

Poetry Series

**Shemaine English**  
**- poems -**

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## Shemaine English(10/24/1990)

Well, I am 20 years old and I am a junior at Brooklyn College. I am majoring in creative writing, as it has always been my dream to be a writer. Introvert, type 4 personality. Favorite color blue/black/white. Favorite shoe: sneakers(converse)

I am always in jeans. Going to learn how to play guitar. I love, love love music! When I listen to it, especially songs with good lyrics, my poetry becomes inspired. Billie Holiday is good for that! I love independent films, and romances/dramas.

Favorite junk food: Oreo cookies, Chips ahoy

Favorite painters: Monet, Picasso, Cezanne, Kahlo, Van Gogh, Okeefe.

Favorite songs: Iris(Goo Goo Dolls) , Maybe Tommorrow (Stereophonics) , Bittersweet Symphony(The Verve) , anything by Jimi Hendrix, Drops of Jupiter(Train) , Best Days(Matt White) , Dude, looks like a lady(Aerosmith) , Sunny Came Home(Shawn Colvin) , Walking on Broken Glass(Annie Lennox) , Ironic(Alanis Morissette) , anything by Norah Jones, Fast Car (Tracy Chapman) , Man in the Mirror(Micheal Jackson) , Let it be(The Beatles) , Brown Sugar(The Rolling Stones) , Tiny Dancer (Elton John) ...

This list could go on forever but it wont...

Favorite books: The Heart is a Lonely Hunter(Carson McCullers) , anything by James Baldwin, The collected poems of Langston Hughes, The Secret Life of Bees(Sue Monk Kidd) , White Oleander(Janet Fitch) , Tuck Everlasting, The Collected Poems of Nikki Giovanni

Well That's all folks!

# A Great And Terrible Beauty

A great  
and terrible  
beauty  
is in  
your  
eyes...

It will scorch  
and transform  
me  
if I  
get  
too close...

So, I keep  
myself  
at a distance,  
until  
you grow  
tired,  
and find  
someone  
else  
to love.

Shemaine English

# A Song For You

Only  
your love  
feeds  
my  
eternal  
flame, causing  
my heart  
to expand  
with each  
passing  
moment.

I open  
like  
a lotus  
flower  
at your  
touch....  
never  
to close  
again.

My destiny  
is encased,  
in the  
eyes  
+  
arms  
of  
you.

Shemaine English

# Ambiguity

You leave  
me.

Ambiguous  
and  
open  
ended.

With  
your  
love.

As the  
beauty,  
of my  
misplaced

dreams  
are

resurrected  
inside

the  
softness

of  
your  
laughter.

Shemaine English

# Bisexuality

To love  
another,  
who shares  
my form,  
and another  
who  
does not  
is all  
the same  
to me.

Too much  
notice  
is applied  
to the surface,  
when what  
is most important,  
is the  
heart  
that beats  
beneath  
the skin.

Shemaine English

# Blue (Roses)

Blue roses.

Dark  
around  
the edges.

Wilting in  
silence  
near  
my  
bed.

Symbolize.

The only  
piece  
of you.

I have  
left.

Shemaine English

# Brute

He walks around,  
almost like  
a god.

The almighty Ares,  
his heavy footsteps  
shake  
the earth,  
and the  
vibrations  
scare me  
to the core.

Causing me  
to wonder,  
who he will  
be tonight.

And whether  
he will  
leave me  
with kisses...  
or bruises.

Shemaine English

# Desire

Your tears  
burn the  
flesh  
of my fingers  
like rain.

I thought  
that  
having you again,  
was what  
I wanted  
most.

But now,  
that you are here,  
I regret  
my desire.

Shemaine English

# Dream Direction

Come with me,  
where I am.  
Take me inside,  
of your mist  
which you carry  
over  
the tumultuous waters...  
of life.

Let me fly with  
you,  
over the place  
where earth  
meets sky.

Sing me a lullaby,  
a symphony,  
that will lull  
me to sleep.

And send me  
over,  
the edge  
of eternity.

Shemaine English

# Freedom

Touching comets  
and  
constellations  
in  
clusters,  
I spread my  
arms  
against  
the spacious  
blue skies  
of eternity.

Stardust kisses  
my face  
like a  
new lover,  
who is  
at a loss  
for words.

For a moment,  
I am  
free  
and unburdened  
by  
the physical  
boundaries  
of being  
human.

Until he,  
the creator  
sends me  
tumbling  
back down  
to the desolation  
of Earth.



# Ghost Of Mississippi (For Emmett Till)

Way down  
in Mississippi,  
Way down  
in Mississippi,  
the sound  
of my mother  
weeping  
echoes  
through the  
sky.

