

Poetry Series

Shannon Hogan
- poems -

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Shannon Hogan(6/17/87)

Out of the womb of oppression God brought forth a humble striving spirit. writing has been my outlet for many years now. It is what he was implanted in my soul poetry is truly apart of who I am. I am currently working on a book which i hope to publish when opportunity presents itself. I am also working on m now Masters of Psychology degree so I can counsel the youth. I love poetry and I'd love to hear your thoughts and suggestions.

A Chase In Vain

I entertained the heart of possibilities
I danced in the arms of hope
I kissed the lips of desire
I stood firm against repeated mistakes
I drew the line at compromising my expectations
I refrained from damaging the stones we placed
Instead I walked through what looked like a door of opportunity
Despite the odds
I cradled my daydreams
tightly
As I fell
not too much like before
I held on to my dignity vigorously
Promising never to once more be stripped clean
Despite all my precautions
Despite my good intentions
The hopelessly painful novel continues
and one again
the jokes on me

Shannon Hogan

A Closer Look

I am the bronze stallion that towers over her dark places
Places I would rather pass on speaking life to
let alone reminisce
I wake up every day and give a French kiss to my lover named life
I giggle because close by are life's piss stains and I will be greeted by them when
I exit my home
Because you see once my day starts I am tested
I am tested by those who see the power in me and those who haven't taken the
moment to look
Although I am pretty much a open book and I am indeed
Complex
When you open my pages you may have to catch your breath
I am lifted
Because I have been anointed
I am here to do all that my Father has ordained
You may sit and wonder
I study myself daily
I love all my quirks
The things that I work to define
The attributes ill never change
For they define me
I may not be what is considered "main stream smart"
But I am wise
An analogy about me that comes to mind:
I cannot tell you how to construct the temple wall but I bet I'll be the first to
paint them
Just take...
A closer look
By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Acknowledging The Present

Acknowledging the Present

Often times we do not realize just how valuable time really is
We take it for granted
We allow our minds to take us to obscene places
Dark places we should not even tap into
Distractions like these separate us from reality
How can clarity reach us if our minds are engulfed by polluted thoughts?
The actions that we make mode what tomorrow will hold
The choices we make define what our futures will be
So it is so important to analyze the cards set in front of us
It is so important
To not depend only on the one who dealt the cards in the first place
God helps those who help themselves
We hold all the cards
Humanity has lost the concept of values
Loyalty seems like a fairytale to most
Life has been given to us as a gift
Yet many just consider it to be a game
But who am I to judge the way one relates to life?
Perhaps that evaluation works for them
Thank God for individuality
So what truly lies within your present?
Why not open up life's gift box and see
By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

All Along

He's been every definition of what LOVE is
My eyes water as I write and read this
I've spent atleast 15 years of my life confused about love
I've waded in pools full of lust filled thoughts and deceptive day dreams causing
a strong physical pull followed by short lived escapades
From a clinical stand point it would seem I'd have the answer
But up until now...I didn't
Sure I thought I was doing well
Putting up a strong wall after leaving my daughters father
Being able to point out and avoid anyone who looked or smelled like him
As school ended and I was on my way to finally bear the fruits of 7 years of
educational labor
I crossed paths with a distracting daydream once again and I watched my faithful
friend watch intently once again
But there was something different about this time
Subconsciously I woke up knowing this would have to be my final ride with
deception
I found myself at a psychological cross road
Being pulled by who I was and who I am now
I gazed at my daughter
Eagerly I was searching to complete my idea of a perfect family
Eager to kill the label of being a single mother
Eager to end my own personal drought that I had covered with work and school
Eager to kill my
Poor posture
Don't look at me
You'll just hurt me
I'm busy
Get away from me
But what about the one who never stopped looking at me
What about the one who loved me despite how painful it was to watch me dance
in the wrong man arms time and time again
Adoring my daughter like his own
Watching me tear myself down as i chased
What he's been wanting to give me
For the past ten years
Cutely, we've celebrated the anniversary of our friendship each year
Knowing deep within that what we hold is beautiful an unbroken
I've felt his heart since we met

I tried to protect it because i didn't think I deserved something so pure
There was a time where I didn't trust myself with something so beautiful
So it was easy to chase and expect the impossible
From someone not capable
Growing accustomed to pain
Self inflicted pain
Addicted to the idea of a different outcome
That they'd follow the light
But they were only tainting the light in my eyes
In the back of my mind
His face lingered
I got comfortable that eventually this chapter would close
The lost wayward woman who seems to have it all together
But secretly she's was a mess inside due to past traumas
Trauma that defines the strong connection she makes with her clients because
her heart speaks despite its pain
She knew
She couldn't let the blessing that's been staring at her so patiently loose hope
and walk away
Shes scared
Because she never knew what love really was
That intimacy went beyond sensual fantasies
But love being so kind reassured her that he'd be there
To show her the way

