

Poetry Series

Elizabeth Middleton
- poems -

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Elizabeth Middleton()

A Fox's Point Of View

The frozen snow crunched under the weight of my paws. Overhead, the grey clouds threatened to drop a blistering snowfall, one of the last of the season. The South winds were blowing and the birds returning. The blue waters just past my hiding spot meant fish for the coming summer. I sat on the edge of a cliff peering over a small bolder, and watching the scene play out before me.

My family hid close by, waiting for my return with their breakfast. A hunter lay off to my side perusing his own prey. "Why does the white man hate me so?" I wondered, "back when I was a cub, the dark humans were kind to me and my kind. Now, these white men come with guns, and tore my family apart." Previous to that same year, I had spied them in their own dens wearing the skins of my parents on their heads!

All I had wanted then was to live without the man of white. They had taken my pack along with my joy and light. Even with what little I had left, he lay there planning to take it all away. I was not going to allow that to happen again! I jumped out of my spot and acted as if I was afraid of the sight of him! This got the chase started. This got him after me, but I wanted to test him and see how badly he wanted my skin! I ran straight for the white birds that had served me well many times before. They would make him dodge and duck until he got tired and finally, he would give up the chase. After I had thanked the birds for another victory, I had thought I was safe, but I was a fool.

Just behind the bush where my family remained hidden, lay a familiar ball went flying in my direction. I ducked just in time, but the white man's ball went far. Black birds flew from the bush where the ball had come from. Another one sounded and had taken to the air, but this one wasn't coming towards me. My friends, the white birds, grew fearful. They screeched and squawked before they flew away. I bolted to my family with my heart racing fast and furious! Was she still there? Were they alright?

I arrived at my den where my cubs all huddled shaken and frightened. My beautiful mate was nowhere to be seen.

I warmed them against my belly reassuring them with the same noises she used to make. I tried everything I knew, but nothing seemed to be able to calm them from the scene they had just witnessed. It was exactly the state I had been in when I had come home to an empty den, and later found my parents on the white men's heads. Somehow, I would get her back! Somehow I would find her again! Somehow ...

Elizabeth Middleton

Blue

It is thought to be the essence of a being,
Or even a symbol of something.
Perhaps it is simply primary to the earth.
It's grown from the perception that originally gave it birth.
Can it do more than just interpreting?

On the Earth it covers;
The sky, ocean, flowers, and berries.
In our own selves it can encompass;
Eyes, emotions, sapphires, lights, ideas, and even our dreams.
It is a birth stone,
And maybe even an insurance company,
That's what it means to be a color.

Elizabeth Middleton

Color Me Not

Tears of frustration pour down her face,
She can not figure out her place.
Her eyes see no color.
Not black, white, yellow, nor brown.
To tell her that she does not belong,
Is where the teller is entirely wrong.
Raised by parents of African descent,
But she is white one hundred percent.
Now told she must no longer be by her family,
They can not stand, 'to see her by these people.'
The respect she once held for the governor,
Now belongs under her feet on the ground.
'Your tale is wrong, and you are a disgrace.'
As she threw the paper back in his face.

Elizabeth Middleton

Creation Cycle

Something is made because someone cares about it.
What gives it value, is how much that person cares for it.
Everyone cares, but not everyone fights for what they love,
Yet it is that battle that determines life or death.
It is a long and hard battle,
But the victory is sweet!
Everyone watching a victory, gains hope.
Those who loose grow as hard as the battle was,
Those watching the loss, gain fear.

Elizabeth Middleton

From Underneath The Trees

As I lay here beneath the trees,
I watch the dazzling stars as they perform their dance of light.
They sparkle as if in celebration because they know!
They know that for me the world has ceased to spin,
Or if it is spinning I have realized it for the first time!

He is here with me!
Right here next to me is my love!
He is mine for he has just claimed me as his,
And we are one together for we are each other's.
I live with him, for he gives me a new life.

Together, we are more than we ever were apart.
We combine not only our thoughts and actions,
but also our fates.
We have changed for it is no longer My future and His future,
But it is Our future.

With the warmth of his body next to mine,
We are laying here intertwine.
We now live, and are alive!
Our purpose to fulfill,
That is where we strive!

Elizabeth Middleton

How Did I Loose Those?

I've lost many other things before.
From my keys to my rings,
From my books to my tickets,
And from my friends to my lover.

Well, no one ever thought,
That a ditz such as me,
Could even be taught,
Or possibly scrape her knee,
Over loosing her mothers three.

I had three you see.
One for my dad,
One for my steps,
And another for fall back.
As one died and the other left.

They later found me some how,
And entrusted me with their remains,
Only the Lord know why,
To keep and remember them all bye.

I was so tired,
I didn't know what else to do.
So, I took the vases off my bed.
I slept well that night,
But when I awoke,
The vases were nowhere in sight!

