

Poetry Series

**Faith Wood**  
**- poems -**

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# Faith Wood()

I'm a student, still currently in high school who loves writing and would love to make a career out of it someday.

# A Cause To A Start

Sinking into your skin,  
I call out for warmth  
muscles tightly gripped  
like a conscience around sin

With each encounter- I shiver  
Every brush of your fingertips  
and meeting of our palms  
is enough to make me quiver

Categorized by each raised brow  
The direction and precise location  
Pinpointed by the affection  
We will only deny now

I, famous for the foil heart  
You, for the conspicuous tongue  
But oh, how we yearn for something-  
A cause to a start

Faith Wood

# A Performing Art

Intimidation creeps upon me  
as if it is my greatest fear  
It stumbles from bar to bar  
searching for a fight  
It keeps its' fists closes and ready,  
dangling by its' side  
incase the moment happens to arise  
Words are slurred, left open ended,  
full of vindication,  
as it tries to justify  
the slamming of friend after friend

Communicating becomes too much trouble  
and demonstarting is now a performing art  
It's the capturing of victims,  
chewing and spitting them out  
Childhood lessons are forgotton,  
kept hidden under the rug-  
No need to bring them about  
when we're too concerned with self defense

Blinded by the corruption  
the idea of a hostile take-over,  
there is no room for reconciliation  
A minute man obsessed with his objective,  
fighting until the very end  
and now he'll make it alone.

Faith Wood

# A Reference To Pop Culture

She said, 'Hit me baby one more time'  
as if it was supposed to make sense  
Not that anything makes sense  
these days  
Everyone seems to be  
jumping on Oprah's couch just for the thrill  
and grabbing ahold of the Kabbalah bandwagon  
like a kilo of cocaine  
It's like a twitch we can't control  
We all yearn to have the power of the Decider  
in our fingertips  
that way we can show the world how we lean  
(like a cholo)  
And maybe if our lip gloss is 'poppin'" enough  
it might disguise our bleached blonde hair,  
love for money, and scandals in jail.  
We might be able to skid through rehab  
without any bump or glitch,  
least of all anyone even noticing  
But with it all going like it is  
I'd say 'it's just a little too late'

Faith Wood

# Apartment

I keep my mouth shut  
for fear of where it takes me,  
I'm a listless breeze out to sea  
Bottle me up and store me away  
(They told me it's worth more than you can pay)

From why I can tell  
Three is too large a crowd,  
and I know this is where my voice  
registers too loud,  
A decible away from going deaf, we can't deny  
the valid truth, the good honest try

So I'll award the credit,  
Applaud an attempt so gracious  
when all that we needed was an apartment a little more spacious  
Stuck in this bloated, heated loft  
I've recieved word- we've gone too soft.

Faith Wood

# As Plain As Stones

These metal doors feel like handcuffs  
This golden knob feels like a cell  
We're traveling through endless corridors  
with the halls having nothing to tell

This car engine sounds like a microphone  
These tires sound like the mall  
Running away with no destination,  
showing up unannounced with no call

This house smells like a chimney  
This bed feels nothing like a friend  
We sink inside until we collapse,  
not expecting to, in turn, meet our dear end

This lamp I lit seems too bright  
I can see everything manifested in the night  
There are cracks in our skin, bruises on our bones,  
But we never used to mind being as plain as stones.

Faith Wood

# Beyond All Recognition

You're famous for being the dial tone  
and I for the consistent ringing  
We are each other's foil when push comes to shove  
And that day, shove came on a little too strong,  
so tangled in wonder of what the clouds had in store  
that he didn't even notice the cliff before him  
And in a shot of tequilla, he was gone,  
tumbling to his demise,  
but not before he rightfull called out for a quick fix,  
something to mend the broken bits scattered about  
What is it that can be salvaged?

After that wreackage, I tested and quized myself  
on every Bible story I could recall,  
hoping it would strengthen my senses  
and clear a new path in the brush past the old mistakes  
But after hundreds of rehearsals,  
learning and memorizing seemed a bit over-rated  
and as complex as emotions are  
I'm not so sure they can be summed up  
in fables given to each generation  
Though it's tedious, we take notes on what's being preached  
as if it hold's the ansers to all our questions

But as the saying goes, we are 'F.U.B.A.R.'  
No repairs to talk of for the future  
We're cars with working engines,  
but our tanks are stuck on empty  
Without fuel we have no motivation to fix the broken fenders,  
or reconcile constricted hearts  
We speak with our mouths full,  
so no one can comprehend the sentences we form,  
but don't mean to say  
Smashed into pieces like the china we ate on,  
there's no going back

Faith Wood

# Bridges Over Moats

I scattered my plans around the seawater  
another sprinkle with each passing wave  
It was as if they were ashes-  
as good as dead  
We made all these plans  
but now they lie beneath their grave stones-  
as good as dead

We try with every square inch of energy  
to create an abundance of happiness in these situations  
Taking the dead vines, and hoping in their spot  
a bit of green grows  
But like gems we keep them too close,  
suffocating the chlorophyll until nothing can grow  
and each time, a piece of me begins to die

But we have dreams to surpass this-  
Build bridges over the moats we form,  
crossing only two by two because three is a crowd  
A few deep yoga breaths  
and I'm well on my way to keeping a loose grip  
We all long for closed fists  
but we just need a good breathing session

We paint our voices in color  
to keep each other intune and not so stagnant  
Must be diligent to reach the positive side  
and keep our feet walking in straight lines  
But at times we swerve  
and jerk out into the bushes and dirt  
and then somehow, we find our way back

Faith Wood

# Call It Karma

Don't bother walking by me ever again  
You're not a feather  
You are deserving of a heavy burden-  
no rocks  
not bricks  
but maybe guilt  
Maybe when it weighs you down until you suffocate,  
you'll understand  
Until then, you're like iron in my veins-  
heavy, annoying, and useless.

