

Poetry Series

Living Experience
- poems -

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Living Experience(Nov.28 1969)

This is a spin off page from wind songs spiritual poet, Annalee Hopkins. My name is Nikki and I have a lot of life experiences and express it through words. These poems are different from spiritual poetry and offer insight to the many experiences we all go through on this journey we call life. Some are sunny and others dark. I welcome comments as long as it's not to nit pick over grammar or flow. Words are words as poetry is to poems.

Aquarius Love

I'm lost - lost without a prayer,
Without you my life is so empty so bare.
As spring approaches,
This winter love fades,
This obsession feels like a charade.
No words no explanations,
You left me in the dark,
But along came another,
That lit my life with a spark.
I have no need for memories,
To drown me in tears,
As my Aquarius love is very near.
A dropp of water from the stars,
Washed your memories away,
For my Aquarius love...
Is here to stay.

Living Experience

Bamboozle

It's hard for me to love you,
With our constant fight or flight,
It's hard for me to trust you,
You've stripped me of the right.

Stripped me of the truth,
Of things I had a right to know,
Leaving me to ponder in my vises,
And you simply ran back home.

Even then I tried to be supportive,
Tried hard to be your friend,
You took my heart and crushed it,
It may take a while for it to mend.

I thought you understood me,
More than any other at the time,
You called me you're earthly angel,
A special star that made you shine.

You told me that you needed me,
Felt more for me than anyone you knew,
You told me that you loved me,
Nothing you said was ever true.

You used me for the moment,
To find your words and voice your pride,
To take your life back from a bully,
Taking my energy for a ride.

When you had achieved your goal,
You simply tossed me a side,
Like that of driftwood in the ocean,
Endlessly floating to drown in the tide.

I know you said sorry,
So many time that I've lost count,
You just wouldn't let me go,
So your sorry casts some doubt.

You are called by many names,
A trickster, a swindler, a user, a thief,
People that steal others energy,
And leads other souls to grief.

Karma isn't just one sided,
Though it comes like a thief in the night,
Bringing comfort to those that are hurting,
And pain till the wrongs are made right.

Living Experience

Betrayed (Violence Against Women And Children)

I've tried to write the words,
Surely something to say,
For the way you've treated me,
How we ended it that day.

It matters not how we met,
What matters is what we felt,
Was it really genuine?
I touch the swollen welts.

I trusted you with things,
That I never told another soul,
Things that hurt and scarred me,
That you'd keep till we grew old.

The betrayal you bestowed upon me,
Minimizing, laughing at my pain,
All my secrets now exposed,
Make me think that I'm insane.

It matters not what you did to me,
These scars will one day heal,
Our son is another story,
What is he supposed to feel?

Betrayed, broken, sided and torn,
To a loyalty that shouldn't exist,
All the lessons that we taught him,
That no one should use their fists!

I owe him a thousand apologies,
For the truth I couldn't see,
That you were not genuine,
Not to him and not to me.

Thank you for the lesson,
Not just mine alone,
Now a new journey begins,
That we can call our own.

Living Experience

Captivated

Into the light I step at dawn,
Wind blows pass me singing a song,
Flowers bloom, scent of dew,
Every thought seems to be of you.

Afternoon strolls - through the park,
Walking hand and hand till it gets dark,
Watching the stars in the darkened sky,
The future flashes before our eyes.

Full moon is bright shining down,
Lights the earth without a sound,
Holding you tight with in my arms,
Captivated by your romantic charms.

Unknown feelings what can they be,
Other than thoughts of you and me,
Unknown touches - soft skin and kiss,
Oh these feelings are heavenly bliss.

Caught In A Moment

We can't always help,
Who we fall completely for,
One thing is for certain,
Those feelings we often explore.

Caught up in the moment,
Nothing serious just little flirts,
Spending time with them feels good,
Not caring who we hurt.

Then the reality slowly sinks in,
The lives that could be destroyed,
That you were nothing more to them,
A summer playmate, last year's toy.

Even though we know these things,
There are things we can't ignore,

Two hearts in search of something,
Only one left devastated to the core.

I was caught in a moment of lust,
Lust is for the ones you can never have,
Until you learn you love them,
Then you know it will never last.

Their hearts committed to another,
Your feelings will never change their minds,
They have all the great reasons and excuses,
And you feel that your heart is doing the time.

Caught up in something that shouldn't have been,
Caught in the lore of the romantic buzz,
Caught in the feelings of letting go,
Caught in a moment that's all it was.

