

Poetry Series

gabby chamberland
- poems -

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16 Years old and i have a very slim idea of what i want to do or who i wish to be. uncertainty and confusion of the world surrounds me. The life i am still trying to figure out is a journey that i document and explore through my poetry.

Blind

naive and innocent
alone with my mind
no troubles stir inside
but are my thoughts truly alone?

does my subconscious know
does it relay understand?
the horrors on the news
actually happen to man?

children murder for a taste of rice
and we eat file minion
women raped and beaten by the masses
but all we do is go to mass
and pray to the lord
'please don't hurt them no more'

then we forget
those people are real
the children still forced to steal
the women trapped in their hell
all of them alone

our way of life s blind
our eyes are closed to this
the hardships of others life's
we happily dismiss

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Broken Love

Behind closed eyes
I wish to see
Why you despise
So much of me

I try and surmise
Is this how it's meant to be?
Your eyes down mine
not so sentimentally

how could this be?

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Covered Truth

Does everyone disguise
The truth of them
Hidden by a body of lies
That protect the sole
From the swarm of flies
Called man?

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Did You See?

there's a child
abandoned and alone
one whom never truly had a home
to fast they've grown to old

emotions to much to bear
yet no one seems to care

caught up in their petty lives
to do anything but turn a blind eye
and believe
the falsified deposition
sunshine and laughter
lies to deflect the questions

so no one notices
no one sees
an acquaintance
falling apart
plain for the willing to see

but no ones willing

they ignore the signs
ignore the pain
ignore the thoughts
barely contained

so the child
hides their scars
and ignore the weight
of lead flowing through the veins

but its hard to cope
when theirs no hope

so their soul abandons them
their thoughts turn empty
insides barren of life

there is no use in living

they long for some entity
to come along
show them the ropes
ask what is wrong
so they can unload the shame
and rize from the pain
which has been burring them alive

but no one comes
and life seems to keep dragging on
was that a day
or was it a year
the now grown child is not sure
I fear

noting to live for
no one who cares
a reason to live
comes up barren and rare

the heart explodes
one beating mass
throbbing to the rhythm of falling tears

emotions no longer contained
they seep through the seems
barely alive
they let in the past

tearing and scarring
mauling and balling
no part is safe
when disasters escape

they step to the ledge
feel their last summers breeze
caress the rivers cascading down features of stone

and step

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Drown

I feel like my chest has sunk down to the floor
this has happened before
but I don't want to deal with it once more

I wish to simply sleep my problems away
slip into a dream
never to wake

I wish for one day
where I have the power, the authority
to pick my chest up off the floor
and carry it away

walk to a lake
sink to the bottom
and silently drown
I don't want to feel the weight of the ground
only water

come caress me down
I would like to drown
drown my hopes
my fears
the passing of the years
I wish to drown

I will
to drown
to drown
to drown

So

I drown.

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Entwined

There is hope
dancing with the fear

there is no one
without the other

love cannot be known
unless there is hate

joy will not be found
until the aftermath of something
horrific and profound

dark needs
the light
as
day
needs the night

without the opposite
its counter would not
exist

and shyly
in secret
they would be missed

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Epiphany

Head bowed in prayer,
she begged for salvation

'Save me from me
i keep breaking a good thing
home brewing my misery'

She prayed and prayed,
but never to any avail

'Please give me hope
a sign to understand
why i do the things i know i shan't'

Soon the truth is revealed,
only she can save herself

' My life is mine to live
no one can do this for me
only i can right my wrongs'

Eyes opened to the truth,
she stretched to pick up the shreds

'I'm the one to fix this
this is my time on earth
its so small to be wasted wallowing in this'

Skimming through her life,
she looked for things she could repent

' I caused a wave of destruction
and i'm sorry i hurt all of you
but now i'm changing and its for you'

Ruins of her life loosely together,
she began to reconstruct

'One by one

everything's coming together
as i try to revive my soul'

Glue oozing from the cracks,
a smile visits her face

'Not perfect, not by any means
but better than before
and time will heal all'

with the passing of time, her soars healed,
an a careful collage emerged

'I put the pieces back
the cracks have faded
everything's how its supposed to be'

other injures came, of course,
but she picked up the pieces before her world could fall again

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Escape.

