

Poetry Series

Giovanna Marasco
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

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

Giovanna Marasco(22nd September 1992)

A Missed Opportunity

His eyes cry out
Like no other.
I want to help him,
But when I try
I find that over time,
I have restricted the flow
Of blood to my heart.

Like a stone within me
It weighs me down
Dragging me into depths
Unlike any that I have ever known
I call out to him
But its too late,
Our ways were parted
Long ago.

Giovanna Marasco

A Punch To The Stomach

Grit your teeth,
Prepare yourself
Its like a punch to the stomach
Its bad for your health

If you don't want to do it
No one can force you
But you'll regret it forever
You know that it's true

But if you really do want it
Then forward you'll go
There'll be no looking back
Lead on with the show...

Giovanna Marasco

Boxed In

Predetermined wrongs and rights
Govern each and every life.
Another law is introduced,
Your sense of self is now reduced.
Do we need so many rules-
Just to keep our kids in school?
If they weren't there
Would we be the same?
Living our lives inside this frame?

Giovanna Marasco

Braces

Braces

Designed to hug your teeth...

Advances in orthodontic technology

Leading us ever closer

To dental uniformity.

Giovanna Marasco

Change Your Ways

You were given a choice,
You didn't need to come,
But now that you've arrived
There is nowhere you can run.

The choices that you've made
Have all been up to you,
You could have gone the other way
But now that way is closed

Too late to change your mind
Are you sorry that you came?
If you're not, well then, you should be,
For there's no way out of here.

You can scream and cry to Momma,
But Momma will not come
She tried to make you see yourself
And you swore you weren't her son

Maybe you are sorry now,
But for 'sorry' it's too late.
You've ruined far too many lives,
It's time to face your fate.

(Edited 20/05/06, See comment by Mike Finley)

Giovanna Marasco

Cold Feet

I can't do it,
I really can't do it

I can do it!
I know I can do it....

What do I know?
Nothing at all!

Except that I love her
With all of my soul.

(Edited version, 14th May 06)

Giovanna Marasco

Flower

The flowers outside the window,
Have withered into crippled buds
Coffee-stained, white roses,
Sullied, now impure
Yet still, the Sun shines on
Ignoring the pain of its children below;
We feel utterly abandoned
Yet when we know its apathetic presence
Entirely assured

Giovanna Marasco

For Candycloud

A friend once told me
That life is a downhill slope
She also told me that this was okay
Because she had a mountain bike
And would lend it to me anytime.

Giovanna Marasco

In Death

I contemplate my life,
Each struggle and each strife.

In death, are we not the same?
Brothers in the soil,
From whence we came?

Here I lie, on my last breath
I've lived my life, I welcome death.

Giovanna Marasco

Inspired By The Reverie Of Poor Susan

Fly away birdie,
You know not what you see
Keep singing your song
But do not judge me

Giovanna Marasco

Invisible Hands

Invisible hands
Have sculpted this land,
Mountains and trees
And all that you see
Were sculpted by His
Invisible hands

Invisible fingers
With each touch linger,
And carress their creation.
His only motivation
Is the beauty that He knows
Is yet to come

A faceless artist
Distorted by the mists,
That cloud our minds,
As we search the skies.
We could see the sculptor,
If we could clear our eyes

He has always been there,
And he always will
A nameless sculptor
With immeasurable skill
He doesn't mind,
When we don't understand
The things that he does with his
Magical,
Incredible,
Invisible,
Hands

Giovanna Marasco

Learn

If every movement
Every action
Teaches you something
What am I learning right now?

Can we stop this?
Is there time to ask questions?
Where are the facts,
Who here knows the answers?

I don't.
You don't seem to.
I crouch and I clutch at my heart.
I try to stop

My breathing. Ragged, fast
The tears the sobs
The shouts the shaking.
Never ending loveless faking.

Giovanna Marasco

London Life

I wander through each crowded street
Bustling and busy is London city
In vain I attempt to count the feet
All beauty is lost in each person you meet.

As I fall through the suffocating rat race
None stop to help a poor lost soul.
A scowl, disgust, in each turned face
Why did I ever come to this place?

People stop, people stare,
In just one face I glimpse some pity,
I turn again, no more is there.
In this new place, no one cares.