Living Experience

Confined Mind

Sitting in a rubber room,
Waiting for my ride,
Tired of these doctors,
Of people that just tell lies.
Looking at this chalky room,
Staring at the pale stained walls,
Locked doors and windows,
For those whose voices call.
Didn't want to end up here,
The place for the insane,
Feeling the temperatures rising,
The inner voices call my name.
Here come some doctors,
With a handful of little pills,
Observing me swallow them,
Oh to be the mentally ill.
It's time to entertain them,
And show them what they want,
Or I will be kept in here,
My soul will finally be caught.
Release me I kick and scream,
I am not the one insane,
I just needed a vacation,
From the people that played their games.

Living Experience

Disappointed Regret

Can you tell me dad what I did to make you hate me so?
Can you tell me what I said to make you give up and go?
Was it because I wasn't good enough and evil is all you see?
Was it too much guilt for you when you left me sitting in the tree?

I remember all the little things as child that made me sad,
I remember all the love I had for this man I called my dad.
I remember all the drugs, parties, women and fights,
I remember all the bedtime stories when you tucked me in at night.

I remember all the hardships and all the good times too,
I remember looking up to you and talking about everything you do,
I remember how excited I'd get when you'd walk in the door,
You'd sweep me up in your arms, I felt so loved and so adored.

Then the CAS were called and we were torn apart,
I remember what you said to me as you pointed to your heart,
As a little girl I carried those words with me every day,
As the days turned into years family memories slipped away.

Then we were reunited and I was a disappointment to you,
I was an addict that didn't share your religious views.
Things became so turbulent that again you walked away,
Did you ever ask yourself or care why I turned out that way?

Years passed and finally the lost daughter came home,
I had enough of the cruel world that I often roamed.
I tried to be the good girl the one you use to love,
I tried to believe in Jesus and the Father up above.

It didn't matter how often I tried to shine and glow,
I couldn't believe in God because no mercy did he show.
Then tragedy hit, causing mass devastation to the family ring,
Raw emotions left exploding; again you washed your hands clean.

I tried to say I was sorry for all the things that I had done,
Even though you weren't my real dad you were still my # 1.
My whole life I'd been lied to and ultimately betrayed,
All I ever wanted was my dad's love and a family that would stay.

Living Experience

Faces Of Me (Coping With D.I.D.)

Not sure what I'm feeling,
Whirl winds hardly describe,
The panic attack I'm having,
All of our thoughts collide.

The pounding of the headache,
Blood pressure rising so fast,
I can't hear what you're saying,
Voices screaming – we're free at last.

Who am I then I have no clue,
Kind, Loving, Childish and Nice,
Maybe the Gate Keeper,
Who's angry and belittles to entice.

Alters exposed their job now complete,
Revert back into the depths of my soul,
Calmness subsiding – normal heart beat,
Here I stand confused and alone.

Living Experience

Finally My Say (For The Bullied And The Bullies)

Although it may not be easy to actually say goodbye,
To the way that you all treated me with you bullying and lies.
Its not always easy trying to be accepted, often we conform,
To all the little games they played the ones I tried to ignore.

It's not just the kids that often bullied and teased,
In my first year the teacher clearly had it in for me.
What she failed to see is the example that she set,
That it was okay to bully a kid, with no expectations met.

I tried very hard to fit in, if I may be frank,
But you all had more fun, with your ridicule and pranks.
I may have stood a lone, and not very liked,
But at least I can say I am me and that I am alright.

What will you think years from now, when grown and matured,
Hey we knew that kid, and what we did was so absurd?
I know that I will take with me, the lessons that I learnt,
Don't conform to anyone, as you surely will get burnt.

Everyone is different and unique in their own way,
I choose to be Me each and every day.
Seeing you couldn't accept that, it's really not my loss.
Thanks for opening my eyes to a just and a lost cause.

So good bye to all you bullies in Baxter Public School,
One day you will realize the steady golden rule.
What you put out - one day you will get back,
So try to remember that when you're giving new kids flack.

Written by my son (with my help) - A child who was badly bullied in school

Living Experience

I Dream Of You

Today I woke with a smile,
Because I dreamed of you,
And all the fantastic things,
You often always do.

In my dream...

You were boarding,
Down the mountain side,
You took turns with ease,
You looked like you could fly.

When you hit the bottom,
You slid to a fast stop,
Took off your pair of goggles,
And glanced back to the top.

Seeing your accomplishment,
Made you screech in sheer delight,
For you had conquered your fears,
With all your pride and might.

As the dream continued,
You grew to be a pro,
You took the biggest hills,
Where others dared not go.

You had several trophies,
Medals Gold and Bronze,
All of these achievements,
Filled your heart with song.

