

Poetry Series

Cynthia Yildirim
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Cynthia Yildirim(1979-)

Cynthia Yildirim age thirty-one is author of the book 'Garden Pleasures' a book of poetry. She is a Technology, Art, News and Science lover and resident of Florence, Alabama. Mother of four great children and avid reader. Ms. Yildirim also enjoys Social Media and you can find her on sites such as Twitter, Facebook, Digg, Youtube, Google Buzz, Myspace and Reddit. Feel free to send her a friend request and share some of your poetry. Don't forget to Ms. Yildirim's ebook here on Poemhunter that contains sixty one of her delightful poems. However, if you would like to read all of Cynthia's poems then check out the book on - Cynthia Yildirim's poetry cover topics from love, religion to politics. Don't forget to leave a comment and rating to let her know what you think.

A Midnight Romp

pity my love
pity my darling
oh, regret....

for who
for whom
in my dainty coat
frayed hair
yet you loved me once
before I was a vagabond
a lover of many
with no gain

pity me
my darling
shan't we meet
at dusk
in the alley way
while your wife sleeps
and my pimp tussles

i beg of you!
meet me
taste my essence
if only once more
salute me soldier
for i am yours this night
by de'old flame

pity me my darling
pity my darling me
familiar lovers of the night
are attuned
let us acknowledge them
tis night
me amore

.

{you should always read a love poem such as this one slowly my dear readers,
and it will taste and sound ever better}

.

Cynthia Yildirim

Ah, Silence

Ah, silence
Bind her lips
She speaks much
Apply a muzzle
Her mind unstill
Her words pierce
Run, run
Ah, silence

Cynthia Yildirim

And, Then I Knew

She wanted him
Loved him at first glance
This man of goodness
It is to sad his heart is taken
I want him, my soul is shaken

We made love three times
On the hard floor of an office
Leaving comfort to be desired
Women come easy for him
As men come easy for me
For me this was different
All the pieces fit
Except he missed his lost love
The one that got away

I wish that he loved me
I wish that he wanted me
I wish that I could have him
I am not good enough
Not pure, I am tainted I assume
A Madonna/Whore Complex he must have

His lost love was perfect
I could never compare to her
He says he still dreams of her
He is staying single to be free
Just in case she should divorce

Damn those, in this state
Love lost, is no great feat to overcome
Can he?
My love, my darling
If I cannot have him, I shall stay by him
As a friend maybe
His heart is only half full
For she is clutching the rest
With her resistance to love him again
See he cheated on her, but now regrets it

He would do anything to have her back

Yet, where does this leave me?
Am I just his play toy?
A pawn to move as he wishes
Should I back away from this man?
I can't, I can't
I'll just wait and see what happens
He and I in this new love game
Damn it can I make him love me?

When he said he loved her still
Then I knew I had no chance
To only be with him alone
For him to love me back
Was only a wish
I can never be her
She can never be me
I will just exist in his world
And receive his kindness

Love is such a sick beast
Tearing at you
Beating you
And you enjoy it somehow
Why?

Ah, love what you do to me
Pity me, for I am love's fool tonight

Cynthia Yildirim

Escape Love

Escape Love

Peace, stillness, love
Crazy as a dove
A Dove of love's escape
Memories slowly wake
A mantel where portraits hang
The song he once sang

Enlighten me this night
Under the silent moon light
Where we once ran
Hand in hand

He calls me once a day
Only in my mind he stays
If I had him I would cry
From this devil inside

Take me humble port
Upon your shores of disacort
Swing me gently in your wake
Feed me, pleasures cake
Return him to me
Make him see

From this I shall not sway
This feeling is my only way
To feel his love this day
I tear his photo in my book
From which I wish to never look

Lover, friend you are gone
Regretfully, my love shines on
You still sing your song
In your wispy breath
Often bringing lust death

So again I say

Enlighten me this night
Under the silent moon light
Where we once ran
Hand in hand

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I Am Thine

Noise bothers me now
I cannot hear my thoughts
I should ponder yet I gawk
No man can claim me, only God
Does he? Surely not
Yet his bible teaches me yes
And his love is most giving
This I find most appealing
Thus I seek and shall find
He owns my heart, for I am thine.

Cynthia Yildirim

I Loath

I loath the words I cannot speak
I see not a love, yet not a hate

My emotion yield, yet do not shake
Two sinister hearts, that always ache

One for love, one for truth, both to pain.
That was untrue.
Set aside I loath, I loath

Who said so sweet 'the night breaths heat? " Parting not pain and grief, setting
up,
season's treats

Wreaking souls that once beat glass
I loath at things that cannot last
I loath to relive my past

What weakness lies, in those who love?
A wretched heart
A love lost, that was never true
A tear by day, a tear by night

Cynthia Yildirim

Live For It!

Live for it I choose
For I have everything to lose
Live for it set what is right
This is my glory divine
Live for it!
The love I share
For love that is given
And always there

Live! Live!

Cynthia Yildirim

My Christmas

What is my Christmas?