Faith Wood

# Carousel

Floating words,  
trickling letters  
falling on my skin-  
They're raindrops  
and when they all just settle in,  
We brush them aside,  
we wipe them away  
erasing everything, washed, away  
but I can't always do that

We make our way in endless tiring speech  
rambling a mile a minute  
round as a needle,  
we go round and round.  
We're a carousel  
and we spin,  
not realizing  
the faster we turn,  
the harder we fall.

Faith Wood

# Caught In The Currents

Blown around by the efforts to stop time,  
caught in the currents that make up each moment  
I never asked for anything more,  
but at this point I'm in too far  
Running on empty, and there's 5,000 miles left  
How much longer can we go?  
I'll do anything to get closer to my final destination,  
ignore all road signs if I must,  
just for that boost of confidence

Don't let it get the best of you  
It's all in the flick of a wrist  
and the carrying of hips

Grudgeholder, get a grip  
Fight your way out of the storm  
Leave home with a small warning label  
and keep in mind, we all want what we don't have  
It's a primary emotion found in all of us  
So grudgeholder, close your lips  
Know your time will come,  
but for now force a smile  
and forget all the rest.

Faith Wood

# Company In Musical Notes

Flooding through my stereo  
is the new mix you made me  
The air waves tickling my veins  
until they coil like wires

Head bobbing in a rythm  
I hear your words in the music  
coming through my speakers-  
all the things you couldn't say

I never imagined but I sure hoped,  
We keep eachother company in musical notes

Faith Wood

## Conjure, Contain, Muster

I conjure the strength in my will to fight  
I conjure the love and memories from past to present  
Making an effort-it's all that can be asked  
But only will I put the promises to the bone and muscle  
when I see fit  
If you were here, that time would be now  
But you're not.

I contain the bitterness stored in my tone  
I contain sentiment for what I've gained in time  
Securing ties and leaving a mark with a bow  
But it feels as right as raised eyebrows,  
shocking, welcomed with open mouths  
and wide eyes that really should be at their normal states  
If only things were different

I muster the confidence to strut down the walkway  
I muster the brilliance to make a comeback  
Keep my head up- don't mind the static  
But difficulties arise in what should be certainties  
and semantics become blurred  
The clouds fog up my mirrors-  
I cannot see.

Faith Wood

# Contrary Mary

They call me Contrary Mary  
If you speak, I'll take your words out of context  
They'll be nailed to the wall  
and placed in a nice frame for all to admire  
Sitting right beside my conclusions,  
I'll tell you it's where they belong

They call me Contrary Mary  
I'm handcuffed to my biased opinions  
and stuffed in the back of an empty police car  
I've been told I have a jail cell reserved all to myself  
to keep everyone out of range  
from the bombs I hurtle

They call me Contrary Mary  
I'm as blunt as an electric shock  
and as indecisive as a mirror  
With my indignation, I hold my legs steady  
so I am able to maintain my composure  
As in chronological order, my victims burst to flames

Faith Wood

# Crush Me

Crush me, I'm metal  
I bend, I waver  
So sculpt me, mold me  
into whatever you please  
Make me your trophy,  
set me by your bedside  
and never look upon me again.

Take this for what it's worth  
instead of denying, molding it into something it's not  
I know what I said,  
and I meant every word of it...then.  
You kept me close,  
gingling by your side like pocket change  
and then spent me just as fast as you got me.

But you told me what I wasn't worth  
You called me just to say  
you'd like to keep me around,  
but not to become an eyesore  
And you crushed me,  
but I'm only metal  
I'll bend back.

Faith Wood

# Declaration

It was a declaration,  
a non-hesitating speech  
winding circles and circles around careless people  
But the words only wanted you  
It seems denial is an art  
or so you claim  
and your name is known for being oblivious  
Inbetween the clanging of forks  
and the mouthfuls of food  
We come to realize there's so much more  
So if this does the trick  
to scare you like a ghost in the basement  
then there's so much yet to be learned  
For it was only a declaration,  
a figure of speech  
framed and stationed in just the right light  
or so I thought.  
But I have thought many a-things  
and I know the snowflakes have too  
As they dissolve on the streets outside the building  
I wonder if conversation would be better with them  
Because as I go on speaking my declaration of hearts,  
my song of the serene,  
I try to see past your facial expressions  
and dig under your skin  
for I have no idea what's bubbling under the surface

Faith Wood

# Dime A Dozen

We're trouble-shooting at a mass level,  
too wrapped up to be circumspect  
Always convinced that those things they call liars  
never really existed  
Charm these days is found so elastic,  
stretched about your fingertips like a rubber band  
Kept waiting and hopeful, we bend towards the sidelines  
using our eyes with disbelief

I've become so sympathetic and maybe that's my flaw  
So intricate like a machine,  
in yet I couldn't see what was in front of me  
As straight as a line, I'm headed down  
Heads about water,  
but it's my impediments that hold me down  
Heated fights with broken bones,  
I'm the dime you wish on but cast away

Faith Wood

# Dinner And A Movie

The credits roll off the tip of your tongue  
and so the curtain's close  
The car grumbling to a start  
as all time froze

At home, the shower breathes me in  
as though you and I are capable  
of holding conversation hand in hand  
from across the kitchen table

But it's only picturesque,  
the life lead by a queen  
Our glasses tumble and spill  
and the remnants never come clean.

We adventure around these streets  
our laces stiff and never tied,  
backs glued to the empty park bench,  
our body language spelling 'we tried.'

And my hair, now drenched in habit  
has yet to look upon the sea,  
a shower so boundless  
it glares unappreciatively at me.

But it's worth it all,  
if only a dream in the sunset.  
When you close your eyes,  
I won't be the one to forget

Faith Wood

# Downhill

I'll let you lean on me like that brick wall  
I'll let you put your back against me like that tall oak in the park  
I'll be that friend you hold  
until you can't feel a thing  
If that's what it takes to meet your standards

I'll surpass the clouds, be your sky  
I'll fall through the stars, be your space  
I'll scale the mountains, be your closure  
I'll hang from cliffs, be your trampoline

What does it take to be  
that log that dances in the flames?  
That loaf of bread that crumbles?  
I have courage to face the distances  
and the never-ending waits in long lines

But if the bricks break, there will be no wall  
If that tree bends, there will be no place to lay your back  
If your friends are lost in highwater  
there will be no one to hold you  
so down the hill  
we go.

