

Poetry Series

**Leslie Neiwert**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

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

## Leslie Neiwert(12/29/1990)

Writing poems since she was eight, Leslie D. Neiwert is now studying to have her PsyD. in Psychology, including the minor she'll have in Creative Writing. Not only is Ms. Neiwert a published poet, but she is also working on her inspiring story of a couple that undergo major hardships to figure out their love for one another. She is an inspirational young woman who has achieved much in her academic career.

# A Day To Remember

The roses were dainty when I walked by, the dew from my own eyes joins the waves and creaks of the pavement. Why can't we ever get along? Pain stabbed at my soul, my heart, my mind as I continue to walk towards a bridge.

It was so strange, how easily his words flowed through me. Did he mean it? Never more will I be who I am, never more will my heart be bland. I know where I was going, and I knew what I was about to do.

The edge was so close now and I could see it was a 120 ft drop. There would be no going back after this. I step up on the edge looking down, my heart filling with unshed tears. I know there's nothing for me here and it was time to go anyways.

I took a step, just an inch forward, said my last goodbyes and fell into my pain and misery. But before I hit the concrete, before there was nothing—there was everything. The arms of my new love caught me with love and care. Thank you, truly, for saving me.

Leslie Neiwert

# A Flower's Rejoice

The Warmth of the world surrounds my soul as I lay waiting in the dark. I am safe, as always, within this womb, where nothing will harm this seed I bare. After days of gorging myself on water, I decide I want to play; stretching my legs far beneath me I can feel Mother's womb go on forever. How far does it go I wonder as my lower limbs search out for the reason of my being. My back begins to grow sore as I slow my searching legs. Slowly, I pull myself up; blinking at the bright sun who is my Father in many ways. I raise slowly, green clothes wrapping around my inner white flesh. My bright red hair flares around my yellow painted face; my arms stretching out with my hands fanning wide. I feel the tickle of little creatures' feet as they crawl along my stem and buzz about my head. I cannot see anything for I bathe in the glorious sun of Him. I am awake and it is spring. I have been awakened from my deep, seasonal slumber.

Leslie Neiwert

# A Game Of Chess

"It was there upon the wall,  
Not the ceiling but in the hall,  
A creature of the darkest black  
Who did kill things for a snack.  
It had red eyes and sharp teeth  
He reminded me of poor Uncle Keith,  
But bless his heart and don't come back  
I swear this creature was so black.  
Not like Africans and their dark skin  
Oh my Goddess, where can I begin?  
The thing was a demon of the sky  
It had such wings so it could fly.  
The talons on his hands were huge  
With big lips so that it can smooch,  
Not to mention about his head  
Where a dozen eyes did bled.  
I couldn't be more scared in my life  
Thank the Goddess that I had my knife,  
When he leapt at me from the air  
I must have stabbed him, this I swear,  
I was a fighter once back then  
Must have killed a dozen men.  
And so this creature sure did fell  
His soul was sent back down to Hell,  
The blood of the beast melted my knife  
And I swear I should've seen Grim and his scythe.  
Too bad I couldn't have kept the body  
But you see my wife is a hottie,  
The kind that don't allow such a mess  
So I cleaned up well enough to play this here chess.'

Leslie Neiwert

# A Lakeside Meal

A sudden chill entered my mind as  
My body touched the reckoning ice.  
Goose bumps rose over my arms,  
Slowly dancing across my splashing legs;  
Can no one hear my pounding?  
The lake ice had frozen over  
When I decided to take a morning swim.  
Now I'm stuck and paralyzed  
From a freezing cold from within.  
The chill of fear ate at my sight,  
Bringing the darkness much closer.  
My swollen hands slapped soundlessly  
As I could feel my lungs weakening.  
My heart seemed to slow to a small faint,  
A sickening thud growing silent to my ears.  
My last thoughts seem only of escape  
As my body is petrified with a frozen fear.

Leslie Neiwert

# A Metallic Melody

The silvery wings guide me  
Whenever I cross the marsh,  
A sacred star and piece of gem  
That is held within its heart.  
This creature of rare beauty  
Loves to show off its crown  
Such simple marks and precious curls  
Which are hardly found.  
Look close and you can see the past,  
The future and the present,  
Witches all know of the mass  
Where trinity is not hesitant.  
Do you see the darkened door  
Or the person with the camera  
Dearest with this simple picture  
All can see the hidden image.

