

Poetry Series

Tabitha Castillo
- poems -

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Tabitha Castillo(September 11,1987)

Tabitha Castillo started writing poetry at a very early age. As a child she was always encouraged to write poetry by her family. Her mother, the late Irma Lopez, once told her to 'paint [me] a picture with [your] words' she has been doing so since. A full time student Tabitha can be found with her immediate family in sunny Las Vegas, Nevada.

A Walk With God

I found God among the silence of a long afternoon.

He was sitting in the sunshine and humming a little tune.

He said "Seek me when you're tired and give thanks for what you have.

Seek me when your lonely and seek me when your sad.

My dear child, " God said to me in the breeze.

"My way is not always an easy way but Grace does not come with ease.

Though you doubt your worth always and try to pick at broken seams

I made you very different and I'll tell you what this means.

I made you full of Life with a Heart to feel Love and Pain.

I made you to show Mercy even where Mercy's received in vain.

I made you so that your smile could brighten another's day.

I gave you the gift of forgiveness to show others along the way.

The path that I've made for you is one of Joy and Strife.

With choices that I've left you and opportunities in your Life.

I know sometimes you forget me or you think that I'm not there

But remember you're my child and I made you strong enough to bare-

All the pains that plague you and all the Fear and doubts.

You are strong enough to face them to live Life and push them out.

Remember that you are wonderful I try to show you everyday

With little things that matter and better things along the way.

Help others who are around you and touch as far as you can

Because Life is sometimes lonely with your neighbor you can stand.

Remember you are my child and you'll know this much is true

I'm with you in every walk you take and everything you do.'

Tabitha Castillo

A Young Childs Wish

I wrote this for a prose and poetry presentation I preformed. All the misspellings are not done in error it was meant to paint a picture of just how a five year old would speak.

Star light, Star bright,
First star I see tonight.
I wish I may I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight...
I wish that money did grow on trees
So that everyone could have a house.
I wish that everyone could live happily
From the president to a mouse.
I wish my daddy would tell me the truth
Why everyone is so sad-
'Cause every time I ask for mommy
It seems to get him mad.
I wish everyone had food to eat
So no one will ever cry.
I wish you could help my Mommy...
They say she's gonna die.
I wish I knew what 'die' meant.
I don't think the doctors know.
'Cause every time I visit her
They say that she can't go.
I wish she could come home
'Cause she can't watch cartoons.
I miss her after school
When I play each afternoon.
Daddy's good'n'all,
But I wish that Mommy was here.
'Cause she knows I can't go to sleep
Unless my Dooley's near.
Dooley is my blanky,
But I left him with Mommy to sleep
So, he will make her feel better
For borrows not for keeps!
I wish you could help my family.
I have a dollar that I could pay!
It's from my birthday money

I just turn't five today....

Tabitha Castillo

Anxiety Of The Good Girl

They say I am sweet,
But what they say is nothing new.
See me.
Read the things I'd never say
And know the things I wouldn't dream to-do
And that is how you can tell a person.
A bird that cannot fly with
Self inflicted wounds
Do you dare to Love ALL of me?
Are you strong enough to want ALL of me?
Phrases and words won't keep me warm.
And the quotes that I say and the morals that I keep
Will not hold to me to this world.
My ideals are too big for my body.
They would make you bend under the pressure.
So let them whisper their, razor lined words of wisdom.
Because in the straight jacket of ideals that I adorn
I to the world am invisible....

Tabitha Castillo

Birthdays Are For Mothers

Another year is ending
And for every year that I grow
I realize your presences
Is missed more then you know.

Birthdays are for mothers
For every scream and silent tear
For every step and every lesson
For every meeting of every year

Among the cake and candles
Between the cards and gifts array
Through new years and through Christmas
I miss you the most on this day.

Because Birthdays are for mothers
For every button they had to sew
For every song and every story
For the Love and strength they show.

For every day that that comes to greet me
And every time I take a chance.
For every time I reach the ending
Of every sweet slow dance.

For every time I skinned my knee
For every school box lunch you made.
For every time I had a dream
And every time we played.

Though you were not perfect
And at the time I didn't understand
You did the best with what you were given
And Loved me the best way a mother can.

Birthdays are for mothers
For every second that they're here.
For the moments that God gives us
And for the Birthdays of every year.

