

Poetry Series

Karin Elizabeth Martin
- poems -

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Karin Elizabeth Martin(1964)

I came to America when I was 14 months old. I began writing as a teenager. Mostly thoughts, feelings, entries in a diary.

I wrote a short story when I was 18 called 'The Past Remains' which is from a poem I wrote when I was 15. I still have the yellowed pages of the story. I was given directions on how to publish it but never followed thru out of fear and ignorance. I also sent the same poems words into a company called 'Five Star Music Masters' back in 1983. They made a cassette tape out of the 'Past remains' and put sheet music to it. I still hold those pages...

Atonement

On this day I relive my past
I am not criminal or unjust
I am aware of the things I have done
More aware of those that I have not accomplished
I remember many times I should have been there
For someone who was lonely or burdened
Maybe just happy and needing to share their joy
I have tried to be a good person
A good example for my family and children
I know I have failed in areas where I could have excelled
I also know I smothered at times when I should have listened
It is not for lack of knowledge or emotion
Mostly due to too much feeling
Sensitivity hurts and revealing transgressions is so hard
Today I reminisce about moments when I was selfish
But going back is not an alternative
Many friends have come into my life
They became lost in my utter chaos that was my life
Older now and in retrospect
My heart beats for those who know me
Some understood my thoughts or past
Some chose to turn a blind eye to the drama
Please know that I am grateful for everything
When I pray each night many ghosts from my past are present
As I utter my thoughts and thanks to GOD
If I could have some moments back
Maybe a life time
Just knowing all I was so naïve to
I would be everywhere I was supposed to
Utter words that did not come out
When my mouth was open but silent
My ears open but dismissing words
Forgive me for my trespasses
I am truly fortunate to have the things I do
Open mouthed and screaming thanks
To all who have hung on to me
For whatever reason
Because they knew I truly loved them

Autumn

Smell the air, breath the brisk chill
Mornings are memories of school
Waiting for buses
Maybe taking off the jacket
Mom or Dad made you wear
Enjoying the leaves that swirl around your feet
Tantalizing the cats bringing them to life with youth and play
Staying out as late as you are allowed
Enjoying the last shimmer of sunshine
Watching the clouds forming on the western horizon
Mountains ablaze with color starting
Neighbors bringing their fall harvests
Sharing a secret from the summer seasons
Maybe writing about those vacations
Listening to the sounds of the birds
Changing in the sound of the songs they sing
Canadian geese coming home to their families
Flying overhead as you covet their flight
A small slant of sun thru the trees
Sometimes dappling the world differently
Catching your attention with its travel
Back to the south where it burns differently
Casting shadows on you as you soak in its rays
Now and then in the evening
The ice cream truck drives by
Musically and unconsciously
Making us rush for pennies
To stall the summer season
Reminding us of yesterday
Bringing us back to youth
Catching our breath
And waiting for that extra hour
Of Daylight

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Better Things To Do

Hey there guy with your phone in your palm
There's a lady in the kitchen
Waiting dinner while you talk
She's been busy for the day
Can't wait to tell you of her day
But, wait
You've got better things to do...
Hey there dad with the remote in your hand
A loving woman's hoping
You'll come over to her
Enfold her in your embrace
You watch that show a lot
There are things she wants to tell you
She's been waiting all day long
You've worked so hard all day
But wait
You've got better things to do...
You know she'll be there later
She always is around
Hoping for some conversation
Or just some random thought
As always
You've got better things to do...
Sunday comes
A day of rest
Your team is on
She dresses to impress
You hardly notice her at all
She walks away on down the hall
You glance over and quickly back away
She's probably going shopping
You'll catch up later
You've got better things to do...
Monday comes
Smells of coffee fill the air
Grab your phone and wallet
Head on down the stairs
You notice something different
Your woman's not around

Guess she'll call me later
Work is calling now
Getting dark going home
No one there
Stove is cold
You call her name
Stare up the stairs
Where is she now
You know
She had better things to do...

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Chasing Angels

Do you see it... Is it really there?
I believe in these... goose bumps so real
A flicker of a lamp.. A shadow.. A bird's song
A butterfly or maybe some ducks flying over...
If we miss someone and cannot see them
We find them thru our imagination
Or is it real?
I believe in Angels,
Sometimes in a rainbow...or a sudden breeze
Against our skin or hair..
I know that my heart soars
And I know that some will disagree
That Angels are among us...
Whispering thru the trees..
But if it makes you happy
and gives you somewhat rest...
Know that they are smiling over you
Giving you a 'jest'...
I will always feel them
Forever in my heart
Chasing Angels is not hard
It comes from the heart

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Cross Roads

Meet me at the Cross Road
In the middle of my life
I have never been here,
The road is busy,
Please look both ways, twice...
I feel as though I need to
manage this angry path
The center of my existence,
Though they say never look back,
I did look back, not once or twice
and what I saw there made me both smile
and even cry.
I will not beg forgiveness
for what I have or have not done
I will promise to be grateful
for my wars I never won...
If you meet me at the cross roads
you will find me waiting there
alone and somewhat frightened
of what I may find there...
Hold my hand dear friend
for alone I cannot be
the speeding traffic and abundant noises
seem to haunt me...
Though the journey here is long and hard
and sometimes bitter sweet
If we cross together
I know that we will meet
Our destiny or fate
whatever it may be
Meet me at the Cross Roads
a blessed Journey it may be...

