

Poetry Series

Sarah Sedefoglu
- poems -



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Sarah Sedefoglu(07/06/1976)

I was born and raised under the blue skys, palm trees and warmth of Southern California. Where I had my happiest and saddest memories. Those memories, I shall share to make a series of fortunate and misfortunate events short I've landed in Pennsylvania with two beautiful children. I've loved, lost, seen to much. and am here to share stories that only a true poet would believe. My legacy...



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Charlie Parker

Little Charlie Parker had a hard life.
A whole lot of grief
A whole lot of strife.
His dad did not care much:
Hard, cold, bitter, mean.
His mom plump and plain,
A working machine!

Long were the days,
Each and every one.
Long was the moon
Until the sun!
Charlie had hopes,
Ambitions and dreams.
Charlie had nothing,
As the tears streamed.
He was an only child; Thank God for that.
For he had not enough strength,
And to much weight on his back.

The smell of sweet Lavender, Carressed Charlie's nose.
From the yard it came,
From the ground it rose!
The only thing that kept Charlie sane
Was the view of the garden,
And the smell of the rain!

He laid hid body,
Bruised and battered on the bed.
He shut his eyes slowly:
Such a pain In his head.
He turned off his night light,
And fell fast asleep.
For he knew his dreams
Were things he could keep.
And the dreams seemed always to be the same;

Two bright lights that would end all his pain.
But, this time it was different

It seemed so real!
The warmth and the love
Where there to feel.

A tiny voice asked,
'Is he the one? '
Yes, said God,
'He is my son! '

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