Leslie Neiwert

# An Ocean Of Sea

The sea of ocean,  
An ocean of grass;  
Each wave is moving  
In a sacred mass.  
A twirl of  
An enchanting hue,  
Green clashing  
Against the blue.  
Each and every  
Single blade,  
Bows in a chorus  
The wind has made.  
A smell of summer  
Season Air,  
Rolls the midland sea  
Without despair.

Leslie Neiwert

# Bells That Ring

The enemy of my enemy is my friend  
These old words seem to hold such dread  
Nothing is the same as it was before  
When I knew you left my door

Come in and dry my heart, you've left me in the rain  
Standing here crying as I go insane  
This pain you gave me was such a tare  
To the heart you knew that I bare

Living my life hasn't seemed so bad  
Until we departed from the love we had  
Nothing now nor nothing then  
Can change the life we have shed

Hold my hand I always asked  
Now my lover does more than that  
I'm not sure where I'd have gone  
If you left me worse than what you've done

The chimes and bells just sing away  
The rain poors down to bring me pain  
Such cruel remarks, such cruel love  
Nothing could shatter as you have done

Listening to the creaks and moans  
The emptiness my heart does hold  
Where can i go from here  
As my eyes shed not one tear

Crying inside seems to bring more pain  
Then the end of the mortal terrain  
Nothing seems to match this colden lung  
As what you, yourself have done

Dying alone and singing aloud  
There in the sky is not one cloud  
Leaving this place like a mellow dream  
Seems to settle every thing.

Tears subside, I know you have gone  
Living in a shadow as you have done  
Scared of the past yet I'm living  
Now you are the one who is missing... me.

Leslie Neiwert

# Cold

Cold means the winter wind's forest breath; a child's nose ruby red; soft white powder from the sky; a freezer's ice cream, cakes and pie. Cold means ice in the summer's heat; rain drops freezing where they meet; puddles solid in a slippery form; and hanging wreaths on the door. Cold means snowshoes, horses and owls; white and blue; a sleigh-ride out. Cold means tears frozen on cheeks; a heart to burden to give off heat. Cold means love and passion gone dead; cold means throats that have been sleighed. Cold means trees with decorations and a stroll to watch the blink of Christmas lights. Cold means cold and cheery blight.

Leslie Neiwert

# Ending Of All Tears

While sweeping out the dirty floor  
I find the setting sky,  
Hidden away under clouds  
And nothing could explain  
Why the indigo did clash  
With the pouring rain.  
Tears that belong to Her,  
The magnificent holy one,  
As she cried her pain  
Down to the earth  
About the one that  
She does love.  
She looked down at me,  
Her tears falling short,  
As I reached out to reach  
My Goddesses' cheek;  
I blew her a kiss and wished her well,  
Hoping that my own love will find  
His own way back to me.

Leslie Neiwert

# Family Sisters

Her hair was a flakey gold,  
The woman that he loves to hold;  
Before she had to turn it black  
Because of sorrow took her back.  
Do you see the one on the right?  
She was the one who slept at night;  
Never caring about a soul  
Until her sister paid a toll.  
They are sisters, just like us  
Except I'm sure they made a fuss;  
The one on left, the red head  
She had cancer, but isn't dead.  
They grew up with rivalry  
Competing to win the endless fee;  
Now they're almost sixty-one  
And their bet has come undone.  
The one on the right is my Nani  
While the red head is my Auntie;  
Grandparents of my dad  
With adventures they have had.  
My Nani never went to Iraq  
Be polite, no talking smack,  
My Auntie did not go either  
But has traveled to Humbugger.  
They are sisters one by one  
Similar to you and I have done,  
They are now never apart  
And they'll stay in each others' heart.

Leslie Neiwert

# Fears

It comes in many shades, the darkness of night; hiding all of the creatures out of its own spite. Hisses of the snakes, roars of the hog, each has a place in this darkened bog. Fear is only in your mind as you walk out through our time. Fear is only too much to hold, when it dances on the oars of a boat.

