

Poetry Series

**Patricia Williams**  
**- poems -**

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## Patricia Williams(02/19/1953)

Live with my husband in Idaho, Have been writing since I was 12. Have lately been writing poems, short stories, a short children's book and song lyrics

Have worked for the Health Department for 17 years and turn to writing when the pressures of life come threatening my view of life.

Poetry I think is the soul speaking to the world Through our words we release our pain, our love, our joy and our life

# A Book

You carry me to the lands and times  
I have never been before  
Magically you can carry me through  
many an open door  
With you I can experience love,  
hate, adventure, and terror  
You open my eyes to a realm  
I never knew was there  
I can lose myself from the real  
world of many woes  
and through your knowledge  
or your imagination  
I can grow  
I doesn't take much work  
to gain your rewards  
Just open a book  
and let your mind fly upwards

Patricia Williams

# Afraid To Mingle

Afraid to mingle  
Just newly single  
Afraid to try  
Don't want to cry

Cute guy at the bar  
Don't go too far  
I could say hi  
Just give it a try

A few drinks in  
Take it on the chin  
Put myself out there  
Don't act so scared

Hey he's pretty nice  
His mouth trembled twice  
Maybe he's scared too  
What do I do?

She spoke to me  
I hope she can't see  
I'm new at this scene  
Is this a good dream?

Afraid to mingle  
Just newly single  
Afraid to try  
don't want to cry

Patricia Williams

# Character

Come after my character and see what you can find  
The crooks and curves of your investigation are in my mind  
I have not been a mean person or defaulted on my promises  
I do what I say and I work through my gains and my losses  
We look at ourselves through rose-colored constricted glasses  
But inspect our fellow man with judgemental microscopic passes

I've never been rich or lived in a fancy house or put on airs  
I have worked all my life just climbing the workingman's stairs  
I have never scraped and bowed just to get my status ahead  
I have worked my hours, paid my bills and been in the red  
So come after me with your judgements and your accusations  
A worker cannot stop prejudice against age or discriminations

When I look in the mirror I see my own true reflection  
The age and the passage of time is staring back at my reaction  
I move slower and work harder to come up to my own expectation  
And realize that sometimes I am the oldest of all my relations  
But I still do my best at my job, even when you think I'm a dinosaur  
And when I'm gone I wonder if you'll criticize me anymore

Patricia Williams

# Differences Among Americans

Apples and oranges whip cream and chocolate  
Armani and Wrangler Penthouses and slums  
Country and Rock Hip Hop and Classic  
Differences help make America fantastic

Old and young feeble and strong  
Positive and Negative right and wrong  
Rich and Poor Workers and Users  
Differences creates winner and losers

Choice and mandatory Voices and Still  
Screaming and mumbling Empty and fill  
Struggling and successful birth and dying  
Differences help keep us laughing and trying

Attack and retreats Blizzards and sunshine  
High country peaks deep canyon ravine  
Industrial revolutions return to the green  
We have more differences than can be seen

We are different, but we are Americans  
Politically opposed racially melted  
Behind our military opposed to our generals  
But our differences weaves the theme that is America

Patricia Williams

# Economy

Beautiful clothes, soft warm coats and nice shoes  
Sometimes these are not things we can choose  
Thrift shops, slightly worn and pre-owned clothes  
Can keep you warm but some turn up their nose  
If robbing Peter to pay Paul is becoming your norm  
And you put on two sweaters just to stay warm  
Then you have joined the numbers being observed  
With all of the others who wait on the curb  
For the bus that may not be coming on time  
To a possible job or a better life down the line  
We need to turn corners where we actually care  
About our neighbors welfare and doing our share

When you are figuring your bills and you are short  
Think of those who can't pay anything for support  
Who may stand at the doorway of the Gospel Mission  
Thinking of a past life and for a home be wishing  
America will turn the corner from this down turn  
For a past life many may still go on and yearn  
Some may never recover and sink into depression  
While economist say we are coming up from this recession  
We have lost home, jobs, and our sense of security  
And replaced our way of life with one of constant worry  
If we could learn a lesson that sometimes less is more  
And settle for more realistic dreams than we had before

Patricia Williams

# It's Christmas Time

Snowflakes glide gently down and begin to pile on the sidewalk  
Children look through store windows and begin to rapidly talk  
The strains of oldtime Christmas Carols are playing in the street  
While moms are baking cookies and other things that are sweet  
It must be almost time for the sound of sleigh bells ringing  
While at church choirs are practicing their very best singing

Bell ringers are guarding their red pots and thanking givers  
While the wind and the snow is sending many with shivers  
The lines to see Santa reach a long way through the store  
While dad is checking his list and heading out the door  
TV specials are the ones that we have seen and loved for years  
Charlie Brown, Rudolph and George Bailey can still bring tears