Tabitha Castillo

Can I Reach Your Heart

I dedicate this poem to my mother, Irma Lopez. Thanks for being proud!

Feel the tears I'm shedding.
See the miles apart.
All that you are feeling,
Can it reach my heart?

Love was what you wanted.
Pain was what you got.
I learned first hand through living,
What was never taught.

You used to haunt my dreams.
Could you hear how loud I cried?
You never thought you'd take me,
The day I saw you die.

He's up at night calling,
The whispers of your name,
And lifts his arms reaching,
For what I know is in vain.

Mom, you left me here angry.
As if anger was an art.
I just want to say, 'I'm sorry.'
Can I reach your heart?

Tabitha Castillo

Captive

I found this sample of my high school writing among some of my old belongings.
Thought that I would share.

How you hold me tightly....
Helpless beneath your grasp.
Sometimes I feel you're seeing-
The face behind the mask.

You hold me though unknowing.
I sigh beneath your grip.
I long to kiss the softness-
Of every grasping tip.

The waves of time keep sending
The message to my brain.
I feel the every movement-
Of what I can't obtain.

With every waking moment
Of being close and near,
I shed the signs of happiness,
With every falling tear.

Tabitha Castillo

Construction Kisses

Lips like concrete
Rough and uneven on a plump and luscious plain
Bid entrance into the warm concrete mixer inside
Asphalt brush
Lever pulled and ejected friction
Across the slick pillow of fertile soil
Lips that barely open
Stuttering Earth

Tabitha Castillo

Critique On Love

In response to Cory Mcknight's 'Four Letter Word'

Love knows no secrets.
It sees inside your heart.
It realizes your falling.
Before the falling starts.

Love contradicts your wishes.
It's what love wants that counts.
It makes you step from safety,
And leave behind your doubts.

Words and caresses-
Love uses them like tools.
It turns the brightest wisemen,
Into the dimmest fools.

Love finds the strongest tree trunk,
And simply makes it bend.
Which goes to show that simply-
I'm due to love again!

Tabitha Castillo

Distance Of Doubt

Gaps and Canyons breach abound

Spitting syllables, but not making a sound.

Grasping to what might not be

A layer of deception stemming from me.

Past meets future - a caving parallel

The Heaven of hoping a journey from Hell....

I don't want to change you; I need to see

That somewhere in someone is the person for me.

And he will Love me no matter how far-

Or how close my mind takes me and Love all my scars.

Speak to me Solace and paint me a day-

Where echoes of twilight can shimmer away-

The doubts that still haunt me though your Heart is here

To shelter my prayers and withstand my Fear....

Tabitha Castillo

Eyes Of Green Marble

Stone cold angel
Guiding light me with the presence of your face
Embrace
Me when I am too far to hold dear
Allow me to know that I am not alone
Even when doing things that you do not condone
Heart
Give it to me without hesitation or doubt
Remind me what being happy is all about.
Show my tears where to go
And know
That even in anger I do not forsake you.
Be with me when I cannot stand to be with myself
And remind me that Life as I knew it ended the day you walked into me.
Eyes of green marble you light my way tonight.
Even though that each day with death we fight
The stars will cry the saddest tears the day we give up
On us before we let it begin.
Oh rain on me and wash away the stress that mixed emotions within.
You'll open your arms I'll open my eyes
To realize that this won't go away
As the sun shines a new day
Will not shine on the end of this tie that we share.
The things I wear will not make you "heart" me more.
Adore
Me
And show me that.

Tabitha Castillo

Fickle Love

What a tattered beaten fray you are
My dear so close and yet so far.
What cloak of blind self confidence?
What manner? What pretence?
Cherish you your sullen hope?
Your brow a blush to be.
A web of certain grasp.
You strike with fatal certainty.
Be kind to me when you mar my Hope
And kill and aim to strike.
For I can never be the one
To survive such a deprived Life.
Have you the mind to end me now-
With illusions of Happiness so fair?
For I find it hard to tread a step
For I was injured there.
I've seen your vengeful face you know
It's seared in the spot that's healing.
There kept untouched in Heart
I visit often the feeling.
When I kneel beside it scar
I shed a sigh for I know
That buried deep inside myself
The seeds your existence left grow.