Faith Wood

# Everything I Say Is A Weapon Against Me

Feels like a thousand years ago  
when we made our plans,  
not carved into stone,  
but etched in the grass  
We thought it would be enough  
but what's permanent?

Now I'm sitting afloat in the ocean  
trying to empty my prolific mind  
as pessimism flows out my ears,  
I feel a tad more relaxed

And maybe now you understand the purpose  
of my silence-  
working up the courage to stay stoic and brave  
I never wanted us to diminish  
just to settle above or below the waves

Don't leave me behind  
but you know any effort now  
is too little too late  
I know I sent out a warning,  
but that light in the lighthouse  
is sure growing dim

Everything I say  
is used as a weapon against me  
This is why I'm better off  
not saying anything at all

Faith Wood

# Fire And Ice

Cling to the windows  
like snow, like ice,  
but never like fire  
Creeping up the glass  
on a mission to the roof  
It's a fox,  
sly and cunning,  
only taking a brief pause  
to feed upon its prey

And I tried to tell you so,  
feed it, and it will grow.

But on and on  
it hid from view,  
like a fish in a lake-  
the darkest quilts of water  
is where they hide  
So up and down  
until its' body language  
reads comfortable, safe  
But never knowing what lies near

And I tried to warn you so,  
feed it, and it will grow.

The heat sang a swan's song,  
not like a jailed bird,  
Free to cascade  
from any nook if it pleases,  
but the snow began to fall  
as stars appear at night  
and the fire, it seemed, was dying,  
Slowly disintegrating,  
but could it come back?

And I spoke only to tell you so,  
feed the fire, and it will grow.



# Flash Photography

Plainly conceived  
It was of my own vice  
That out came your dazzling side.  
Almost mechanical  
And forever indented into my palm.

The fluorescent light that pierced your eyes  
Reflected onto mine instantly,  
Like flash photography.  
Only a mirror could construe that smile  
As a painted-on tattoo.

This movie stub isn't for show,  
Merely a remembrance tool  
Of how I thawed your chest single-handedly  
An electric shock straight to the heart  
After all, you were pleasantly surprised.

But the weather loitered on the front lawn  
Giving a rest to all social habits  
And the pavement fresh with our footsteps,  
Though separately.  
But your head turned back slightly as if to whisper.

Faith Wood

# Frozen

I used to freeze time,  
pocket the laughter and hold on to smiles  
I'd have the scene carved into my eyes  
so it would never leave my mind  
All the nightmares and sick days  
were washed away with the strongest of chemicals  
only to relieve the repeating memories  
But that's not how to live  
I learned that the hard way

All I ever wanted was to keep us close  
Not move too fast and ignore the ghosts  
I'd lay awake for days  
just stagnant in the best of times,  
not noticing the hand tick by  
The moment has changed and time is gone  
and who knows what's next to come  
I can't lose myself  
between the ticking and the sound of the chimes

Faith Wood

# Generation Of Mirrors

My generation lives in mirrors  
We base our morals upon good features and fabulous hair  
Bending over backwards for paper thin bodies  
and rock hard abs-  
We'd do just about anything.  
We breathe in smoke like it's the latest fashion,  
drinking tequila like it's water  
We party as if these are the best years  
We scream in triumph as if we've won  
at the game of life  
Boy do we have so much to learn

Faith Wood

# Happy Mother's Day

You are the linens atop my bed,  
my laundry that has yet to be put away  
A reminder that my cat has yet to be fed  
and all the words I couldn't say

The truth-  
All life's lessons I learned from you  
From simple to difficult  
I have learned and found a way

You opened my curtains for that patch of light,  
giving my dreams the hope I couldn't see,  
urging me not to give up the ight  
and with that, I soared to the tallest of trees

Along the tortuous roads  
I find comfort in the idea of home  
knowing that wherever I lead or go  
It is you that has made me whole

Faith Wood

# Hoping For Fireworks

Your smile lit up my room  
no lightbulb shines brighter  
Finally everything seemed clear,  
not blurry and out of view

You laid on my bed  
giggling at my sarcastic thoughts  
and you, with your short, hard quips-  
jabbing into my brain, you name

You stared at me seemingly  
No purpose intended  
And all that I kept close  
was the hope for your hand in mine

But it occurred to me  
Am I reading into you too close?  
Your smile melted my mirror  
and sent chills down my spine

But what did it do for you?  
Looking into your eyes,  
I saw bombs exploding  
instead of the fireworks I had hoped for

The longing keeps me on my toes  
But I'm not sure where this crooked lane goes

Faith Wood

# I Dream Of Apples

Strip me down until I'm as bare as Harlem  
I never planned on as escape  
As cold as an empty cellar,  
I keep to myself, stay out of your way

Too bad this city's too crowded  
I feel so manic, my senses on high  
Buzzing around, I'm an angry hornet  
My nest is too congested, but I refuse to fly

I thought I could live the Apple's Dream  
but I think before I'd ripe, I'd rot  
I'd rather stay fresh on the tree,  
Pick if you so choose, or else when I'm ready, I'll fall.

Faith Wood

# If I Was America's Next Top Model

Kepp your head high like a model, darling  
Muster the confidence to strut down the catwalk  
You're in the running towards becoming  
America's Next Top Model  
If you have fear keep it under that silly dress,  
wrapped tight like a corset, darling  
We all want what we cannot have  
Any emotion must not surface,  
Skin smooth and clear like a mannequin  
Eye balls that jut out as if to say  
'Who are you to pencil me in? '  
I'm still in the running towards becoming  
America's Next Top Model  
I own heels that make me taller than the sun  
If I fall I'll gain back my composure,  
but only because that's what us models do  
The paparazi must never know my weakness  
But what's a darling to do when she's down?  
'Congratulations, you're still in the running towards becoming  
America's Next Top Model'

Faith Wood

# If I Was An Arrow, I'D Be On The Bullseye

So typical, so systematic  
like working in an assembly line  
Each part in its' place  
and I was dead on.