Shannon Hogan

An Ode To Mother

An Ode to Mother

From the womb I have descended in brilliance

Your teachings are engraved in my soul and crowned by my heart

The knowledge gained from your wisdom will guide me along life's road

You will cradle my heart from now until death

You will forever hold the key to my soul

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Blessing In The Pain

The tears settle into her cheeks
Her heart tears as she realizes that the high has now fades
Along with passion filled nights followed by sweet daydreams
The craving that once got her through the day has revealed it's poison
The same lips that captivated
The same lips that told her she was pretty
Told her they couldn't stay
The same eyes that gaze upon her with admiration
Looked away
He shut a door to the chemistry
He ran from the idea of forever
He held onto his past instead and ignore the possibility of a beautiful future
He chose simple over effort
Claiming simple still drives his heart
But she could feel his heart each him he embraced her
Each time he dwelled near her being
The intuitive mind that intrigued him
Caused him to slip away
Was it love?
The question lingers
She was ready to fall
She felt after all these years she'd give it a try
But that ended in as a fatal escapade
In the midst of her pain... she found clarity
Love isn't about the lust filled thoughts thst cause you to linger in sensual
moisture and bliss
It's not conditional or fickle
It's consistent and unchanged
So I know he never loved me
Liked me deeply? Sure
I've decided, that I'll stop bringing your name up when reflecting on things
remember
Doing so just kills me all over again
I lost a lover and a friend
One can only wonder...was it worth it for you

Shannon Hogan

Blind Folds

Blind folds

For as long as I can remember

Writing has always been my sure defense

Through these words I am able to reveal a sense of confidence

I've never been one to sit back with mainstream and pollute my mind

I've always been sagacious; I've always view things from a different side

The tales of life now days are bitter

I doubt if they will ever again be sweet

Destiny's nectar lies beyond me

Yet I still flutter to and from life's flowers diligently

It tickles me as I observe my fellow foes

Walking about with their eyes close

The signs of life have been placed before their eyes

Yet they carelessly keep walking by

I wish I could

Indeed I've tried

To remove the blindfolds from their eyes

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Buttermilk Spice

soft and sweet
a taste to my lovers delight
poise and reserved
but i'd beware of my bite
humple at times
spiteful if pushed
how the outer core appears somewhat harden
the inside is pleasant to those who seek

Shannon Hogan

Caged

Caged

I look on at the snow dove, trapped in her enemy's cage

I think to myself:

'I guess the caged bird will never have her chance to sing'

She is torn by misdirection and disaray

Onlookers laugh in glee at her struggle

They boast as their snare entangles her wings

But in the midst of their bliss

Her king will set her free

melodies drenched in harmony will kiss the ears of all who greet her

so then I'll think:

'Perhaps the caged bird will sing'

Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Chosen Vessel

Chosen Vessel

I will not die but live, and will proclaim what the lord has done.

The lord has chastened me severely but has not given me over to death.

Psalms 118: 17-18

God blew his breath of life into my soul

Bringing forth an invitation to salvation

When I made that choice

The choice to side with the good

Dusting my feet from evil

I entered an eternal battle

The righteous will conquer if they simply withstand

The taunting laughter spews from temptations mouth

For he expects the elite to fail

Grace continues to remind us to look ahead, reminding us to no loose our focus

"Destiny lies just ahead" grace utters, "Just hold on a little longer."

I feel into a pit

A deep pit surrounded by sickness and disease

Doubt lie in wait for me

The enemy had giving doubt specific instructions

Demanding that he entangle me

Hand and hand day and night

The enemy attempted to drown my soul through manipulation and guilt

My hands grasped on to the edge of the cliff

Fear looked on as my life dangled

Deaths stomach began to growl

Hoping I would dropp into his hands

But behold who has the last word

The one who gave authority over this very test

Pulling me out of the mud and mire

He place my feet on new ground

Giving me a firm place to stand

I am

His chosen vessel

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Colors Of Life

Colors of Life

The paints of the girls life stoy drizzles down the canvas of her life

Images embedded in opposition attempt to choke her daily

Her ivory smile however smiles through the trials at bay

Clouds coated in despair attempt to cloud her sanity

Her foot prints mark life's pathway in hopes that her pot of gold truly lies somewhere

Spectators look on in admiration

Intrigued by the message displayed in the artists craft

She smiles

Knowing those who view this masterpiece will forever look on in mystery

Knowing no passcodes
They will never be obtained by anyone

Her secret shall always remain
Within the hands of the creator of her paint

The paint that drizzless across the canvas

Casting forth joy filled memories, along with life's french kisses, sadly drenched in pain

