

Poetry Series

Diana Poems
- poems -

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Diana Poems()

A Mother's Day Gift

I watered you everyday
But for four days
I went away

Coming back
I found you shriveled
Your leaves dried up and wrinkled
All the other flowers were smiling
But, you were the only one dieing

I bought you on mother's day
And you were not so cheap I must say
You had no blooms
But the sales man promised you would
So, I trusted too hard
And ripped the receipt
And took you home with me

As hardy as you claim to be
You seem weak
No flower ever peaked

I feed you fertilized food
As you are now on your death bed
But you haven't woken up yet
I am still waiting
As I water you everyday
Maybe you'll come back to life
And i'll get my fifty-two dollars back some day

Diana Poems

Blink Wink Love

Blink Wink Love

Blink...blink...wink
Why is it that you tease me so?
Wink...wink...blink
Why is it that you let me go?
Back and forth
Forth and back
The corners are always too sharp
The lines are not straight enough
The ink never bleeds
The sap never sticks
Blink...blink
Your eyes tell lies
Smirk...smirk
Your smile dies
Tick...tock
The clock laughs
Splish...splash
The scales get scraped against the rock
Beep...beep
The horn mocks
Blink...blink...wink
Why is it that you love me so?
Wink...wink...blink
Why is that you took so long?
Tick...tock
The clock speaks
Splish...splash
The scales heal
The corners become smooth
In and Around
Around and In
The lines become straight
Beep...beep
The wedding bells slam on the horn
The ink flows onto the signatures
The sap sticks to pictures
Blink...blink...wink

Remember when you teased me so?
Wink...wink...blink
Remember when you never let me go?

- By Diana Magiera

Diana Poems

Connecting Knots

The pain you went through
When you had me

Now you have me
And you have pain

When I hurt
And

When you hurt
I feel pain

You created
A life cycle

From your own blood
From your own genes

In this cycle
I care for you

Not because I have to
But because I want to

You care for me
Not because you have to

But because you want to
We are connected

You and me
In ways that keep us bonded

Together
You made a knot

I am the knot
I will not let go

Because you are my mother
You have created me

A life cycle
I have learned from you

That will keep oncoming knots
Connected

Diana Poems

Daizy

Tears fell for you
As 11 years grew on you
Your silent eyes were an ocean blue
That stopped blinking one day
How we miss you
Our little Daizy
You gave us so much joy
We spoiled you till the end
And you rewarded us with laughter
With love
With happiness
I remember when you were alive
You would fetch a toy mouse
We laughed
You would cuddle by our side
We were loved
You purred
We smiled back in happiness
Our stress was gone
Once we touched you
Years flew by
But you couldn't reach 12 years
We tried everything
We hooked you on an IV
We gave you medications
We got an ultrasound done on you
As they shaved your belly
The belly that once liked being rubbed
Was then bare and pale
Your kidneys were failing
We didn't know how much you would live for
So...
We tried again
We pulled out 12 of your teeth
Maybe if we cleaned them every year
You wouldn't have developed severe dental disease
That caused your kidneys to fail
But it was too late
I looked at you

You were sad, confused, mad
Blood dripped from your mouth
You were hooked on an IV once more
The Doctor said you might get better
So...
We tried again
We took you home
We gave you antibiotics
We gave you pain killers
But
Your kidneys were weak
You started getting weak
So...
We tried again
We went back to feeding you kitten food
From our hands
We forced you to eat
You refused
You began losing weight
We were desperate
So...
We tried again
We took you to the Doctor
Hooked you to an IV
Took you back home
Nothing changed
You were dieing
Tears began to fall
As reality set in
We couldn't try anything anymore
Money couldn't save you
We needed a miracle
We prayed and prayed
But, for some reason
God didn't want to bring you back
You couldn't walk anymore
And you couldn't eat
Your white fur began to look like the feathers of an angel
As you got closer to heaven
You suffered and suffered
So....
We tried one last thing