Snowmen

Gifts and love

Christmas lights round the house

Sneaky little mouse

Happiness for some

Regret for others

A time to come together

Eggnog and friends

Food and fun

Baby Jesus

Church Plays

Church Choirs

Christmas is what it is

Love and love and love and love

Cynthia Yildirim

My Friend

My dear friend
I miss you
I love you, though
I'll never tell you
I'm crazy and free
Love is this
Love is thee
He hurts me
He calls me things
You never abuse my name
You are ideal
You are elite, but you're
Just a friend
Platonic, what a shame

Cynthia Yildirim

My Secret Love

To my secret love, I write this poem
Who he is I shall reveal to no one
While working we met
Attraction profound
Lovers we became
 He possesses,
The mind of a writer
The body of a god
The right tool to satisfy
I desire him like butter
I desire him like cream
I desire him like buttery-ice-cream
To trickle and want
To long and yearn
To melt the sheets

Cynthia Yildirim

Natural Evolution

Rain falls
No snow
Where is my Christmas
of years ago?
No snow to throw
No snow to eat
Only the rain
Puddles deep
Run through
Slash on feet
Why is the weather
in confusion?
Is it Global Warming
or Natural Evolution?

Cynthia Yildirim

Nodnarb

Nodnarb

Oh baby, I miss you so
The love I have, ever grows
I wait patiently, as you lead me on
My miserable heart feels wronged
Your eyes make me melt
My feelings are heartfelt
Tonight I sleep alone
For you are gone
Can you right my loves song?
I am off key a bit
Missing my critical wit
My soul is down
My body on the ground
Suffering ever more
Longing for your interest
Waiting on your kisses
Disturbed by your disses

Your so busy
So hardworking
So loving
So misspoken
I'm just here
Existing for you
Why did I fall so fast?
Oh my god, I love you
Does this scare you?
I cannot live without you

Nodnarb

Do you hear this? ?
Oh my I have lost my rhyme
My mind is skipping
My heart is flipping...

There I have recovered Nodnarb
A quick spiral I can do so quick
If I lost you forever I would slip

Down to the darkest caves
Sitting and moping about
Wanting a way out

Oh my, you rang my bell
Your here at last, take me in your spell
You say you missed me
Are you for sure?
Let's break all the rules

Love me back hard
Love me back Nodnarb
This is your chance
For many men give me a glance
I ignore them and move on
For I know with you is...
Well you can finish the rhyme
It's just that I care to much
You are to good for me?
Maybe my world is bad for you
Our love could never be true?
If you forget her, which you will not do
Just put her in the back of your mind
This place with me is so divine

I lay here in your arms
It feels so right
You hold me so very tight
Yet last such a short time
Before you begin to regret
That I am not her
Then quickly you move on
While I dream of our misadventures
It's a sad fact that this love
May not come to be
All of this I have will fade slowly
Nodnard, I want you
I need you
I breathe you
Love me, for I can not take it any longer
Nodnard
Nodnard

I'm knocking at your window
Let me come in and share your pillow...

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Amish

I

Buggies abound pebbled streets
Bonnetts adorn your women
Farm work greets your men
Eggs taken each morning
Each person shares in the work

II

God is ever present in your life
Daily life, daily strife
For the meager shall inherit the earth
For he knows your worth

III

Sally sits by the stream
Having daydreams
Of her husband to be
A man of utmost esteem
That has a farm near the church
Where they will marry
Then replenish the earth
Little bonnets coming up
Dancing sisters falling in love

IV

Though you are simple
You are not poor
For you save your money
For your kindred
So that they shall not have
To toil and be homeless
What selflessness

V

Maybe I should leave my home
And come to live there in your place
And share in the toils of the day
Then maybe life would be
Less stressful for me
What happiness I would see
Seeing the great big sky
Waving at passersby

Ode To Atheists

I

For you have no book to quote
You rely on your life you wrote
Yet often your path is lost
So you turn to no one to rest
Unsure of what is best

II

What brought you down this road?
This road of no creed
This road of slow return
Death does not stop for you
It comes and burns
You roast in your urn
Poor lost soul

III

Maybe we are all mistaken and
You sing the right song
And we the wrong

IV

You existence with out meaning
Not knowing your calling
But, then none of us do
This path that you've taken
Is not the middle way
But somewhere in between right and center

V

You claimed my brother
How dare you!
Give him back!
For his soul cannot be lost
And off track

VI

Dare you peek inside
Universal knowledge
You would be lost
And humbuffed

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Buddhism

I

Siddharta the Buddha
His mother Queen Mara dreamt
She saw an elephant
That touched her right side
With the lotus leaf
She thus became pregnant

II

He was to be grand
At whatever he did
Once born he walked
A lotus flower sprouted from his step
He grew wise

III

He saw the holy men
He sought their knowledge
He learned of Samsara, Karma, and Moksha
He meditated relentlessly

IV

For six he lived by just enough
The milk maid gave him supplement
He ate and drank
The other holy men left him
They were disappointed at him

V

Siddharta was revived
Under a fig tree he sat to find
An answer to life and suffering
Mara tempted him
He did not wane

VI

He cast off ignorance
He cast off passion of ego
They had bound him to earth
He then became the enlightened one
Buddha
Reaching Nirvana
The ultimate divine

VII

Then he sought the holy men
They recognized his new state
Buddha then taught them at the
Dear Park Sermon

VIII

The true path
The middle way
Keeping away from
Both extremes

IX

Buddha taught the Dharma
The Four Noble Truths
The Eightfold Path
Sanga protected the Dharma
Bhikkus which were
Nuns and monks
Focused on Nirvana

X

Five Precepts
Do not Kill
Do not Steal
Do not Lie
Do not be Unchaste
Do not take drugs or drink intoxicants
He taught them to the masses