Tabitha Castillo

For He's The One I Search The Night

For he's the one I search the night -
The one my passions hold.
The one to silence sighs of scorn -
The one that keeps me bold.

Time can tick a thousand chimes -
And all the more shall bring -
The countless hours countless times -
I miss him above everything.

For morning's deepest sorrow yet -
Is not farewell to day-
Its waking up to a lack of him.
To never know of this I pray.

For he's the one I've searched for -
And with him I am found.
My Life, My Love, My Hero -
My Angel on solid ground.

Tabitha Castillo

Free Falling

Hope was hanging on a string.
All my love just dangling.
My last wish for us to be-
What would make us both happy.
Lightening brushed the darkest sky.
I held you close for one last cry.
Though side by side we both lay-
You felt a million miles away.
And all at once I didn't care.
Though you were here your heart's not there.
Tired of hurt. Ready for new.
With one last breath I got over you.
The string broke. I'm sorry. We gave it our best.
My love was not strong enough by itself to be put to the test.
My heart was free falling.
Your arms were withdrawing.
Do you hear that Oso? It's my Destiny calling.
It screams that though I was with you, you weren't with me.
And I'll make someone else someday very happy!

Tabitha Castillo

From The Confines Of My Sleepy Mind

The sky will cry the saddest tears
Is there no way to repent
And hide all my inequities?
They are mine here
And a part of me.
In this forsaken state of self.
God save me from my mind
It keeps me thinking all the time
That I am here and I'm alone.
Both surrounded by people
And surrounded by me
I am all that I pretend to be.
It is you my Love and light
That I have yet the chance to sight.
So for tonight sleep tight and hold my hand
In darkness
That true Love may find us in
The sweet dreams of promises
I make myself.
For night is my Mistress
And you are my Lord
In this bitter sweet union
The two of us have yet to meet.
I give you Life through my words
Meaning through my sighs.
The grey of doubt should never brush my eyes.
For I believe that though I am alone
Here
In my island by the Sea
Solemnity
Has never been my forte.
Only lies can save me from myself
In this state of dead night
For I will cry till it is day
And another dream can hold me.

Tabitha Castillo

Gentleman Of My Dreams

I dream sometimes of this man that I seem to always know in my dreams. The odd thing is that when I look back at my dreams I can remember nearly every detail about the dream except his face. In the dreams we always seem to pick up where my life seems to be. Odder still, is that I have no knowledge of who the gentleman is that keeps starring in my dreams or even if he is a real person, but I find myself looking forward to seeing him again.

You visit me in silence,
When we are both asleep.
We're captives to our pillows
And then in dreams we meet.
With words that are really whispers,
In beaches that are really pretend,
In a place where fact and fiction
Are ours to command and bend.
Subconsciously you reach for me
And naturally I stand.
Our connection is too beautiful
For the awake to understand.
All your daily troubles
Are forgotten in my arms
And I a willing captive
To your kisses magical charms.
I feel asleep in daylight
And wait for darkened sky.
At night I'm stolen away
Into the arms of my dream guy....

Tabitha Castillo

Gilded Cage A Mind At Ease

A clear mind and a level head leave little room for solace
In the mind of an artist whose brush has not touched canvas,
The smooth caress of a Love no one can understand,
In over a fortnight.

Clever pearls of thought are not bred from good wishes
And strings of dreams are not purged from euphoric peace.

My mind's eye craves havoc

A thirst in years past quenched so illicitly
From my mere being.

Are we to believe that Serenity is our own making, undoing, and bore?

Encaged by a mind at ease-

My Heart takes flight where my imagination dares not dream of....

Tabitha Castillo

Glass Angel

I wrote this poem shortly after my mother's death. It was the holiday season and that Christmas I had gotten her a glass angel wrapped in a beautiful white coat. She never got a chance to see the angel.

Deep blue eyes
I realize
The faux fur is not pretend
It's you again.
Watching me
All you see
Hear the words I say
Things I pray
Your face cold to the touch,
But you still feel so much.
Standing still on the stand
You were made in China by a man
Who had no idea what you'd possess
Bless
Me with the comfort of thinking that she's
Near
With the smoothness of music so clear
My heart can cross near and far
In one parallel
Reaching out and crying to a glass angel.