I'll be honest though,  
you aren't to blame-  
it could have been anyone  
He was glue,  
couldn't resist the temptation,  
a butterfly's flirtation  
And you, my friend have the voice of a piano  
Who wouldn't want a taste?

But I guess it takes a neophyte's perspective  
to see the unseen  
We tend to live in clearer light  
or perhaps it's just out judgment  
that's so implicable.

Faith Wood

# I'LI Meet You In Congress

The music led me to the bed  
It undid my dress  
Instructed by the lyrics,  
It followed the curves in a caress  
And the beauty of it all-  
You're in my hands now.  
My throat is undone  
And I am completely unabashed.

Congress is meeting,  
Discussing our habits-  
How they are habitually unattractive  
And unnecessary in practice  
But we don't outgrow the unattractive,  
Rather it outgrows us,  
Released in a cloud of vapor  
And finally, extinguished by the sun's rays-  
All to the tune of a Beethoven Symphony

The final chord is played  
And I fumble with the buttons  
I don't recognize myself in these clothes,  
But it's all there.  
We're familiar with the elasticity  
(and not just underneath)  
We can't control the motions of our incessant teeth,  
But when we wipe our lips,  
It's all there.

Faith Wood

## In A Voicemail

I recieved your voicemail with open arms  
At least it was a means to hear your voice  
I miss the way it stroked my every nerve  
I miss the way you could change me  
with your perspicacious demeanor

We live in the depths of cracks  
hiding out until someone notices us  
And I know that's where you feel you belong,  
but I think it's time you use your advice-  
Brush yourself off and get out

I can feel the faintest touch of your fingertips  
yearning for a piece of my grip  
But your fear of longing is stunting your growth  
I want you to write with your eyes up and down my skin  
Just whatever you do, don't tale them off me

Faith Wood

# King And I

I saw a boy in the clouds  
He smiled down aon me,  
he showed his teeth and stuck out his tounge  
and threw out a dash of irony

I saw a girl in the sun  
She must have been his friend  
She had that same smile and sparkle  
and as I could feel, my heart did bend

I saw a man in the leaves  
He was reaching out his hand  
but it looked for like a wave than yearning  
and I wished to understand

I saw a princess in the raindrops  
She was attached to a man'r arm  
She had plastic legs and tiger eyes  
and that shouldn't set off any alarm

I saw a King in the horizon  
He had perfection all in a crown  
He had love woven in his fingertips  
and like a glass of water, he drank it all down

I saw a girl in the moon  
She must have loved the king  
She had a fairly large grin and a sparkle  
that made every bird want to sing

I saw a couple in the sunset  
They had their hearts and fingers laced  
The had their vision slightly impaired,  
but they knew they were rightly placed

Faith Wood

# Like A Carousel

As we raise our brows with the utmost care  
Toast to the couple as they grin and bear  
I almost did stop and stare  
at the moment they touched each other,  
though feeling wasn't there.

The curtains flowed like a carousel in a fair  
and the wind caressed the folecules of their hair  
They danced to a rythm that filled the air  
and parting of grasps  
they would not dare

Just the thought gave them such a scare  
Out in reality is a love so rare  
that could blind the eyes of each pair  
but unlike paradise,  
here love can rip and tear.

Faith Wood

# Limousine

She's been watching,  
but not as intently as you may think  
She'll melt into her limousine  
and leave you behind

She keeps her eyes glued,  
but that's not as permanent as it seems  
She's glowing in a silky dress  
while you're modeling shackles, darling.

If there was anything, it was only momentary  
She's my shepherd and I'm the lamb

You question my expertise  
saying I don't play for keeps,  
but I do, or at least I try to  
I have your smile carved into my mirror  
so I make sure to always look my best  
But I can't go on like this  
when she's the one I smell on your breath

But don't worry about me,  
I'm a copper wire  
Though never gold,  
I'll bend again

Faith Wood

# Lose My Way (I Can'T)

I can't  
I can't lay in your arms tonight  
No no  
They're quicksand  
and when I feel them  
grasping my shoulders tightly,  
I'll know I'm sinking

and I can't  
I can't lose my way tonight  
No no  
I'll never find home again  
All will leave the premissis  
knighting me senseless

but I can't  
I can't be your pillow tonight  
No no  
I am rock  
I won't be any more comfort  
than a glass of ice.

Faith Wood

# Minefield

This house isn't a home,  
it's a minefield  
One false move and we'll all explode  
A thousand pieces of confetti dancing through the air  
landing in every direction  
with just a touch of grace  
And we fall,  
gleaming with the false security of our pearly whites  
Naturally, it seems just right  
The humility of our genes-  
they sing in unity,  
as if this bond is unbreakable  
Though we continue to shatter each other's ears  
by walking through this field of mines

Faith Wood

# My Mother Is Throwing Out Death

'sweep over me with a broom, '  
you whisper so softly.  
'Gather me up and pour me  
into a bag you leave in the foyer.'

And when the bag gets full,  
tie it tight with a yellow ribbon  
like some sort of present  
and throw it into the trash.

I've never seen a can so full  
The brim is overflowing,  
spilling over with the contents  
of years gone by.

And as the garbage men pull you away,  
you hum a kind of melody  
It sound like 'my mother is throwing out death'  
Disposing of a love and a loss.

Riding on the back of the truck,  
the men hear the rythem of the motor  
It sounds of 'my mother is throwing out death'  
Disposing of time and waste.

Faith Wood

# New Directions

It's all right.

We keep settled on the plans, never looking back,  
Too indecisive to bear our own minds  
Just one foot in front of the other-  
It's all we can concentrate on-  
That scraping of shoes on the pavement,  
Never noticing the words we etch when we tread on,  
Just trying to keep our heads held high-  
It's all we could manage at the time.