We took you to the Doctor
You gave out your paw and we held it tight
And with a quick injection through your IV
We gave you the direct door to heaven
You died with your blue eyes fixed on us
I gently closed your lids
Our hearts are now hollow and bare
Even though you sleep forever close to your home
Our hearts go with you in the soil

Diana Poems

Drama

Send me messages
Call me numerous times
I won't pick up
My trust
Fails for you
Too many times
You create drama
Too many times
You create despair
For yourself
And others
Too much negative
Not enough positive
Makes my world
And yours
Depressing
You leave a tsunami of tears
Next second
You change your currents
From anger
To nothing is wrong
I'm sick of this drama
It is not worth listening
To the same thing
Over and over
I want to yell
But you are fragile
I want to tell you my REAL opinion
But you will take offense
I want to tell you the truth
But you don't want to hear it

Diana Poems

Eternaty

For those who think Forever does not exist
Tell me why

Why does a man and woman join hearts forever
And end up side by side in the dirt?

Do their souls not rise together if they die in love?
Tell me why

Does a ring have soo much power?
That lifetimes and lifetimes cannot break it?

Tell me why
Do kisses feel soft?

Doesn't touch last more than words?
Tell me that forever does not exist

And I will tell you that I am God

Diana Poems

Hard Times (From Michigan)

In these hard times
Of unreported unemployed voices
Of ignored college graduates
Of desperate youth
As well as desperate old
In these times
Education is overlooked
Pale profit wins over ethics
Our youth gets pushed further
Further away from their hard earned achievements
Further away from their intricate dreams
In these times
Fresh bread is left behind to turn into mold
Experience overtakes knowledge
Education becomes a burden
The educated are the punished
When they should be awarded
Education is no longer counted as experience
Our interactions with one another
Is no longer experience
They become experience (in the eyes of employers) by the documentation of a
paycheck
To be qualified
We must be paid to interact with each other
We must be paid to use our knowledge
We must be paid to develop our skills
When in reality
We pay for our education ourselves
And in our education in which we pay
We interact and learn from others without demanding to be paid
In the eyes of the employer
Education is not experience
Eight years of college and achieving a P.H.D.
Is no longer experience
What employers don't realize is...
Education is a full-time job
A full time job that we do not get paid for
Education doesn't employ us
We employ education for ourselves

Yet...education is still not experience
When will they open their eyes and enlighten their minds?
Education should never have to come last
But should always come first
No wonder we are behind

Diana Poems

Minutes Before He Closed His Eyes

Minutes before he closed his eyes
He stared at the wall
Looking at the wallpaper full of pies
He could taste the sweetness of life

Minutes before he closed his eyes
He glanced over to the side
His dresser was sweeping with expensive ties
His mouth drooping open wide
He gulped the memories in
And came to peace with his sins

Minutes before he closed his eyes
He glanced at his golden door knob
He wishes he could open it
And scream and sob

Minutes before he closed his eyes
He looked at his wife
She was stuck in a frame
He reached out with his dear life
But he couldn't even say her name

Minutes before he closed his eyes
He thought about being six feet under ground
The thought made him shiver
But he made no sound

Minutes before he closed his eyes
He looked out the window
The clouds looked as if they were preparing to take him
And, on his window sill, he saw a willow

Minutes before he closed his eyes
He felt his bones become weak
He couldn't speak
His tears soaked his eyelashes
His cheeks were red like rashes
His forehead felt hot

His heart felt smaller than a dot
His feet were cold
And his hands were stuck in a fold

Seconds before he closed his eyes
He saw a light
That's when he began to give up his fight
He looked one more time at his wife
And sucked in one last breath
As God swept his soul from life

Diana Poems

More Friends, More Work

I always thought
The more friends you have
The better

I always thought
The more friends you have
The better your life

I always thought
The more friends you have
The better your life will be

I always thought
The more friends you have
The better your life will be and the happier

I always thought
The more friends you have
The better your life will be and the happier you will become

I now realize
The more friends you have
The less time

I now realize
The more friends you have
The less time you have

I now realize
The more friends you have
The less time you have for yourself

I now realize
The more friends you have
The more they add to your life
And the more they subtract from your life

So... why not stick to less when you can have the same amount?