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Conversations Of The Mind

Conversations of the mind
I don't run from her uniqueness
I accept her thoughts with open arms
Whether they are cleverly marked by passion
Or tiny droplets of joy
Even if pain falls into the equation I accept it all the same
I've come to realize something in particular
I am apart of all the quirky attributes
The very things that send my mind on a spin
I am the time bomb that explodes at any given moment
I am the pearl within the oyster shell
Or the vibrant lily in a desolate valley
I bring forth light when others attempt to dim my lantern
I am deeper than the outward epidermis
Bonding together with the anatomy that brings forth my physical form
Behind these ebony eyes lies a story
Called me

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Cries From The Bellows Within

The shadow from the depths of my souls have reached a state of depletion
Although my laugh seems beautiful and full
A drought is present within me
I still yearn to reach a state of security
but the closest factor of it all
I must learn to be secure with what lies within me
I have spent
so much time fulfilling my selfish ties
Listening to lies from men who promised the moon and even the skies
I danced and kissed the lips of manipulation and deceit
and now a broken heart is what greets me
yet I still stand and tower over defeat
A strong noble woman is now what you see
By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Criticize You

If I stay away too long from you, I'll lose you
If I lose you this time, I won't know how to apologize
So many broken promises, I shamefully admit
If I keep moving away you'll think I don't accept you
So I'll just critique you along the way
I wish I could embrace your brilliance but out of fear of losing humility I avoid
the gesture
It would be nice to see pass those dark stages that defined who you are
Instead I turn my nose to you validating the term disgrace
I should accept the true friend I have in you
Unlike many you'll hold my dirty water
But I still spit in your face daily over your shortcomings instead of opening the
cavities of my heart
So I could shine light on who I am who I was who I've become
Finding beauty in the once caged bird's song
Glee in broken angel's cry, but instead...
I am my worst critic☐

Shannon Hogan

Daddy Issues

Sep 7th

The essence of hurt rains on the depths of my being

I am worn beyond belief, yet I refuse to subdue

My emotional state holds mixed spices of

Guilt, worry, pain, rejection, uncertainty

Leaving a bitter taste on my tongue daily

I pull out my mask each day

So sweet they say, such a strong woman

Lacking to see the traces of unheald wounds and broken promises

If the thought crosses their minds, instead of presenting a shoulder of comfort its
a slap of hate

Those slaps cause me to coat my heart

I hold my shield up daily refusing to let go of the key

I wear a mask of mystery

In all of her brilliance

You think you know me

Shannon Hogan

Deceptions Final Kiss

I mixed up the concept of love for what seems like centuries
For what now seems like hopeless memories
I am now greeted by taunting epiphanies
Piercing my soul like daggers
There is no remorse within you
So you walk on in laughter
I never knew
The consequences of a wide open heart
The essence of pain has stripped me apart
Shattered in dismay
Fooled by lust
As you slither away calmly
Like a snake in the dust

Shannon Hogan

Decision Greets

Decision greets
Sometimes when we meet
It's anywhere from a second to a number of days
But next to Decision
Conclusion lurks
Awaiting my answer
Wondering what will I decide?
At times I have no clue what to say
Let alone think
Searching for guidance at times can be beneficial
But on the same token it can hinder or alter your true feelings
A lot of times decision are brought on by one's self
Choices
Choices are key when it comes to decision making
If you chose the wrong turn you may find yourself in a maze of confusion
Boxing yourself against a wall of predicaments
Causing you to have to pick from the scraps left on the table
No one wants the scraps
First come first serve right?
Guess I waited a little too long
Humans love to test
Like little kids they often do not stop until God slaps their hands
Well this time he slapped my heart
Lesson learned
So what do we do with the lessons we inquire along life's road
Should we hide them away from others?
Masking the truth with lies?
Of course not
The decisions you make should not be looked on as mistakes
We have the power to define the outcomes of our lives
Yet we choose to pretend things just happen
Nothing just happens
It all part of God design
When we finally grasp hold of this
We will grow
But until then
Many will remain spoiled and stagnant
Blaming others for the choices and decision they have made in their lives
Doesn't seem like a category I'd like to associate with

What about you?

