was so wrong
 I won't let you choose who I'll be
 I don't want you
 I don't want to live in fear
 I don't need you to tell me what to do
 I don't need you always here
 I thought I had escaped your cell
 I believed you wanted me to die
 I can't go back to that hell
 I won't let you be the reason I cry
 I don't see you
 I don't live in fear
 I don't worry about what to do
 I don't want you always here

cynthia Routen

Judgements

locked up by the judgemental glares of all the people she thought she knew. confined to a world of dark cold seclusion and silent screams for help. no one listens to a shattered child, they just walk on by not giving a damn if the young girl dies. starved of affection she shivers all alone waiting for the world to open their eyes and see what their judgements had done. as tears fall down her gentle face she feels herself fall to the ground. she tries so hard to stand but all she can do is fall and no one even cares enough to help her stand tall. with a final shattered cry she lays down finally ready to die. she finally gave up and realized that the world is made up of judgement and heart shattering stereotypes.... and that would never change...

cynthia Routen

Letters To Santa 2

~Letters to Santa ~

Blissful quiet fills the halls all around as the children lay so peaceful in their long lasting slumber. One dreams of the snow fight he plans to win tomorrow and the other dreams of a way she could fight to protect her family, just like the strong courageous soldiers she wrote letters to day after day. The girl was so much younger than her brother and she knew she had years to wait until she could do all she could to protect all that kept her free. This young girl wanted so much to give her country all it had given her. She woke to the sound of the front door opening and feet creaking and tip-toeing across the living room floor. She went to the door and peeked out and right in front of her was her one Christmas wish come true. She could remember word for word what her letter to Santa had said. Such innocent words that would make the strongest man weak. She had written a letter to Santa and this is what it said....

Dear Santa Claus,

I'm not going to say I haven't been naughty because I'll admit there were times where I argued with my mommy and times when I just ignored what she would say. Sometimes I can be stubborn and more often than not I've been very disobedient. My free spirit and anxious on the go attitude keeps me from settling down. I'm still young Mr. Claus and I'm bound to make mistakes, but don't we all? But Santa, even though I haven't always been obedient I have one Christmas wish and one gift I'd very much like to have. You see, my daddy is a strong man who fights to protect us and the rest of this beautiful country. It has been three years since I've seen my daddy and I miss him so. I wish to be just like him when I grow up. My one Christmas wish this year is to see my daddy again. I miss him so much and I know its very selfish of me to want to take him away from what he does day by day but to see him again I would do anything and I would never again argue with my mommy. Well Santa I hope you'll awake into consideration my wish but for now that is all I have to say. Thank you for reading this Santa, even if you cant make my wish come true.

Love,

A soldiers little angel

Now as the little girl stood in her doorway all she could see was the colors of a soldier's uniform. With tears streaming down her strong stubborn yet very angelic face she screamed as she embraced the man in front of her. She couldn't believe it, Santa had made her wish come true. Santa had sent her daddy home to her. The man she held so close had been sent home after his sergeant had read a letter from his daughter. The sergeant called the man into his tent. Now the man sat in the presence of a man he greatly admired, a man he believed to be unbreakably strong and courageous, a man that now sat in front of him with

tears streaming down his extremely masculine face. "Now young man, I just got a letter from your wife, and along with her letter she sent a letter from your daughter that she had written to Santa Clause. You have an extraordinary little girl who loves you very much." His sergeant said to him "your daughter could have asked for anything for Christmas but there was only one thing she asked for. Now after I read her letter there was no way I could say no to what she asked. So pack up soldier because even though you're my strongest soldier and my bravest one as well no man alive or dead could deny a girl her one Christmas wish." So the soldier packed his bags and headed home. He unlocked the door and crept across the floor. Now he stood in the arms of his little angel as she cried into his chest. "Why do you cry when your wish came true? " he asked her in a hushed voice. She replied, "I didn't think Santa would do it, I told him I wasn't always a good girl. But he did and your home now." "Oh, baby girl, Santa did listen and he showed me that letter that you wrote and it was very beautiful. One day you will make me prouder than I am already. I love you so mach my little angel." He said to her as he embraced her even tighter. And the little girl quietly whispered a gentle "Thank you Santa"

cynthia Routen

Little Angel

What a beautiful angel, walking all alone.

Pacing back and forth, how much longer must she wait?

Waiting to be rescued, to be free.

Her bodies cold, heart hard as stone.

They threw her out and sealed her fate.

They rejected her for what she was, what she wanted to be.

What a beautiful angel lost and alone with no where to go,
no where to call home.