It silences all with its mighty breath; the colors we wear show it in our theft. Black as night and darkened sky, trees that howl and the wind says goodbye. Fear is of the essence they all use to say; now I'm lying here, slowly to pray.

It there were fears, fears of lust, fears of unknown, fears of trust. If there are fears then where do they come; like little voices stepping on our tongues. The darkness eats up a path in your heart as the fear seeps in you of us being apart.

Leslie Neiwert

# Fever

Through the night  
They do creep,  
The sickness and pain  
And blood will seep.  
Through the walls  
We hear her screams,  
As she runs from  
Everything.  
Down the hall  
And pass the steps,  
Her heart pounding  
In her chest.  
From a dream  
She does wake,  
To loving arms  
Of her soul mate.

Leslie Neiwert

# Flying Among The Beaches

I'm not writing or typing  
As my fingers click away,  
I'm on adventure  
To a faraway,  
Deserted place.  
I'm not creating or inventing  
When my pen does sing,  
I'm laughing to the music  
Of oceans and breezes  
And waves does bring.  
I'm not thinking or moving  
As my words fly  
I'm sleeping by the moon  
Where there's a quiet  
And peaceful night.  
I'm never working about boredom  
For boredom works me,  
When there's lilies  
And flowers  
But not a single tree.  
I'm not organizing or lonely  
When I am with my friends  
My pen can always  
Make me laugh and the paper  
Never needs a bath.  
I'm never writing or typing  
For I'm always free.

Leslie Neiwert

# Forgotten, Broken Steps

If I retrace my forgotten steps back to this place I know..  
This place I know will lay forgotten besides the broken steps..  
The wind will tatter, the soul feels lost and nothing is a new..  
How will I continue my journey knowing I'm without you...

These first few years will be the worst as my wedding comes and goes..  
And then we'll have a baby girl or boy, only Goddess knows..  
After that we'll spin through time, living on each sudden pry..  
Abrupt from this time and place, where all can hear my cry...

If I retrace my forgotten steps back to this place I know..  
This place I know will lay forgotten besides the broken steps..  
The wind will tatter, the soul feels lost and nothing is a new..  
How will I continue my journey knowing I'm without you...

My heart is sadder with you gone, nothing feels the same..  
Where have you been for so long, why don't you feel no shame..  
My tears linger here on my face as my heart feels so bare..  
Though I know deep, deep down, I know you really care...

If I retrace my forgotten steps back to this place I know..  
This place I know will lay forgotten besides the broken steps..  
The wind will tatter, the soul feels lost and nothing is a new..  
How will I continue my journey knowing I'm without you...

My sorrow stings so painful now, and life is just a blur..  
You never spoke since this time when faith left a burr..  
Then I'll watch as they parade your body to the grave..  
I will never understand why your feelings caved...

If I retrace my forgotten steps back to this place I know..  
This place I know will lay forgotten besides the broken steps..  
The wind will tatter, the soul feels lost and nothing is a new..  
How will I continue my journey knowing I'm without you...

From there and on all will be silent, the world felt alone and now..  
Nothing nor noone can heal deep down, on the wound you've found..  
Til my last grasping breath, I know all is lost..  
Because you left me without a trace, my life will be the cost...

If I retrace my forgotten steps back to this place I know..  
This place I know will lay forgotten besides the broken steps..  
The wind will tatter, the soul feels lost and nothing is a new..  
How will I continue my journey knowing I'm without you...

Leslie Neiwert

# Hard Course Life

I'm sittin' out here on a sunny day  
When everythings goin' just fine  
But when I look around,  
People are stirrn'  
And I know it's not my time.

But it's a hard course life  
And it's not so plain  
By the look in your eye  
It's all the same  
The world is revolvin',  
But my head keeps spinnin'  
Oh, it's a hard course life  
And it's not so plain.

Time goes by and people keep watchin'  
I don't know what they're waitin' for  
But they're waitin' for somethin'  
Somethin' small or somethin' huge  
All I know is they're waitin' for somethin'  
Somethin' new.

But it's a hard course life  
And it's not so plain  
By the look in your eye  
It's all the same  
The world is revolvin'  
But my head keeps spinnin'  
Oh, it's a hard course life  
And it's not so plain.