I have searched and searched,
But to no avail.
I will wait and see,
When my husband comes to be hailed,
If he might know, or have seen,
My mothers three.

Besides and after all,
He did not like them,
And never will,

For they took us,
Out of their wills.

Elizabeth Middleton

Hydrothermal Vents

Hydrothermal Vents

Powerful, Life Giver

Billowing, Growing, Exploding

Underwater Oasis

Fissure

Elizabeth Middleton

I No Longer Have You

Form the innocence of our youth,
Beginning in sharing the feelings we felt.
I remember sitting in that booth,
And the place that to me, one knee you knelt.
What happened to us?
What have we become?

You used to laugh and smile so much more.
I had a dream that we'd be forever.
Your heart was mine, but it fell and I
Can not tell where, but my heart is still yours.
Sharing all, we'd thought we'd always be here.
Why've we grown apart?
What happened to us?

All that's left are questions unanswered,
Can anyone know how to mend our hearts?
From the pain we caused, we have shuddered,
And now all that remains is unmended hurts.
Impossible odds disturb our peace.
Can't we fix this mess?
Why've we grown apart?

Why can't things be the way they started?
My heart is lost without yours beside it!
Where has it gone? Why has it fallen?
Was my love not strong enough to grip it?
You are different, you're not the same.
Yet, who is to blame?
The music is gone!

The music is gone.

Elizabeth Middleton

Jumping

I've decided something... I'm going to jump! I've run from other relationships. I was afraid. I was afraid of the pain, the hurt, and of losing everything in the wars of love. Watching others, I thought that I would go down the same road, but this time is different! I am NOT them. This time is ME. Colors and nature's treasures jab violently at my new range of vibrant vision. The world has reached a new level of reality, and joy! From an unmatured heart, to a huge experience of joy! I want to lose myself and grow to what others have said is the joy to come!

I want to fly,

I want to love and be loved,

I want to feel the bright sensation of happiness!

I want to jump, skip, and run with no cares in the world! So now, I'll jump!

Holding back nothing, but being prepared for everything!

I am going to jump.

Elizabeth Middleton

Little Voices

The soft voices of adults' whispers tickle my neck as I listen and learn my first words.

Now, younger siblings tug and pull as they gain attention with their own voices. Friends are great through school years, but mother says their voices are too loud.

Going to weekend get-togethers with the same family with the same annoying voices.

Getting caught breaking the rules, you'll catch the forceful voices of those in the authorities.

Sweet and tender, one always longs to hear the voice of one's lover.

Soon enough, little voices of your flesh and blood bless your ears.

Finally, you are old enough to appreciate the voices of the sages helping you along.

After a while, all of the voices loose sound and are silent from your own age, But visions of beauty a generation away, bless you with the little voices of their own by using them.

Elizabeth Middleton

Making Poems

Coming down in the rain,

Only to hide my shame.

Removing all of the pain,

Trying not to seem lame.

Too late.

Elements, feelings, and an attempt to look deep with rhyme ...

Yep legless.

Elizabeth Middleton

Money Makes The World Go `round

Starting in perhaps you own hands,
A dollar encourages you to take a turn.
You spend it on another drink as you always have,
Unable to stop the urge.
Now, the bartender will take his turn.

He will buy his daughter an art set.
It is the only thing she has asked for all year.
Christmas morning her dreams come true,
And she will become a great artist.
Now the girl he bought it from will take her turn.

She has had a rough journey.
She will buy a gun to end her life.
Not thinking of anyone she's letting down,
She goes to an alley and fires.
Now the boy she bought the gun from takes his turn.

He had always been told that he couldn't do it.
Born to fail he had been a drug dealer,
But he wanted to change by going to college.
He became the new town mayor.
He sees you on his way to city council.

Taking pity on you,
He hands you the dollar.
"God bless you." Is your automatic response.
He leaves and you look at your hand.
Staring at the sky you wonder,
"Where will the world turn because of me today? "

Elizabeth Middleton

Morgan

More than life

Over achiever

Rights and freedom lover

Ground rules setter

After life believer

Never left my side

Elizabeth Middleton

Musical Colors

The rhythms of life plus the beauties of nature,
Everything blends in this world of mine,
And it is perfect.

The smells of fresh dew go to green blurs,
The beauty of the sky with clouds turns to light blue,
Sounds of birds singing becomes yellow,
The butterflies are now lilac,
The forest underbrush spins to brown,
The hum of all the wildlife becomes red,
Finally, the breeze sweeps them all away,
And everything seems clear.

And the beautiful scene of senses plays before me.
This time I can think about my next move.
Here in the forest, a theatre of nature performs just for me.

Elizabeth Middleton

New Worlds

While creating in the meadows,
You dream a dream of innocence,
Worlds are created and disappear in the same breathe.