Can't show weakness
not a sliver of defeat
because when backs are turned
what was thought to be passed
will sink in its claws
and tighten its grasp

The punctured skin
causes walls to cave in
making the world turn colder
and not even a cold sholder
to rest this head
or a pill
to help put this burden to bed

Running from the past
afraid of coming in last
and a bullet
ensuing persuite
acuracy accute
a skelletons marksmen will shoot

Pick up the speed
head for the gate
away from feeling irate
twards a state
of mind
which is much more kind
to body and sole

Make me whole

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Fear Alone

sly
they creep into the shadows
crawl in to cupboards
slink under beads

tricksters they are
under
skin and tissue
sink deeper in to bone

menacing
delusions that occur
true shapes unknown
nothing
is stone

clever
they elude the facts
undo the progress
expand the cracks

fears
released into the dark
unprotected

alone
we do not dare
to
 embark

this
 life

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Free

My intentions are unknown,
Even to me
But I do know I wish to be free

Free from the chains
Free from the cage
Free from my oppressive mind

Freedom is the key
To the ability to see
The other birds in this tree
This tree of life's insanity

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Get To Near

Breathing hot breath
on to the frost of cold glass
trying to get a peek at last
of whats hidden behind the mask

when the glass is cleared
what is found is not feared
a stronger bond takes hold
and the book is to unfold

but inside there is fear
inside is not a cheer
inside there is pain
inside there are no joyful games

crystal blue marbles
turn to ice
when the explorer try's to make nice
their soul will pay the price

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Hope

In the darkest of nights
it is my pin prick of light

In the coldest of days
it is the warmth from the rays

From the light of the sun
to the love from the only one

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I Am Nature

I am a strand of lightning
shooting strait across the sky
not waiting for the day to go by
moving fast across the sky

I am a waterfall
crashing down a majestic cliff
no suggestions will make me shift
my path is crashing down this cliff

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Ideas

Ideas

pop up like flowers
on a bright spring day
and then their gone
a breeze takes them away

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Invisible

never am i seen
never am I heard
not that I mind
never again will I utter a word

my world is one of secrets forever kept
and needs for comfort so sourly met

I am called the keeper of wishes that never come true
and the giver of chances to whom wish to start anew

my life is no longer of importance
stealthily observing others in dismay
I long for a latter day

since a welcoming unwanted
my reflection has long been forgotten

the color of my eyes?
the years that have gone by?
these inquisitions hang in the air
unanswered and hard to bear

for now I try to remember what it was like to be free
before the crushing clutch of He

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Mind Travles

thoughtless thoughts
leave thoughtful thoughts
stacked in a corner
gathering dust
and becoming scented as must

mindless meanders
leave meaningful moments
to be engulfed by flames
only ash remains

open observation
lead daydreams astray
drifting away
reality is left to stay
keeping frivolous fantasy's at bay

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Not Again To Me

This isn't happening
Not again to me

Why do those close to me
Find the world barren of joy
And that they need to flee?

This isn't happening
Not again to me

Why do people all around me
Seem to lose their heads
And not comprehend
The pain their actions cause my head

This isn't happening
Not again to me

Everyone needs to stop
Talking like they're already dead
And there's nothing more in this life
Then a depressing strand of thread

This isn't happening
Not again to me

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Pain Of The Past

silently screaming
locked up inside
caged in by lies
that will no longer hide

trying to ignore
whats happened before
no will to explore
whats happened once more

wishing to forget
days of the past
willing this pain
to end at long last

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Passion

Wild heart
painful desire
love, admire
shame, disgrace

All i hidden
in things erased

Beneath these sky's
twin pools advise
Forever to strive
for dreams shall revive
keep faith alive

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Redemption

Drink in the rain
swallow these tears
release these chains
forget about the years

exhale that breath
let warmth comfort a soul
a weightless chest
starts rebuilding a whole

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Remain Unseen

I fold into myself
For I do not wish to be seen
By those eyes which are keen
And search my eyes
To find my heart
Which has been ravaged
And torn apart

Those who can see
Will find further mystery

Was it a lover?
Taken by another?
Or a mother?
Who wanted nothing of her?