Playboy

She poses with her legs spread
The muscles in her thighs show
She looks at you with her blue eyes
Her blonde hair flowing in curls
Her bust is two basketballs
Both cupped in each of her tiny hands
She flexes her stomach for you
Until you can see her muscles
She wants you to be aroused
But you cannot touch her
She is a photograph
Of colored pixels
She is a woman
With silicone breasts
Other women wish to be her
Wish to have her body
Wish to have her hair
But we cannot be her
Men cannot even touch her
She is there to stare at
For men to dream of
She is there for other women to envy
To encourage other young women
To become what she is
A beautiful fake plastic barbie doll
In men's eyes she is purely sexy
Purely beautiful
Purely seductive
But in our eyes
She is purely disfigured
Purely unnatural
Purely a touched-up photograph
Men- notice how there are no flaws on her
Don't ever expect a real woman to be her
A real woman spends her money on education
Not her bust or stomach tucks
Real women become damaged
By women like her
And by the photographs

That send a message
That we need to be like her
To fulfill our lives
Men- Would you love a woman even if she did not make herself pure fantasy?
Or is playboy blinding you of reality?

Diana Poems

Sometimes I Feel You

Sometimes I feel you
Your presence

Tickling my neck
Sometimes I feel you

Waking up
Feeling my Sweat drip

I saw you
Sometimes I reach for you

My hand stretching
My muscles stiffening

I cannot get to you
Sometimes I talk to you

My eyes closed
In the middle of the night

When my body sleeps
And my mind does not

Sometimes I feel you
Dripping from the sky

You are lonely
You seem sad

You bring weather
That makes my bones weak

Sometimes I feel you
Through my window

Gently stroking the blinds
Sometimes I hear you

Whistling through the air
Creating a tornado of despair

Sometimes I grieve for you
Your life was too short

When you left this world
I wasn't even born

But, you are not a stranger
You are my angel

And when you cry
You bring rain

And when you smile
The clouds move

Like your lips do
And the sunshine peaks through

Sometimes I feel you
Through black and white pictures

Your eyes gazing at me
Seeing the creation your daughter has made

You try hard to smile
Behind a garden

You have tamed
Only soon

Your garden will no longer be in your hands
Your eyes dry up

Your flowers dry up
Your hands no longer tame gardens on Earth

Sometimes I feel you
Through my mothers garden

Sometimes I taste you
Through my mothers recipes

Sometimes I see you
Through my mothers eyes

Diana Poems

The Clock Ticks In Darkness

The clock ticks
She lays
The morning sun
The blinds closed
Darkness
A knocking on the door
She lays
The door knob twists
Locked inside
The morning sun
Turns to dusk
She lays
The blinds untouched
A banging returns
The door springs open
She lays
Intruding the darkness
He turns pale
It was not fear
It was age
The clock ticks
He kneels
Looking into her pale blue eyes
Her stiff hand
Brings tears
He lays next to her
The silence
The darkness
Loneliness
He awaits his time
When the clock ticks
In darkness

Diana Poems

The Engine That Keeps Us Running

At the end of the sidewalk
There is a turn
Near the end of the road
There is an exit
Our engines run together
Never turning separately
But in union
And together
We never exit the road we travel
The love we have for one another
Is our engine
An engine that no one can duplicate
That no one can force into exit
That no one can expire
Together
Our fuel never runs out
We are champions of a mass race
Apart
The coolant cannot cool
The steering wheel cannot steer
The wheels cannot turn
The oil starts to leak
And our engine cannot breathe
Until our engines fall apart
And we cannot race together anymore
Into the heavens we will be
Our engines will be known
For their ability to run together
In union
Through all our life
And others will wonder
How, through so many glitches
We have still made it
And we have managed to fix all errors
And others will wonder
How we kept each other running
Through many engine stalls
And through so many leaks
People will wonder