XI

Buddha got old
Canda gave him a meal
He became ill
Journeyed
He lay beneath a tree
The tree blossomed and showered him
He reached Parinivana
The ultimate of enlightenment
Thus he died

XII

Take heed and know
The Five Precepts
The Five Groups of Existence
That are suffering
Know the cause of suffering
The end of suffering

The path to the end of suffering
And ye shall live like ye
Have never lived
For the enlightened sees all
That this universe has to offer
And he thus creates anew with his knowledge

XIII

For to be wise is beautiful
As beautiful is your mind
As a thousand seas
As beautiful is your mind
As the love you breathe
As beautiful is your mind
As your love of self
Let go of your ego
And relax yourself

XIV

Meditate deeply
Educate yourself
Fall into enlightenment
In spite of yourself
Wait not for everyone
Focus on yourself
No more rebirths
If you reach that plane
High above the conscience
Use your power within
You will have all you need then
Siddharta was great as a man
Now he is Buddha a deity
Guiding us to purity

"And I discovered that profound truth, so difficult to perceive,
difficult to understand, tranquilizing and sublime, which is not to
be gained by mean reasoning, and is visible only to the wise."

Buddha

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Catholicism

I

Such history surrounds you
Such beauty related
Such gardens you journey through
So devoted your nuns
Sweet Mother Teresa you have
To gleefully claim as your own
Her heart as pure as a newborn babe
Her soul sitting with God
Blessed be! Blessed be!

II

Seeing your black robes neatly tied
Others have followed your faith for centuries
Yet now your faith is in danger
Lust has overtaken your priest and bishops
How can this be allowed to continue?
It must be stopped!

III

Another leader needs to correct this
He needs to nail his grievances to the door
He needs to reform the church once again
Remember the masses in the masses
Do not disappoint and lose them
For sinful perverse lust

IV

The Pope is not yet strong
He recanted his statements instead
Of standing up for what he believes in
He Pope Benedict XVI has power, he must not
Bow to those he wishes not to
He needs to hold and use his power
To reform the church and to own his ideas

V

Let us dream sweetly
For a moment
Think of the needy children
Waiting for food and comfort
All over the world
Think of the poor family

Needing to learn of God
Think of the poor Willow tree that
Has yet to smile
Let us dream of the morning
Let us consider the dust
Let us ponder the cross
Let us see Mary glowing

VI

For God loved us
That he gave us
His only son
This brave son of his
He sent to us
He let be born
He let live on Earth
He let eat our bread
Wash our feet
And we to his
Rise to mountain tops
Sail on the sea
Cast the fish
Meet the disciples
Guide the many
Bless the plenty
Heal the few
Our Lord God
How grand this gift!
Blessed be! Blessed be!

VII

Save the church
Restore its reputation
For just as the Muslims it is lost
They are lost to Hate
You are lost to Lust
Surely God is not happy friends

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Christianity

I

These terrorists
These birds of no cause are upon us
They beat at our door
Destroying our buildings
Killing our people

II

We are strong as the wind
That beats the waves
Creating might
We will win over these terrorists
They will back down

III

We are beautiful and kind
We are charitable and sweet
We fight when we must
Not for selfish reasons

IV

As God as our witness
We love ever still
All the worlds' people
Equally
Not blinded by hate

V

We do not force our religion on others
Nor kill them if they deny
For we have tolerant eyes
Friends to the Jews of course
They are God's people of choice

VI

Dearest Christians abound
Hear our Lord's choir
Gently sings way up there
Become caught in his noose
Dare not come loose

VII

Adam and Eve
Our first look
At all that the world

Had us to look

VIII

Too sad that we are hated by Muslims
When before we did not know them
Nor did we care what they were about
Nor did we care to figure it out
Now we are forced to see them each day
On the battlefronts of distant sands
Fought by our bravest men

IX

Isn't it ironic how the tides change?
The globe of our hearts fall to blame
We see it all clearer
Not like before
No longer a simple world

X

We cry at our loss
That we continue to lose
This war is not over
So get your shoes
Man your guns
Prepare for the fight
That may not be won

XI

This is our future
Till our dear Lord comes
Down to earth to save us
Our when in 2030
If the asteroid comes in
We will once again
Be lost

XII

Bless you all for this fine day
When in the future we all say
That we did it for God
And our love still stays

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Distraction

I

Those that extort, distract
Our paths become distant, lost
Walking too quickly, we allude time
Sun to moon, Moon to sun
Our children grow and vanish into life
Daily strife

II

Walking too slowly, we are surpassed
We are poor, disadvantaged
Sun to sun, Sun to sun
We are yearning
Seeing those of sun to moon with jealousy

III

He is us, we are them, they are I
He distracts our path
We give in at last
Taste our tears
Too many years
Fear
Tears
Regret

IV

Regret; What is this?
Dreamt careers lost
He took them
That thief!
The course of grief

V

Distraction, Reaction, Dissatisfaction
Careless destruction
Caught at the junction
No breath to function
Satisfaction, Lust
Mistrust
Woe to us!
He thrives, on these disparities
Impure qualities!

Ode To Divorce

I

Ode to you despicable thing
You rot and scorn my heart
Oh you beast of forever's lovers
Hath you no feeling?
Oh to you cause of my tears
Morning comes too near

II

He leaves me lonely
Tearing up my sheets
Instead of heating them
You scoundrel, hypocrite
You never loved me
It was a dream

III

You broke my heart
My heart that beats, pounds
Only for you
Pain me dear Lord
This I cannot deserve
This word
This beast
This devil

IV

He is not kind
Ah, grief
For what is lost
My beloved mate
Gone to another's
Arms

V

He calls himself free
He is not distraught
This villain of families
Oh kill him
Let him pass this house
Let my lover stay
From this day

VI

Disgust...