In the distance, I hear my name
Someone calls me, a voice from the past.
I'm leaving now, I hate this game
But in my heart, I'll never be the same.

(27/03/2006)

Giovanna Marasco

Merciful Wind

Green strips of paper
Float past outstretched fingertips
The wind laughs aloud

Giovanna Marasco

Mondays To Fridays

Mondays to Fridays, I go to school
Saturday mornings I train
Mondays to Fridays I work and I find
That, later there's an ache in my brain...
Saturday mornings I stretch and I try
To put school from my mind
But Mondays To Fridays
I'm back there again,
As It's not my choice to make.

Giovanna Marasco

No Ninjas

Another night,
Out on the prowl
I put on all black
And my scariest scowl

I step outside
Ready for fun
I hide in the shadows
'Til the last of the sun

Light finally fades
It is my time to shine
Be careful how you go
No walking out of line

We study the streets
We come across a sign
We read what it says;
'NO NINJAS AFTER NINE'

Giovanna Marasco

Not Now

My eyes widen
And so does my mind,
When I think
Of what I might find

New thoughts that course,
Through my brain
As naturally as blood flows,
Through my veins.

With every step
Adventures will come
But as soon as I leave
I'll forever be gone

I take a look forward
And I shake my head,
Whatever's the point?
I'm going to bed.

Giovanna Marasco

Now

It's been
so long
years.

Since I've been here
In the comfort of your arms
They encircle me
A parenthesis of warmth

I missed you.

I breathe deeper
I curl into myself
Into you

I'm not alone anymore
There is a
You
a
Me

But the 'us' that we represent
Is not what it used to be
'We' were never this strong
'We' never 'loved' so deeply.

Giovanna Marasco

Oblongs

Oblongs are NOT real
They do not exist
They are only in your mind
And on pieces of paper

You will NEVER see an oblong
Walk down the high street,
With little baby oblongs in tow
Because, THEY ARE NOT REAL

Whoever told you they are real
Is a LIAR
Your first grade math teacher?
A LIAR

Don't you believe me?
You should believe me
I'm not the one spreading lies
About mythical shapes.

If oblongs are real
And they aren't,
Then they are the antichrist
But they're not
So don't worry.

Giovanna Marasco

Promise Me

If only you could learn
The lessons in my mind,
Without ever having to feel
The pain that burns within me,
Every single day.

I should have been more careful,
Always on my guard,
But now that I have lost it all
Please say
You won't lose yours.

Giovanna Marasco

Rucus

Rumblings enter the ever silent
Universe, where I was coated in an ever silent
Cocoon of flesh and bone... Delving, never silent
Under my trembling, inconsolable, no longer silent
Skin, my protection over-whelmed.

Giovanna Marasco

Sailors Delight..

Her smile flickers
And sets
Across lips
As red as the sky
That night;
She has the power
To make you feel
Incredible...
Like the highest mountain
Was merely a mole-hill;
As if the world,
Was yours to hold
In the palms of you trembling hands
You can hold her
But you can't contain her
She will never be yours..
..She will never be mine
And we know it..
But still we smile.

Giovanna Marasco

Scrooge's Redemption

Years ago
At Christmas time,
A lonely man,
Was known for his crime
Of neglecting family,
Friends and love
Until a warning from above.

This man was Scrooge
A hopeless miser
A mean old man
With one desire,
He wished all day
And every night
To save his money,
With all his might

But no matter
The amount he found
Scrooge could never
Cease to scrounge;
He would earn more and more
Yet never change
The rags he wore

His heart grew cold,
For his love, and friends,
Scrooge had sold;
His only concern
Was for his purse
He just pulled its stings tighter,
And his greed got worse.

They gave up on Scrooge,
But for one, who could not:
An old friend, Jake Marley
Whom Scrooge had forgot
Till again he appeared,
As the only one thing

That he knew Scrooge would fear.

Scrooge stood there in silence,
Old Marley was dead-
Seven years gone,
Yet here was his head,
With its body below,
Holding weights, and chains,
With the mountain of grief
He was dragging along.

"Scrooge! " Marley warned,
He wavered and swayed,
His voice forlorn,
"Change your ways! "
He roared,
"Or be doomed as I've been,
To wander the Earth
Alone and unseen.