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Daughter My Teacher

I sit and try to think
of what I had in mind
when I was 17
and found you were inside...
I got so much advice
words of wisdom sometimes harsh
How could I have a baby
when I was still a child...
I never missed a chance
to have the Doctor say
My you're gaining weight
but things seem to look okay...
I ate and slept
I sewed and dreamed
I wondered what you were
your sex was not agreed...
Then you decided to let me know
just what you had in store
You came to me so perfectly
I could not ask for more...
You were an angel from the start
and taught me many things
Even though you are older now
You still help me spread my wings....
I want to say right now
how proud I am of you
Not only that you are my daughter
But because that you are you...

I love you Kimberly Danae Martin
Happy 31st Birthday!

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Desperately Seeking Michael

For so long now, I cease to count,
the days and nights spent
seeking you out.
You are foreign, but not faceless,
you are a stranger
not nameless.
I have dreamt of you holding me,
tight in your arms,
I recall blue eyes and tenderness
and being kept warm.
Always safe and so satisfied
as I lay by your side,
you have brought me much gladness
but sorrow beside.
You see, I don't know you
We may have never met,
yet your face and your name
I cannot forget.
Each time I hear 'Mike'
uttered aloud, or even introduced to one
with your name in a crowd.
I stare and I listen, ever intent
are you the man, for whom I was meant.
I see your brown hair, and rugged good looks,
I can close my eyes, and configure your stare,
I have looked and I've searched
but can't find you anywhere.
Please hear me calling, dear lover and friend.
I've missed you so badly,
my mission must end.
If you are out there, and you dream of me,
come out of hiding, and speak your name,
Michael... to me.....

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Getting Back To Zero

I sit here and feel so lonely
I could dance or sing
instead I lay my head on the keyboard
and my thoughts become words on the screen
I have tried to bring you back to me
but you have found solitude
in a small place you call home
Yet home is where I sit now
so where is this place you go to
not so far away but so far away from me
Now there is only walls and space
to occupy my time and fill my day
and my nights are long and yet so fast
for when I sleep I do not think about the past
I only dream about ways of landing you
and reeling you in close to me
back to where I belong and where you were
back to ZERO
If I can go back to this place
I can begin again and start over
I can make things right and create happiness
and count again
ZERO is better than one but less than two
this is why I want to start over with you

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Gone

I woke this morning dreaming
threads of slumber in my head
I rolled over for some reason
the stirring cleared my head
As I lay there fighting
the night off from the day
I realized I had rolled to you
but you have gone away
As the realization dawned
I tried to keep it real
but as the world came waking
I still wanted to slumber on
There was nothing to hold onto
nor nothing laying warm
beside me or near me
I cant see it anymore
I know how much I miss you
But you have the choice
to end a love that lasted
I have never had a voice
I am now awake
these hard words fill my head
I will listen to the birds outside
and try to remember,
I am alone....
I am not dead

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Happy Anniversary

Once there was a girl
She did sure rule the world
While growing up she wandered far
She thought she new her destiny
Learned there was still more to see
Back at home there was a boy
Never left his roots
He was looking too
For something that
For Love he couldn't say
Although they were apart
Strangers from the womb
Stars were sending out signals
Their time was coming soon
This girl came back from her journey
To a place she once belonged
Baggage left behind
Seeking out the moon
Coincidence came about
The boy and girl did meet
They began to listen to their hearts
Not just routine beats
Days went by with sunshine
Nights it sometimes rained
Lightning lit the path
Thunder made them play
Now they are together
Not for just a bit
While learning Love together
A secret was amidst
Appreciate your story
Listen to the winds
A child will come to them soon
This love will never end

