

Poetry Series

Ivana Mabry
- poems -

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Ivana Mabry(03-24-1990)

live by the quote

'if at first you don't succeed...try, try again'...and if all else fails... smile :) ...i think life is like a puzzle....at first all the pieces don't make sense... but when put together you can see the picture... i would love it if you could leave a comment...; }

...? ...

Maybe this world isn't as it was; maybe what I saw was never really seen.
Maybe I was blinded by the glare of religion and trapped in the misconception of faith.

Could it have been the deception of love that falsely guided me?

Or was it the joy that smothered my soul with its life fallacies?

What ever it was, it no longer resides in the temple of me.

No longer blinded by such images.

No longer guided, smothered, or trapped.

Now! ...now I'm just lost.

Ivana Mabry

A Shattered Image

Her soul is golden and her heart is pure,
Blinded by her innocence, she cannot find the light,
The demon, she does not dare to fight,
She yells and screams but she is not heard,
The cries are muffled, every word,
She closes her eyes and begins to pray,
She knows the demon is gonna pay,
The demon is gone, the little girl gets up.
She looks at her reflection,
At the bruises and cuts,
She looks at her face with teary eyes,
Then breaks the mirror and begins to cry,
She is broken,
as she walks toward the door she looks at the ground,
only to see what she has become... a shattered image.

Ivana Mabry

Antidepressant

pop one, pop too, it's what we do
it's the nation's cure, no need to rue
no matter your age, it's legit
i do, they do, now just admit
to smile, to laugh, to just feel high
which one do you take?
the reasons, the why?
do you go to the doctor or to da street?
claim depression for this snazzy treat
times are hard life's too real
it's manufactured to count pill by pill
pitched in bottles, for an 'off label use'
why wouldn't? who wouldn't?
hooray for pill abuse! ! !

Ivana Mabry

As God Shut His Eyes

Her life falls apart crumb by crumb,
Trapped in a shell and inside she's numb,
Memories of pain as clear as a bell,
Twice she has tried and twice she has failed,
But the third time, the third time her ticket to hell,
31 times the sun will rise,
32 times god shut his eyes,
Soon she'll fall, fall from the sky,
She'll jump from a cloud that's of so high,
Like a broken winged angel with a smile on her face,
All her pain once hidden now erased,
January has gone and death took its place.

Ivana Mabry

Hide From It All

close your eyes and hide from it all-
go to a place where you are big yet small.
when your world turns upside down,
where smiles are known as frowns
where pink is green and dark is brite,
where we drink all day and run all nite,
where the friend is the enemy and to laugh is to cry,
where you bleed just to bleed and never wonder why.
to love then lose then love again to take your life and never condemn-
to talk with out words and hear all the sounds-
the screaming, the shaking...the dead in the ground.
it's to take and take, But never give back,
it's to sniff, to shoot and smoke crack.
here you can feel the colors and ride the sounds
here you are neither heaven nor hell bound.
in this world sin doesn't exist
you can yell and scream, but never get pissed.
and you're shit out of luck when you need a friend
and when you're heart is broken and too hard to mend-
just close your eyes and hide from it all
just think of the colors of winter and fall-
just hold your breath and count to ten,
then spin in circles again and again,
it's impossible to forget things in the past,
especially when memories always last.
even through death these things are made
i guess it all depends on how they are wade.

Ivana Mabry

Hopeless

where is my muse?
where is the wood that fueled my fire
where are the causes, reasons, desires? !
where is the drive, attempt, perseverance,
trapped by starving, famished interference
lifeless, lethargic vacant thoughts.....
where is the love i once felt?
where is the cause for once i fought
did it dissipate, get too hot (melt)
did i succumb, give in n what not?
if trapped i became, and imprisoned is my soul,
if laws stand guard n men they hold....
i am hopeless

Ivana Mabry

I Am

I am The fire inside that attempts to thrive then suddenly diminishes.
I am your hopes, dreams, and your wishes.
I am the light in the dark and the beating of your heart.
I am your whispers, lies, and secrets.
I am your ins, outs and in between
I am black, blue, dull, and bright
I am here, there and nowhere all at once
I am misleading, direct, and ambiguous
I am stuck, continual and unreliable
I am what you hate, what you love, and what you never considered.
I am the missing piece.

Ivana Mabry

In My Head

In my head...

The dead whisper,

The lights flicker.

I close my eyes and hide from the darkness...

I ran from the voices inside my head,

Yep... i killed them, they're all dead...

I once fell into a hole...

I followed the rabbit.

She told me "spitting is a nasty habit"...

I loved once...she took my soul...

Or I gave it to her... that's what I mean...

You should say what you mean...b4 you mean what you say...

To me it just makes more sense that way.

Sunshine left...or was it right...

I guess imagination is...

Ring-a-round the rosy...

A pocket full of posies...

Ashes, ashes...

WE ALL DIE! ! !

MORAL: life is too short to...

Ivana Mabry

Lullybye

The sky cried blood...
The rivers flowed red...
The children are no longer dead.
The city concealed with cries for help
Priests, bishops, and popes fled.
Churches empty, mothers dead
Daughters neglected, sons not fed.
We asked for God's help,
They gave us posies instead of good health,
Our bodies not cold, but burned to ash,
No longer dead in heaven we laugh.

Ivana Mabry

None

common feelings that at times mask the identity of individuality,
ideas of thoughts of feelings that are not felt but suggested,
implied emotion towards a imaginary personality,
Machines, driven by the requested,
an image that fills empty with nothingness.

Ivana Mabry

The Image

The image depicted by society has become an obsession,
The best of days leave me in a kinda high depression,
Dreaming dreams that are meaningless when dreamt,
Speaking your mind, to say what you meant,
Anticipating death with each step that you take,
Every mourning you rise just to wake,
You lose a friend and get lost in the past,
Wishing those days would always last,
Eternally broken with a soul too hard to mend,
You spend your life in search of a friend,
You love for love with nothing in return,
Is life what we live or what we learn?
His touch his smile, the warm embrace,
If time is limited is life a race?
To give and take without a thought-
Is this how we are or what we're taught?
Is the image we see who we are...?
In attempts to get close we grow far...
Secrets we keep, smiles that we fake-
Oh how I wish from this nightmare I'd wake.

Ivana Mabry

Things I Do When...(Military Life)

follow the foots steps of the dead,
point a gun to your head,
smile then laugh.. then scream and yell.
run from your shadow and ring a bell.
talk to yourself in a whispering voice-
LiCk a button cuz it's moist.
skip then walk then skip again
look at a spoon until it bends
sing the song you just made up.
and when you get thirsty...pour air in a cup
eat fries with a fork and spinach with your toes
when someone ask you a question pick you nose
make up words and say that they're real
every time someone talks ask them..'how do you feel? '
close one eye and walk with a limp...
if anyone asks say you're a pimp
lay in the grass until day is night.
find a random person and start a fight
when the sun comes up smile and wave...
but make sure that you didn't shave
don't wonder why just do what i say...
things just work out better that way

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