Until, the day you,
Share your world of creation with another.

Now, your world is restricted.
And yet, it grows,
It's bigger than it's ever been,
because there's more than just you two.

Elizabeth Middleton

No, I'm Not!

I am not the rug you hang out to dry every so often,
I am not the dog you can kick and people ignore,
I am not your mother to do the cooking and the cleaning!
I am not your sister who desires no affection from you!
I am not your slave to obey your every whim.
I am not your breeder to provide heirs.
I am not super woman who does everything perfectly.
I am not a bird that eats little and gives music.

I am your wife.

As long as you understand this love of my life,
We will be fine.

Elizabeth Middleton

Tennis

Yellow fuzzy ball
Strategically place my hits
Winning the game

Elizabeth Middleton

The Unsaid Feelings

Blessed is the heart that breaks for the simple things,
They care when no one else does.

I feel ...

I am fighting a personal battle,
And no one can hear my plea for help.

But I feel ...

A righteous ANGER for all of the wrongs in this World!

I see the pain of others and burst into flames inside!

But I feel ...

A passive calm and peace that comes from the need of compromise.

I feel ...

Elizabeth Middleton

Un-Something!

If I were to Undo something, what would I undo? The death of the dinosaurs?

If I could Unbind something, what would it be? A marriage?

If I Unblocked a play, which would it be? West Side Story?

If I Unbuttoned something, would it be Dad's work shirt?

If I Unwrapped something, could it be someone else's present?

If I had Unfastened a seatbelt, whose would it be? The child's to save the mother?

What if YOU did it too?

You could Untie Tommy's shoes!

Maybe even Unstop Mommy and Daddy's special bottle in the fridge!

You could Unfix the toy Uncle Bob gave little sister!

Possibly even Unlock the door to the adult's room!

You could Unravel a mystery that of Where Daddy goes at night!

Or, you even could Unbuild the tree house!

Some things however; are best left alone, and this world can go on unchanged.

Elizabeth Middleton

Us

Her

Goofy, Giggly

Scheduling, Running, Finishing

Beautiful, Cutsie, Handsome, Charming

Working, Striving, Dedicating

Sensible, Intelligent

Him

Elizabeth Middleton

What I Share With The Water

I share it!

Waking to the humming of the birds,
I climb out of my grass blanket, and skip after the wind carrying leaves
into the sunset.

I dive in and start playing in the mud. I get it everywhere spreading its
soft joy.

Once again, I dance with the wind, and dry the mud with the leaves.

I take my daily lessons from the breathe of the trees.

Taking a break, I'll sit and sun bathe with the flowers.

Joining the rocks, I'll battle them in staring contests taking in all the new
points of their features.

Relaxing, I observe the clouds with the undergrowth of my haven.

Full of energy now, I return to learning by crawling with the bugs.

With my time on the land now finished, I'll wash in the sea.

Like a mother, she'll ask of me, 'How did you scrape your knee? ', 'Where did you
get that? ', but mostly, 'Why did you find all of these ways to get dirty? ' Then,
I'll reply with the story of every speck of dirt on me because, after all, she is my
mother and she cares. I'll explore, wash, and sleep there in the sea. The other
world under the veil of water. Finishing with my second adventure, I'll lay my
head down. Using the sand as a towel and for pillows. I wait and use the sun as
an alarm clock to start over.

Elizabeth Middleton

What Is Death?

ANOTHER STEP:

-How do we view birth?

As the beginning

-What is school like?

A public prison for everyone

A field of creativity and learning

-What does graduation mean?

Freedom

-How about a job?

Money

Making a dream(s) come true

-How does marriage strike you?

Love

Commitment

Slavery

-What are your plans on children?

Twenty

Zero

Two

-What does getting old mean?

Saggy

Wrinkles

Grumpy

Experienced/ Seasoned citizens

-So, How do we view death?

Elizabeth Middleton

With His Death Came My Life

My feet stop at his, my body feeling as cold as his was growing.

Too late to stop it, mortality was claiming the life it had given him, but as his soul left, it declared his eternal wings to my being.

More intimate than words of life, or love, can express, I experienced the adventures of a boy from birth, to tragic death. I realized all I had missed in my own life, and all that would go to waste if I didn't allow him to fly. It was then that I comprehended the true meaning of Life.

Elizabeth Middleton

You Left Me, But You Didn't

You left me, but you didn't.
You are gone and I cannot find you.
They tell me you left for a better place,
But you are not really gone see,
There is still a piece of you here in my heart.
I hold you close everywhere I go.
I think of you, everything seemingly rings of your memory.
Where I am, you are,
And you live on in me.
So you are not really gone,
Not completely,
Although I would rather have you here beside me,
And loose this constant pain,
I can still have you as mine.
Then I can live on without you,
But you are here beside me.

Elizabeth Middleton