But remember, don't move too slowly now  
Stop just long enough to hear the laughter,  
The sirens, the bells  
But move fast enough so as not to miss a chance.

And now we all have new directions,  
With only the traffic signs for guidance,  
But we'll tread on,  
As if we always knew the way.  
And it's here, on our own, that we take pride,  
Taking breaks and stops when needed,  
Meeting back in the old secret places  
Where we once found comfort,  
And now we have it again.

Faith Wood

# No Matter Where You Are, These Things Happen

If I am the rose you should have given,  
then you are the thorn I should have accepted,  
welcomed happily with open arms  
But we are indecisive,  
letting our tears trickle down  
and disappear in a subtle kick of dust  
We rekindle what was lost  
and ignite the once forgotten  
But we are indecisive  
I wonder if even in the most beautiful of paradises  
dilemmas still arise

Faith Wood

# Passenger

I stood waiting for you in the rear parking lot  
Turns out you drove off without me  
And I hear your picked up a passenger on your way  
to keep your mind from drifting

You said, 'It doesn't mean a thing  
She doesn't mean a thing'  
Why are you whispering?  
You said, 'It happened by chance  
This is not my chance'  
But why are you lying?

I sat down in a secluded part of the courtyard  
I was hoping that maybe you'd come to find me  
I had envisioned you looking under bridges  
and on top of sky scrapers, but I was only wishing

No matter how strong I am  
I cannot will myself to believe you again

Faith Wood

# Peace It Together

It's been three long days of endless rain  
And I'm tired of the drops  
Fogging up my vision-  
A vision of hope and nights smiling effortlessly  
And this is where I check all rationality at the door.

If we just peace it all together now,  
Our footprints might lead the way  
Someday, I hope to bring the change,  
Drop it like bombs from an airplane  
Be the first, but not the only one.

Every sigh we breathe is the reminder of a task unfinished  
Every breath we take is the reassurance to get it done  
I know you're far from subtle,  
But maybe we can set aside  
So let's shake- a promise kept in our hands.

With a future so limitless, a way can be marked  
And we are the ones to set the first brick  
In stone, this is not,  
But we're not even remotely close  
This puzzle we have is missing a peace too many.

Faith Wood

# Peace Sign And A Heart

You're waging a war on the ones you care for  
And you can't help but pull out your bullets  
Load the gun,  
Cock it and pull the trigger.  
And with your weapon of choice slung over your sholder,  
You're ready for a battle of stray artillery and friendly fire  
Your enemies try to show a gesture of peace,  
a sign containing fingers entwined with a heart  
But you ignore the weaving of hope and forced smiles  
And look away.  
You stare into the sun,  
trying with all your might to become blind  
so you don't have to see your loved ones on the ground,  
all the doings of your jealous thoughts

Faith Wood

# Plans

I took a solemn oath,  
made a pact, made a plan,  
said I'd never turn the other cheek.  
Never leave you in the thorns,  
never leave you in the past,  
never leave you in the clouds where you'd fall too fast  
Now I can't go back on my word  
Though you're doubting my audacity,  
to me it's absurd  
See I can't imagine, even picture another plan  
other than the ones we made

Can I take you back just a year or so?  
When you were so different, vivacious with so much to show  
And to the world, you held out your hand  
saying, 'this is my land and I rule the land'

So this new skin is pulled on like a glove  
You longingly stare at your beau as if it's love  
And you go blind from conceiving any plan,  
especially the ones we made  
And you sit back as time ties his shoes,  
contemplating the way but his knots are too loose  
So he never really gets far enough away  
or so you say,  
it's just a relay.

But if I took you back just a year or so  
You'd see you were so different, vivacious with so much to show  
And to the world, you held out your hand  
saying, 'this is my land and I rule the land'

But now you have this complex that read incomplete  
You have the easy way dialed in  
It's keeping you company,  
generating the warmth in your sheets  
But when it leaves,  
what will you be?

Faith Wood

# Platoon

Stand up tall and fight on your own  
You're not one to need a platoon behind you  
But you've been spoiled by having such great  
men by your side whenever needed,  
their hands next to yours  
makes you feel just right at home  
But it's the moment that you least expect,  
that'll show up in your dreams time and time again  
and as you turn over, itching to get back to sleep,  
you'll realize that all great battles,  
must be fought alone  
No time for laughter and conversation,  
it's about making it out alive  
and finding solid ground so you can stand up tall

Faith Wood

# Push And Pull

Call me a shell,  
but sweetie, I'm not empty  
Everyone here is a locked door  
and I'm just opening.

Sneaking under, never walking through;  
it's a game we play  
Only trivial at best  
but it's what gets us unhinged.

The street is our confidant  
when we push and we pull  
In one, out the other  
and into another, yet.

The lines are the crossroads  
and we fear we've gone astray  
Our words are underthought  
and taken out of consideration.

What we speak is only arbitrary,  
our gold, but another's trash,  
the key found under the mat  
that we fail to notice.

Faith Wood

# Rent

I took your hand in mine  
but you yanked it away and pointed to the stars  
They're so distant, but they shine like headlights  
Bright enough to see, but not close enough to reach  
And it happened all at once,  
I fell hard on the pavement  
and you ran in the opposite direction,  
ignoring all road signs  
and paying your way from the rent earned on your heart  
But if it was me, I would rather be an owner, than a renter  
You could be my house and I could be your sky  
but I'm in a puddle on the ground  
moving at the pace of an ocean wave  
And as the tip curls and the water breaks,  
I screen the crowd in search of you  
At the last moment, your face appears staring back at me  
from an open elevator  
I frantically move my legs to get to you in time,  
but the doors close on me, and so do your eyes.

