

Poetry Series

**Paloma Castaneda**  
**- poems -**

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# Paloma Castaneda(6-8-98)

# Bomb

He remained on his knees,  
Brought there by the chaos of the preceding  
moments  
And the horror that befell him.  
There he knelt,  
Just by the bomb-blasted breach  
Now bearing a body.  
He didn't need to see the face,  
For he knew that it could only be one person  
Lying in th gaping hole before him.  
The moment he realized it,  
He stuck his arms out from his sides  
And screamed, and screamed, and screamed.  
He heard no noise,  
Amidst the chaos he felt no pain,  
Only the agony of his entire world being torn  
apart.  
Eyes shut,  
He looked upwards as if solace might be  
found there,  
But all he found was more torture.  
Loss was by no means foreign,  
But amongst the horrors he witnessed daily,  
A loss so close seemed alien.  
Collapsing over his knees,  
He wept into the harsh desert landscape,  
Pounding his fists in anger.  
For an eternity,  
He stayed there  
Doubled over on the rocks.  
As always,  
He picked himself up and walked away,  
And his life moved on.

Paloma Castaneda

# Hours

They sit in silence now  
After an exhausting night of empty words  
Mere minutes pass, but they are hours  
He feels it fall apart  
He feels her slip away  
They turn.  
For the first time, they look at each other  
He is suffocated in her terrible gaze  
Suddenly the iris tightens  
The bond shatters  
Her lie is revealed  
Twenty years undone in one moment  
He falls, grasps a some reality  
She turns.

Paloma Castaneda

# My Love

The first time I saw u, I fell for you  
Idk how, idk why, but I just did.  
Maybe I don't even understand the concept of love,  
People tell me I'm a child, a confused, disrupted child,  
Who doesn't understand how to love.  
But I think they're wrong  
They're wrong because I know I loved you  
I loved you from the start, and I will love you until the end.  
The worst part of it, is that I fell in love,  
And once I've fallen, I can't seem to get out of it  
I'm not sure how you feel about me now,  
Maybe I'm not the girl you thought you wanted,  
Or maybe I just lost my chance to be with you.  
I'm not sure what it is, but I'm sorry  
I need you to know that I tried,  
And tried,  
And tried.  
I started to remember the memories that we made together.  
Like the one where you asked me for this poem.  
The part where you made me blush in class when we first started talking,  
And finally, the part where you said you would love me forever.  
But I guess forever seemed to long.  
And if we never talk again,  
Please remember that I'm forever changed by who you are,  
And what you meant to me.

Paloma Castaneda

# My Smile

Yes I may be the weak,  
But I'm the strongest one here,  
It's just no one knows that it's him whom I fear,  
Look into my eyes, for they tell a story so dark,  
Watch my feet, to see the road that I've walked,  
Examine my scars, to see the battles I've won,  
Come closer to see the fear that I hide,

Now ask me some questions about my life,  
And you'll see how nervous I get inside.  
Hands start shaking  
Feet start fidgeting....  
Then the memories, the horrid memories that I so longed to forget,  
They come back  
Now Listen to how my speech will slur  
Listen to the tremble in my voice,  
Look up to see how my eyes are tearing up...  
But then, look at my smile, the most deceiving part of me,  
And then you'll believe when I say everything is alright.

Paloma Castaneda

# Selfish Desires

I want nothing more than love  
I want nothing more than happiness  
The two most seemingly simple things in life  
are actually the most complicated  
Is it really possible to let go?  
Can I free myself from my own mind?  
Without thoughts though  
We're nothing.  
I'm constantly racing backward  
Trying to recreate the perfection of the past  
But once it's gone  
It's not real  
Life is one big paradox  
We all want to create memories  
But at the attempt to recreate them, we  
deteriorate the present  
Maybe we find joy when we don't measure it  
against other things  
when past experiences and future consequences  
don't matter  
but who really knows?  
I want nothing more than love  
I want nothing more than happiness

Paloma Castaneda

# The Falling

Falling through the dark, empty holes in the  
sky  
His hand drifts closer, his arms extend to  
mine  
What is the purpose for innocence to die?  
His smile holds secrets, a deviant shine  
Clouds keep building beneath, only to dissipate  
Nostalgic warm feelings, of faith and love  
Falling through the sky, feeling my conscience  
suffocate  
His fingers follow to reach, and then shove  
Deafening thunder clapse like metal on stone  
His scarred skin touches mine, the fire lights  
My heart will always be the one to loan  
He will stay here through both daylights and  
nights  
Falling ceases to prevail, the bitter thoughts  
fade  
Oh treachery! Oh love! What a game I have  
played

Paloma Castaneda

## The Warrior (An Excerpt)

The pale girl gripped the nurse's hand for a brief moment, clutching at the soft skin. It was an impulsive move, and normally the girl would berate herself for not being herself - the fiercely, independent self. The monitor sped up as her gaze raked over the medicine lying on the cold, silver tray.