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Epiphany

Epiphany

Look at yourself in the mirror
Think about what you see
Do you see who's before you
What does this person represent
Who are you really?
How can anyone understand you unless you do?
Your eyes have now opened
so
Remind yourself
That you are beyond beauty
You are God's child
He has made you in brilliance and glory
No one can take your pride
Let it show when you stand
Don't let your shoulder stoop
Don't let your chin drop
You are a queen
So demand the respect
Talk like your tongue is valued more than silver
Never let your lips grow tainted
But be wise at the words you speak
Let serenity guard you daily
Always move forward never look back
When others try to take you back
Simply dismiss them
You have a clean slate
A new start
Let Guidance embrace you in her arms

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Final Reflection On The Matter

It's a shame when you feel thrown away like plastic utensils and paper cups
when your heart feels like shattered glass
when the pain buried within the pit of your stomach has begun to rust
my face scream solem
because reality has finally sunk in and revealed the truth
and the truth is this...
My life has been lead by blind guides with mouths full of lies
the same people i have given hand shakes and high fives to
have simply been demons wearing discises
attempting to craddle me in their safety nets
keeping their enemy close so to speak
their ignorance leads them to play to win
but their master plays for keeps
and since my faith has delivered me from his grasp
i will now sit back and watch my enemies wither away like grass

Shannon Hogan

Foolish Dreamer

Foolish dreamer

I see no room for negativity

I often seem to rationalize what others feel is impossible

Reality holds no bars on my life

This makes it hard for me to grasp structure

Why can't I just be me?

I often wonder

But in a world where opposition is not respected I've gathered my own conclusion

I've tried to join the main stream of things

But the idea is so far from my mind that it's simply a waste of time

My ideal key to happiness lies somewhere

So if I keep doing what most call dreaming

I'll surely succeed

This is my dream

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Four Tear Drops

Four tear drops

Her tears do not evaporate like others

They stain her cheeks, leaving scars that she will have to mentally overcome

Each tear dropp holds some significance

Each tear drops wears an age

Four tears drops roll down her cheek

They reveal the age

The age of her stolen innocence

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Fruits Of The Spirit

The greatest of these is love
It is able to kindle the bitterness captured within the soul
Easing the pain within ones heart
It is the warm hug shared between a mother and her child
Or someone's beloved
Materialist trinkets are often bought in hopes to reveal what the heart wishes to say
It shines light in the dark places
Makes a dead situation come to life
It tenders a callus heart
Or smoothens the frowns of a stern face
It is the most beautiful gift given to us by God
Many will spend a lifetime looking for it
Love must be planted within
Before it can produce a fruitful crop bountiful for the enjoyment of others

By Shannon Hogan

Date written: 4/2/10

Inspiration: Currently I am writing poetry based of the fruits of the spirit. God has directed my fingertips to produce the work in which you are viewing. Enjoy.

Joy down in my soul
I can feel her deep within me
She greets my stomach with butterflies
The brings a glow to my face
My smile brightens the room
Contentment can be seen in my strides
The tone of my voice seem to flow steady
Like the cool waters in the stream
Nothing could make me more elated
Then this feeling that tingles through out my soul
I can feel her presence
I won't allow anything to snatch her from my grasp
I'll hold on as tight as I can
In hopes to hold on to my joy

Peace be with you
Why don't you allow me to come in?
Why do you all treat me all the same?
You'd much rather toy with malice
Then to dance in the arms of sanity
I can ease you mind
Provide a boost to your spirit
I can clear the fog in those uncertain places
Provided you a clearer view on life
But you won't approve
You'd much rather look down on this idea in vain
So patiently I wait
In hopes to soothe the toils of the troubled heart
In hopes to ease the pain

The method of patience
Isn't funny how the thing that you try so hard to do
Seems at times impossible?
From the start certain values and rules have been set into play
But naturally we are tempted by what we are told not to do
So for awhile we dance about in disobedience
I'd be a liar if I said that sin isn't at times fun
Yet everything that feels good
Smells good
Taste good
Isn't always good for you
Too much of anything breeds contempt
All the rushing
The wanting
The hoping
The demanding
Needs to simply be put on paused
Patience seems to be pretty lonely these days
Seems as though we've forgotten her importance
Including myself at times

By Shannon Hogan
Kindness waits
Will you pass the test?
Will you extend your hand to your neighbor as he dangles from the cliff?

Despite what he may have said or done to you?
Can you look past what others see the most?
Or will your heart remain like granite counter tops?
These question arise in our daily lives
We are faced with the decision to stand next to kindness
But we often leave him behind and side with anger
Or we get distracted by the lust of jealousy
A simple act is all it takes
To ease the tension
Of a strife filled place
Generosity eases the spirit
Give more then money
Without motives
Do not give with the intent to be boastful
But to help those who have been struck down due to life's undulations
For who knows
When life will sweep you from your high horses
Lowering you deep into a pit of anguish
Because you turned your nose
Held your head in a haughty way
Expressed a cocky tone
Karma is hungry
He waits for any opportunity to strike
And when he does he'll greet you
Turning your world from peacefulness
To dark storms filled with strife

Believe the unseen trust the unknown
I may not feel you with my fingers
Or taste you with my lips
But I know one thing for certain
I know you still exist
When the road gets hard and my head hangs low
I am yet an ease because I know
That in time the storm will go
Although they mock you
Saying "where is your friend faith? "
I brush them by and continue my chase
In hope to be greeted by your arms at the end of this race
I race against time
Day by day

Constantly reminding myself
"Trouble won't last all ways."