Way down  
in Mississippi,  
Way down  
in Mississippi,  
the memory  
of my  
spirit  
lingers on

disregarding  
the passage  
of  
time.

Way down  
in Mississippi  
Way down  
in Mississippi,  
I remain  
unseen.

Watching the world  
with both  
sorrow  
and envy  
as it  
passes  
me by.

Singing a soft  
song,  
that speaks  
of  
melancholy  
and  
my own  
unshed tears.

Shemaine English

# He Is A Promise

He is a promise  
that I  
cannot afford  
to keep,  
because he is  
the only one  
who can see...

the secrets  
hiding  
beneath my skin.

Shemaine English

# Her Tears (Dedicated To Haitian Earthquake Victims)

Grief-stricken  
mothers,  
broken families,  
lost children  
cry out  
to the  
heavy wind,

haunting  
the damaged  
earth,  
with  
their  
fragile  
footsteps.

We, here  
in the  
so-called  
'land of plenty'

are strangers  
to them.

Separated  
by miles  
and  
circumstance.

Yet,  
still  
somehow,  
our  
emotions  
draw us  
closer  
to them.

as a

bridge

between  
our  
intangible  
distance.

Faces,  
we  
have  
never  
seen before  
call out  
to  
us  
for help.

We do  
not  
dismiss  
them,  
or turn away.

Hands we  
do not  
know,  
reach out  
to us,  
and  
pull  
us  
closer.

We do  
not push  
them away.

Or tell  
them  
that  
they  
should stay

away from  
us.

Instead,  
we stretch  
our arms  
out wide,  
and embrace  
them  
    knowing  
they  
are  
the same  
    as  
we are.

Shemaine English

# Hold Up The World

Hold up the world  
with your strength,  
and your courage  
and the spark of hope  
which lies within  
your heart.

Hold up the world,  
with your smile  
and your youthful  
innocence  
so that it can  
be greater  
than it is  
today.

Hold up the world  
for me,  
so that I can pass  
into the night  
and believe  
that it  
will never  
fall.

Shemaine English

# Inside Of Me

Inside  
of me  
he finds  
a  
home.

soft  
and  
moist.

enticing  
and  
welcoming.

A well  
of  
love,

to quench  
his  
inner

thirst.

Shemaine English

# Loss Comes Quietly

I lay  
silent  
and quietly  
disturbed

in a choppy  
sea  
of memory.

While your face  
hovers  
above me

as the burning  
symbol  
of  
what I  
cannot have

Shemaine English

# Love's Flame

This  
torrid  
sensation  
flowing.

inside my  
body,  
rises

everytime  
you  
caress  
me  
with  
your  
hands.

And like  
a burner  
struck  
by a  
match,

my  
heat  
is  
ignited.

And I  
burst  
into  
flames.

Shemaine English

# Midnight Magic

Midnight Magic

There is magic.  
In the texture  
of my skin,  
the power  
in my eyes,  
and the sensuality  
of my hands.

I sing  
the song  
of the moon.

Carry the bright  
life  
of the stars,

and move

with  
the hot energy

of the sun.

I am a woman  
unparalleled.

My body  
is full  
of soft  
beauty,

but the thoughts  
in my mind,  
hold promise.

Can help  
shape,

the condition  
of tomorrow.

I can make  
the  
seemingly impossible  
happen,

with kind words  
and a smile.

Create  
dreams  
of silk,  
and pure  
mahogany,

with just  
one glance.

My breasts  
are the place  
where the seeds  
of miracles

begin  
to take  
shape.

My heart,  
the place  
where  
they come  
alive.

S. English

Shemaine English

# Morning

I searched  
all over for you,  
early this morning  
leaving  
no place  
untouched.

But you-  
were nowhere  
to be found.

It seems  
that the night  
chased you away.

All, I can hope  
for now  
is that  
it will  
bring you  
back to me  
once again.

Shemaine English

# My December

You leave  
as the snow  
begins  
to fall.

I watch your back  
as you walk,  
further  
and further  
away  
from me.

A snowflake  
brushes my cheek  
as softly  
as the brush  
of a finger tip.

It reminds  
me  
of you.

Maybe,  
you'll return  
next  
December.

I'll look  
for you,  
when the snow  
falls  
once  
again.

Shemaine English

# Picasso

The shifting  
shape  
of perception  
+ form,  
in one frame.

Geometric  
shapes,  
all alligned  
in peaceful  
disorder,  
= the reality  
of abstraction.

Seemingly,  
hard  
to understand  
until  
it is  
pieced together.

Inside  
+  
out,  
he knew  
the true  
meaning  
of  
symmetry  
+  
humanity.

Shemaine English

# Shake Loose My Skin

I shake  
loose  
my skin,

from the chains  
you have  
cast upon me.