How sad that little angel does seem.

silent as a mousetrapped in that rotten old place.

silently waiting,

They neglected her, listened and caused her to scream.

Quietly observing every abstract face.

Quietly contemplating.

How sad that little angel, lost and alone with no where to go,
no where to call home.

Why do you cry little angel, always with a wish to die?

How did they hurt you little angel, what did they do?

Will you ever be whole little angel, will you ever feel love?

So you wish to die, always making you cry?

So they tore you apart, that's what they did, they hurt you.

So your love lives inside waiting for you to fly above.

Why do you cry little angel, your all alone, with no where to go,
no where to call home.

You're free little angel, please come home to me.

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Misunderstood

Hers is a delicate beauty.

Some would call her pixie-like.

She had golden-blond hair and dazeling sapphire blue eyes that were filled with a knowledge beyond her years.

She'd held her mother as she wept from the news of the death of her daughters father.

Then years later the same young girl now a woman held her mother's hand as she watched her mother's life slip away.

No one got too close to her, no matter how beautiful she was.

They were frightened because they didn't know all the trials she had been through and all the tests she had fought to pass.

No one tried to get to know her, they all thought it was odd that she never cried.

She did all she could to seem just like them but was it the things she could do or the things she should?

She was different,
though beautiful.

She was highly
Misunderstood.

cynthia Routen

My Everything

tall and dark
sensuously beautiful
the words he speaks
to me as i lie wrapped up safe and
warm in his arms makes me cry.
i hide my tears by burrying my face
in his chest and remembering how i cherish
every moment i'm with him.
seductively he whispers in my
ear telling me how he loves me and how
he shivers when he holds me.
i memorize the sparkle in his baby blue
eyes, the delectable way he smells and the way
his short blonde hair feels as i run
my fingers through it. i memorize the
sweet tenor of his voice as he begs me to
stay or the way his lips taste when
they are pressed to mine. most memorable
is the feeling i get every time his lips and teeth graze
the sensitive skin of my neck, makeing me whimper and
plead for more. to me he's an angel, he's my everything.

cynthia Routen

My Reflection

Focusing so hard it hurts. Trying to concentrate on the task that's been placed before me. I know now that I've changed and it frightens me deep within. Following this forboding light I travel through an endless night. I'm in search of him once again so he might hold me as I weep. I can see the changes taking place as I look at the unfamiliar face gazing out of that mirror back at me. The woman in the mirror cries no tears and in her eyes I see unfaced fears. She's a total mystery. She seems so angry yet her heart is empty, void of anything but fear. I see her dream as she lies so helpless, defenseless in her sleep. She watches him walk out of her life knowing that that wont be the last time. She falls to her knees as sge hears the knews. Crying so much and feeling so lost I gaze at this face I used to know, the one I once called my own and now I wonder if that's truly my reflection.

I try so hard to remember what it was like when I was young, was I happy, was I loved? I feel myself slipping further and further away as my dreams begin to come back to me. There's blood and pain, there's loss without gain and then it always ends the same. I'm in a black dress, my face turned away so no one can see the tears I cry. They come at us, folded flag in hand. Looking at that shining black casket that holds within it my heart and soul, I rise from my seat and step around those brave men in uniform with that damnable flag in their hands. The casket sits dark and perfect against the surrounding sunlit grass. The lid is open and there I expect to see him lieing surrounded by velvet, but instead of my lost love I see my own body in that ring of material. I wake in a cold sweat crying not a single tear but feeling my body shake as I fill with fear. I don't think I'll ever understand the change in my reflection.

cynthia Routen

Pantoum

i think i can see it now clear as the day
i thought and prayed he'd love me
i wished and hoped he'd stay
now i realize that it was never meant to be.

i thought and prayed he'd love me
in the end im always alone
now i realize that it was never meant to be
my bodies chilled im frozen to the bone

in the end im always alone
tortured and broken i lay down to die
my bodies chilled, im frozen to the bone
does he even realize he's the reason i cry

tortured and broken i lay down to die
i wished and hoped he'd stay
does he even realize that he's the reason i cry
i think i can see it now as clear as day

cynthia Routen

Sestina

in the darkness of the night she cowers towards the forbidden light.
she's terrified and shaken but her spirits still defiante.
he cell is freezing, her bodies cold as ice
she puts her hand to her heart and comes away with blood
they tortured her then shot her 3 times with that deadly beautiful gun
she didn't know why they hated her but they caused her death

in the brilliance of the night it felt so right to watch her death
her body should've been heavy with death but instead she felt so light
they imagined her revenge, how graceful she'd be holding that gun
the hate in her eyes as her true nature became clear, so defiante
they carried her, leaving footprints in her blood
they hold her body as they shiver the wind is cold as ice