Who would cause such pain?
Such hidden pain
Such forbidden pain
To such a pretty dame?

Those eyes that are keen, you see
Try to unravel such a mystery
But they don't see the ancient history

The closet filled with bones
Whose we wish to know
For often their ghosts show
Wailing their melancholy song
Of long ago
When I was tormented so

Not by a father
Or a mother
Or a sister
Or a brother
Or a lover
But from this pain I can not recover

A stab once to the heart
Has torn it apart
And even the strongest of threads
Won't mend this broken heart

The actions
Creating this pain
Were never directed at me,
The dame

But the sorrow of another
Filled with anger among others
Has forced me down
And to hide inside
For its safe inside

This is why
I fold into myself
For I do not wish to be seen
By those eyes which are keen

Wishing to remain unseen

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Taste

a wispiest passes solemn
parting these iron clad lips
requesting to trace a mystery
to taste your laughter a time again

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The Disguise

Houses, like people
Look you strait in the eye
And deceive you

Look at the beauty
That kisses your eyes
White house, blue shutters
Wild flowers tamed, yet free
And the scenic gardens
Seemingly protecting the glee

Hope wells inside
And conjures dreams of a better life

But there are cracks in their foundations
Ones too small for passer byes to see
These flaws are hidden so carefully
Burying the truth alive
Interchanging them with lies

Every day they deny
Comforting themselves through lies
Their world's alright
And it's not ending tonight
And their houses won't fall
Not this night

But on the inside
Tear drenched beams
Sag under the weight of the lies
Disguising turmoil within
The human and the home

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The Magic Of Dreams

Eyelids drooping
Cutting off the lights
Transporting thoughts
To times that fascinate
A minds fantasy

Where zebras are aqua and orange
And where the king of the felines'
Can lie with the prey
And nudge it with glee

The improbable is reality
No rules in sight
To keep the mind from imagining
What it wants at night

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The Weak Rize

Distract me from these thoughts
that plague my mind
Give me something
to push my memories aside

No longer do i wish to life safely inside

Breath fresh air
in to these barren lungs

Let me stand
I want to show them
the weak have won
That the strong
will soon come undone

So i shall rise
And address all i despise

Their demise
cripples a tyrannical whole
Leading to a request
to redeem their souls

Feeble appeal denied
It is their turn to run an hide

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Wepon Of Choice

my words are my weapons
the ones holding fast to this page
and with this sward
i choose to attack

those fist you wield
do no damage to my soul
no damage to my heart
and cause no harm to my entity
your weapon of choice
causes no pain to me

they cant scar my thoughts
my ideas
my chi
they bruise the skin
a replaceable coating
for the precious cargo inside
part of my being
you'll never touch
with those weapons of choice

these words that caress this page
you cant deny
you cant ignore
and you cant dismiss

its really because your hatred
for whom you are within
that's why you wield your fists
like this

the tint in your eyes
reveal the shift
my weapons of choice
have stabbed your heart

yet it keeps beating
pulsating the pain throughout your being

causing agony that will last a lifetime
and for the first time
the truth poisons your veins

its what you've been trying so hard
too keep asleep

but my words were the key
they opened your chest
and the savage beast set free

your fists
your weapons of choice
cant touch the strength inside of me

but my words
they leave no entry wounds
accept the change in your eyes
and they pierce your heart
in ways a sword could never dream

my weapons of choice
keep you alive
your heart beating
the punishment
i have bestowed
is a life sentence
of remembrance

so my words
are my weapons of choice
my words
are those you can never dismiss

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Words

this page
soon to be heavy
filled with words
floating, falling, from fertile minds
thoughts travel through
transferred
body, pen, page
these words must be released
just as a breath
for they turn toxic
if kept caged inside
this fragile mind

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