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Happy Fathers Day Mom

What a wonderful Friday to leave this town
A Glorious blue sky and birds all around
Everyone celebrating their fathers for upcoming fathers day,
I smile and tingle
I could have placed some beautiful flowers upon you
But instead, I took you in a GOLDEN frame,
placed you on the dashboard and off we went!
I could hear your laughter, smell your yarn as you sat knitting,
Listen inwardly to your words and distaste for the music
You loved the speed, the hilly straight roads where no one else could go, you in
your Malibu, letting me drive and feel those hills
Every curve, view, mountain, cloud, train track and horizon
Had your eyes upon it and I could feel you whisper as we rolled
My mother, My only saving grace!
You probably used to laugh then, knowing what I am only beginning to
understand and believe
You lived, loved, hurt, and danced and I can recall every moment!
Thank you dear Mother and father who I can't recall.
You were there in the trees and the breeze and even in the moon,
looking down at me and laughing, like I used to mom, at your thoughts and
dreams and hopes. I lived them all again today for you. For Fathers day! Thank
you for riding along with me and smiling over at me when I got a little bit too
much air on those curvy winding hilly roads out towards Dugway where your life
began...
I love you

Karin Elizabeth Martin

I Hear A Voice

I hear a voice
it beckons me
to come and dance
to live and be free.
I look around
to find the source
but I am alone
as usual, of course
The ones around
who do not see
who do not hear
who do not dream
I ask them to
spend time with me,
hold me, touch me, take me away.
They falter still
and the voice returns
from far away
I wonder still
Shall I leave
what i know best
to find this place
where i may rest
where i may love
and i may roam
a brand new place to call my home
Quiet now
and be quite still,
the voice you hear
is mine
and it is calling, , ,
still...

Karin Elizabeth Martin

I Love You But I Can'T Love Myself

I love you, since the 1st day I saw you,
even before when I envisioned who you be...
Even if you are angry, I love you so much,
I love you enough, to try to empathize with your feelings...
I can't see you suffer, I love you too much,
When you soar at your highest, I smile and pray...
I secretly kiss away tears, when your day turns to blue,
You stand here so lonely, I cannot speak my peace...
Determined you are, to find your own way,
Please understand my selfish emotion, Only what's happy...
Can't stand in your way, Even if I have lived all these things,
I still am at bay...
Someone else has your heart now, and I must move on,
I just want you to know that my love is so strong...
Mistakes might be made, and promises broken,
But I will be here, and try to love you less...
Just so you can live your life, make your path,
And tell me all about the journey you take...
I will always love you enough, to keep you in my world,
You see, you will always be my little girl

Karin Elizabeth Martin

If You Still Have A Mother

If you still have a mother
Thank God and be content
Not all on this earth is granted this high luck.
It is your being, it is Your Will
It is your absolute best good
It is your greatest treasure on earth
The only good to you.

She has to first day of your birth
Lived for you, in anxious worry
They brought you in the evening to rest
And kissing woke up in the morning.

And she was sick,
She blessed you
Born you in deep pain
And gave all she had to
Your mother was never lost to you.

If you still have a mother
Then you shall maintain in love
That they one day, her weary head
In peace can lay to rest.

And if you have no mother
And you cannot bless and hold them
So you can only but her early grave
And decorate it with fresh flowers and wreaths.

Mother's grave, a holy grave!
For you, the holy eternal place!
Oh, turn to this place
If you doubt of the wave of life and love.

Karin Elizabeth Martin

It's Snowing For Our Mom

It snowed so hard, that December day,
when I found you, it was still at bay,
I know how scared of winter you were,
The cold, the stillness, upon the earth.
We talked of this just days before,
You fell to your knees upon the floor,
I heard you there, with your last breaths,
to guide me to your place of unrest.
You let go just as I sat by your side,
You were crying, trying to hide,
I know you wanted me to come, to help you,
guide you back to the sun.
I laid you down, when you expressed,
your gratitude, and my final test.
I laid you down, saw your loving face,
and blew sweet breath, upon your grace.
You did not fight the life you knew,
you coughed and sputtered,
and came home to play.
Another song, another dance
or just perhaps another chance.
It snowed so hard, I remember it clearly,
It hid the things that hurt you dearly,
the pain, the soil and all exposed
laying itself on the ground
like blankets of white rose.
You held on, did not let go,
you waited and slept, your chest alight,
with breaths you took in your final fight.
I waited and the sons and daughter came.
I could not give up mom,
They wanted not the same.
You cared for us, and tried your best
to teach us about life
and in the end it was death.
You never fell upon your knees,
you took your punches and hid your pleas.
I tried to keep you on the ground,
but no one listened to us,

my words and your breath lay were without a sound.
I saw you fight, to show us all,
that you loved life, and felt the fall,
The snow again, is falling hard,
I wished for this today, just to hear your heart.
I will not give up, on your fight for life,
I know that you, were not dignified right.
Let it snow again mom, for I have found,
it is the sign, I have been praying to abound.
Thank you God, for listening,
There is always time to fight,
if you are whispering...