her body falls to the floor and shatters like a thin plate of ice
her life had no meaning so why should her death
she looks down from heaven and sees her body covered in blood
they put her through hell so she followed the light
she was young and spirited, now shes dead and still defiante
she wanted to kill them, she wanted their gun

she took a deep breath and realized that in her hand was the gun
she was alive again and her heart was cold as ice
she defied all lwas, she was dead but they revived her, so defiante
they wanted her to hurt longer so they wouldnt allow her death
they pulled her away from they warmth and shattered the light
she pointed the gun and blew out their brains so much blood

she heard them cry, they'd hurt her, she was covered in their blood
she kept firing shot after shot then she threw the gun
she ran trying to get away, running towards the light
they tried to kill her but in the end she caused their death
she was strong and determined, you'd call her defiante

starved and beaten she runs away, all logic she defies
people run away from her, shes covered in blood
they call her a monster, say shes the bringer of death
she hears a loud bang as someone shoots off a gun
she stops at a frozen lake to scared to be trapped beneath the ice

she turns around and sees the light

she feels free as he embraces her, his touch is light, hes defiante
his arms melt the ice around her heart as he washes off the blood
he promises her she'd never have to fear a gun, she'd see no more death

cynthia Routen

Soldiers Words

~Taken from all that I had known, I feel so lost without a home. Being taught to fight through scorching hot days and blistering cold nights we take our place in history. Coming face to face with an enemy makes me wonder what might also become of me. Is it truly up to us to decide who is true and whose turn it is to die. We pay a steep price to be who we are, to do what we do to make sure nothing more happens to all of you. We hide ourselves from their eyes and sneak up behind them attacking with surprise. Many lives were lost that day, women and children alike just to pay the toll, just to pay our debt. We fight for freedom and justice to ensure we keep our land, we fight with guns and missiles and the brave may fight with hands. Bleeding and wounded we still continue on to promise another bright tomorrow. We are the brave, the few and the proud standing our ground when the others back down. We have the courage the brains and the strength to hold our own to ignore the pain. We have been chastised by the very people some died to protect, "it's wrong" they say "no one has to die" they cry but that's what they refuse to see. We fight for them so that the deaths won't stain their pure hands; we kill for them so that at the front lines they aren't forced to stand. They call us monsters thirsting for blood; they say we're dangerous and disgusting because our bodies are covered in mud. We all continue on no matter what they say but we want you to remember that without us you wouldn't be here today. ~

cynthia Routen

Standing Watch

A soldier's words that went cold
told of a story a million years old
standing out on the front line
to make sure they pay for their crime
torn between what is wrong and what is right
as he fights night after night
he swore himself to do whatever his country might need
and he did just that with every action and every deed
standing above all the rest
thanking God he passed the test
he lived long and proud
as he stood among the crowd
holding his family close and tight
to reassure them that it is alright
strong and sure he stands his watch.

cynthia Routen

Still A Soldier

When strength isn't enough to lift my frail body from the ground, I look all around and see the flag and banners waving high towards the sky. When fear envelopes my heart and nothing is left of me but cold empty heart I remember all I had done to protect each of the people that watch me as I cry. Some of those people will stop and salute knowing what it cost me to be part of that troop. Let me take you back so you may know the truth of what happened that day I watched my life blow away. Cold and wet we bore on day in and day out making our way through enemy lines. We carried ourselves with pride and strength even though we knew at any moment we may all die. The youngest of us was just a boy so young but so determined to make us all proud. We stopped to rest in the cold of the night taking cover and keeping out of sight. Curled up together we begin to reminisce on what it was like before we all chose this. We laughed and cried and looked at pictures and letters from the people we left behind. As we begin to quiet down and fall asleep we hear a sound like little sneaking feet. I peak around and see the young boy walking off all on his own. Getting up from the ground I follow close behind being sure not to make a sound. When he stops I walk up to him and look him in the eyes. He looked sad and worried so I asked what it was that gave him that look. He laughed that I should have to ask as we all walked into certain death. He says he feels uneasy laying there like he is certain something is about to go wrong. As we sit just him and me talking as the night wore on we begin to fall weary of this never ending dark when the silence is broken by the unmistakable explosion of a bomb. I jump to my feet running to our troop but the smokes so heavy and the heats unbearable as I make my way closer to what remains of our bergaid. Where they used to lay is nothing but rubble and pieces of what used to be letters strewn all over the place and pictures of soldiers each with a weary face. I couldn't believe it although I knew but I watched as everything burned I had no idea what to do. I hear a sound barely audible over the roar in my ears, the sound of pain and suffering. I walk around looking towards the ground as I see my fallen comrade lying in a pool of blood. I kneel before him and take his head in my lap as I try to comfort him and make his pain less. I see tears streaming down his face as his life slowly fades away when his final breath is gone I cradle him in my arms crying on the outside and feeling as if I'm dyeing on the inside. I'm being shaken out of my reverie as I look around and see the young boy kneeling there with me tears streaming down his cheeks. He picks me up in his strong arms as we make our way to escape from harm. I feel so weak and confused as I lay in a hospital ripping out tube after tube. They say I shouldn't have survived the blast telling me to try to remember what I was doing when it happened. I was with the young boy I say in a weak and weary voice, I was talking with him and safe out of