How we always managed to patch those leaks
And with every spark
We have always started up again
Our engines
Are infamous
Are great
Cannot be copied
Cannot be managed by anyone
But ourselves
Without your engine
My engine would be stalled
With a little spark
We are back in the race
The never ending race
That will only keep us side by side
Until the end of our engine life days

Diana Poems

The Folk Dance

I came to visit you
Your eyes lit up the second you saw me
You ran towards me in a pink fluffy dress
Your arms squeezed around my hips
As I put my arms around your chubby shoulders
We embraced for the first time in nine years
I then took your hand and placed it in mine
As we began walking across the greenest grass I have ever seen
We strolled through rocky pavements
We strolled by fields of sunflowers and corn
We strolled across a wooden bridge above a river
We strolled by nearby hills where we saw wild horses, wild turkeys and chickens
roaming freely
We even saw swans floating on the nearby river
Then
One night
You told me to dance
The minute I held your tiny hands
I couldn't let go again
We danced to the folk music
I had forgotten the traditional dance
But you held on to me
And were not embarrassed of my forgotten moves
You showed me off
To all your friends
You never stopped smiling
You never stopped dancing
Naive young boys and men wanted to break our dance
But we kept holding on
No one could stop us
No one got between us
We danced the night away
The wine I had made me sweat more
But we kept holding on with sweaty palms
And we danced in circles
We kicked our legs
And I started to learn my homeland's dance again
You started laughing
As you were out of breath

But you didn't look at all tired
Your eyes gleamed
Your energy bloomed minute after minute
You were so happy to dance with me
It was the first time in fifteen years
That the American way of dancing was of no interest to me
It was the first time in nine years that I got to hold you
It was the first time that I have truly danced the folk dance
Without any American moves
Without any American words
Without any thoughts of America
The music pierced through my ears
I can smell the fresh farm air through it
And taste the natural wine
Memories of Romania pierced through my heart
As you held my hand
And danced the Folk dance

Diana Poems

The Funeral's Rain

The day comes
The preparations have been done
They come walking in
Black clothes
Black skies
Cloudy hearts
Stepping outside
The rain gives in
The umbrellas flip open
The sound of thunder awakens the spirits
The rain pours harder
Tears mix in with the Earth's water
Why does it always rain at a funeral?
For surely no one picks a date when it will rain
Even if one does
No one can fully predict the weather
No matter how hard one tries
So... why does it always rain at a funeral?
Perhaps it is a sign
A divine awakening
A divine cleansing of a new life
In the heavenly skies
As the spirit rises to God
While we mortals blindly watch the lowering of the casket
The rain clouding our eyes
Bringing forth the smell of the Earth
Reminding us why we are here
And what this Earth has given us...
Life...
So... why does it always rain at funerals?
Perhaps it is God's tears
Tears of celebration
Tears of joy
Of God's long awaiting
For those beloved pure souls
Yet we mortals weep
In agony and pain
Not fully realizing
That the departed has gone

Gone only from our Earth
And entered another dimension of the infinite universe
Where dreams of angels come alive

Diana Poems

The Trickster Of Romance

I whisper sweet nothings in your ear
They mean nothing to me
I comfort you gently
When you are in fear
You still don't see
I don't love you today or tomorrow
But you think and feel that I do
A love of drama, a love of sorrow
You still don't have a clue
I avoid your hand when you place it out
I avoid your phone calls when it's all about you
Inside, your heart shouts
For my attention, for my ignorance to undue
You still don't have any doubts
I am the trickster of romance
I hide behind a smile
I make your heart dance
With the littlest efforts for a while
Until teardrops wake you
Until sanity comes through
Until reason gives a clue
Maybe then will you begin to have doubts
Maybe then will you begin to listen to your heart's shouts
Maybe then will you see right through me
And be able to set yourself free
And be loved by someone who actually loves you
And finally hold a hand that is true