Meekness crowns in splendor

Few yet wise words
Are like peaceful harps at play to ones ears
But a mouth full of senseless words
Are like darts of poison
Pay close attention and mean all that you say
For like birth marks
Words have to power to create scars

The battle of self control
We want to control all things
Over looking what's most important
We say what we want
Not once to be reflect on how we are affecting others
She says this
He wants that
They do this
I do that
Not once do we slow down and admire the image in the picture
Not once do we perceive our own faults
Control must first begin with self
Before the other blocks can be set into place

Shannon Hogan

His Schemes

His schemes

I know you're up to your usually

I can smell you from a mile away

You are not fooling me at all

The wool is far from these ebony eyes

You know that I have been chosen

You have seen the light that illuminates within me

The light that guides those who are surrounded by darkness

I am not on your side

It makes you boil within

I belong to army above all armies

The highest of the elite

I am his

And he is mine

And there is nothing you can do to change this

He is

God

And he

Fights all my battles

So continue to work through those who sit within my midst

The very ones who offer their shoulder

And quickly spit in my face

I will prevail

I will not fall

But you will

In due season

You will be nothing more

Not even a memory

Your existence will no longer be warranted

As you smolder in the lake of fire

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

I Say A Prayer

I say a prayer
My mind seems to stay in a whirlwind of thoughts
These thoughts often interrupt my concentration
The dependent of my mind
I pray to you for guidance
At time I pretend I know my way out life's wilderness
But the truth soon unfolds
I am nothing without your hand
Although I attempt to not use you as a crutch
I know that I cannot go too far without you near me to instruct
I pray that you control my ever word
Allow me to be eloquent and poise
So that the ones I mingle amongst daily will be in awe at the words I say
I pray you remove my shell
The hidden place I've created within myself
My security blanket that Satan uses as a battle ground
He fills me with doubts and insecurities
Telling me to second guess all I know
So I am constantly rebuking his venomous spews
Cradle me in your arms with your deepest empathy
Your servant cries even when she smiles
She mourns even when she frowns
She is weak amongst all her vigor
So I say a prayer
Casting my burdens to you
By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

In My Thoughts

You've unlocked the voice trapped inside me
Refining the woman deep within
Hidden behind the youthful spirit
My fears are pushed to the side
You reassure me that I am capable
You lift me up and crown me in respect
Never attempting to tear down my towers
My eyes gaze into the midst of nothingness
When your voice greets my ears
Lost deep in a daydream full of intimate thoughts
Dreams of passion
Thoughts that lead down a road of no end
Have you ever been so certain of something?
So sure?
So sure to the point that you could nearly feel it?
To the point you could almost taste it?
The taste of certainty delights my tongue
Satisfying my appetite of satisfaction
Constant visions weigh on my mind
Me striding toward you
Draped in cream and champagne gold
The sheer veil conceals my cool aid smile
Tears of joy streak my cheeks
For in moments
I will unite with my king

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Make A Wish, Now Make It Come True

Make a wish, now make it come true
A wish that taps deep into the bed of your brain
Revealing the essence of your inner being
Your inner being reveals its true habitat
You are strong
You are pure
This is you
Don't let anyone still your treasure young girl
That ruff Dominican accent snarls
I walk on, never stopping to catch my breath
But then my heart pounds within my chest
That's guilt my love!
And how he pounds oh so clearly
How much guilt can one have?
How much pain will I bare?
Before I decide to rise from my distinctive arrangement with a scandalous lady
by the name
Vice
She wore my heart around her neck
I became her follower
But like Oliver I've adopted a new way
No longer an orphan abuse by the world
I have evolved into a pearl
By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Misery Loves Company

Why misery loves company
She sits and she waits
Waits for any opportunity to make her presence known
With no hesitation
She will stir a pot until it thickens with contempt
She will not stop until it reaches a boil
And even then
She may still not be at a state of satisfaction
Her purpose in life is to cause quarrels amongst our loved ones
Causes people to stay in a pit of deep dismay
And resort to being cradled by hopelessness
But she cannot do it alone
She must have a victim
Someone most entertain her schemes
Or she will become useless
And the last thing she wants is for tranquility to greet your thoughts
Like arrows darting through the air
Rapidly reaching their destination
Is the way she casts out her plots
She sets her web and lies in wait
Waiting for one of us to stumble
So that she may ensnare
Without you or me she cannot live
She has no existence
Her whole being relies on the fate of our decisions
I choose not to be made her fool
By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