The girl's mother should be there to comfort her, to hold her, at least to sit by her as the agonizing medicine runs through her veins and the convulsions rock her thin body. But she was not there - she was anywhere but there, so the girl gripped the nurse's hand instead, caught, for a moment, in terror.

The girl stared into her eyes. There in the gentle green pooled sympathy, of course, but detachment, too. Who could blame the nurse? God knows how many pale girls she had seen come and go, all with the same hopes, the same fears, the same fate.

She let go.

The nurse, clothed in sterile, white clothes, set the tray down on the medical table. The instruments rattled. It sent a cold chill down the girl's back, which in turn made her wince.

Today was big. This day had been on the girl's mind for a while - it was sort of infamous around there; something that everyone had to go through sometime or another.

The girl braced herself.

Paloma Castaneda

# Theme For English B

The instructor said,  
Go home and write  
a page tonight.  
And let that page come out of you -  
Then, it will be true.

I don't even know who I am, so why should  
you?  
I'm fourteen, my first year of high school, stressed  
beyond words  
I tend to be accident prone, testing gravity  
often...Yep, it still works.  
Born and raised in a some what traditional family  
I guess I'm 'like totally' typical  
A little directionally challenged,  
I don't really have a sense of where I am  
usually.  
But I know that all roads lead to home  
through the door, back out to my yard, where  
I lay out a mat,  
enjoy the fresh air, and write this page.

Being ADHD, how hard can it be?  
It's like getting a picture of the world-  
but you're the one that's out of focus  
Constantly moving, fidgeting, being  
unconnected  
You get used to it, as well as the idea of  
spending 5 hours 25 minutes  
in a quiet room, taking a test that decides my currently uncertain future.

But I shouldn't define my future that way, like  
I shouldn't define myself by my ADHD  
So how should I define myself?  
Do I let my clothes define me to you?  
Living in t-shirts and jeans doesn't do me  
justice.  
I'm in a state of perpetual stress, freaking out  
over something

that will certainly be no big deal in a few  
short moments,  
But that isn't quite accurate either.  
My music tastes are really great  
which is closer to a proper definition.  
Should it be my slight tendency to spread  
myself too thin?  
Or the fact I'm almost always injured or sick?  
Not a single one of these details gives you the  
whole story of who I am  
And definitely not a picture of who I strive to  
be.  
I always wish I could be more:  
More organized, more confident, more focused.  
That's American, but that's not me.  
One mild identity crisis later, and I end up  
just where I started  
With no idea who I am, but a bunch of  
scattered bits of information,  
All written together on the same disheveled  
page.

This is my page for English B

Paloma Castaneda

# To You

I will never understand why you had to leave. Still, I try to puzzle pieces together, hoping to find an answer; yet somehow, I am always unsuccessful. Maybe you were needed somewhere else. Maybe some other little girl needed you. I hear stories and see pictures, but none of the memories seem to register. It is a shame that I never got the chance to know the real you, only through the words of others. I close my eyes and try to imagine what you look like, but all I come up with is a face of gray. It just isn't fair, how you could be torn away from me with a snap of their fingers, but then again, life is never fair. Not a day goes by that I don't dream about what it would be like, with you in my life. I know it would be better.

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# Underneath The Water

I'm underneath the water  
so cold yet my emotions grow hotter  
I helplessly sink  
losing the ability to think  
my surroundings tighten  
the losses, they heighten  
my soul ripped without thought  
meaningless for what I sought  
a ripple was all you could see  
no one truly know the thoughts of insanity  
I sigh with acceptance  
and let go of my insistence  
the water pulls me with such great  
strength  
I tried to avoid this at such great  
lengths  
I struggle with one last gasp  
my whole life out of grasp  
I'm engulfed in such confusion  
was this simply all an illusion?  
you see the lake still as the dead  
no notice of the tears that were shed  
I leave without a word  
no one truly ever heard

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