Faith Wood

# Repeating

It's repeating  
like the lines on the highway  
over and over again  
I have the images down to a science  
and the words just a ringing in my ear

I can ignore it for only so long,  
put on a fan to drown out the noise  
But it repeats  
over and over again  
The blades swing in circles to a rhythm of words

So plug my ears like you're corking a bottle  
I can't stand for any mouth moving tonight  
But the motion of your lips is the same  
It keeps repeating  
over and over again

Faith Wood

# Right Now

The cold air feels so tender on my skin  
We're sitting back and letting the chills breathe us in  
We'll never exhale as freely as we do right now

The snow is melting beneath my shoes,  
the flowers budding where they choose  
We'll never stand as strong as we do right now

The laughter towers over the trees  
and our smiles captivate the listless breeze  
We'll never feel as fun as we do right now

The sun will never set again as it will right now  
It will never look as stunning as it does right now  
We'll never bathe in its warmth as we will right now

Faith Wood

# Rising Tide

It was a momentary lapse of judgment,  
But there you were-  
Starry-eyed and sparkling like the ocean.  
Your voice cracked with  
Each toss of the waves.  
Over and over again,  
The tide is an endless cycle  
And so are you.

The call came a little too late,  
The warning I needed, lost at sea  
And I, left all alone-  
A lighthouse on a deserted island  
But what did you expect?  
With no friends among the driftwood,  
There was no where to turn,  
And there you were.

But I shouldn't have melted into the sand  
I shouldn't have been carried  
Into your arms like a warm breeze  
I noticed from the beginning your jagged edges-  
Like sea glass,  
With time you'll be soft enough  
For my hands  
...But there you were.

Faith Wood

# Safety In Windows

There's no one watching,  
no visitor knocking on your door  
There's no one listening  
No one calling that you've never asked for  
There's only you and  
your places for hiding  
There's only you and  
the walls you've been confiding  
Rather talk your way in travel  
and never sleep  
Rather be surfacing the entrance  
so your heart doesn't leap  
and latch its self onto someone,  
just like a leech  
Instead, you're confined and alone,  
deserted on a beach  
You gave it all away  
for safety in windows  
You gave up your persistence,  
let friends like starfish drift  
Taken aback by the glare,  
you allowed time for thoughts to sift  
And still you haven't a clue  
to answer the what, why, or how  
and you formulate new questions  
like 'why am I not with her right now? '

Faith Wood

# Showers In May

Keep me here long nights gripping to your bedpost  
What would you say if I promised never to leave?  
I'd give you the moon- no, the sun  
if it didn't burn through my fingertips  
But as you say, 'what's done is done'

Lucky for you I'm comparable to chalk  
I'll erase from the blackboard,  
just as easily as from your mind  
I guess this is all new to you  
because you can't put the past behind

I know I'm not as worshiped,  
as pretty, as clean  
but you'll be wishing you stayed one day  
I can't control your insidious laugh,  
but I'm just the showers in the month of May-  
I'm cold and full of resentment  
and you just want me out of the way

Faith Wood

# Smile Like You Meant To

Like a retainer I'll wear this  
to straighten my teeth into a smile  
Though it can only come by the  
strike of the clock- it will come  
and maybe it will be too soon  
After all, how can you truly smile outloud  
until you grin in silence all around you  
Sparkling like a party in your mouth

From now on, every door I open  
I shall greet with a smile  
and when I drift off to sleep at night,  
I'll leave the moon with a glow

We've become mice-  
we scavenge and we ramble  
owning the grass, the dirt, and the fleas  
Some days the rain hails down like rocks  
and it's times like these we need a form of shelter  
We burrow underground to secure our own shelter  
The layers of sediment are my support  
We slip and we slide but we smile all the same

I'll let my get away plan fall through this time  
and instead I'll allow my enamel to rot away  
You can go on feeling sorry for yourself,  
but I'd rather be smiling

Faith Wood

# Sincerity Stays At Home

I'll get into fights with clocks  
but these hands can't reach outside the box  
Fists form, our stomachs grow knots  
and fingers fumble over the phrases we forgot  
We realize we're striving to turn bones into gold  
It's all the hope we have for growing old  
We left all sincerity at home  
and I don't want to lose love  
I can't bear to lose you my love

Watching it spill across the kitchen floor  
and stream right through the cracks of the front door  
Never thought I'd see such a mess  
Heads so battered, so full of stress  
We lie on the pavement, we gave it a try  
Blunt but hopeful there's not much else to deny  
Sincerity stays at home  
because she doesn't want to lose love  
Please won't you stay, my love

But can you lose something you've yet to find?  
I feel it trapped in the corner of my mind  
Like a photograph you've seen, as if you were there  
It's all pretend- just act like you care  
But eventually love finds a way  
A slithering snake tagging the heart in a relay  
And sincerity leaves home  
because she wants to find real love  
Can't we just please find love?

Faith Wood

# Somewhere Long Gone

We folded ourselves into boxes,  
packed up the picture frames,  
tucked in the stands  
You said, 'we made it all right'  
but the duct tape is what  
lays in your hands  
So where is your voice?  
Bursting at your lips corners,  
intertwined with the radio waves  
We dissect the colors from our bruises  
and the marks left of egos  
to distinguish the element that saves  
But without reason there's just insincerity  
and the paranoia on my breath-  
I smell it with each exhale  
A reminder of the baggage I laid  
out on the porch steps for later  
But 'later' came with a surplus of bails,  
We live for excuses  
and the times we can get away  
So why not pack up and move on?  
I'll seal up these belongings of mine  
hoping they make their way  
someplace by the sea, somewhere long gone

Faith Wood

## Sound Waves And Static

Am I too ungrateful to be loved?  
It's a simple question really  
When the night is bitter and the stars seem dreary,  
I only wish to have you near  
But I've deemed it impossible  
to reach a happy median-  
I'm the sound waves and you're the static  
Nothing cuts clearly through you  
as if you are diamond,  
but you sure do know how to break me up,  
shatter me  
So maybe I am unforgiving, unappreciative-  
but at one point or another we all are  
Today may be my moment to burn  
but tomorrow you could burst into flames.