Leslie Neiwert

# I Miss You A Lot Today...

I miss you...  
I miss you more than the moon which glows...  
I miss you more than the trees that grow so tall...  
I miss you so much that tears sometimes fall...  
I miss you more than the days that pass...  
Allowing us to be in this awful separation...  
I promised to never leave you...  
I promised to stay by your side...  
Now I'm the one who is alone...  
Holding up my damn pride...  
I miss you more than the air I breathe  
Which fills my lungs each day...  
I miss you more than the life I have  
'Cause it feels like it's draining away...  
I miss you so much I feel dismayed  
Floating in a watery parade...  
My love, I'm missing you a lot today...

Leslie Neiwert

## I'M Not Sure...Right Now

I'm not sure where I am hanging right now  
When I believe that my love loves me  
But my heart ached all last now  
Felt as if I swung from a tree..  
I'm not sure what to feel right now  
The past haunting my feet with tears  
Running me down through time  
Pushing me againt my own mirrors...  
I'm not sure why I am writing right now  
Only to hope that someone would read  
Lead me through these darkest dreams  
Unto my heart that does already bleed...  
I'm not sure when I will feel good right now  
While ropes and vines tie me down  
To leave me laying in the rain and  
My heart still hurting on the ground...  
I'm not sure who I am right now  
Looking at myself inside and out  
Who Am I and what can I be  
Where is my love  
And Why can't I See?  
Questions upon questions to figure out How  
How could I have died until right now...  
I'm not sure...right now.

Leslie Neiwert

# Mark's True Meaning

A blue-purplish bruise  
Marked its territory  
Upon the woman  
Who hid it from discovery.  
An officer, just doing his job,  
Went to speak to her  
About what had happened.  
Smiling she said it was a mistake  
That she fell and hit her face,  
Against the cupboard and then the door  
Until she finally hit the floor.  
"That's all that happened, " persuaded the mother  
As the cop continued to hover  
After he left she hid her face  
With a pair of glasses she had to replace.  
No one suspected the mark's true meaning  
As her husband watched,  
Against the door he stood leaning.

Leslie Neiwert

# Music Melody

The rain drips in a puddle upon the ground  
Nothing makes noise, there is no sound  
Listen my daughter and you will hear  
The music that comes in loud and clear!

Drip, dropp goes the leaves  
Drip... Drop...  
Nothing moves but a breaze  
Drip... Drop...  
Music to a silent ear  
Drip... Drop...  
Allowing all to listen!

Gray clouds in the sky  
Seem to roll right on bye  
Nothing moves for they wait  
Only to hear a song of late!

Drip, dropp goes the leaves  
Drip... Drop...  
Nothing moves but a breaze  
Drip... Drop...  
Music to a silent ear  
Drip... Drop...  
Allowing all to listen!

Allowing all to listen...  
To the music in the trees  
Flowing in a way  
That hums like the bees  
A musical melody...  
Slipping through the leaves.

Leslie Neiwert

# Pond Tales

My pen dances across my pages as it kisses the words and sentences that I write. With thought coming from the pen's own cap; no one can tell me that I thought of that. Some days it seems as if I could write, always and forever. Never stopping, never slowing down; allowing my pen to swim in the lines of ink and paper. Holding onto every last moment as the pens sing their song to me: "Write, write; oh journalist, write. Let me tell of your glory."

There is not a same song like it anywhere, not even in the typing and clicking, clacking and smacking as the keyboard chatter their own words up onto the computer screen. Words mixing endlessly in the rivers and waterfalls of sentences flowed down the valleys of pages and slowly flooding onto the teacher's desk. Where they rest for days or weeks until, finally, they are picked up and read out loud once more.

Leslie Neiwert

# Spice Of Orange

A swirl of orange  
So decorated:  
Bubbles and knickknacks  
Would seem jaded.  
Glass and porcelain  
Goes into a dance  
With a spider  
At second glance.  
Hair so fuzzy  
And a cone hat  
Smells of pumpkin,  
Who'd like that?  
Stickers that mark  
"Made in China"  
A price of \$8  
With no comma.

