

Poetry Series

Rachelle Langley
- poems -

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Rachelle Langley()

Cartoon Friends

I hear him laugh again and again.
It must be him, his cartoon friend.
Not too soft, not too loud,
Not too mean, not too proud.
He keeps him company again.
He's happy about his cartoon friend.
He does judge, he doesn't talk,
He only laughs and likes to walk.
He likes to jump, and likes to slide.
Or jump in the ocean's tide.
He really loves to play with him.
They both like when the lights are dim.
So now he's tired, say 'goodnight'.
'Goodnight' he said with such delight.
He looked at me and he said, 'bed'.
So that is where I laid my head.

Rachelle Langley

Chess

life's game
women's tame
the sad bliss
of the lost kiss
a woman's scream
the lost team
the lost one
the hand on the head
held until dead
revive and retrieve
the hurt and deceived

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Global Warming Nightmares

I crawl through my mind at night.
When the lights turn down, I might.
Turn into a twilight state.
And I find my rage and hate.
I finally seem to fall asleep.
In my dreams, I seem to leap.
Carnage, blood, floods, and wars.
Water rushes past the shores.
Spider webs, evil spirits doze.
This dilapidated, monstrous house.
I walk in and the stairs give way.
And I feel that I will die today.
My heart pounds in my chest.
There will be no time to rest.
Alert and awake in my dream.
I woke my self from my scream.

Rachelle Langley

Inner Demons In A Fragmented Mind

Mine are pretty and kind, and kind of sly to the untrained eye.
My only friends throughout the night of endless dreams.
And yet, they are my only friends it seems.
Distant people through a kolida scope colors of true distorted truths.
I feel sad for them really, and I blinded myself.
I didn't seem to realize I was even there.

The beautiful silk glazed over my eyes.
I seem to be dreaming.
I come to myself, watching me sleep.
Did I wake in a dream?
Did they rip off the covers?
They came to me in pieces.
What should I do?

Rachelle Langley

Just Done

Numb to it all and happy inside.
Don't mind the dishes or the bills are not done and unpaid.
I can't deal with the emotional ride.
Don't mind to see my apathy fade.
I'll be alright.
I'll be just fine.
I'll be the reflection in the rear view mirror of your mind.
And you'll get along just as good as could be.
And we'll both be happy because we will both be free.
I have let go you see.
Because I have come to my emotional knee.
I cannot go on like this.
I will let you go with a friendship kiss.

Rachelle Langley

Meeting Dreamers

My house is a mess.
Can't fit in my dress.
That I bought last year.
I'm having myself a beer.
The flash backs of last night.
Of my dreams give me pure sight.
Oh, how I love my sleep.
My waking days I weep.
Longing for something missing.
My dreams give me people listening.
They understand my struggle.
The mothers ridiculous juggle.
On subatomic level,
The waking life dishevel.
We fly across the sky.
Soar high and it's hard to come down,
But we crash and I wake.
I meet vivid dreamers in my sleep.
They say, when they wake they weep,
At least, that's what they tell me.
I believe, their house is a mess.
Can't fit in their dress.
The one they bought last year.
So, they have a beer.
The flashbacks of understanding nights.
Pure vivid sight.
How they love to sleep.
A misunderstood life makes them weep.

Rachelle Langley

Not What You Think

I'll try to not think of you.
But it's truly hard not to,
To see all your disguises
Your compromised prizes.
With ribbons and bows,
You predispose.
Yourself to a life without meaning.

I feel sorry for what you've done.
I'm not sure you feel you've won.
Ego mastermind, winner takes all.
When no one holds you, will you fall?
Tornado through people's lives is a thrill.
Surely, it's only my guess that you will.

Spend all their money.
All their hard worked hours,
Spend all their money.
It's you that it empowers.

I'm sure you may think you are innocent.
The course of your ambivalent road.
It has caused you to implode.
You've aged 10 years in the last 5.
The price you pay to thrive.

Rachelle Langley

Reluctant Truth

I look at you from time to time.
I wonder why you are so blind.
20/20 does hind sight seem.
You are not on my team.
You are on your own.
You are all alone.
What you want.
What you need.
What it seems is that you want what you want.
And you get what you need.
You want me to want what you want.
You wont bend or curve.
You have the nerve.
Of an emotionally blind man.
Who gets me to do everything he possibly can.
You play on my heart strings.
I would truly do anything.
Anything for you.
You know its true.
I see disgust in your eyes.
Its the eyes that cant hide lies.
I believe you have won.
The trigger of your painful gun.

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Speaking To Souls

In starry night of twilight sleep,
I hear confessions of locked souls keep.
As if I could ease and cease their pain,
From troubled souls existing insane.
Knowing souls in trapped dementions,
I give them hope with the best intentions.
My aspirations seeming vain,
Daylight breaks conscious thought again.

Rachelle Langley

Summer Bugs

I stepped outside into my noisy backyard.
Beyond the fence, and the glasses shard.
Beyond the stream, the leaves, and trees.
Are all the noises that make me freeze.
On a sweltering day, and sticky night.
Some bugs in the summer give off their light.
I used to chase them when I was a kid.
And when I was call in the house, I hid.
Amazing how senses can give such a trip.
To the greatest of memories that I firmly grip.
To the greatest consistant sound in my life.
Though handed some cards that caused some strife.
Makes everything better to rock in the moonlight.
The sound of the summer bugs make everything right.

Rachelle Langley

The Nature Of Things

Is there a part of me that always existed?
Vivid color thoughts drift through my mind.
I'm an instrument who nature uses as a paintbrush.
Nature has not revealed their true identity.
I could never truly understand myself, anyone, or anything.
The paved road to understand the smallest parts of nature,
Are rivers where there are no bridges to walk over.
I want to run my hands through the soft concrete.
I want to be a part of the stones future generations can roll their feet on.
Nature nurtured by the desire to fulfill dreams makes time stop.
Life goes by fast in these times, why?
The undying need to question all that is around me,
Is closest to the truth I will ever know about the nature of the universe.
The closest truth about everyone, myself, and you.

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Thought You Knew

Please tell me.
What has been hurting you?
Please tell me
What can I do?
Please tell me.
Is it me?
Please tell me.
But think I know.
I don't know what to change for you.
I know I'm dirty.
But I like me this way.
I thought you knew.
You can't change me.
And I can't change you.

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Time To Let Go

I woke up today.
I have been lost.
Where am I?
What happened?
Did my my life sneak by unannounced?
I guess, and I suppose I feel lighter.
It's amazing.
I've lived 10000 lives I suddenly remember.
Death comes early to the repressed.
I could sleep 1000 days and be ok.
Atrophied? Maybe.
Hopefully the earth will come to rescue.
Put me in the recycling bin, don't fill me with formaldehyde.
Laws in my life I could never abide.
Unsaid social and cultural uncouth
To parade a body, to show the youth.
For day and days.
As I see all I never did before,
I realize I don't want it anymore.

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