Tabitha Castillo

He Can Only Hold Her

Loneliness brushes the swell of her lips
But he can only hold her
Reaching for something gone and amiss
Absence himself adores her
His words alone can stroke her heart
A cradle for the broken fray
They whisper secrets to her soul
And get her through the day.
Trailing to what they cannot avoid
The bridges he burnt before her
Seeking a path not leading astray
But he can only hold her.
She needs to see that he can stand
Before the tides that lap him
Believe that what he before once did
He'll never again let happen.
Embracing the confides of her skin
His kisses numb her shoulder
He'll try his best to pretend to change,
But He can only hold Her.
As If caressing touch can rub away
The lack of Love with Solace
And pacifier the weaning needs
That gape with seamless callous
He'll shadow what he thinks needs
To project and show and be
A fading heart he finds still bleeds,
But He can only hold Me.

Tabitha Castillo

How Do I Loath Thee

How do I loath thee? Let me count the ways.
I loath thee to the breadth and height
My soul can reach, while feeling the insight
Of the end of the begining of my menstural cycle!
I loathe thee to the level of everydays
Most loud disturbance, by both sun and fire!
I loath thee freely as men strive for their death!
I loath thee continuously as night break reluctantly meets dusk.
In my my memories remembrance, I loath thee
With the tears, scowls, and shrieks of all my life!
And if God choose
I shall, but loath thee further after Death!

Tabitha Castillo

How Much For Your Time (I Understand)

How much for you time?
I understand that you're busy.
I understand that you're broke
I understand they are your friends.
After a session with them do you remember my name?
You don't remember to call....

How much for your time?
A weeks worth of car money?
A cell phone?
A house?
A new job?

How much for your time?
I understand you feel sick.
You just woke up?
.... I'll call you later.
I understand. I understand.
I have something on my mind.
Can you listen?
Okay perhaps another time.

How much for your time?
Pennies in my back pocket.
A car payment and cell bill in yours?
In my head I am thinking.....
I didn't know money had an effect on how much you miss me.

I'm tired of crying and if I didn't Love you I wouldn't be here.
But I'm tired of pretending nothing's wrong and I'm not happy.
He is so close.....
And I miss when you wanted to be....

You are right it is nothing....
I understand.... Yeah Love you too.
Let me know when you have time....
I understand.

I Can'T Sleep

Tiny wispers in my head.
Keep me awake from going to bed.
Keep me from crying.
It's keeping still.
It keeps me silent
When nothing else will.
What was once bright
Now cowers in shade.
The full eclipse
That sleeplessness made.

Tabitha Castillo

I Need More

The below piece was written for a friend of mine. She was looking for the perfect song lyrics to say what she wanted, but we were not able to find anything exact.

I need more than you are giving me
And much more than you can say.
I need to have so much more of you-
Enough to make me stay.
I seek time where Love can find you-
And peace to keep me here.
I seek words to put to your actions-
I seek Faith to put out Fear.
Actions speak volumes though-
You won't say the words.
My Heart was placed long ago-
And what you won't say hurts.
You are so close now to losing me-
And there will be nothing left to do.
Then to turn around and walk away-
From the man I thought I knew.

Tabitha Castillo

I Remember How To Smile

I wrote this poem when I found that I had grown apart from a childhood friend. I wanted to get the point across that even despite the fact that neither of us wanted it to happen, change is inevitable, but memories are yours to keep.

I'm sitting here
Barely breathing, but
Still here.
You say 'Hi.' but seem to speak past me.
Do you wish i were different?
I can smile, too.
Don't you remember?
We used to be friends
Before the parties, games, and even
your first boyfriend.
I don't know how I'm supposed to act
Now.
I don't think it can be taught.
Life has pulled us into
Two different winds.
I guess we have gotten caught
In our own, now different, breezes.
But I still remember...
How to smile.
Do you miss it, too?

Tabitha Castillo

I Speak To Dark

My dark and decrepit friend
Shall I sing you a lullaby of New Hope?
Your tattered dreams –
Have taken a beating by unkind hearts.
Could you hold to my promises?
My words would make you sway to -
Rhythms of a cherished hymn long forgotten
Should you only let them.
Serenity is my making
Though you doubt it so
Our minds are alike across parallel.
Distance from here to there
Is not measured by miles
But by how far the breach you are willing to try.
The idea of “us” never belonged to me
It belonged to you from the first gelatinous poke.
I could lose myself in the image of sharing it.
Both Shadow and Light
A box containing two
Twilight and Dawn.
Together “we” could break the Morning –
That all have come to know.