Its not what you get in life,
That makes you who you are,
It all the effort you put in,
That takes you very far.

The lesson in this dream,
Is easy for all to see,

We're so proud of you,
For being all you can be.

So don't look back on yesterday,
When today has yet to come,
Just believe in yourself,
You'll be surprised at all you've won.

And on a little lighter note,
This poem was just for you,
Because you have touched my life,
In everything you do.

****For My Niece.****

Living Experience

Inspiration

All I know is it feels good,
My spirit sings and shouts,
My heart belongs to you,
There it's finally out.

You're not as worthless,
As you often think,
You've got class,
The world at your feet.

You inspire me to write,
The feelings from the heart,
You inspire me to change,
The things that keep me apart.

You inspire people,
To be great moms,
You touch their lives,
Filling their hearts with song.

You mesmerize people,
With your confident walk,
You make them feel comfortable,
Make it easy to talk.

You give people inspiration,
Almost every day,
By teaching them to see,
And changing their ways.

I speak the truth,
From experiencing it myself,
That you're a breath of fresh air,
An inspirational wealth.

Your friendships are cherished,
By all that you meet,
You're a worthy lady,
With the friends you keep.

Don't ever doubt,
What I say is true,
The world's a better place,
Because of you!

Living Experience

It Must Be Love

It's not always easy to describe,
What our hearts often feel,
Trying to shift through emotions,
Is what I feel real?

It's not easy for me to express,
What I feel inside,
Other than life seems better,
You make me feel alive.

I can't make out these feelings,
Tingling, warm to cold and insecure,
How do I express those things?
Without you thinking I'm absurd.

It's not easy for me to tell you,
These feelings I feel inside,
As all my thoughts and emotions,
Seem to conflict and collide.

I have never said those words,
To another living soul,
It's something I had to share,
So that you would finally know.

Living Experience

Little Girl Hurt

A young girl stands on the corner,
Looking cheap and godly,
Yelling out to passing cars,
Yo Baby! Want to touch my body?

She wears a tiny top,
A real short mini skirt,
She's hiding what's inside,
Little Girl Hurt.

A corvette slows down for her,
She quickly jumps inside,
She discusses the prices,
She swallows her pride.

She degrades herself for the man,
Trying not choke,
She does the job efficiently,
Then she lights a smoke.

Drop me up the street she said,
Her words dripped like honey,
As she wastes little time,
Counting all her money.

Her body hurts now,
Craving for a hit,
She reaches in her purse,
Pulls out a spoon and then her fit.

She steps back to the corner,
Confident and unafraid,
Old ladies stare at her angrily,
As once more she plays her trade.

Don't be so quick to judge her,
Who knows what she's been through?
Besides the cruel facts of life,
This might have just been you.

She's gone through life,
Hurting and through strife,
Count yourself lucky,
She's not your daughter or your wife.

Living Experience

Occupy This...

</>Don't walk away from us like we haven't earned the right,
You take all our money and the pavement's our bed at night.
Don't tell us that we have to vote because we don't believe,
You never live up to your word and set the workers free.
Don't tell us that you're working for us to provide a better life,
It's clear the only better life is for you kids and for your wife.
Don't look at us so poorly with your greedy squinty eyes,
If hadn't been for us your legacy would of long ago died.
Don't ask us what our thoughts are as you clearly don't care,
You're only in it for the money and your greed is everywhere.
Don't talk to us about justice because you haven't got a clue,
Making the rich- richer makes the people slaves for you.
Don't talk to us about vacations as only you would know,
You took all our money and the 99 percent can't afford to go.
Don't talk to us of bail outs you always do what you want,
It matters not to you whose life was taken for the cost.
Don't speak to us of terrorism and the high costs of war,
You're no better than them with your constant need of more.
Don't tell us how to live what little life you let us keep,
You are not the Saviour and the people aren't your sheep.

Living Experience

Remembering Child Abuse

Remember as a child,
All the little games you played,
Things to help the pain,
Make the hurting go away.

Remember your mom yelling,
It's all because of you,
Then dad would hit and hurt you,
Oh what's a child to do.

Thinking its your fault,
Your fault that they were mad,
And how this doesn't happen to good girls,
Only to the girls that were bad.

And in your room with your dolls,
You ask them what was wrong,
Do you remember hurting?
Have you been hurting long?

They always gave you answers,
The same answers as before,
Then they'd often show you,
Where they hurt - where they were sore.

Remember the Lightning,
And the Thunder roar,
As you cry inside your window,
You felt your tear drops pour.