My Heart Endures Starvation

My soul thirsts
This intense feeling falls over me like a faucet
It trickles down my souls cavity
Slowly it drains me
I seek outlets of escapes
Attempting to bury the empty dark thoughts presence inside me
Threatening my sanity
Sanity remains firm despite the blows that guilt attempts to present
I never knew
How saddness can peirce the soul
Until I looked into my eyes
The glow is lost yet I long to keep glowing
Feels like a dream I'll keep dreaming
I wonder
How long does it take to break out of confusion's prison?
Will my heart forever tie me to a stake
I still seem to know that second chances are present
When I look into my child's face
Reaching some form of peace and serenity still lies in fate
By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

My Hidden Treasure

My hidden treasure
Only I know where my treasure lies
She's more precious than gold and silver
More radiant than fine scarf's made in India
Or pearls buried in the clay of Africa
They can't see you
But I feel you
Each twinge sends a sense of elation through my spirit
My skin glows from your brilliance
Behold the gift of life
A gift I'll forever treasure
By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

My Lot

My lot

I am clothed with brilliance

Because I'm covered in modesty

My words are warranted

Because truth is embedded within them

My friends and foes admire me

I try my hardest to stay out of what others considered basic

I vow never to be a statistic or to trifling to follow my dreams

I spread knowledge

I sow my seeds

Karma sly

So I try to do good deeds

This is my path, this is my life

This is

My lot

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

My Mind, My Outlet

My mind, my outlet
As the ink drizzles across the pages
My heart pours out
I hide behind the words
Like a blanket
It's my weapon against the demons
The demons that still lie In wait for me
My brain is my shield
My pen is my sword
My heart is my armor which leads me
Each line tells a tale
But never is it fiction
My thoughts drip like a leaking facet
I am crowed with so much splendor my hair should be mixed with grays
I've spent years boggled down by the stresses the world presents
I should have experienced cardiac arrest
It just wasn't and isn't my time to give up
They try to uproot me
They love to attempt to pick into my mind
Be careful when you go digging in unknown places
You never know what you may find

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Nothing Is Hidden

Nothing is hidden
Like little children
We play hide and seek
But what can they possible hide from?
What can be hidden from your eyes?
For you know what we do before attempt
Before the thought is form
Before words are spoken
Even before actions are taken
Choices come into our path
You know which direction we will walk before we step
Grace constantly wraps her arms around us
Mercy constantly negotiates on our behalf
At times we do not deserve pity
But your heart extends deeper then ones mind can ever comprehend
Nothing is new to you
What has been done has already been proclaimed
By you
The all knowing God

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Purpose

Purpose

Out of the womb destiny awaits
We wonder throughout our lives
Uncertain of the paths that lie ahead
We pay no mind to the hour glass on our lives
The grains sprinkle at a vast pace
Yet we mingle and laugh at silly things
As if the sun will never greet nightfall
Life appears so sweet
But soon reality shows her face
Toils rise
Attempting to sweep us from our paths
We wander on
Trying to hold on to the hands of hope
But we struggle because our mission seems so unclear
From the moment we descending from the womb
Our Father instructed destiny to be our tour guide
Faith accompanied close by
We are not hopeless objects
Wondering about the realms of the universe
Where there is breath
There is life
Where there is life
There is purpose
By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

Reality Check

Reality check

My heart feels as though it is being pulled from left to right

I know the expectations drawn out for me

I know I must flee far from Satan grasp

I cannot dance about the situation

I am convicted each time I look into your greed filled eyes

Shame on me

Placing you higher than our father

How dare I allow you to delude my mind with your lies

Denouncing the Father who molded me

To spend lust filled afternoons with you

Pulling away from all I know and trusting your words

Compromising my life

In order to gain an hour of pleasure

Followed by toil and strife

False day dreams of becoming a respected wife

Wake up Shannon it is later than you think

God said

Wake up I said

Did I listen?

Not at first

But when God speaks....

Everything else ceases

His voice is mighty

His discipline Is firm

I have heard his voice

My heart is no longer harden

My eyes are no longer blind to what stands before me

You will guide and order me in all that you do

I am grateful

I am blessed

I am covered in your blood

Ready to allow you to use me for your will

And not the will of man

See mans will have you broke down, tired and hungry

Gods well will have you strong, victorious, and content

Shannon Hogan

Scars

How long must these scars pierce me?
Why is it that new ones continue to appear?
Why is my peace always disrupted?
When will the tug a war end?
I've been loyal
I've been true
Am I banned from drinking the sweet joy of content?
Doesn't my heart unveil pure eagerness
Yet circumstances that challenge my sanity still arise
I shake my head in confusion
I hold back tears with desperation
Telling myself 'chin up'
Yet my shoulders show years of unresolved pain
I let my thoughts remain a secret whisper
I've worn mystery and optimism in fury
Yet
Here we are again
But this time it feels like envy
Instead of guilt
This time it feels as though the jealous is throwing daggers
If I am wrong I simply ask for clarity
If I am wrong I simply as for direction along the way
My path has been relatively smooth despite the occasional hiccups
But hey
We all have those days
If my compass is broken
Please refine it
I feel so lost
So broken
I've become entrenched by pains shadow
I had limited say on this matter
But does that mean anything?