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Knowing

I thought I knew it all
When I was just a kid
I listened with prejudice
Agreed with nods
Versed opinion with shrugs
I saw so many things
As life was rolling by
I met some real good friends
Who since have turned aside
Raising kids was just the best
Staggered thru the years
Racing here and there with them
Daring to let them explore
Keeping fires out with threats
Years have past and I have learned
Nothing I did was wrong
However right it wasn't
Always I am reminded of misgivings
Sometimes I am rewarded with
Laughter and some rehearsed memory
Love and anguish are together
My kids have children now
They are teaching too
They don't know they are training
To be martyrs when they are thru
I would do it all again
Just give me one last chance
Mostly wouldn't change a thing
Just smile and rehearse my life
Loved it then
Miss it now
What I miss the most
Is the asking of me 'how'
Look Look Look
So many chants
Now it's mostly won't and can't
Just remember fellow folk
We are getting older
Remember how to take a punch

And when to turn a loving shoulder

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Life Unexpected

Hi God, It's me Karin,
Thank you for the birds I hear,
singing your praises outside my cracked window...
Thank you for my health, however fragile
my wellbeing, however humble...
Thank you for the pets that lay at my feet,
they seem to be smiling, but...
I think it may just be they want another treat...
Thank you for the cat, that lays in my bed,
at night, when I am lonely and sleepless,
shrouding my head...
Thank you for my mother, old, wise and strong
and thank you for my children who,
you've kept watch all along...
Thank you for the roof, that keeps me safe and warm,
There are many others, weathering this same or more difficult storm...
Thank you for my grand daughters, who light up my whole world,
and thank you for the stories and memories that continue to unfold...
As I give praise and thanks to you I do but one thing ask,
You give me strenght and courage,
to rise above my past...
NO... Don't let me forget the memories,
or moments that took my breath,
or even those that made me cry, and hide beside my bed,
Instead dear GOD, let me know,
that those lonely footsteps in the sand,
we hear about and cry about are really your command...
Carry me or drag me,
through these heartless times,
For tomorrow is someday, that today will never find

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Long Nights

It is so dark, so cold, so still,
I walk along, all else is still
I come here often, never in the day
to watch and keep
the people safe
I carry at my side some steel,
I use it as I creep along
Ever silent, never wrong
I light my way, of what I see
with my friend of steel, my friend and me.
I look upon, the sleeping forms,
I see some faces, I count their mourns.
They are but children, mostly small,
but adults and the world have taught them,
all wrong or nothing at all.
They look so innocent, so young and weak,
I do not stare, I only peak.
I see them safely thru each night,
speak no words, but pray for right
I stay all night, til morning comes
I place my beam, my work is done
The sun is rising, I go home to rest,
Sleep comes fast, but not the best.
I sometimes wonder, when I wake,
who watched over me with each breath I take

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Looking Thru The Mirror

Everyday and always I see what I thought was new to me
But as the images become clearer I know that they are memories
Some are shadows and even still there is a shimmer
The smells and sounds awake my senses and tease
Never alone as I visit these and new events
Recollections bring smiles and thoughts tease
Sharing them with you was sweet bliss and fortune
Not for a dime may they be traded or altered
If resurrection brings new life and meaning
All things learned by and shared with you
Shall be reincarnated by only love time and tragedy
For only then will all things revisited
Remind you of me when you rest in my chair

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Memories Shared Of Her Father To One Without A Memory Of Her Own

To Rani, a daughter with a loving memory of her fathers youth:

An aging parent, not alone but sometimes lonely,
With loving children, daughters, some near and one far...
He is very astute, he is quick to think, but slow to move,
He bides his time his own while and way.
He must have been someones hero, now he has no knights but many princesses.
Those who hover and watch and one who remembers the superman he was when
she was so small and he loomed so large.
He still does, and although his hands may ache and bend, he will play a song for
you on his violin,
and when the music ends...
She, you, will still be listening....

P.S. Rani, I placed this reply as a poem on my member area. I hope you don't mind me posting my reply to others. I hope they enjoy your poem about your father as much as I did. My father died when I was 3 years old. I would love to have even one memory of him...