"It is not too late,
But you must start tonight
For you alone may still change your fate,
You have abused everyone
Who has shown you a kindness
This must stop at once,
And we must cure this blindness."

With his message relieved,
The ghost then was gone,
And Scrooge had received,
His chance to be salvaged;
He would wait for midnight
And he would pray
Till the three spirits fore-promised
Would take him away.

Had he been dreaming?
He wasn't so sure,
Inside he was shaking...
Outside even more!
Three spirits promised...

Scrooge was waiting,
His past, present, future..
To much to ignore.

Was Scrooge to be saved
From accursed Marley's fate?
Would he too have a lonely grave?
Without any tears shed?
Scrooge waited and waited,
For the Spirits mentioned,
And for the first night of his life,
Scrooge wished for redemption.

Giovanna Marasco

Soon

I have spent too long
In this cage forged by regret
Will I ever leave?

I carry these chains
Forged by bitter memories
Will I ever be free?

And where is the key?
Is it in my heart? My mind?
When will it find me?

Giovanna Marasco

The Ballad Of Echo And Narcissus

i

In a land far from here,
And deep in the past,
Lived a nymph who could talk
Without thought, long and fast.

This nymph's name was Echo,
And a beauty was she,
But her incessant chatter
Was like a disease.

The nymph forced Queen Juno
To cast on her a spell
And rid the poor, young Echo
Of her awful voice from hell.

Now all that she can say
Is that which others have said
And never now, again
The thoughts within her head.

ii

With the passing of time
Echo rested in silence,
And from her forest abode,
Watched peace and watched violence.

When suddenly, one day
Came a handsome young man
By the name of Narcissus,
To hunt, with his clan.

When the lonely Echo saw him,
She did not stand a chance,
For her heart was surely his,
From the very first glance.

But Narcissus did not see her,
Nor was he aware,

Of the love she felt inside her
And had hoped that he might share.

iii

Echo could not tell him,
No matter how she tried,
Her love thought her a nuisance,
Even more so, when she cried.

He could not understand why
This woman would repeat his words,
When all that he had come to do,
Was hopefully kill some birds.

But Echo understood,
As her love aimed for the skies,
And when out of the heavens fell his bird,
She too fell down and died.

The nymph slowly faded,
But left her heart and soul,
To stay and live on Earth
And answer every call.

iv

Narcissus did not miss her,
But he did now feel a thirst.
Little did he know,
That this was to be his curse.

The vain and foolish hunter,
Caught sight of a small pond
And as he knelt to drink some water,
Saw a face, young, pretty and blond.

Never before had he seen,
A face like the one he saw now,
So he gave his heart, in exactly the way
That poor Echo didn't know he knew how.

What Narcissus didn't see
Was that he couldn't be loved by this face,

Because it was his reflection,
And could not escape the surface.

v
Narcissus didn't realise
That, in truth, he loved himself.
It was this self-absorbtion,
That would soon cost him his health.

For each time he would reach down,
His love would disappear,
Narcissus could not touch the face,
And instead would feel a tear.

Never did he leave,
He stayed there night and day
Ever trying to touch his love,
And slowly turning grey.

In time, he too faded,
Just as Echo had before,
But still his soul lies by the water,
As a flower, forever more.

(May Day 2006)

Giovanna Marasco

The End

Our ever-lasting love
Finally has ended,
Our day has come and gone
And I am left alone.

With no more than my thoughts
And memories of you.
How much could have changed
With time, since then and now?

Our love once grew and blossomed
In the shade of thumping hearts,
Watered by our hopes,
And sheltered by our dreams.

What once was oh so pure,
Has been crippled after years,
Of being trampled under soles
Of those who did not know,
The way that we both felt.

Giovanna Marasco

The May-Fly

Does the May-Fly
Only fly in May?
If so...
May I be known
As the No-Fly?

Giovanna Marasco

Worldy Heart

The sky above us
Holds us tight
Without its comfort
We succumb to fright

With nothing around us,
Nothing to see
And no one to hold us
After we scream

A love of nature,
Within a soul,
Is a love of man
And all things whole

Giovanna Marasco

You

When I was so much less alive
Than I am now

How did it feel to hold me?
How did it feel,
To caress half a person?

When you found my other side
And gave it back to me

How did it feel?

Giovanna Marasco