Despise...

Lies...

Death...

Despair...

VII

Breakup my home

You fool

You shall not!

You con

You shall not!

VII

I cannot make him love me

I cannot petal his rose

I cannot breathe his last breath

I cannot live if he lives

Within us

VIII

Shall I curse at this criminal?

Shall I bound him

He hates me

He loathes me

Ah, how lucky is he

To have had and lost

Rather than have and keep

Curses upon you

You demon

IX

Loathing torment despot

You brought it here

To this god-forsaken place

This irony of Green

You will still seek Green

Quickly

Once found

Marriage again

You whore

Be gone and never return to this my home

Ode To Extraterrestrials

I

You have journeyed to earth
Since the beginning of man
You are ones of God's other great men
You fly about in stealthy craft
The art of being makes some upset

II

Many of you exist
You come to study us
Though you know us well
You prod and probe us everywhere

III

Our leaders know you by name
They keep secrets to keep us from
Insanity and Fear
This we should thank them
Or should we
If we understood you
Would we then have to serve you?

IV

Are we one of your experiments?
Did you combine our genes and yours?
Described as gray and big eyed
Is this true what they said or a lie?

V

The simple fact is that not only humans
Can exist, merely because the
Universe is so vast
Would we even believe the truth if it were known
Could we then visit your distant home?
Many questions lie in the heart of man
Please won't you answer them?

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To God

I

Brilliant leader of light
You are my father
You love as no other
You save with fierceness

II

Glider of water
Creator, artist, all-knowing
You see what you wish to see
You create laws that we break in fear
We fear you, yet you are invisible to us

III

Angels surround you my Lord
Your council is waiting for your decision
Your answers are swift without relenting
This one to hell, this one to paradise
This one let be reborn, until he learns better
You fly as though a perfect feather

IV

Your robe is white, you bathe at dawn
Then your duties have thus begun
You glide down to dinner
Where your creations fill you
Even your mightiness must consume

V

You influenced sweet Mother Teresa
She was pure of heart
I am sure that now
She teaches angels her art

VI

Dear Lord you are mighty
You demand our alliance to you
This I give willingly
Take it it's yours

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Hinduism

I

Old ancient religion
India your home
Brahman the universal spirit
Beckons you

II

The third eye watches
Your trip to the sacred Ganges River
To purify your body
As well as your mind

III

The yogis and gurus sit
They are focused and wise
Om they repeat like endless chatter
Om, Om, Om, Om, Om, Om
They arrive they are settled
In a higher plane of conscience

IV

They see Prince Rama rescue Sita
Kidnapped by Ravana
They bow and pray
How peaceful they seem
Their inner turmoil unseen

V

In the great temples pupils sitting
Reading the Manu Smith and Vedas
They learn their social laws
In the cities the caste system lost
At not a huge cost
All must have a chance
To be what they will
Not what others say they should
It is only good
May Uma bless you
The way she will
And keep you forever still

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Islam

I

Oh my how ye have changed
Once known for your kindness to strangers
Now your reputation tarnished by extremist
What will you do now?

II

You are not all evil
But, those slackers are
They corrupt your faith
Is this Muhammad's true intention?

III

You have allowed yourself
To become lost and blinded
By these extremist in your faith
Return to your roots at once!

IV

The ones of your faith, that are still good
Must correct those who have
Damaged your name
The extremists
They claim to kill for everything, but
Really kill for nothing like all men

V

You call Christians and Jews evil doers
Thinking that we must die or conform
You think that your religion is innocent
But, your men suffer the same vices as ours
You are not innocent people of virtue!

VI

You love and belittle your women
You deny them choices
They act as your servants
Why? It is your culture right or wrong

VII

The Christians did not knock your door
You knocked theirs
They are tolerant, you are not. Why?
Why so much hate?

VIII

You must restore your good reputation
You must rebuild the buildings you've tumbled
You must repay to the families of the lives you have taken
You must beg Allah for forgiveness of this wrongdoing

IX

These two towers fell in the New City
With them also fell our respect of you
Now you are a tyrant, vagabond, a sickly child
That waits for the opportunity to die
You are now not possessed by good, but by evil

X

It is Fact!

That you are not all supporters of these extremists
Then why do you keep silent?

Do the good have no voice in your religion?

Only those who kill in the name of Allah

Allah has spoken to me and he is angry at this

XI

You now have fools to represent you

But! It does not have to be so

You can change this dangerous path

You can reclaim your honor

All you must do is defy these extremists

And defeat them at all costs

Can you do this?

It is hard to defeat an enemy

Especially when the enemy bears your name

But you must!

XII

Dream of that day

When you are accepted

At all parts, all entrances

Now you are quizzed,

Embunded, Harassed, and Jailed

It is your own doing, you know this

A crime against your own people

Now they all appear as enemies of the world

XIII

They have just suspicions of you

All around your veil is open

Your world no longer closed

You against the world

You jealous being

XIV

Do not kill for anyone!