Step outside  
the  
prison  
of self  
hatred  
and doubt.

Into the clear  
revelation  
of self  
awareness.

I shake  
loose  
my skin.

From your rage  
and  
dehumanizing  
words.

I have  
been tainted  
long enough  
by you.

The destruction  
stops  
now.

I shake

loose  
my skin.

from the  
bitterness,

you have tried  
to permanently  
store  
inside my bones.

Because I am  
too beautiful  
to walk  
around  
with poison  
in my heart.

I deserve  
laughter

and gentle  
hands,  
not tears  
and brutality.

I deserve life.  
If I could  
go back,  
If I could  
hold  
the past  
in my hands.

I would  
STRIKE  
BACK  
at the very  
first blow.

I would match  
the strength

of your fists  
with my  
words.

And not  
back away,

because of  
the deadly  
fire  
in your eyes.

But I have  
no time  
for regrets.

No time,  
to stay  
stuck  
in a past  
that holds  
nothing  
but pain.

You have  
hurt me  
long enough.

And don't deserve  
a second  
more.

I will not allow  
my journey  
to be  
compromised,  
by  
my past  
with you.

That is ALL

I have  
to say.

Forever.

Shemaine English

# Sister

She lays  
quietly  
in waiting.  
an unopened  
flower  
not yet  
ready to bloom.

It is  
not her season.

She holds  
the world  
inside  
her hands  
where innocence  
still remains.

Her center  
is the  
mystery  
where  
her essence lays.

It is far too  
late  
for me,  
but I pray  
the world  
will  
be good  
to her.

Shemaine English

# Stolen

You stole  
my heart,  
one evening  
at midnight.

But now,  
I return  
to you  
at dawn  
to ask  
for it back.

Shemaine English

# Submission

I step  
hungrily.  
into  
your  
garden.

And taste.  
the forbidden  
fruit  
that grows  
from  
your hands.

Without  
any  
thought  
of tommorrow.

Or the  
punishment  
I will  
face.

For submitting  
to  
your  
will.

Shemaine English

# Swept Away

my life  
and heart

were forever

swept away  
the day  
I fell

in love  
with  
you

Shemaine English

# They Are Still With Us

Ten years later we still think of them  
We still feel their spirits in our bones  
and remember them

as if they just left us  
Time has passed  
as it always does  
As it always will  
both slowly and  
quickly since then

But that is not  
enough to make us forget  
It happened a long time ago  
It happened just yesterday

And they are still here with us  
Their bodies are gone  
Many buried in the Ground  
known as Zero

But our memories of them survive  
Like the sunshine that comes  
after a violent storm  
They are still with us

Because we keep them  
alive in our hearts  
No matter how much time passes

Shemaine English

# Transcendence

I move  
through  
the currents  
of elect  
tricity,

past the dis  
connected  
pieces of  
who  
I used  
to be.

Feeling nothing,  
but  
the safety  
of sky  
and air,

I move  
to another  
plane,  
and become

a higher  
purer  
version  
of myself,  
overwhelmed

for the first  
time  
by certainty.

In this area,  
I am  
overcome  
with  
serenity....

Shemaine English

# Under The Bridge

Under the bridge,  
moonlight cascades  
itself  
across her face  
highlighting  
the loneliness,  
rarely seen  
during the day.

Tears, run  
colder  
inside a  
empty cup  
used for  
money  
that she  
never recieved.

But she wipes  
them away,  
before the  
people arrive.

When the sun rises,  
she smiles  
once again,  
finding hope  
inside the  
new day.

Even though she knows  
too well  
how fickle  
it is  
to hope..

The idea  
of  
Faith,

seems  
like a cruel  
joke,  
when you sleep  
under a  
bridge

where no one  
comes to greet  
you,  
except  
the stars  
of  
misery.

Shemaine English

# Van Gogh

Tonight  
-will be  
a starry night.

And I  
will climb  
the cypress  
that caresses  
the sky.

Like a golden,  
black flame  
I  
will rise.

This is the place.  
Where we  
will find  
our power.

And the place,  
where we  
will find  
the truth  
Inside  
of...

A dream.

Shemaine English

# When I Paint My Masterpiece

When  
I paint  
my  
masterpiece,  
you  
will be  
the only  
thing  
that  
I think of...

And  
in the end  
everything  
in nature  
will hold  
a piece  
of  
your  
essence...

Shemaine English

# Wings Of Desire

On wings  
of desire,  
I fly

over  
you

and spread  
the essence  
of  
myself  
all  
over

your

tender  
naked

body.

Shemaine English

# Wound

waking at night  
skin drenched in sweat  
raw need

gnawing  
at the emptiness  
in  
my stomach

you turn a corner

in my mind

and i run away  
with the wind

starving  
for you.

Shemaine English