harm. I don't understand why their saying I was there. They say I should be dead but it's a miracle I'm still alive. They say no boy was there everyone else but me died. I was lying there undercover when it happened that night, but unlike the others I had an angel at my side. Now as I sit on the ground at their graves I thank god he chose me to save. Although I'm not so sure what it inspires in me to see the flags and ribbons hanging high above the trees, I'm sure I'll always remember that day as the day my life changed. I'm still a soldier and I still stand to fight but now I know not to question whether it's right.

cynthia Routen

The Real Me

i give up, i give in. im tired of trying when i know i'll never win. i can't continue to give them my heart only to have it break again. im tired of this bullshit. take it away damnit i dont want all this pain to stay. am i really that easy to just dropp and pick up whenever they feel? i fall so hard and so damn fast i feel all my happiness fly past. im not stupid, i can see it clear as day all your lies just need to go the hell away. this isnt what i wanted, what i intended for my life to be, all i wanted was for him to see the real me.

cynthia Routen

Unanswered Questions

I keep on telling myself I need to forget
But every time I try I'm filled with regret.
I wonder if I could have saved you.
I wonder if there was more I could do.
Then I remember what you had said every time I said I loved you. You were
supposed to be my guide in this world, you were supposed to protect me now I'm
filled with pain and sorrow and unanswered questions I'm not soon to forget.
Questions without answers
Did you mean to hurt me?
Was this how you wanted it to be?
Did you ever love me?
Do you feel anything?
Can you feel the sting?
Is your heart as cold as you make it seem?
Are you ever going to be a true father to me?
Was everything you said a lie?
Why were you always the one to cause me to cry?
Are you blind to the truth or just refuse to see?
Why didn't you believe me when I said you meant everything to me?
Was she really worth this or have you second thoughts?
You said you'd follow me into the deepest depths of hell, but instead you left me
locked away in this house resembling a prison cell. I tried so hard to make you
see that all the pain I felt is what you caused in me. You made me cry and made
me hate now its time you accept your fate. These questions need some answers
and I won't leave until I'm through. The only reasons I have these questions is all
because of you. Flowing like a river that has no place to go, without a destination
it's destined to overflow. Exploding out of my mouth all the things I have wanted
to say now I know I've lost control as I watch you run away. You're a coward and
a liar you hide when things get hard. You're a thief and you don't care who you
hurt. Now do me a favor before you disappear don't leave me with these
unanswered questions or you'll have more than life to fear.

cynthia Routen

Unbelievable Truth

You would never guess the secrets she keeps locked within
She tried to be perfect, to live without sin.

You think she's normal, that nothing is wrong
but she's been living a lie for far too long

Look a little deeper to see all she has to hide
Her life has been as unpredictable as the ocean's tide.

Open your eyes to see what can't be true
What would you do if it was you?

It's hard to understand
how she refused every helping hand

Try to understand this
unbelievable truth.

cynthia Routen

What Do You Do

he's slipping away from me
falling into the dark. He's gone
cold to me as i'm not around.
although he holds me i swear
he wishes i were her. i can't
take this but i wont give in
i just can't lose him and watch
him walk away but i'm not sure
i have the strength to make him
want to stay. what do you do when
you feel like the person you love
doesn't love you? what would you
say to the person to make him want
to stay? what do you do?

how did this happen, i
thought we were fine? i
guess he didn't like being
called mine. he's going
numb now like he's not
even here but i'm sure if it
were her in his arms he'd
be glad he was there. i
wont break down, i wont
even cry, but if he walks
out on me i swear i just
might die. i'm not as
strong as i once was i
know thats the truth and to
be honest one more kiss
might break my heart.
what do you do when the
person you love loves
another girl, not you? what
do you say to make them
not walk away? what
would it take to make that
person see that all that
pain isn't how love is
supposed to be? what do
you do?

cynthia Routen