Faith Wood

# Stay Afloat

I read into every word, every space,  
every period, every syllable  
the pauses in our speech are oceans apart  
and I'm just a buoy,  
barely boyant in a sea of sound  
Can I keep afloat or will I slowly begin to  
drown?  
Moving without hesitation to the ocean floor  
I wonder if it's worth it  
to kick my legs to the surface  
and break all the tension surrounding my body  
I'd give anything to leave it all behind.

It's a broken arm that ceases to heal.  
Locked in place, locked in mind-  
so unnessicary.

Faith Wood

# Stop, Drop, And Roll

I got a pocket full of sincerity  
and a fist full of honesty  
that says the truth is hard to handle  
So let's set ourselves up for breaking up  
and for fights where we were too busy to admit our mistakes

Stop, drop, don't even think about rolling,  
rolling right on away  
We have so much time left  
before we forget each other's names

And I've got this watch on my wrist  
that tells me it's about time for making up  
But there's so many scenes I keep playing over  
that need to be rewinded and taped over  
It's for our own good

Let's take these days and treasure them  
for what it's worth, they mean the world  
and I can't stand the way things are going  
The path is so wrong and cold and dusty  
It makes us feel more alone.

Faith Wood

# Storming The Gate

Clothed with paranoia  
I feel surrounded  
If only I could shake this off

Stories told and untold,  
it's just in my head, only to myself  
and I feel like a child again,  
believing in anything  
for an explanation  
Whatever I come up with will surely do

If I storm the gate too early,  
please let me know  
Sometimes my mind can run faster than my body

And all I aspire for  
is to have my body and soul be one,  
just so as I don't have to  
keep playing catch-up  
It gets a bit overwhelming.  
Each day  
is something new  
Another disturbance

Faith Wood

# Strung Together (I Know You Know)

If you're speechless, forget all words,  
Forget the rhythm of sentences and the flowing of rhymes  
Just keep our memories hung, dangling from your ears  
so that they're halfway between your heart and mind  
And like the notes of a chord, we're strung together,  
can't play one without the other  
and when played, a beautiful melody is formed  
as if to say 'from this view the world is perfect.'

Can you hear me?  
I know I'm speaking quietly,  
whispering down the frequency  
but without another word,  
I know you know.  
It's all found in the motion of eyes,  
the gesture of a smile  
I know you know.

With the slightest reassurance that you're near  
I'm ready to face the world head on  
Because it seems no matter the difficulty or challenge  
or even the distance needed to travel,  
you're still as close as you are when we're standing side by side  
It's a reminder of the laughter lingering on our lips  
The more jokes told, the more memories made  
and the more I've realized what the 'best' in front of a word really means

Can you see me?  
I know at times I'm not in view  
and the words I'm speaking aren't clear cut  
but without another glance  
I know you know  
It's all found in stifled laughs  
that we make at essentially everything  
I know you know.

Regardless of the paths our futures hold,  
all the twists and turns on crooked lanes,  
the one thing that will help ease the abrupt stops

is that together we'll be going forward in a straight line  
And our shoulders will have each other for company  
and still will as we grow older  
And we'll look up to the stars and listen for crickets-  
A harbinger of a life lived to its fullest.

Can you feel me?  
I know there are times I'm hard to read  
and just talking can be frustrating  
but forget everything else  
I know you know  
It's all found in the squeeze of a hand,  
the punch of an arm  
I know you know

Faith Wood

# Tangled

Let's untangle our wires  
Roll them up and put them into individual piles  
There's no need for any crossing  
I never wanted to be intertwined  
Hearts and hands should live separate lives  
But you took me between your teeth  
and said, 'This is the way things are going to be.'  
And like a bird in a cage  
I did my best to flap my wings  
and reach the nearest window  
But with every chance that came my way  
I decided to be like the worm and play it safe  
The dirt is my haven  
But with you around how can I forget?

Faith Wood

# The Distiction Of Soldiers

(this was a poem written for an IB World Literature paper based on the book All Quiet on the Western Front. Some lines are taken directly from the book. these are in quotes and are worked into the poem accordingly.)

The enemy lines are blurring from this view  
'Here in the trenches they are completely lost to us, '  
just like our memories.  
We are dead,  
but all the same, we are Iron Clad-  
the 'Iron youth'  
But we'll never get these years back,  
'We are old folk' now. □

And it's not these wounds that are ever-lasting-  
it's the sound of the gun shots,  
the dying friends,  
the secrecy we keep  
when ghosts haunt our bedsides.  
These holes are too shallow,  
the bullets- bees in my ears  
and I'm forever stained in these clothes.□

"So then what exactly is the war for? "  
we ask not expecting an answer  
The comradeship has kept us united here,  
but in yet, our stares are blank and indifferent.  
In one single instant,  
We realize what we've become-  
'forlorn like children,  
and experienced like old men.'  
Gun in hand, I whisper  
"I believe we are lost." □

The armistice will never wait  
for this generation to come home  
In a sense, I am part of the trench  
and it, a part of me.  
The battlefield is the scene of my dreams  
I clasp my eyes shut tight,

but the explosions are ingrained there  
and 'I know nothing more.' □

Faith Wood

# The Flood

You're a gift from God,  
As mighty as the sea.  
The waves circling,  
But I'm steady

I'm the hand that feeds,  
The one you beg to bite  
I'm inches away,  
It's your sacrificial right

But it's all out of order,  
You're counting 'Three, one, two.'  
It's watching the sun collapse-  
Nothing new.

Misguided and unforgiving,  
Your voice is like the rain  
The only sounds keeping me at bay  
Are the ones so plain

And we were friends at the water's edge,  
But I'm the flood.  
As the tide rushes in,  
Your words flow out as mud.

Faith Wood

# The Wise Words Of Pop Vocals

I call on Justin Timberlake for inspiration  
because after all,  
it was him who sang the words  
'What goes around comes back around'  
So how to follow the wise one's words,  
The King of dance,  
The Queen of pop?  
Where do I begin?  
I've lost all sight of the road  
but his melodies keep me headed straight

Faith Wood

# Together But Apart

We will make our journeys together, but apart  
This is not where we end  
We'll turn around and wave, but head on our own tracks,  
Knowing our limits are endless  
And our hearts will never cease.  
We will never feel closer,  
Even at a distance of a thousand miles  
And we will never stop calling for comfort  
Because it is what keeps us sane.  
No matter what the future holds,  
Our lives will join together, even when apart.

