

Poetry Series

Sharmila Martin
- poems -

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Sharmila Martin(Apr 02,1976)

Endlessly the poetry in my mind is infinite & I have felt an immense sadness for I have lacked the ability to relay into words the beautiful simulations of poetry in my mind. I have yet felt the complete satisfaction of having the domino of words that flow through my mind relay the immense flow of emotions in my mind.

Afraid

Afraid am I everyday that I look into the mirror
knowing that another piece of me has died.
And forgotten is she the person they see is
not me but a shadow they reflect on me.

These shadows that those I choose to leave nameless
with glee have relayed into a pattern that I wish I could
release with ease. But I cannot you see for all the shadows
that have become a part of me are what I fear you see.

Time is not a release for me for the word afraid is still a big
part of me. I thought with age I would come to see that all
those silly fears I could slowly release from within me. But afraid
I remain to be, even with all the knowledge of age. Please here
my plea from within me.

Afraid is a word that if chosen by me would not be a part of me.
But yet somehow the word afraid for so long has been relayed
into my brain and seems to be all I can seem to retain.

Afraid am I to say how I feel inside.
Afraid am I to love another with no guilt inside.
Afraid am I to push forward & leave any part of me behind.

So be clear what it is you want those around you to hear
because for me fear would not be clear if it were not for
those that I call dear. Fear is a ideal that has become real
in all that I feel. Tomorrow is unclear but for me the fear is real.
Do not allow those you hold dear to ever feel any fear.
Make it clear that you will always be near if nothing else
comes of all my fears let this one thing be clear let no
one stand alone in fear.

Sharmila Martin

Forever

I thought my life was blue untill I found you.
Now all day long my heart sings a song of only
Loving you. Are you true do my eye's really see you.

Now each day I begin a new with only thoughts of loving you.
No more of me being blue since I found you, there's
No more gloom & doom here to loom. For my heart nearly
Skips a beat every time our eye's meet. Are you really true
Are my eye's really see you.

Now each day I feel so new with thoughts of forever &
You. My heart never new the forever I see in you.
Your love was the glue that made me a new. I could
Never see forever in any other's eye's before you.

But poof there was you the fairest eye's so true.
Now I begin each day a new with thought's of
Forever loving you.

04-24-06

Sharmila Martin

Happiness Has Come For Today

Today I say that sadness cannot play not with my mind or my heart. No shall I say to sadness not today for my heart is at play with no need for the seed and or misdeed of sadness today. I say this with glee I am happy with being me and no way can sadness take anymore joy from me. I from my head to my feet am filled with such glee that I must say with immediate need that I am glad that sadness has let me be.

For every part of me is shouting oh how happy I am with every part of me. So I say this with a great need to expose my joy that I cannot misplace the moment that sadness left my life's race. For now sadness takes no place in my life's race I am keeping pace with joy & glee & for at least today sadness will take no part of me...

By: Sharmila Martin
06-16-06

Sharmila Martin

Love And Me

All of the men in my life have given me a ticket on the same flight of life in plight. What a fool I am to accept the men with no love in them. The vacation I tend with all of the men that I always defend even after we end, what a fool I am to always pretend that my loving them would change anything about my treatment by them.

I never seem to count the cost of each part of me I've lost. Trying to stay in relationships that should have never began as though I owed it to them, was the sin that caused my heart to be singed. I thought by loving with all that was inside of me they would see the beauty within & stay with me until the end, but what a fool I had been by loving them.

Sharmila Martin 06-09-06

Sharmila Martin

Love Making Why Am I Faking?

When he looked at me and said 'I want you in that way, '
I wasn't sure what to say for I didn't feel that way. What did
he expect me to do? Was I to roll out the carpet and submit
to his will or could I truly tell him how I feel? As my mind began
to spill I could see his eyes trying to will me.

My emotions I cannot control I do not want his body next to mine
is that a crime? It's not that I don't love him but that my body does
not feel the same sensation or thrill. I have tried before to will my
body into a thrill but in our love making I did not feel any of the emotion that
seemed almost explosive in his body motions.

The love making that used to be a great partaking in our loves evolution became
a token with absolutely no emotion. How could
this be something that used to be so sweet in our life made me
weep. At night I just want to go to sleep what could this mean?
There is no question that I love him but why do I pretend in this relationship is
that a sin?

Sharmila Martin

Open Window

Oh my what is that I see but a open window before me.
As I pass I couldn't help but to see the open window for
all to see.

I couldn't help but to stop for the sight I saw
made me come to a halt. A family of three sat without
knowledge of me. The voyeur in me just wouldn't let me
be. My heart raced but I could not turn my face for in
the family of three there was one person whom seemed
out of place who is she filling that space.

In that next moment before I could move from my space
the person whom was out of place met the view of my face,
in that moment I could not tell you the horror that took place.
For the face that looked out was but my own looking back.

So be clear of the fear in my tone that you hear I want
this realization to be clear.

For metaphorically you see the open window was the
misery in me, for me the truth you see, is I have always
felt not a part of me. My life I have always felt outside
of me.

The life I lead is for all to see, for all my life I have seen the
life I lead through the open window in me.

{{ 03-27-06 }}

Sharmila Martin

Questions Of The Mind

Today, tomorrow, yesterday & back again.
As it is, is as it always should be. Where do
these beliefs that bellow from my present,
past & future self ricochet from?

Are they but a reflection of self doubt & sadness
or are these beliefs the reflections of what I see from
the mere closeness of those around me? What could
my today hold that my yesterdays have somehow relayed,
may I ever break the cycle that I see?

Will it or is it but a tremor of my destiny to follow the path that preceeded the
day before me? Can I & will I repete all the
reflections of the sorrows that I have so effortlessly placed before me?

But as all questions cycle through my mind the one question
I have that plays repetitiously in my minds eye at each days end remains:

'Are my today's, tomorrow's & yesterdays doomed to come full circle again? '

And as always the return answer of my mind is:

'It is as it always should be, ' and then the sadness grips
me forever here I'll be.

<<< 03-27-06 >>>

Sharmila Martin

Thoughts And Questions That Never End

Today I asked myself a question again. At my age do I have enough life in me to begin again? And the questions just kept flowing from my mind to my hearts end. Do you know where to go from here? And to no end all this feelings began to fill me secreting sorrow that maybe tomorrow I will fail with more sorrow then the days that followed.

How is it that no progress is met with more support than the knowledge that to begin is to hopefully meet at some end for which was only your journey alone to begin. Oh but the truth transcends that a possible failure on your part may lend more bends in your life's roads before it ends. I know now looking back as the words I write down whisper to my ears what a fool I have been.

But let me tell you my friend let my words lend a roar to your life. That to never begin means you will never meet your end. So in what ever moment your in you will never be able to mend anything in your life before it ends & that my friend will truly be a sin.

By: Sharmila Martin
06-15-06

Sharmila Martin