Shannon Hogan

Sweet Gentle Spirit

The innocence of a child
Nothing can compare
Her eyes twinkle like the depths of the constellations
It kindles the sadness in my soul
I smile with pure elation
Grateful for the beauty present in the moments
It's the presence in the moments
It's the true essence of love
The privilege of motherhood
We share an unbreakable bond
A bond molded from the arms of birth
I hope to shine on in her reflection
I hope she cradles the lessons deep within the core of her heart
In the midst of adversity, may my angel proudly show her wings
I hope to guide her along the way
Ode to my heart
Ode to the joy I feel in each moment I am greeted by her

Shannon Hogan

The Bitter Sweetness Of Falling

It appears oh so sweet but the risk of pain's dagger causes one to Shy away
Embedded in daydreams
Crowned in bliss
Sweet shades of love in the passionate moments
Painted by a kiss
They look on at this love song with awe
Those who carry wisdom hope that our fragile wounds have healed
Our battle wounds won't hold us back from this connection
But our fears guard us from reaching the climax
So instead we linger in safe haven chapters
Awaiting a moment of security
A contemplative thought often arises
Will this moment be mere minutes
Or will This moments become years?
One must still remember that the present is a gift
So why not embrace the sweet taste of passion
Waving goodbye to our daily depths of pain

Shannon Hogan

The Cliff

The cliff

It started off as a short journey

Yet I continued on uncertain of my destination

Life's jagged edges pierced my palms

As I continued to grope the cliff

The more I seemed to accomplish

The steeper the climb became

Although I continued to be careful

My feet would slip at times

My grasped tightened as I continued to climb

Many would gaze on displaying admiration, thinking: "what gives her such drive?"

"

Perseverance whispers in my ear reminding me to strive

Reminding me that once I reach the peak

I'll receive my prize

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

The Entrapment

The entrapment

She wants to break free from what bounds her
Stepping into the purpose before her
Dictation's chains grip tightly to her limbs
Her weakened voice cries out to me
She begs for me to grant her freedom
My heart sinks because I know I am forcing her to live a lie
The truth is not within her
But I cannot blame anyone but me
I've allowed another to lock her away
They sent her one roads of confusion
Robbing her of so many capabilities
"You hold the key to release me! " she pleas
Will I unlock the chamber that holds my destiny?
Will I finally gain complete control of my life?

By Shannon Hogan

Written 2/24/10

Inspiration: Sometimes we allow others to steal what is divinely ours. Whether its materialistic, emotional, spiritual, etc. I have personal allowed outside teaching, rules, regulations, take away from who I am. So I have reached a breaking point where I must stand up for MY life. In order to save the true voice within me from drowning in misery.

Shannon Hogan

The Fall Of The Cascade

I am a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys (Solomon's songs of songs)
The fall of a cascade
The water in the depths of the spring of her heart had grown completely dry
Many would pass by in hope to taste these waters
But would abstain after they realized it was now dry
They often gathered among themselves
Trying to gather a conclusion
Her waters once produced chaste waters they'd say
So they asked: who dried up the cascade?
A sigh released as I replied:
One day a man in a mask wandered by her waters
Opening the dams of her heart
He entered and soiled what once was bountiful and pure
By the time the dams of her heart attempted to close, she realized they had been
broken
Euphoria no longer greets her lips
Love's rain no longer falls
Thus the cascade began to dry.
They looked on in bewilderment and pointing at the waters they replied:
But behold, her waters are slowly rising.
By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

The Gift

The Gift

Could it be the angelic tones that echo from the pit of her larynx?
Or the way the paint brush seems to travel about the canvass
Awaiting its destination
Is it the skill of discernment?
Showering words of wisdom
Embedded with aspiration and power
Could it simply be to say a pleasant word?
Uplifting a lost soul that had been swallowed by the mouth of deceit
Perhaps it's the ability to listen
While a fellow friend or loved one vents about the hurt buried within
Take note that I have made not a single notion to harp on materialistic gifts
Creativity cannot be bought
For it comes ideally from above

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

The Greatest Gift

The greatest gift
It outweighs materialistic fortunes
It is far more beautiful than silver or gold
It shines as bright as any diamond my eyes have fell upon
It sparkles more freely than the ripples in the sea
My ears have never heard anything so sweet
The symphony is not one you can buy
You could search but you could never find the melodies that fill my heart with
elation
I am greeted by eagerness when this gift is out of my sight
This gift is worth the ultimate sacrifice
I have come in contact with many sleepless nights
But the moment my eyes connect
With what seems to be the greatest purpose of existence
It seems as though all thoughts of slumber are suddenly lifted
My heart over flows with delight
For I have been chosen worthy of a privilege
The privilege of motherhood