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Missing You

Hello old friend, old lover, old memories
I think of you quite often, sometimes when I dream,
I remember how you taught me what you knew of love and means.
I spent my early teenage years, and gave my heart to you, yes dear
7 years I spent with you, you gave me 2 beautiful children, you were never near.
The age between us seemed alright, 12 years older, 12 years brighter,
I learned a lot from you back then, I still remember your quirks and grins.
Alcohol got in the way, I tried to help. I tried to stay. I begged for you to see my
plight, I sought help, and tried to fight.
You left me on a summer day, 2 small children, me a babe,
At 17 I married you, thought I knew it all, but had no clue.
15 years passed by and sped, I never heard from you, no words said,
I raised our children, as I knew best, at 24, it was a test.
Then one bright lit summer day, our daughter married and was on her way, to
places that we each had dreamed, a law man called, and asked my name. I knew
right then, I would never know, what could have been, had you not let go.
I visit you from time to time. I brought you home, and made a shrine.
I cry so hard, when I lay a blossom on your grave, Oh David, I am so sorry that I
never forgave. I am alright now, with you at rest. Every day remains a test. I
hope that someone up above, you can see, what we did in love. I am not angry
anymore, just missing you, and hoped for so much more. If you suffered in
silence all those years, never calling, never here. I realize now what I knew not
then, you were not trying to hurt me, it was the only way you knew to make
amends.
I will say a wish on a star tonight, that you may know a candle will always burn
bright, please forgive me, first true love, I was young and naive, and knew not
how to love.
I miss you so, our anniversary approaches. I will leave a rose upon your grassy
knoll, please know David, I loved you so.

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Mom

I cry today... Like a waterfall
My restraint has been awakened
I miss you so... You were my everything
My friend...My confidante...My saving Grace
I am remembering... all your knowledge
Trying to groom me... To be ready to accept
The pain that would come... With losing you
I remember your face.. Your laugh... Your tears
You had every emotion... You earned every thought
I wish I could be... Half of what you showed you were
To your children and your friends
Your strength and wisdom is beyond reason
I hear you still and feel your presence
I only can hope that you are finally free
Of all of the encumbrances life placed on you...
You barely let on any of your burdens
You only made yourself go on...
I will live the rest of my life
Keeping you close to my heart
Using your guidance and courage
To direct me and guide me and my actions....
I love you Mom... I hope you know this
I hope you know that even when you thought
I wasn't listening...
It is all coming back to me now like thunder...
You were my Best Friend Mom
There will never be another as Great as you
I see that you are smiling...
I hope that your new journeys in Heaven
Are peaceful and happy
And that you find joy and comfort
Knowing that your voice was loud and clear
And you are Free
As Glorious as you were here on Earth
Holding the hand of God and your loved ones
And sending us small photos in our dreams
Of what is yet to come....

Mother

I have been lucky...
I have a mother, a friend, and even a father
She has been it all...
For myself and family and friends
She has seen so many things that we only read about...
If only I can be as strong as her
War, Hunger, Death, loneliness, happiness too...
Don't let this radiance part just yet
I need to listen to more of her experience...
Concentrate on the obvious
Age is said to be a number, we should give her 100 years...
87 is not enough time to teach and love
Doctors are so brilliant but so detached....
I am very aware and connected
Even though I was the last to come to her...
I will be the last to touch her and hear her voice
She is so strong that even illness cannot sway her...
Everything is going as planned according to mom
I just need more selfish time to appreciate her presence...
And to stand strong and be her pillar
My mother is my knight in shining armor, my hero...
This sinister plague which they have suggested
Is but another journey in her life...
She will conquer and remain steadfast
My mother, my angel, my rock...
I love you even after the end

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Moving On

It has been a long time,
since I began this story,
This life has been, a sordid glory
As I have aged. I've learned a few,
Useful lessons, some old, some new.
My time to nurture, has come to pass,
Each day I yearn, to take a chance.
Ever solid, ever true, ever strong and never grew
I stand sometimes and hold so still,
I dream of things, that I want still,
not things that glitter, glow or shine
But something I miss, something mine.
I need to travel, far away,
there is so much I need to say,
so many things that I must do,
the wind is calling me. I must leave you.
Thank you for all you have done.
I love you still but we are not one.
Maybe when I go away, you can understand,
why I could not stay.
I'm moving on, to distance places,
brand new scenes and friendly faces.
I do not know if I'll return,
but always know
as you made me learn, deep down inside
I always yearn