Where does a child run too,
Where do they go and hide,
Underneath their sheets - where they think they're safe,
And they silently cry.

And when mom and dad are gone,
The guilt and pain in their heads,
For the hurtful things dad had done,
And the hurtful things mom said.

How long does it take the pain to go,
How long for the wounds to heal,
You pray to God it's a nightmare,
But He knows it's very real.

When you start to heal,
The scars of memories take a toll,
Realizing, they stole your body,
But they never stole your soul.

Living Experience

Scorned Love

I thought what we had was real,
Too many complications seem to rise,
You became strained and distant,
And I fought to be by your side.

Too many undecided questions,
Too many feelings of up and down,
Too many plans unchanged,
Guessing you didn't want me around.

I've tried not to over think,
Nor let my feelings ride,
It's the hardest thing,
When one feels this way inside.

So sitting broken hearted,
A few tears will be shed,
For all the feelings that I had,
For the things you left unsaid.

They say time will heal,
But this I don't believe,
Time doesn't cure anything,
Especially to a heart that bleeds.

I had to say goodbye today,
To a girl I thought I could love,
The feelings were only one sided,
Oh the despair of requited love.

Living Experience

Silent Call

It's funny when we think we know,
But really don't know much at all,
We think we can communicate,
Then you receive the silent call.

The silent call is a little game,
That too many insist on playing,
With the body language and no words,
Leaving one confused and hanging.

Waiting for the words to come,
To what they really want to say,
Hanging on the illusive hope,
That the rules didn't change today.

Rules do change as people do,
Though some rules don't apply,
When you hide the real meaning,
Many people interpret it as a lie.

It's not that you're a liar,
That's not what I'm trying to say,
But when you give mixed messages,
Someone was confused and hurt that day.

Whether it was or wasn't intentional,
Only you'd really know the truth,
All I'm saying is with your lack of effort,
You come off as rather aloof.

The point I'm trying to make is,
To make one assume is so absurd,
There are those that should mean enough,
That you could surely find some words.

Living Experience

Strange Love

Thank you for seeing me,
For all the colours that I am,
Though not all tranquil,
They blend making a painting.

Thank you for taking me,
Completely how I was,
Even though confused at times,
I tried to be true to you and myself.

I may have struggled with it,
Pushing and pulling to let go,
Sorting through these emotions,
I`ve never quite felt like this before.

I saw it coming to an end,
The train wreck was coming,
As we struggled to salvage,
Whatever we were able to save.

Strange and unusual love,
Two souls connected,
Unable to sustain or fulfill,
The things they were meant to do.

Breaking free of the hold,
That trapped two souls,
Finally able to move forward,
Behind us was this strange kind of love.

Living Experience

Sweet Release

Last night I had a freightful dream,
That scared me wide awake,
I still feel the eery chilling,
That night terrors often make.

I rolled over to the night stand,
Fumbling to hit the light,
Took a smoke with my shaking hands,
Tried to light it with out a fight.

Stale smoke lingering,
As I inhaled and exhaled,
Nothing more then a dream,
And I'm surely not impaled.

Closed my eyes for a moment,
Flashback's filled my brain,
Terrors have me trembling,
As I start all over again.

Reaching for the razor,
No longer can I think,
All I want is peace inside,
The razor cuts so deep.

Blood tears drip slowly,
Down my cut up arm,
Nothing more than a release,
I never cut to cause me harm.

My eyes are slowly closing,
I gave into the temptress act,
No more pain before me,
It's just an anxiety attack.

Living Experience

To Much Pain (For My Daughter That Came Home)

It seems we've come to a crossroads,
A long one to repair,
I never meant to hurt you,
Or cause you much despair.

It seems that I've been waiting,
For a child that's no more,
Every time I try to love you,
You slam the open door.

It's not the lessons learnt,
That causes me to retreat,
It's the ones you choose not to learn,
That makes me feel defeat.

You may think I don't love you,
You're wrong to feel that way,
For all those years I lost you,
My heart it bled each day.

These emotions that I feel,
Are unfamiliar to you,
Because you can't empathize,
In anything you do.

I know it's hard to see,
Or feel this kind of love,
But it hurts me so deeply,
With our constant push and shove.

I have to put some distance,
Between my heart and yours,
For I too am hurting,
And these feelings I can't ignore.

But in your quiet moments,
When you've set yourself apart,
Know that I am waiting,
For you to touch my heart.

In my head I hear,
The song we only share,
For there is a Storm outside,
That won't pass until we care.

Take with you my love,
Try not to feel despair,
Just know that I am waiting,
For you to meet me there.

Living Experience