Tabitha Castillo

I Will Not Be Broken

I am not glass.
When you tell me that you don't want me
"Like that"
I will not be broken.
I will not crack.
I do not need a bubble rap of people to keep me from shattering.
But I am not steel.
Though you melted my heart,
My goals do not bend when I hit a road block.
And being stone isn't easy.
You would never know it, but I will crumble if you crush my heart.
Living proof of what time could do to a sand castle left in the rain.
I'm as smooth as I am sharp.
The oldest type of "Strong."
But in the palm of your hand
You see me as....
Just another rock.
But I can make mountains and I can form bridges.
I have survived storms before.
And I?
Will not be broken....

Tabitha Castillo

Ice Queen

To those I hurt.

Scribble, scrabble of my dreams.
Every word's not what it seems.
Words you think, but never say.
But still wish when night is day.
Crazy thoughts I'd never do,
Yet still dream and wish were true.
Forced to live and die the same.
To want the treasure I can't claim.
Born to death. Makes you cry.
Fail to do, but yearn to try.
Like the petals of a rose.
that the winter's bite has froze.
Wants to love, but made to hurt.
Pain to those who do assert. One who's blood
Flows and streams to the frozen heart beating.
Chiseled life. Red of tone.
Frozen semi-precious stone.
I say the words i do not mean.
Brought to your knees by the Ice Queen.

Tabitha Castillo

In My Eyes

In my eyes you are a man trying to better himself.
In my eyes you are so strong.
In these eyes your imperfections are the workings of God.
My eyes are not virtuous and they do not see well these days,
But in my eyes your uncertainties are unfounded.
I see the things you think you've failed at and -
Recognize just how much you've risen past it all!
My belief in you is unworldly -
Because you are a phoenix in my eyes!
Capable of rising beyond scorching flames.
You've been the hero in my eyes -
And I long to be the hero that saves you from your inner turmoil.
I am happiest when I am in your eyes -
And rejoice when you can be found in mine.
My eyes are not special -
They see nothing that another person would not see.
But my eyes read the volumes kept in yours.
I know, that though my eyes can't see the future -
I don't need to see to know I want you in mine.

Tabitha Castillo

Instructions To Find Me

With this poem I really wanted to capture a image of a map to understanding an actual person. For this reason the poem itself and how it is written, gives the illusion of a road map or instructions.

I wear my face a map to my heart

And if you

Follow

My

Scars

You just might find

The girl I used to be

If eyes are the portal to your soul

Is it any wonder I never look you in them?

Because if you hold me just a little bit tighter-

I might not find it in me to pull away.

So follow the marks

Along

The

Way

That

Lead

You

To

My

Yesterday....

Tabitha Castillo

Island Prince

To the 'island princes' of the world.

Tropical sun shine
The way I think of you
makes Hawaii look sublime.
Time
Can only tell if you will ever know
The signs I show
No matter right, left, or any way you go.
Please play
The strings to my heart.
I knew it from the start.
Laughing like you do makes smiling an art.
Your skin
Shows the traces of a mocha sun kiss.
I miss
You when traces of you are far.

I admire from a distance...
Island Prince.

Tabitha Castillo

Makeshift Angel

He should not exist!
In so many ways his being here defies
Absolutely Everything!
And my cosmetic makeup should not draw him closer....
But everything about him amazes me
Borrowed time of a
A borrowed Angel.
His time with me is precious.
What a curious soul
Tilts his head in amusement.
His arms hold me to a Hope I should not nourish
Only a second-
Now released.
It is I that longs to be caught.
A gilded promise
From a Makeshift Angel.

Tabitha Castillo

Melodic Serenity

Play me a song to soothe my troubled heart.
Let the melody consume my worry ridden thoughts.
May all who hear it find comfort in the soft begotten melody be midst our
conflicts
And know not trouble in the score.
When I find worry, hitting play on my music player sends me drifting to a world
where
You and I can find Serenity in the Heaven driven ballads.
Please send Solace to all who hum the Harmony of a peaceful soul.
Bless the notes that bring Freedom and Hope to those in search for remedy of a
heart scared with worries
And praise the instrument that brings tune to grant treasured release to the
humbled.
Oh, sweet religion I find you in the folds of a song that rings sweet and true
Echoing that all will end fine and okay in the confines of my being.
I admit welcomed defeat to your melodic Serenity.