Karin Elizabeth Martin

My Fathers Eyes

I remember very little, of when I was young,
I recall even less, of a special someone, who I am told,
was so proud of me and so boastful, 'I had his eyes'...
I was born, on a first Spring day, I was his 4th, but he could not stay.
He was a soldier, Brave and Strong, he went away, to Vietnam.
I was said to be, the accidental one, that now keeps my aging mother,
young and strong.
My Father was an ARMY man, he wore black boots, and camo pants.
I remember a chair, in the living room, a christmas tree and a bouncing knee. I
held a reindeer, in my small grip, his name was 'Rudolph', and as he sang the
song, I knew that my special reindeer was the subject, and tried to sing along.
I smell something sweet now in the air, I see a pipe, and hands with hair. I do
not know, that soon he will leave, go back to war, to keep our peace. I sit at his
feet, on the kitchen floor. His pants legs are up, his combat boots exposed. I am
only 2, but he tells me with such pride, please tie my laces, my sweet child.
I bow and know, the long black strings, mom picks me up, father grabs his
things. I sit on her hip at the kitchen door, and wave goodbye, to this unknown
man whom I adore.
He somewhat trips, as he walks, for he has left, his boot laces in knots.
That departing figure and what else I write, is all I remember of, what may have
been only one day or a night.
My Father died when I was 3. My mother was BAKING in the kitchen, something
very SPECIAL for me.
The doorbell rang, I followed mom, she opened the door, and she went right
down.
I saw some men, that looked somewhat like, that ARMY man, who was my
KNIGHT, but mother saw a different view, she cried and sobbed, one man cried
too.
My father died, on a first Spring day. It was my 3rd birthday that he went away.
I wish I could remember more, about his face, his hands his lure.
I listen to what others speak, mostly good, always deep. I hold onto that sweet
sweet smell, of tobacco smoke and if I try hard, I can still see his stare. I wear
upon my feet today and most, black combat boots, but now I boast, they are
tied, not knotted or loose.
I walk straight and tall, I have almost reached his golden age,
I try to recall, the more I age, but just these memories I have,
And one other thing, I have his eyes... MY EYES ARE BLUE

My Turn, My Peace

I thought a lot of days gone past
of things you've said,
of things you've asked,
I thought about how long it's been
of those times I listened,
not fully tuned in
I see you now as you stand and wait
pacing, thinking, thoughtless,
unsure, positive, certain, undecided
I wish I could take the confusion away,
as a mother I should do that right
but you are not a child
you are ready to take flight
I want to stand in your way and bar the door,
I want to hold your hand and walk with you,
pick up speed, and then stumble
and start again, from the beginning
just to be sure, you are sure, you feel right,
I did right, I did not forget or neglect,
to tell you each and everyday,
that I love you and you are special,
have always been, will always be,
and please know that, if you ever want to run,
to come back or to retrace your footsteps,
your choices, your lessons or decisions,
good or bad, I will be here waiting
To run with you like the wind, never asking why,
never saying I told you so,
And here and now to remind you that
'This is your turn' to fly, and I would bet
that a bird in flight is in true 'peace'

Karin Elizabeth Martin

On Being A Mother

Thank you Father, for allowing me to be a mother,
to wipe a tear, share a smile, share a secret.

Thank you for letting me have so many memories of you,
little one, now a mother with children of your own.

I did the best I could and knew, I see in you that you are good and true.
I treasure each time you look into my eyes and tell me your fears, hopes,
dreams and strifes.

I live vicariously thru your world, I silently cheer your accomplishments, pray
that all your endeavors turn out positive and wish for you all the things I did not
do because I was so wrapped up in you.

Never surrender your dreams my child, they are what gives you the breath to
expel and propel your sails. You will go far and wide. I am not yet old but wiser
than I was when you were wee. I still do not know it all but try to speak so you
will listen. I think it will come later, my words, which at the time spoken may
have been mocked or scoffed. A time in your life will come and the future will
come rushing back at you, just as it does me now, Thank you my children, for
giving me your love and trust and allowing me to watch you spread your wings
and fly.

Soar high, far and wide...and take your children with you... teach them well and
they will always remember...sometimes at the most unusual times and places...
and they will smile.... and even years from now, they will visit me where I rest,
and lay a flower upon me. Do not shed a tear, just remember my meaning and
love forever...

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Petunia

I met this little rebel...
That's what she called herself...
She was caught in the middle of a battle with herself...
She thought to run away and hide...
I was asked to keep her by my side.
We traveled far away from home...
We told the other of our own..
We talked and cried and itched wept...
One thing though....We never slept!
We both learned things we never knew...
I tried to be a wise old owl...
I made her keep her face to the bow...
She was young but she was strong..
She made this journey by will alone...
I only had her for a while..
She saw so many things and smiled...
She promised to remember those..
Who care about and loved her so...
Even though she went away..
She had plans and was determined to obey.
When it came time for us to part...
We cried a bit but split apart...
For you see, she was not mine...
Only mine to hold for a short time.
Now she is back home again...
Doing great with friends and plans.
I knew in the beginning of our ride...
She had chosen her name wrong..
A rebel is not one of pride..
I chided her right from the start..
I called her Petunia. She was so smart!
I see now she's spread her wings..
Wounds have healed and blessings ring
Thank you for your trust in me
Now trust in yourself
You have been set free!