Keep your face free

Your hands washed of this tragic time

XVII

Do not be like the extremists

They are scoundrels

They kill the American, Europeans and

Even those of the Middle East

They are tyrants

Do not be like them

XIX

Muslims, you must regain your virtue

You must not fall into this trap of Al Qaeda

They are not your representors

They do not own your hearts, Allah does

He spoke to me and is displeased with the extremists

They twist the Koran into something unkind

They are wrong, confused, and lost

XX

The time has come

To restore your reputation

Free yourselves from their evil

Be your own man

Be your own woman

XIIX

Muslims be virtuous

Muslims be again kind

Muslims be again tolerant of others

This the world requests of you

As well as Allah and I

XIIIX

Do rise and wash your face

To hide the shame?

Arise from your slumber and speak that

Which is still unspoken

Arise and regain your honor

For Allah had rather have love before his eyes,

Than the slain bodies of his children of the world.

Ode To Judaism

I

For day asunder again
You are forever first picked
The first hated by tyrants of any age
Those that line their pockets
With your jewels

II

You are the most pleasant of people
Laughter radiates throughout your families
Love also finds its place there
Why are you made to suffer so?

III

Every generation of your people
Have been reduced, yet you still survive
This is powerful and grand
These tyrants of the ages kill you
Because they know they can
But, now Israel has risen with its army
It is strong and steady fast
Thank God for this

IV

Americans volunteer for your army
They are your supporters
They also love you
You are not alone in the world my friends

V

The greedy Hezbollah stole your land
They had more than you did
Why so greedy these fools
It baffles the mind

VI

Your country slowly shrinks
You must not let it any further
Do not give land to these extremists
They would never give you an inch

VII

God called you his people
Even he, punished you for 40 years
You must have a higher purpose

Once the last days are upon us

VII

Imagine that you

Will become as angels

Flying with powers unknown to us

You will guide the universe for our Lord

Visiting each inhabited planet

You will have vine leaves in your hair

You will wear a white glowing robe

You will dance and sing

You will love and laugh

You will not suffer again

VIII

This sounds like a wonderful future

I am jealous my friends

To fly to heaven's sweet valley

Talk with angels, walk with God

Pray to those whose hearts you've won

Blessed be this future of the Jews

Have them no longer suffer

They have paid their dues

IX

Dear Lord almighty

Guide them to you

They are your people

They wait with patience for you

Come down and get the rest of us

When you are through

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Love

I

Pleasantries, fairies, and fare
Lovers and loving
Everywhere
Emotion unyielding
Twice as appealing

II

Red poppies for dinner
Sweet lilies to roast
Love of people
Of any reproach

III

All beings are living
With you in their hearts
You capture them willingly
And tear them apart
Sweet love as sent from above
As from the dove of love

IV

Merriment feast to your power
This your loveliest hour
Letters and calls cool your temper
For you are a fool of winter
And that of summer babies flourish
From that winter's lodgings with you abound
Little hearts then beat your sound

V

The young love at will
They are not tied down
But, you save the greatest power
For their truest love
And for that date
You await
When they weep for their mate
You then open that gate
And let yourself in
This is your fin

Ode To Marriage

Marriage is as old, as man and woman

Adam and Eve were the first

Or was God to man

A marriage of pure love

Today I speak of the traditional

II

Hello my friend

You are many a lovers' brightest day

The bride greets you kindly

The groom with uneasiness

Both are mixed with fear and happiness

III

You are mighty in your conquering of hearts

These days you can come before or after

The child is to be born

We are different than you are use too

We are evil, maybe, but not actually

VI

You are elegant

Always wrapped in roses and white

You are smothered with tears

And beam with a smile at I do

But, you are not for you

V

Your enemy is divorce

Who always tries to sneak by

And influence your blissful couples

Your strong clout only lasts a year

Then the couple must grab love tight

VI

May you always exist

Do not relent to cloning

Let your union remain strong

You strong foe

Best wishes

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Men

I

How divine your body
How divine your element
How marvelous your lips
On your lover

II

You are strong and weak
You are wise and stupid
You are crazy and sane
You abuse and repair
All of you combine these traits

III

You are needed very much
The women need you
The ones that love man
For the ones that love women
They could easily stand
Not to see you again

IV

The world has been built
With your authority
You can bring death at any
Opportunity

V

How wonderful to the one
That is kind and gentle
For those are hard to find
They lack aggression
So they remain quiet
These women discover them
By much insight

VI

Bless you man
For you're easy on mine eyes
Take your place where society lies

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Mormons

I

Joseph Smith guided by an angel
To the hidden tablets of your faith
He raised the box and prayed
Guarding it from those who wished
To steal the treasures he willingly took

II

Translated with Seers
Ordained by God almighty
The books were set
The religion spread around

III

It was later corrupted by man's lust
As religions often are
For your people suffer from the vice
Of marrying girls too young
And abusing them in Utah and around
Keeping them pregnant and bound
How sad is man
To lay his hand
Upon a child in sin
Surely this is not within your book
This liberty your men took
Sad very sad
To have controversy similar to the Catholics

IV

You must abandon this practice at once
Regain dignity and gain trust
Fall not your men to lust
Go back to the original teachings
This is the only way
To save your soul that fateful day
When the Lord returns again
He will reveal your sins

Vote for Romney! 2008

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Peace

I

Shame!

You hide your face from humanity

You sicken me

Show your face!