Leslie Neiwert

# The Beginning

The snow rose up upon the mountain  
As a harsh and ravishing wind  
Surrounds the beauty by circling  
Down into an abyss  
Of a dark and morose flame,  
But a light out of the dark does stream.  
This light in a shape of a stream  
Flows in its own accord of the abyss  
Moving in and out, but not circling  
Alike to the dark and ravishing wind  
Who allows no one to start a flame  
Upon the cold, snow-covered mountain.  
One day the harsh, cold wind  
Became fed up with the light stream  
Whose power came from the abyss  
And not alike to its own by the mountain;  
So it began to rise by circling  
For there in his heart was a deepened flame.  
It deepened and grew, his heart's flame  
As it began to expand on the pane of mountain;  
It grew to a ravishing proportion, the wind,  
Until it was tall enough to take on the stream;  
He entered into the darkened abyss  
And began to follow the light of circling.  
He looked upon the feminine shape of the stream  
As muscles of vengeance and lust flowed through the wind,  
His tendrils of air slowed to a stop from circling;  
The power source heard the stop and a cry came from the mountain,  
A rumble of passion flared in the abyss  
And, sprouted from both beings, an eternal flame.  
Both he and she tumbled together in the abyss,  
The harsh becoming a gentle, mild wind  
And the light still shining through the dark formed a stream;  
Not annoyance nor grievance entered the mountain,  
But it grew warm as the spread of flame  
Continued in its entourage of circling.  
This was the beginning of the stream and wind,  
It was the end of a fearful abyss,  
And the future of more flame to be circling upon the mountain.

Leslie Neiwert

# The Home Of An Innocent

The girl stood in the shadows, hidden away against the black of night. Something was strange; happening inside of her.

The glistening of the moon held no color strands compared to the inkiness she felt. Nothing was normal to her anymore.

Her life was in front of her; everything she ever knew, everything she ever had. And little by little, bit by bit, her heart fell back into its depression.

Funny how things happen, isn't it? Nothing could be the same to her anymore.

Not the trees nor breeze that blew its silent breath, not the stars shining nor the sweat glistening from the heat.

It's no longer the same for her as her sky blue eyes shimmered with tears; where were the people to help her in her time of need?

Her house and belongings, her childhood love and memories, each burning away with these flames flickering against the scene.

Nothing was the same as she stood against the shadows, tears silently falling from the inky blackness of her emotions as she watched her home burning.

Leslie Neiwert

# There Is No Simple Number, But One

The keyboard seems nothing to me right now,  
Only a black, solid, ugly bruise.  
The keyboard stares at me with it's whiten teeth;  
All are daring me to be smooth.  
'Run your hands over once more'  
Each sing as I plead,  
'Never let up until you are board'  
Those are the things that I do bleed.

Paper doesn't seem so nice  
When I pick up my pen;  
Each sheet screams its pain and tears,  
Laughing when I tickle them so.  
Twitching my pen across the lines  
Each piece I make seems old.

The words of my mouth fly away,  
Leaving my voice and my throat.  
Helpless I am without my words,  
Floating in a drunken moat.

Numbers scramble just out of my reach  
As I count away.

Leaving the last line here, until the end of the day.

Leslie Neiwert

# Traces Of My Life

My life has been hectic  
Like a bean on stings,  
Living for others  
And not living for me.

My life has been special  
Like Christmas in July,  
Something to always  
Remember me by.

My life has been crucial  
To the man I call my love;  
Who swears that I've been sent  
From the Goddess above.

My life has become special  
To those who think they need  
Attention to the greatest, expand  
Where my own angels will feed.

My life has always been  
A guiding factor to the Halls of Binnd,  
Where Adventure seeks its pleasure  
And Lust rots from my kin.

Leslie Neiwert

# What Will Tomorrow Bring?

I was sitting at the computer, diddelling along  
Nothing changing, the mouse in my palm.  
How my heart was torn apart,  
How he used me for his own resort.  
Could I never seem to understand  
The whispering shadows billowing up sand.  
Dusting the broken pieces lying deep inside,  
My only heart crying in pride.

He left I know, I'm too already gone.  
The wind bouncing in my ears like a drum.  
Tears of pain and tears of sorrow,  
Putting on a face for those tomorrow.  
How can i hide away my pain,  
How as my tears left only a stain.  
Shadows mistified giving me strength,  
Seeking a rapture who'd let me have a length.  
Today and tomorrow I will always be mad  
As sorrow chants of the ex I once had.