Diana Poems

Tree Of Life

Tree of Life

You stand there
Still as a rock
You hold your fruit you bear
The amount of wrinkles spreads around you
Many years entwine your body
As your dark circles under your eyes
Get bigger with age
Your neck swoops lower as you sleep
Your green hair flows in the summer
But sheds in the winter
You smile as a child climbs onto your arms
The only movement you feel
If only your neck wouldn't be so stiff
You would turn towards the sun
And engulf its energy through your skin
If only legs would move you
You would walk where there is no noise
You would run to where there is no human life
For humans are the only ones who end your life early
And sit on your remains
They sleep on your arms
Rip your neck into trim
Drill your eyes into holes
Puncture your skin with letters and words
Burn your flesh with fire
If only you had legs
You would escape
You would find paradise
You would bring forth years of fresh air
In a life of mass pollution
Mass destruction
Mass consumerism
Mass populations
Funny how you save us
And in return we end you
All in the name of greed
- By Diana Magiera

Diana Poems

Valentine's Day

To those of you
Who don't have a hand to hold

Who don't have lips to kiss
Who try to avoid the teddy bears and chocolates

But then end up buying them anyway
To those of you

Who take a quick glance
Of a couple kissing

Touching
Exchanging gifts

And for some odd reason
You wish you were in the same situation

To those of you
Who are lonely this Valentine's day

Don't be
Enjoy the candy!

Diana Poems

Water

You sway
Like my emotions
You glitter
Into my eyes
You swallow
Me inside
You give me warmth
You make me shiver
You keep the petals of a rose
From wither
I look at you
You are transparent
But within you
There is beauty
There is life
And without you
My petals will stiffen and wither

Diana Poems

Where's Waldo

Out of all the people

Where's Waldo

Where can I find the stripes of red

In a sea of dread

Out of all the people

Where's Waldo

Where can I find those magnified eyes

That gleam into mine

Where's Waldo

In a world where a million turns into a billion

Where's Waldo

Where dreams are changed in a minute

And time runs by every second

Where's Waldo

When I'm swinging on a swing in the middle of winter

And the cold air stings like a splinter

Where's Waldo

To warm me up when I don't have a jacket

To kiss me when he's got a cold and then I catch it

Where's Waldo

When the sun sets over the horizon

And I'm covered in darkness until morning has risen

Where's Waldo

Where can I find someone to feel pride with

And stop believing that true love is a myth

Where's Waldo

In a world where true inspiration is misunderstood

Where love songs become crude

Where's Waldo

Wish I can go back in time and find me one from the 20's

When love was sacred and not delirious

Where's Waldo

In these times it's easy to give up

As divorce rates overflow the cup

Where's Waldo

Diana Poems

Without A Heart

Without a heart
We don't have a compassionate mind
Without a mind
We cannot understand
We live in a world of empty hearts
They are there
But often we neglect them
We were born naked
And as we grow
We clothe our compassion

We clothe our emotions
We clothe our hearts
And at the same time
We quickly state our identities
We show our degrees
We speak about our dreams
And often
We dream and dream
Pondering on what is missing in our lives
Pondering why we feel so empty

Pondering on which to choose...
More money or more time
We unfold our hands
They are there
But they are empty
We feel good about what we have
But it is never enough
Or is it?

We live in a society
That thrives on our hard work and sweat
Our sense of community is overall diminished
It is a way of the past
Or is it not?
I lent my hand out to those in need
And it has saved me from being drowned in materialism
It filled my heart with compassion

Filled my heart with pride

Filled my mind with knowledge
In that I am learning from others
And at the same time
They are learning from me
Helping one another
Accepting help from others
Acknowledging our neighbors
Instead of ignoring them

This is what life is really about
A community of hearts
Each interacting and helping one another
Through this
Our community can grow again
And the past will not be forgotten
Of good old days
When people would pride their relationships with others
Instead of only priding documents and papers
Full of egocentric intentions

Diana Poems

You Have Everything

Indulged
Not happy

You have everything
I have nothing

I get excited
You pretend to be

I cry of joy
You cry of laughter

Indulged
You have everything

I have nothing
I am thankful

You are flattered
I feel loved

You feel lonely
You have everything

Yet you have nothing

Diana Poems