II

You only have one motto

And it's old and never works

Give peace a chance they say

Then they hide too

Only speaking words without action

III

You are a puppy still to this day

Young and naïve

War rules over you

War has the devil

You have God

This is mightier

Yet you sit

IV

Rise up and look around

Don't close your golden eyes

Are you waiting for your 1000 years,

As God has promised?

You do not have to wait till then

Show yourself now

The world needs you

V

War whispers in your ear

To hush, but must you?

The archangels come with you

Yet you are too shy to ask them

Why?

VI

Come out dearest peace

And make for once each person

As brothers and sisters

You have this immense power, bring it up

Let us amuse ourselves with it

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Self

I

Light, mother

Light, father

Light sun

Light wonder

Oh to birth

II

Mirrors surround

Seeing not

Blinded by splendor

Oh to envy

III

Pure, plain, meager

Nearing Nirvana

Careful and kind

Loving and sweet

Oh to purity

IV

Harsh, mean, greed

Nearing Insanity

Tears and fears

Killing and dealing

Oh to malevolence

V

Combining

Absorption

Assimilation

Adjustment

Amalgamation

Merging

Oh to union

VI

Blood, hurls

Nearing the end

Tombstones

Cross Stones

Surrounded by mirrors

Final darkness

Oh to death

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Shinto

I

Through the golden torii we go
On the way to the gods
To practice this old ancient religion
Mountains, rivers, rocks, and basins
Trees and all other nature
You call these basic forces Kami

II

High moral standards ye own
Rituals ever still ye do
Many are your numbers
Gathered by the gardens to pray
Offering gifts and cakes their way

III

The Mastsuri rarely performed
If you have committed sin
Then be sure to join in
The Great Purification Ceremony
And be cleansed of all

IV

Oh ye sun goddess related
To past empires once had
Now only myths survive
When once ye were glad

V

The New Religions are here
To spread the lost beliefs
To humble ears
And give to those who have not
As a group of helpers
Shinto takes a step up
Guiding those who have lost their luck

VI

Pray ye in your garden friend
That Buddha will descend
To gather all ye gentlemen
Of virtue

Ode To Taoism

I

Old ancient religion of
Yin and Yang
Good and evil intermingle
The way is found in this

II

Lao Tzu ye read and ponder
Analyzing unknown artisans

III

Harmony in nature
Synchronization of self
Reverence in duty
Discipline essential

IV

Pray ye gentlemen
Meditate and diet
Breathe a calculated breath
Recite one by one
Remember what ye remember
Forget what ye forget

V

View the painted landscape
It is your nirvana
Your escape from this word
Of suffering

VI

Follow your way
The good way
The just way
The set path
The middle path
Till ye are satisfied

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To War

I

Oh you mighty foe
Bringer of death
And freer of famine
We are blind to your arrival

II

Sharp swords once
Now your weapons advanced
You renew yourself at any given chance
Your intelligence is your lance

III

The first to love you were the Titans
Your power excites them
Then Anthony and Napoleon
You're our villain
Then Kings and Queens of every sort
With them you prefer to consort
Then Hitler the tyrant
He killed the innocent for you, you fool
Then Bush, but you followed him to war
He was like you, you adored him
Too bad that now you ignore him

IV

You the
Bringer of land
Death
Gold
Tears
Lost limbs

V

Why do you allow us to fight?
Why does each generation show your might?
The honest jest is that we need you now to live
To die to live, live to die
How usual

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Wiccans

I

Every waning moon
You cast your best spells
To evil you do not dwell
White magic is your hail

II

You burned the colored candles
And they melt down
Wax is all around
The Wiccans' furrow

III

Bringing love
Or hexing it
Binding spells for him
Winding back clocks at will
Speeding them for the feel

IV

Lovely robes you wear at night
Under the dancing moonlight
Casting your circle well
Casting out hell
Bringing in your guide
Only seeking wisdom
Side by side

V

The town of Salem in the past
You're free to practice at last
All your gods and goddesses at your will
If they want to be
For you their blessings seek

VI

As this poem is wrote
Sense you at my back
Looking over me
Making sure I'm on track

VII

Once a love rock was seen
One dropp from each applied
Their love still glides

Thou not side by side

IX

To speak in rhyme

Takes a lot of time

And takes a lot of skill

Your spells are undaunting

They rhyme without stopping

How amazing!

To go on and go on

As if singing a song

X

May your spells come right

May your life be true

May you be blessed by all

The gods that you chose

But, you suly know

That only one true God rules

For he loves you too

Look to him for the ultimate power, which you never knew

So mote it be! So mote it be!

The half rhyme is through

Cynthia Yildirim

Ode To Women

I

Wondrous mothers
Wondrous sisters
Givers of undefined love
Sweet and lovely still

II

Your eyes melt men's hearts
Your hair smells of scented baths
You are mother earth
Givers of life
Intelligent mistresses of God

III

Gentle kisses given
Children reared by you succeed
You creator of warriors and popes
You creator of writers and singers
You creator of friends and enemies

IV

So many words to describe
Your worth
Words from you quiet your families
You are exquisite and wise

V

Oppressed by man to this day
Man rules you with an iron fist
But, you fight and gain independence
This is splendor
Freedom from abuse by those
That claim to love you

VI

Bless you sister
Bless you mother
Days are better asunder
Fight on!