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

The Method Of Patience

The method of patience
Isn't funny how the thing that you try so hard to do
Seems at times impossible?
From the start certain values and rules have been set into play
But naturally we are tempted by what we are told not to do
So for awhile we dance about in disobedience
I'd be a liar if I said that sin isn't at times fun
Yet everything that feels good
Smells good
Taste good
Isn't always good for you
Too much of anything breeds contempt
All the rushing
The wanting
The hoping
The demanding
Needs to simply be put on paused
Patience seems to be pretty lonely these days
Seems as though we've forgotten her importance
Including myself at times

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

The Pieces To The Puzzle

The pieces to the puzzle

Sometime I am too exhausted to even fix my eyes to the pieces that lie in front of me

I see so called friends yet they're not worthy of my company

Circumstances stare in my face sensing my nervousness

At times I just do not know where to start

I brace myself for the challenges that come with life

At times my soul grows tired

I can feel stress weighing on my back

Heavy like boulders

A sea of pain attempts to drown out my heart

Hope glistens and attempts to show me the way

As reality leads me to perception, I realize I am capable

I follow God's hands as he gives direction

Watching him put together the pieces I couldn't seem to get right

By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan

The Understanding Of Importance

The understanding of importance

Often times we tend to waist our energy on things that are meaningless

Sure, they entertain us for the moment

But it can be detrimental to our souls

Our spirits should overflow with positivity

Yet I see evidence of hatred

Hearts that breed on others contempt

Mouths that fume with complaints

Ruthless thoughts

Motives

Schemes

Pure vanity

It's such a waste

To watch your life slip by

If only we could reverse what has become the "norm"

Undo what's labeled "natural"

Erase that excuse "I'm only human"

I hang my head down sadly at the thought of this

Knowing that this is simply

The way of the world

By Shannon Hogan

Inspiration: I have spent a lot of time reflecting on everyday conversations with others around. A pattern of complaints and dissatisfaction seems to be normal conversation for most. But who wants to listen to the same CD play over and over? When will they simply analyze there selection and put another CD in the deck called life?

Written: 3/12/10

Shannon Hogan

Their Hearts Cry Out

Their hearts cry out
Tired foot prints touch the dust of Somalia
Two women balance woven baskets upon their heads
Tired hands dig away on the road side
A young girl desperately digging for pearls
Blood seeps through her tired hands
She yelps in agony
Her small hand cups on to her hollow stomach
The dams behind her eyes began to break causing a flood
Hunger continues to knock but will find no answer
She drops to her knees letting out a cry
Hoping God will deliver her
Without pearls she will not see freedom
Nor will her tongue be greeted by food
Silent tears stream from a girl in Bolivia
Three men
A cold blade
Presses close to her throat
Escapes seems so far from her
Her innocence now lies in the hands of many men
The men stagger away from her shamelessly
Returning home to their wives
Hope still burns within her
Faith follows close by
There is a boy in Cuba
Covered in rags on the roadside
Rats dart past his feet
The cool wind sends chill through his body
Sickness hovers near
He feels as though he's dying
He looks to the dark skies
Although he's never uttered a prayer
His heart speaks for him
There's no need for words
But in just a moment
Not our moment
But God's moment
Deliverance will surely greet his children

By Shannon Hogan

3/5/10

Inspiration- I was reflecting on the toils and hardships the world continues to undergo. It moved me to express it through poetry, attempting to send a message about the matter.

Shannon Hogan

Torn But Mending

Like the threads of a tattered cloth
worn beyond repair
This is the condition you left my heart
After I woke out of be trails unconsciousness
I laid in a cloud of despair
Naked and vulnerable
your deceitfulness stripped me
down to the core of my soul
You thought you left me for dead
How foolish can you be
even though I was torn
I was far from broken
now watch as the seamstress spins her thread

Shannon Hogan

When Father Cries

When Father cries
The clouds darken over the skies
Soon enough the tears will gently fall
When they fall many of use will still complain
Yet the wise know we keep the rain
We continue about our day unconcerned
So unaware
Why the fields appear to empty
So bare
Green shade no longer greets the grass
The weather differs each day from the last
Vices whisper tenderly within our ears, pouring out lies
We turn to things that most would ultimately despise
The pain curdles as he watches earth from his window
The cloud like curtain begins to close
So the darkness from the storm begins to roll about the skies
As he sits on his throne he cups his face in his hands
Lighten begins to prance over the land
What seemed like weeps has now turned to hail
He lifts his head and wipes his eyes
He sighs wondering;
How much longer will we live such deceitful lives?
By Shannon Hogan

Shannon Hogan