Christmas is a family time and we miss those not at home  
Those away and can't get back wish they had never roamed  
We remember our servicemen with care packages and love  
And pray they they sell be safe and protected by God up above  
Snowflakes keep falling and start to take on a scene familiar  
While the people stop and listen to the Christmas Carolers

So give your family members an extra hug this year  
And show your family some extra special Christmas cheer.  
The days of the Christmas holiday pass quickly by  
And you need to form good memories or at least try  
Don't take this time for granted or family members  
Some may not see many more Decembers  
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Patricia Williams

# Monsters

A girl cries softly in the night as dark creeps in the room  
The monster follows the darkness and adds to the gloom  
The tin soldiers draw up their swords in defense of the child  
The teddy bears and baby dolls grab pocket cars and go wild  
As battle lines are drawn the child dives under the covers  
The monster backs away the child is protected by those who love her

A young woman cries softly in the night as dark creeps in the room  
The man follows the darkness and adds to the threatening gloom  
The soldiers, teddy bears and baby dolls are put away  
There is no one to defend this girl from harm by night or day  
The battle lines are drawn and the girl must brave the fight  
She must give in or back the monster out of her life in the night

A baby cries softly in the night as dark creeps in the room  
The monster follows the darkness and adds to the gloom  
But the mother is waiting with love and determination in her hand  
The monster will flee this night and be buried by the sandman  
The baby will never know the night terrors faced by his mother  
She will not let the cycle play out or be perpetrated by another

An old woman cries softly in the night as darkness creeps in the room  
The monster follows the darkness and adds to the gloom  
The monster is robed in darkness and a long black gown  
The old woman welcomes him to her bed and takes him down  
In the morning the monster leads her over an unknown threshold  
This time the monster wins and death takes another toll

Patricia Williams

# Music's Servant Or Master?

Let the room disappear and sink into the mirror  
The image is reversed and you need not fear  
Life gets complicated and sometimes reversed  
No matter how much you dared and rehearsed  
You put your dreams out there and step on a stage  
You will face appreciation or sometimes rage  
You are judged with every note every inflection  
Sometimes with approval and sometimes rejection

You are just introverted enough to look within  
Judging yourself harsher than any man can  
Is your voice crystal clear or clouded slightly?  
Do you attack the song or sneak up lightly?  
Know the songs emotions reveal the soul  
Did down deep, let ripping it out be your goal  
Love what you do, consider it a precious gift  
Know that it can give mankind a hearty lift

If you become a person who is appreciated  
For the voice and the music you are fated  
The words and the notes make up a song  
Your interpretation can be right or wrong  
You may never have a recording contract  
But if you can get a crowd to always react  
You are famous while the song is in the air  
Whether famous or local you make people care

Let the room disappear sink into the mirror  
The image is reversed you need not fear  
Words and notes compose your lifetime  
You can write or use someone else's rhyme  
For one that sings is a servant to the music  
But the music is your instrument your task  
You are famous while the song is in the air  
Whether famous or local you make people care

Patricia Williams

# Quiet

How quiet a house can be when you are alone  
Rain drops sounds like it is hitting with stone  
The wind tears through the walls to your soul  
And you roam the bed as if you were in a fish bowl  
I miss your snores and roaming in the night  
I miss your body against me holding me tight  
I go to bed early to escape the big nothingness  
But I find it waiting between the sheets of emptiness

The television greets me as I walk through the door  
I leave it on to chase the ghosts that hide underneath the floor  
They whisper when I'm gone to the drapes and the walls  
They say how life and time in this house only crawls  
I look in the fridge, nothing appeals to my senses  
So I stare at the grass you planted growing by the fences  
I curl up on the couch and try to lose myself in a book  
But my mind wanders back to your departing look

Your home is a barracks in a faraway land  
Filled with soldiers, hard work and oceans of sand  
The wind tears through your world like an ocean  
But is lost in the motion of violence and emotion  
Each day that you are gone I mark off the calendar  
And dream of our reunion with kisses warm and tender  
But my house stays quiet and time crawls into darkness  
While misery and separation accentuates the sharpness

Patricia Williams

# Scream

I could just scream, it may help you never can tell  
They won't listen anyway so maybe I'll just yell  
My age has increased my value has lessened  
My money is short and my bills are worsened  
I'm better off than a lot of my fellow companions  
Hard work, and loyalty used to make you champions

Work is not valued just oiling the social personalities  
People have been shoved aside in the mirror of realities  
Corporate greed has been pushed into the forefront  
And no one is surprised by the corruption or the content  
The value of loyalty has been replaced by corruption  
The norm has become accepting addictions, seductions