Faith Wood

# Underwater

The sea keeps begging me to commit  
She grazes me gently with her waves  
as if to coax me,  
nice and easily  
into the vast, lucid blue.  
But I'm not sure if it's right  
It seems to arduous  
to part with the sand,  
the solid ground, grass, leaves and trees  
Can I make it?  
Diving in, the instability consumes me  
I am submeressed  
and all I can hear  
is the water ringing in my ears

Faith Wood

# Untitled

I'm dubious, submissive  
I count flaws like calories;  
hide them in the small of my back  
I feel compelled to keep track.

I'm quizzical, resistant  
I keep my eyes locked up  
and I throw away the key,  
don't want to see what's around me

I'm lyrical, frivolous  
I jump over state boundaries  
with every intention to leave  
but it's not just by the mouth that we deceive

But with you I feel there are no sides to this box  
Muddled in the snow,  
but it seems just right  
It's a pretense,  
but we keep on calling  
Wherever it is that I feel your hand,  
I'll know.

Faith Wood

# Vines

Watch as the vines crawl up my back  
Getting tangled in my thoughts, lost in accusations  
This was never worth it, you're not coming back

And after all these years I've learned  
There's no forcing birds to sing,  
There's no making leaves fall from trees,  
No speeding up the changing seasons.  
It's impossible to make something grow  
when it would rather stay put  
It's better leaving it for the wind to carry  
And if it's right, it'll learn, just like I did.

They say it disappears in a kick of dirt  
The turn of the wheels leave their mark  
And what did you expect?  
Well, I at least had hoped the seasons wouldn't change quite so quickly  
But that wheel has turned again.

You're not coming back, this was never worth it  
Lost in accusations, getting tangled in my thoughts  
Watch as the vines crawl up my back.

Faith Wood

# What Keeps Me (In) Sane

Engrossed in my thoughts  
I'm alone in my head  
It's the only place I feel sane

Engrossed in my thoughts  
I'm alone in my head  
It's the only place I feel insane

I've been taken apart,  
left without a key  
and I'm begging for a cast-a-way to save me  
Trapped on an island,  
swarmed in a crowd  
I'm wondering where all the people are

Words not yet translated,  
maybe I'm the secret code  
Just a bit off course  
though I'm headed towards the track,  
but if it's the right one I'll never know

Faith Wood

# What The Horoscopes Contain

Every morning  
You spring out of bed like a heart attack,  
lace up your running shoes and jog around the block  
It's your time alone,  
Time to think,  
Time to heal,  
Time to want and to yearn  
'Where am I going? '  
As you reach the driveway,  
you pick up the sections of the newspaper  
the wind had scattered earlier that morning  
Racing into the house, you place them on the countertop  
and begin to flip through the pages of monotonous words  
You stop abruptly as your eyes cross over the horoscope section  
'What do the stars hold in my future? '  
More like 'What has the news made up now? '  
You find your sign-Scorpio  
It reminds you of something independent and fierce,  
something almost like yourself or a dragon-a fairy tale  
Your fortune reads  
'Today is a day for love'  
But who's saying this?  
And how are they supposed to know?  
A mere scrap of paper cannot contain all the answers.

Faith Wood

# Where Are You, Don Imus?

Where are you, Don Imus?  
One less mistake and you'd be still surfing through  
the radio waves into my ears  
But you had the urge to be one step down  
from politically correct  
I'll tell ya I ain't no 'nappy headed hoe'  
But I do salute you  
If I had a hat I'd take it off and lay it at your feet  
Why is it you that gets called out?  
After all, even a girl of sixteen can tell  
a joke from a racial slur  
Why didn't they fire Jon Stewart  
or snap at that one controversial writer, Ann Coulter?  
They both spit out horrible words-  
So does the rest of the world for that matter  
Can somebody please explain to me  
what happened to our guaranteed amendment  
of freedom of speech?

Faith Wood

# Whether Together Or Apart

Vacation comes  
like a rising wave-  
the crest carrying us to different coastlines  
Between us, an entire country  
we can call home

Every day we both  
sleep, eat, work, play,  
but all on different grounds  
It feels okay  
because we take pride on our own

But even apart  
We sing along to the same tunes,  
laugh the same,  
feed off eachother's remarks and cues  
We are in essence still one

Faith Wood

# Without Permission

Don't question my expertise,  
I'm on a mission  
Crawling out when the bombs cease,  
I'm without permission

I'm the epitome of indecision  
Calling out your name at the last  
I'm the carrying voice, a small incision,  
the timely manner of the past

But the shadow is cast,  
my cover is blown  
and I'm moving way too fast  
with all the stop signs I own

Maybe I should have flown,  
though there are worse things than a car crash  
so now I must not forget the loan,  
I'll give it all up in a flash

Faith Wood

# Wolves And Sheep

They're wolves  
feeding off our words, feeding off our actions  
Snarling teeth and that nasty breath  
They're waiting  
and then  
the kill.

What will we do?  
We're only sheep-  
We take our time,  
cautious and superstitious,  
at our own pace  
But as they jump the gun,  
bite at their chance,  
We'll have nothing  
We'll have nothing left-  
only the kill itself.

Faith Wood

# You Will Never Fall

Never will I let you fall,  
the waves can crash down  
and we may stumble trying to catch our bearings  
But our walls will still stand

The earth can break,  
crumble beneath our feet  
and I'll hold your hand-  
the desperation making us invincible

The wind can rip at our clothes,  
tear away everything we own except our skin  
but I won't flinch  
and you will remain tall

And even if we're worlds apart,  
my arms will remain outstretched  
I'll be the one guiding you  
even if you can't hear my voice

Faith Wood