Tabitha Castillo

Midnight Is Madness

Echoes in the confines of my soul
Reverberate
Driving me to my own private madness.
I fear if someone does not answer soon
Slowly
But surely
Solitude shall claim me as hers forever.
Ticking clock
Do you ever stop chanting my minutes away?

Tabitha Castillo

More

For you are more than a passing glance
More than an unreached shore.
More than happenstance.
Have your friendship but I want more.
I want all of your tomorrows
And I want to share more of your Today's
I want to cause the laughter
That brightens up your days.

Tabitha Castillo

Mourning The Night

For he is the guardian of the night
And I keep his sun.
Together –yet apart
We are always one.
My dark brings him radiance.
His dark my shine.
But-oh- what a union
Were we both combined.
My touch to his touch
Shall never join might.
A restless and hopeless union
Mourning the Night....

Tabitha Castillo

My Eternal Hero

I wrote this for a person who decided he would be best out of my Life. Time has passed and needless to say scars were left. I am still very hurt and want to be angry. I have spun countless stories on why he had to leave me, though in my stories he never does this willingly. I am a whirlwind of emotions.

You have become a creature of my memories.
In my head I have killed you a thousand times
Each time more elaborate than the last
And every time ending with you not wanting to leave me.
But you do
Creep into my sentences like monsters to a child's closet
Your departure has become my boogie-man.
My greatest lesson among my greatest loss.
I both despise and worship you.
You are like salt water to the thirsty and wine to the gracious.
I despise you for a million reasons and Love you for more.
Stay and haunt my dreams
And I will be blessed a blossoming masochist.

Tabitha Castillo

My Friend Love

The pain of my mother.
The respect of my father.
I take it all with me
As life pulls me under.
Where has Love gone to?
Why has it stopped?
We used to be friends
Back when true friends were tops.
I used to trust Love
With my heart and my mind,
But the pull of the world
And the pain were unkind.
Will they all hurt me
As my past has once proved?
The tingling bonds that
My Love has removed.

Tabitha Castillo

My Missing Piece

Unlike most Love poems this poem was written for my best friend not exactly a Lover. I wanted this poem to paint a picture of a person waking up and being stricken by the realization that their arm/leg/etc. was recently amputated. I didn't want it to be a typical pretty poem because when you lose someone it isn't so. This poem is for AJ. You will be sorely missed my Love.

I like a man who waking in the mid of night still reaching with a flexed arm recently amputated.

So do I in the mid of day face the sudden remembrance of your absence.

Do you like the arm newly liberated from my familiar body still twitch unaccustomed to being parted from me?

Are the nerves you have now recognized as those that give you movement strong enough to with stand a grip without me?

And I, a stump of a person without you, do I have it within me to be cauterized closed to stop the leaking of crimson tears?

Finalizing the idea that you and I can never again be stitched together in a seamless union just us two.

Something I can't afford giving up fathoming just yet.

Or perhaps you are the leg that, although one of two right legs, I have grown accustomed to dancing with.

Of coarse pseudo legs are always available a practical solution would it not be for your company in roller skating for cookies.

In truth you are my rock.

Though you doubt sometimes if you are strong enough to withstand the storms and winds of your Life

You have always been the support in mine.

It is now that I realize how much you have changed-chiseled my Life for the better.

I ask a greater power for another chance to be a stone worthy for your hold.

AJ you have always been needed.

I tell you now.... You are Loved by me.

Tabitha Castillo

New Skin

My old skin had scars and marks since birth.
It fit like a snug blanket and gloved my fingers.
A very wash and go type of being.
How clearly everything was through the eyeholes.
How simply tailored was my being.

I've a new skin now whose scars aren't that well defined.
People see this skin and listen to what it has to say.
But the hands are strange and I don't always trust what they do.
And I can't think easily behind this fleshy mask and believe
That everything I do now is a direct product of me following my heart.
My mind never rests in this skin
It just ticks on like an ever present sundial.
Perhaps it is just growing pains, but I can't stretch in this skin
And sometimes I feel that in its suffocating folds
I am lying in just a warm straight jacket.
I was led to believe that beneath the clothes and the piercings
Beneath the scars and testaments of time
The true me was still housed.
It feels like I am always searching through heavy laundry
Sifting through clouded reasoning.
I now doubt what I do-
And it is this startling realization that makes me uncomfortable....
In my own skin....