Cynthia Yildirim

On The Lot

On the Lot, my film making dreams come true
I speak to my crew swiftly
Man the lights!
Actors know your lines
The Time! has come
Action! I scream
Horrible, horrible!
Cut!
From the top

Days pass
Then weeks
Months

At last my masterpiece is made
It is sure to be a hit at the boxoffice

Ah! Miserable death you fail me
Rubert thumbs down, is he mad?
Then I dissolve into more scripts
I present new actors
And begin the whole saga again

Cynthia Yildirim

One Day I'll Be Like You

One day old man I'll be like you
My hands tired and torn
My back hunched over
My steps slow
My driving slower
My grandchildren lighting my eyes
My medicine cabinet full of things to save me
One day old man I'll be like you
And they would laugh at me
Though they would one day be like me

One day old woman I'll be like you
My hair dry and gray
My weight little from not eating
My cooking still superb
My heart heavy laden
My grandchildren given my name
My heart near collapse
One day old woman I'll be like you
And they will laugh at me
Though they would one day be like me

Cynthia Yildirim

Cynthia Yildirim

Our House

Our house, has four walls as any home
A door, that fails to lock
Walls, as kaleidoscopes
Windows, where breezes freely flow
Floors covered in murk black as dust
Cabinets, with broken hinges
Beds, that fall fast, no comfort
Dishes, unclean
Clothes, untended
Food, spoiled
White, sunken faces
Sounds loud, then silence
Paper, unspent
Lights faltering
Companions, lost
Lovers, kept
Mirrors, as demons
Water, as canyons to rot
Pictures to escape
Work, demeaning
Car, illusion
Husband, cold
Wife, lost
Kids, confused
Love, present then hidden
Walls without doors, doors without walls
Tears, apparent to hear
Thus, our house has four walls, as any home.

Cynthia Yildirim

Please Me Lover

English:

please me lover
tempt me
hold me
taste me
kiss me lover
beg me
feel me
want me
hear me lover
moaning
groaning
owning you
come to me lover
see me
talk to me
using signs
entice me lover
I am yours

(I translated my poem with an Internet translator into as many languages as I could. The link is at the bottom of the page if you want to translate your own poems too.)

Spanish:

por favor yo amante
tentarme
sostenerme
probarme
besarme amante
pedirme
sentirme
desearme
oírme amante
gemido
el gemir
poseerte
venido a mí amante

verme
hablar con mí
usar muestras
tentarme amante
Soy el tuyo

German:

bitte ich Geliebter
mich reizen
mich halten
mich schmecken
mich küssen Geliebter
mich bitten
mir glauben
mich wünschen
mich hören Geliebter
Ächzen
Ächzen
Besitzen du
gekommen zu mir Geliebter
mich sehen
mit mir sprechen
Verwenden der Zeichen
mich verleiten Geliebter
Ich bin Ihr

French:

svp j'amoureux
me tenter
me tenir
me goûter
m'embrasser amoureux
me prier
me sentir
me vouloir
m'entendre amoureux
gémissement
gémissement
possession de toi
venez à moi amoureux
me voir
me parler

employer des signes
m'attirer amoureux
Je suis à vous

Italian:

prego me amante
tentarlo
tenerlo
assaggiarlo
baciarlo amante
elemosinarlo
ritenerlo
desiderarlo
sentirlo amante
gemito
gemito
possederli
venuto a me amante
vederlo
comunicare con me
usando i segni
attrarlo amante
Sono il vostro

Russian:

п о ж а л у й с
т а , м н е л ю б
о в н и к а
и с к у ш а й м
е н я
п р о в е д е т
м е н я
в к у с м н е
п о ц е л о в а
т ь м е н я л ю
б о в н и к а
п р о ш у м е н
я
с ч и т а ю т м
е н я
х о т и т е , ч т
о б ы я

у с л ы ш а т ь
м н е л ю б о в
н и к а
з д е с ь
г р о м к о
в ы в л а д е т
ь
п р и ш л о м н
е л ю б о в н и
к а
в и д е т ь м е
н я
г о в о р и т ь
м н е
с п о м о щ ь ю
з н а к о в
п о б у ж д а ю
т м е н я л ю б
о в н и к а
Я в а с

Chinese:

請 我 的 愛 人
誘 使 我
我 舉 行
我 的 滋 味
吻 我 的 愛 人
我 謹
我 的 感 覺
我 想
聽 到 我 的 情 人
呻 吟
呻 吟
擁 有 你
來 我 的 情 人
我 見
我 談
使 用 標 誌
吸 引 我 的 情 人
我 和 你

Chinese: (simplified)

请 我 的 爱 人
诱 使 我
我 举 行
我 的 滋 味
吻 我 的 爱 人
我 谨
我 的 感 觉
我 想
听 到 我 的 情 人
呻 吟
呻 吟
拥 有 你
来 我 的 情 人
我 见
我 谈
使 用 标 志
吸 引 我 的 情 人
我 和 你

Japanese:

私 恋 人
私 を 誘 惑 し な さ
い
私 を 握 り な さ い
私 を 味 わ い な さ
い
私 に 恋 人 接 吻 し
な さ い
私 を 頼 み な さ い
私 を 感 じ な さ い
私 が ほ し い と 思
い な さ い
私 を 恋 人 聞 き な
さ い
呷 く こ と
う な る こ と
所 有
私 に 来 ら れ る 恋
人
私 に 会 い な さ い
私 に 話 し な さ い
印 を 使 用 し て