I could just scream, it may help you never can tell  
They won't listen anyway so maybe I'll just yell  
I have went over of edge of sanity and reason  
I think any more that condition comes with the season  
Recession, depression, bailout and foreclosure  
Bad news is on the rise from the overexposure

Patricia Williams

# Silently You Protest

Scream silently, talk without a voice  
Don't go throughout life without a choice  
We make our own destinies  
We have choices but no foresight  
A choice we make can ruin your life

Scream silently, talk without a voice  
Don't go throughout life without a choice  
Try not to harm your fellow man  
Try not to be harmed by your fellow man  
Let your choices reflect your inner voices

Scream silently, talk without a voice  
Don't go through life without a choice  
Policies will change, friends will rearrange  
Each day you encounter more and more choices  
Each day you hear more and more voices

Scream silently, talk without a voice  
Don't go through life without a choice  
There will always be someone in authority  
There will always be someone to tell you no  
Scream Silently; talk back with out a voice

Scream silently, talk without your voice  
Determine you life by our choice  
The authorities will judge if you succeed  
Only you can establish your need  
Scream silently; talk back with out a voice

Patricia Williams

# Society's Child

She was born without a chance  
By a mother young enough to be her sister  
Into a society where she wasn't wanted or needed  
A file in a caseworker's desk  
Lost among the mountain of welfare's children

She is not a child of famine's land  
She doesn't speak with an unfamiliar tongue  
She is one of America's statistical poor  
The rich don't recognize her existence  
The middle class turn their heads away  
and the poor stand by in helplessness

What will happen to this child?  
She will wear hand me downs, eat handouts  
and wonder why she has no stake in life  
She exists in a no win situation

America recognize this child  
She is not just a statistic  
She is an overwhelming reality  
Don't shut your eyes to the children  
They are our future and if they have no future  
What is ours

Patricia Williams

# The Orange Rose

A yellow rose struggles to breathe  
Among high weeds and dry earth  
A broken board bangs against the house  
Dirt and debris lays on a broken tile  
The house shudders, remembers its old worth

It's hard to remember the friendly smile  
The children's laughter, the family love  
This was the cherished dream, the ideal  
Home Sweet Home shone from above  
Roses bloomed in a manicured garden

New again time becomes a wheel  
In the yard a new rose blooms  
Orange and violent consuming the weeds  
It spreads to the house like a clinging vine  
Leaving black leaves in its wake  
Seeing its destruction as a new seed

Patricia Williams

# The State Of My State

The bosses call it a more efficient company standard  
But their layoffs will not pay my efficient credit card  
Working for 20 years doesn't count for a thing  
When you are being replaced by a cold metal machine  
Wall Street says that the current recession is over  
Tell that to the homeless child using a newspaper cover  
Each day workers wait for the axe to fall and destroy  
Their lives, their normal situation and their joy  
And look at the faces of young children waiting in line  
And wonder what the world will be like in their time

We hear congress is working on health care reform  
But politicians in charge of my health is cause for alarm  
Do they understand that a terminal patient leaves a loss?  
And that a family deals with that and picks up the cost  
You pray to stay healthy and live life to the fullest  
But sometimes health problems arise that is the cruelest  
Your normal life disappears and succumbs to disease  
While politicians jack around reform at their ease  
If politicians could lose their homes, cars and fancy boats  
Maybe they would cut out the rewards for votes

Let the goods we buy say 'Made in America'  
And let the American worker get their fair share  
Let the farmers grow fruits, vegetables and grain  
Let ranchers raise livestock that sees normal gain  
Keep out loggers busy supplying the builders  
The plumbers, electricians, and the carpet layers  
Build up our industries some large some small  
Let America go back to work employment for all  
Give us back our dignity and our way of life  
Raise the children in a family with a husband and wife

Patricia Williams

# We

You and I became one  
I identify with you  
and you with me  
But we are still two  
We have an individual dream  
I don't know where you start  
and where I end  
But love's intertwining  
has produced a future  
for the two to become one

Patricia Williams

# Wisps

Searching in a cloud of white  
The fair maiden waits for her shining knight  
The alarm clock shatters her world of bliss  
Before she could even attain the first kiss  
Her senses return to her slowly  
As she gazes at her bedroom so lowly  
She's drug back to the world of strife  
Where she must work to maintain a life  
Her working hours are quite a struggle  
Her budget she must always juggle  
The knight's armor stand in great halls  
Not many commoners make it to balls  
But there are always midnight slumbers  
And knights riding chargers by the numbers

Patricia Williams