Tabitha Castillo

No More Nevers

The silence deafens my ears till they ring
Say something. Say joking! Say anything!
Picking at slashes so they never heal.
Your lies are too often too familiar to feel.
You turn me away just to run and hide-
Just to sever the binds that never stay tied.
Can this thing you bring me ever be joy?
I'm the neglected play thing of a little boy!
If I told you 'No' would you finally stay?
The more I am there the more you're away.
From happy to anger. From anger to sad.
Love must be blind, cause for you I had-
More than a moment of more than one doubt.
More than just dreams to be dreaming about.
More than just memories of more than one day-
Of more than one time when you've hurt me this way.
Of more than one time of supporting endeavors.
That it hurts me to say there'll be no more "NEVERS."
It's easy to play the hero when you're turning to run.
To say it's the end before it's begun.
You're good at that baby and maybe someday-
I can say "NEVER" before walking away.
You "Have my back? " Boy, please!
Your lies can bring a once strong girl to her knees!
You are so unsure? What you lying about-
When even your kisses are filled with your doubt!
Don't ask for forgiveness 'cause baby I've tried-
To be not hurt by crying the tears that I've cried.
And the worst of the worst is I'm still by your side!
I'll be the one waiting when you've got no where to hide!
I'll be the one standing there when light turns to black-
'Cause though you always hurt, Boy, I still got you back.
But maybe the times come to say kiss "us" away-
'Cause you'll NEVER get over having me this way!
Baby never say NEVER 'cause baby someday-
You'll wish that you NEVER gave this away!

Tabitha Castillo

Ode To Anti-Depressants

Dull multi colored pearls of youth.
Are you to become me?
I thought that all the little things made me who I am
When even my right arm finds me impossible
Where else do I turn?
The night turns a new moon and I am alone again.
In the morning you will run fast and smooth through my veins.
A birth of a new me
The one that everyone wants me to be
Will I still be alone with you?
Can I still be me with you?
My union with you will be the end of all that I believe to be right.
In your tame, cleaver, prescribed embrace-
Will I still be able to find my light?
I've lost my tether to the round
And here I was thinking I was meant to be free of Gravity.
My family wants me weighted
And so it is with a deep cup of water and toast,
That I will say goodbye to me forever more.

Tabitha Castillo

On Ill Spent Youth

What was once now slips away.
Tiny pieces of sand
Through my fingers,
Unused.
With the well spent,
Well used,
Bits of others of my generation.
Never to play.
Never to come
Join the others.
Chains, ropes, locks, responsibility
I adorn.
Real life has become me.
In the midst of my youth
I've forgotten how to breathe.

Tabitha Castillo

Our Gift To God

A calm wind's gentle whisper on the dimmest seeming night -
A smile seeking stranger during an inner winless fight -
These are the ways my Lord speaks to me when I don't think there's a way -
When my whole Life's left in peril and I can't face another day.

For when the Earth seems it's meanest and when Time seems to flee -
When the day is it's darkest and when there is no "right place" to be -
When you hang your head shameful - As if pity is an Art -
That's when you need to hand over everything and let God heal your Heart.

When I can't look myself in the eye for all the times I dare -
When I think that Life would be more simple without my being there -
And when I can't bring myself to believe the thought that He Loves me.
That's when God open's my eyes and allows me to see -

That we are all the paint brush in His mighty hand -
Meant to paint a picture of Mercy for all our fellow man.
Spreading imperfect kindness in an ever changing time -
No, we are not forsaken by this God of mine.

And so I end with saying, in words both tried and true -
In words that ring with Honesty to calm and comfort you.
A little single simple fact that many might find to be odd-
"What we are is God's gift to us - What we become is our gift to God."

Tabitha Castillo

Pieces Of A Dream

A morning part. A sheer adieu. I am torn from you again.
With tingling feeling once adorned severed by evening break.

Every time I wake from you and am blessed to see your face
A little piece of a dream of you with me I take.

Can this be a medicine for a mental health decline?
To sugar coat each waking dream? How sweet your voice can feel.