Now I look up in the sky,  
Kissing the stars, telling him 'bye.  
Moving up and through time and space,  
Living here and now, taking on my face.  
Lady Bless I found him so quick,  
Now appease my heart and let him stick.

Leslie Neiwert

# When A Pin Dropp Falls, Can You Hear It Shatter?

There used to be a time  
When nothing was ever wrong,  
When there was happiness  
Enough for everyone.  
We used to be so happy  
Enough to stop these tears  
That must have been why  
We had always said our cheers.  
I remember back to a place  
When there were many smiles,  
Now my memories are in rows  
Upon the floor hidden under tiles.  
Tears have now come and went  
Things that change my heart,  
Did you love the others  
As much as me when we were apart?  
I use to believe that we were one  
Now time has just gone and come  
I use to say I'd sacrifice all  
Now there's only silence in my tomb.  
I use to need you,  
I use to want you all alone  
Now my light has gone out  
After it gave the brightest to be shown.  
Were we really so different  
You and me and our mistakes  
I had loved you for so long  
But now I realize all of your smiles were fakes.  
The edges of my world  
Seem to dance in my eyes  
As the blade enters  
My sullen body by surprise.  
Could it mean something true  
As my love flew  
From our darken grave  
To his lips in the night.  
I could never quite understand  
Why he tore me apart  
Was it because he was a demon

Does that give him reason to hurt my heart?  
May I cry deep inside  
When I hear the truth of pride  
Upon his lips they do appear  
Words of his darken despair.  
But do I really fool myself  
Is it his words or mine  
Could it be such a tragedy  
As my heart does die.  
He threw me away  
Didn't he?  
My eyes were covered in tears.  
I don't understand  
Then, but now  
Sand still rings in my ears.  
I understand that we are  
Different in many ways  
Maybe now I can close my eyes  
And leave behind my final pain.

Leslie Neiwert

## When I Leave, Don'T Cry

When we fall from where we belong, does anyone know we've left? Some may cry when we pass by, but others seem to hate our very breath. If you thought about any fights you just had, can you tell what could happen next? They could leave as you now fall, dying in your sad romance. Shower your soul on us, my friend, for we may disappear. Kiss our hearts no more goodbye, dry away those tears. When you know we've left this place, please be happy for us. We will always cherish you, my friend, for it is you we trust.

Leslie Neiwert

# Where Are You As I Am Gone?

I'm crying inside, and that's all that I can feel  
My pain causing me trouble and it all seems to real.  
My head is spinning and I can't seem to believe  
That maybe deep down, you're in love with me.

Where can I stand on this bitter, broken Shealf  
Where can I fly when the wind pulls me down  
Nothing ever seems so right, sometimes I swear I die inside.  
Where are you as I slowly drown?

This pain doesn't seem anything new to me  
Giggleing inside my own sanity  
Living life until its gone  
I'm still so sure that something is wrong.

Where can I stand on this bitter, broken Shealf  
Where can I fly when the wind pulls me down  
Nothing ever seems so right, sometimes I swear I die inside.  
Where are you as I slowly drown?

My tears are getting deeper, my pain is getting worse  
Here in my head, I swear it's all a curse  
Your love is on my lips,  
Where the hell is all the bliss?

Where can I stand on this bitter, broken Shealf  
Where can I fly when the wind pulls me down  
Nothing ever seems so right, sometimes I swear I die inside  
Where are you as my body is flung aside?  
Where are you when my heart and pride  
Are gone... Are gone... Are gone...  
Where are you as I am gone...

Leslie Neiwert

# Words Of The Wind

Twisted leaves lay at my feet  
As my back is torn and beat  
Tears do not fall from my face  
When I run the wind a race.

Feet are panting from the pain  
As the clouds promise us rain  
Winning a race that can't be won  
Doing the things that shouldn't be done.

The air parts like rivers and seas  
Brining only an open breeze.  
Kneeling on the silent beach,  
My heart fills on the simple please.

Even shadows can be overcome  
When there's ambition to be hung.  
Differences must be set aside  
For one to overcome their inner pride.

Leslie Neiwert