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Second Hand

You came to me when I was young
alive and brave and free
you made your place upon my hearth
and regroued everything
I watched in awe as you worked
so glad to be with one
who cared about my needless plight
and bought my way to new
I worked you slaved
we made this home
where each night we laid
our weary heads
We got and gave and fixed
and raised our seedlings
into young
who fought and cried and
made us tired
more so than all we'd done
Our skin grew old
our hands did bleed
our hearts we left alone
As we aged we fell apart
but that could not be won
Now you leave
and I am here still
wondering which end
of this silly tool
you bought for me
will keep me warm in bed

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Sideways Sunrise

I see the sun coming up
It is so beautiful and different
Now in the summer it seems to come
Over the mountains sideways
It lights up different areas
Alternate memories in my mind
My heart feels nostalgic
I see the light every day
But here it is in my kitchen
Making shadows dance on walls
The trees try to obscure it from view
But it is so warm in my heart
I always wait in the early hours
For the rays to show me their colors
Red sky in the morning, not always a warning
The kaleidoscope of colors at sunset
Showing me different meanings
Some one taught me about suns healing
I remember the words they spoke
Don't ever miss one
The vision is anew
Thank you for your warmth
God bless your reaching rays
For who knows how many productions
Of your grace will come my way

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Sometimes

Sometimes I wonder
I sit here
I think
Sometimes I daydream
I lay there
don't a blink
I wonder
where are you
since you've gone away
I always remember
you told me you'd stay
I wonder if you saw
me lonely
remained...
But sometimes when I think
of words that seem right
I realize that you were
always out of my sight
For when you were here
I sometimes would feel
more alone and forgotten
that what is now real
So where ever you are now
free and released
I sit here and tug
on this long long long leash
Of habits and mantras
that I always thought
would keep you
right by me
always in my heart
Sometimes I wonder
if why I still think
that you should be by me
without me
I think

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Summer Shadows

It is cool, it is dusk

The air is still but alive with the night

I hear fireworks outside

They remind me of yesterday

The sun was bigger and brighter

It was easy to play and laugh and learn

I remember you and your careless, carefree ways

and your face and the way you listened

Now I must concentrate on these things

and give thanks to be among them

You walk tall and strong

while I await the dusk and darkness

For when the sun is at its peak

I see your shadow

everywhere...

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Summer Time

See the sun, smell the air
Fun is coming, spring is near.
All the children laugh and play,
Pick a flower, smell the rain.
If you hold real still, and look real far,
You will see a rainbow, and maybe a star,
The pot of gold is yours to find.
In that pot, you can guess,
Is whatever you want, only the best.
Spin around, sing and dance,
Invite your friends, share this chance.
Summers coming soon you see, no more schools,
For you to see. Ice cream man, kites up high,
Swimming pools, and pony rides
Enjoy each moment of every day,
It will never pass away.
In your minds you will always see,
You create happy memories

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Sunday Mother Sunday

I awake from a barely mussed bed,
visions of activities dance thru my head,
I tread down the stair, so lightly I creep
I remember some days
that were not mine to keep
days with burned eggs and flowers
with petals so sparce
smiles and cards, and noise all around
The coffee is gone, I forgot to buy more,
I should pay some bills but my wealth is few
I work thru the morning, plodding along,
with my smoking lawn mower that I coax along
My daughter goes out, to run an errand for me,
and when she returns, my worries are fading,
she is growing up, and brings things that have been waiting,
Along with the groceries, came a wonderful plant,
a card and a flower, and signed with good luck,
I speak with my mom, my friends and my foe
I get calls and messages to wish me good will
It's mothers day all and life is good
I may have no money or fancy clothes,
but I have a roof over me head and a yard to mow
trees to trim, fences to paint, laundry to do
and plans to make but I put my head down,
and begin to give thanks, I pray quietly, hunched over the sink,
I give thanks to GOD, for all the things others may not
I quietly praise to the heavens above
that I have those who love me, and those that I love
For all that is hurting, missing or gone
I am still grateful to have this day, to linger
and watch and dream on

Karin Elizabeth Martin

The Birthday Candle

Good morning early birds
Singing in the darkness
I cannot see you but I can hear your songs
Bringing back thoughts and memories
Mom always loved to hear you sing
and tell me of your beautiful colors
Hello dawn, not yet stretching your sunny light
over the silent mountains
I know you are coming soon
I've had many commentaries of your beauty
Mom loved to see you peeking and rising as if just for her
as she sat waiting for you on the front porch,
coffee in one hand, probably tears in both eyes
to see you another day
Good day sunshine, how warm you feel on my old and sore body,
Mom told me how you could heal her and make her spirits strong
You are what gave her strength to carry on
Welcome blossoms buds and blooms
Mom chose each of you daily and placed a small sprig of you
In a small crystal vase or old cracked coffee cup
on the kitchen table every day, to admire your beauty
or maybe just as a reminder that there was always new life
Oh dear evening, dusk and there goes the rays
Sun setting now over yet another mountain,
Mom always shared your colors and vivid radiance
She breathlessly awaited your ability to fade
There was another morning tomorrow.
When tomorrow did not come, I lit a candle,
I burned it day and night, set in a window,
Hoping you could see it and find peace
Mom I know that as you are watching, you are busy,
Listening, looking, and hopefully smiling
It will be your birthday tomorrow but there will be no candles
There will be singing birds, sunshine and sunset,
Mom, I share each one with you and give these memories
I will give them to you as a present
While I sit and recall your words
and feel the warmth of the new day on my skin