私 を 恋 人 誘 惑 し
な さ い
私 は あ な た の で
あ る

Portuguese:

por favor mim amante
tempt me
prender-me
provar-me
beijar-me amante
implorar-me
sentir-me
querer-me
ouvir-me amante
moaning
gemer
possuindo o
vindo a mim amante
ver-me
falar-me
usando sinais
seduzir-me amante
Eu sou seu

Arabic:

ي ر ج ى ل ي ا ل
ح ب ي ب
ي غ ر ي ل ي
ع ق د ل ي
ط ع م ل ي
ت ق ب ي ل ل ي ا
ل ح ب ي ب
ت س و ل ل ي
ا ش ع ر م ن ي
ي ر ي د و ن م ن
ي
ا س م ع م ن ي ا
ل ح ب ي ب
ا ل ش ك و ى
ا ل أ ن ي ن
ا ن ت ت م ل ك

ح ا ن ل ي ا ل ح
ب ي ب
ا ن ظ ر ل ي
ي ت ح د ث و ن إ
ل ي
ا س ت خ د ا م ع
ل ا م ا ت
إ غ ر ا ء ل ي ا
ل ح ب ي ب
أ ن ا ل ك

Cynthia Yildirim

Prop

Prop us on your breast
For we are needy
Dance with me in distress
For we are greedy
Bound me with your twine
For we are loose

Everyday a new breath taken
To live, to die
Who cares for this!
For we are diligent

Prop us up against yonder wall
For we are falling
Praise our name
For we are mighty

So for this we gain nothing
Reveal us to all
Confusion

Cynthia Yildirim

Rannato

Rannato at the grotto
Stole a pipe from Divo
Stuck it down his pants
The women went into a trace
The men chased him thus

Poor Rannato!

Rannato at the fair
Everyone stared
He had fell down
Into the lions dust
The lion chased him thus

Poor Rannato!

Rannato at work,
being a jerk
Had to much fun,
with the aupair
With a lot of cuss
The owner chased him thus

Poor Rannato!

Rannato at home,
The day was looking dim
Rannato had always been
He went to his mamma
He spat in her pastrami
Mamma chased him thus

Mamma was very fast,
faster than the men
faster than the lion
faster than the owner
She caught him thus
So Rannato cried as
she tore his side

Thus, thus

Poor Rannato!

Cynthia Yildirim

10/18/2006

Cynthia Yildirim

She Was

She was a breaker of many hearts
Till her heart was torn apart
She cried it seemed forever
Till one day she met her lover
They married and had ten kids
She was the breaker of many hearts
Now she is the breaker of many bottoms

Cynthia Yildirim

The Laughter

The laughter in your heart
Would melt a melting pot
Would rise a sunken ship
Save a lady in distress
Lead the lost to find their way
Cause pain to go away

Your laughter
Is my laughter
Your heart, my heart
Two risen ships
Of ladies of lost
From laughter of pain
Let us unite these good things

Cynthia Yildirim

The Three Sticks

Three sticks are bound
One is ample and slim
One is long and voluptuous
And one is revolting

The slim wiggles free
The voluptuous knocks revolting
Thus is freed
Revolting mopes around

Slim surpasses them both
Voluptuous takes pictures
Revolting writes a book

They thus become Madonna,
Marilyn Monroe and me.

Cynthia Yildirim

Cynthia Yildirim

The True Poet

She sits alone
with her pen in hand
writing about all love's woes.
She studies the actions of the
sparrow depicting it's movement
with the beautiful language
of poetry.

Her wit greets her

Her mind full of descriptions
of the most wondrous things.
Writing is her passion
Everyone knows.

Her heart deceives her

For poetry is a great art form
that should encompass no limits she says.
Write with all that escapes you.
Let the universal knowledge overtake you

He sits alone
with his pen in hand
writing about all love's woes.
He studies the actions of the
sparrow depicting it's movement
with the beautiful language of poetry.

His wit greets him

His mind full of descriptions
of the most wondrous things.
Writing is his passion
Everyone knows.
His heart deceives him

For poetry is a great art form
that should have no limitations he says.

Write with all that escapes you.
Let the universal knowledge overtake you

They meet

Cynthia Yildirim

Time Traveler

This is not the present but the past
I am flying through time
Considering the beginning of reactions,
And the end of actions, the merge and disperse of atoms
I gaze upon Hawking, Kaku, Greene, and Morris working on their secret theories,
they are close to a new discovery I sense, their blended knowledge is immense,
thus
I journey on
This maze ah it's deep and swirls like a drain
My being is ripped apart and put together again
Somewhere else, somewhere unknown to me

Ah, I recognize it now,
It is, the life that I live in my dreams
My other life, I have crossed over
I see the house two stories, and that window
Of which, I always peer out of in my dreams
Now I see my other self and my room, which is hers
It is the same as any other room, yet nicer
I have a conversation with myself within her dream
She lives my life I live hers but only in thoughts
She dreamed me here
I dreamed her there
We travel in this way
From here to there and there to here
She shared her secrets and I shared mine
We exchanged knowledge of our worlds
It's always the same dream of doom
When she tries to warn me of her mistakes
So that I do not do them too
A time traveler within present time
Bending Strings that easily unwind
This is power this is grace
Taking a journey through God's great space
Time to go back and wake from dreams
What a cosmos to behold in one wish the truth is told
Bend, Shape, Conform them all into a single ball

Why This Pain?

Why this pain?

Is it me?

Guilt for life's wrongs

Great uncertainty

Days of thunder

Nights of tears

Love of no others

Does thou'st hear?

Cynthia Yildirim