The Past Remains

I came upon, a long lost thing,
forlorn as it was, it had beauty to me,
withered and bruised, it lay among,
the shredded remains, of an old love song

But dreams die first, with the exception of myself,
all my thoughts and hopes, idly gathering dust,
on the bureaus top shelf

Cradling the cherished thing, I now have a will to live again,
No matter where your heart may lead,
Always remember, the Past Remains....

Karin Elizabeth Martin

There You Were

Here I am again
My thoughts and feelings
still the same
but stronger and wiser
There you are still
waiting and wondering
if I see you yet
I feel as if I withdrew a mask
and my blind eyes saw
you in the midst of my everyday
but yesterday was haunting me
I am wiser now and more weathered
for the storm is yet to come
as I know the day of reckoning
with be ours to linger on
I will hold strong and fast
in this ongoing storm
for at the edge of the horizon
my blindness is gone
I see you there again
maybe as you always were
but missing you for so long
was the only cure
I thought I was a wiseman
but I know I am just smart
and all the endless reasoning
was just a foolish start
I see you in my future
for that I am so sure
that I will find you yesterday
and tomorrow
I will be yours

Karin Elizabeth Martin

What May Become

It has been more than six years now,
since you went away.
I watched you go, I sat and prayed.
I listened to your spoken reasons,
of your mistaken choices, your tainted seasons.
I had to hold my head up high,
you, my brother, would you lie
You made me promise, before your lights went out,
that I would take care, of our elder, throughout
I have been so honest, to those I love
And spoke of you, always in the name of love.
The bars that keep you from our reach,
from your freedom, have made you weak.
You have maintained, some humility,
some anger, humor and common sense
As the day draws near, for you to speak
I hope for you, you are not meek.
Be honest, be brave, be proud,
Be accountable, be heard, be loud,
This is your last chance, to make ammends,
to how you have hurt, damaged and stolen,
and broken promises, that will not end.
I say a prayer, for you tonight.
That the board of Pardons, hears your plea
I have kept my word, to you from that day,
Our loving mother, is waiting for you, her son
to return home, not from war, illness or hiding,
but from incarceration, where she was hung.
Come home brother, our arms are open wide,
but do not dissappoint our love or pride
If you hurt again, you will not know.
The love you will miss,
when it is our turn to go....

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Where Am I Now

Where have I gone
did I get here on my own
was i led, guided, cast...
I recognize everything around me
it all looks the same
but it is all so different
I think of opportunities
of lessons, some twice
I think of what I could have learned
or changed my perception of
I am sure there is a place
where I am supposed to go
something special I am destined
If I had a book I would look for
the chapter that tells me
not where I have been
but why the roads have become so traveled
I wish I could have walked backwards
through my life
so I could see and remember
where the fork was that I missed
I always looked ahead and dreamed
and now I can't remember the nightmares
I wish for peace and comfort
sunshine and the sound of the ice cream truck
I yearn to do all these things again
right or wrong, good or bad
just to relive the memories
so that they will be clearer
to find my way home again

Karin Elizabeth Martin

Wishing For Yesterday

Am I crazy, am I a dreamer...

Am I old and grey, am I living vicariously....

Thru my own life, if I wish for...

Yesterday

I remember many things, wrong right or impulsive...

None of them are my past memories of my life...

My experiences, my failures, My miracles...

These are the things that matter the most...

They never fade, never go away, never surrender...

My consciousness reminds me of these times...

Bittersweet but so lovely and worth resurrection...

They made me happy, sometimes sad, sometimes angry...

But always victorious

I remember you and you and you...

Your ways, your words, your little quips and love notes...

I have your handprints, cast in primary colored ceramic plates

Little hands, Big Hearts, loving words....

Maybe I was always busy thinking of what should happen next...

But I always treasured you and your thoughts, feelings, prayers...

I miss what I may have rushed over...

I wish I could give it back to you, them, theirs...

I would do this all again... No knowledge or experience changed...

I do not regret all I have done and who you have shaped me to be...

I wish for yesterday...

Only because I want to feel those emotions again...

Fix what I may have done wrong, right or even...

And reassure you....

You have shaped who I am today...

And I remember yesterday...

I would give my soul to feel the heartbeat of these things and thoughts...

I will always love what I learned...

Please keep teaching me children, friends, family...

I will never forgive or forget...
Yesterday....

I would do everything again with you...
And will always wish for 'yesterday'....

Karin Elizabeth Martin