To host the realization that each sleeping wish I made-
I get back a piece at a time. Your feelings for me are real.

Tabitha Castillo

Shadow Of Doubt: Broken Promises

I think that there is a point in every person's Life where yo come to he realization that 'pinkie promises' can be broken and often are. You come to a hard realization that the world isn't black and white and despite you trying to cling to your childhood idealism, the world isn't fair. For some this comes early....

You're the beacon of Truth to my midnight Life.
Lighthouse to my ocean of doubt.
And though it's not fair,
I fear that the last shred of what I now believe to be a naive Hope
For the goodness in mankind,
Lies in your promise
Of a different tomorrow.
Eggs in a basket is a weak metaphor
For the world you've taken responsibility for.
And if nothing else
You worded my demise beautifully.
Childhood beliefs die
In a swift crash
Echoed in the silent trembles
Rumbling through my Morals.
A new Life of well engraved cynicism.
Branded doubt.
Shadowed Happily-Ever-After.
I'm grabbing at the last traces of you.
Gapping adulthood.
Teach me to be....

Tabitha Castillo

Sing To Me

Sing to me of sweet surprises
My life with you would bring.
All the world would have a smile
If you would only sing.
Sing to me of days gone past
And how you couldn't bare
To sing to anyone but me
Before you knew me there.
And I'll write you a poem that holds a name
That only us two shall know.
This poem will present the way I feel
And the things I do not show.
So, people will read this note to you
That's written for all to see
And know the wonderous world of man
Because you sang to me.

Tabitha Castillo

Some Kind Of Beautiful

Love without a choice.
I hear it in your voice.
Hear what you can't see
What you mean to me.
The good inside the bad.
What makes your smile sad.
You think, but never know
That the good can show.
No one else can see
That the way you talk to me
Is really....
Some kind of beautiful.

Tabitha Castillo

Stone Cold Angel

Carved from stone by broken hands turned up towards Heaven.
Born of melted glass once hot with passion now cold and unforgiving.
Pedi stools are for masterpieces showing the vulnerability that this child does not permit himself.
God grant me the Love that I need to show him that each stroke,
Each curve and crack-
Is worthy of the greatest home.
Would that any other angel be as gloriously grounded-
Set with poor man's treasures.
He has stood and braced many a storm-
Withered many a loss.
Together we make an unspeakable art.
An unmold-able-
Un-paint-able-
Priceless craft.
Art made people should foresee the beauty of the Earth.
He belongs to himself and yet stays with me.
Solid gifted embrace....
My stone cold angel.

Tabitha Castillo

Swallowing Glass And Decorative Ribbons

Justin, this one's for you....

When you left me broken and confused
I swallowed glass.
Your words now travel through my body
Slicing away at me with every sentence.
Even now as I lay here wanting to cry
For the simple reason of not knowing why
Splinters trace the gaps behind my eye balls
Forbidding me to.
Now with every message I get
I am faced with the realization
It's not you.□
You blew the glass yourself
With the last words you uttered.
Repeating them
To hear them
Resound in my ear
Will only call them to the surface
And I will be the long ribbon
That once decorated
The Heart I gave you....

Tabitha Castillo

The Challenge Of A Opponent

Dedicated to a more than worthy adversary.... Cory Mcknight.

You are my greatest challenge.
The one of which I fear,
You've caused me first to question,
The person in the mirror.

You dilute my words with your rhyming,
And I know without a doubt,
You have an eye out to hurt me,
Is that what your poems about?

You cause me to challenge,
My performance to its brink.
You cause me such frustration,
But first you make me think.

I can never Hate you.
You're too much like myself.
Is challenge in the opponent?
Or is it in oneself?

Tabitha Castillo

The Comforts Of God's Love

Like smooth summer rain -
Sunshine on my window pane -
A cool cup of tea on a working day -
Watching the sun on colored glass play.
Like fresh tortillas in the early morning
What a day to hear my mom humming.
A warm bath or a cool breeze.
How your Love sets my mind at ease.

Speaking words you couldn't seem to find.
Finding solace in the beats of a rhyme.
Like a hug on a not-so-good day.
The way a smile can take your worries away.
A brand new day when there seemed no hope.
The triumph of helping a Loved one cope.
Like a tossing boat finding peaceful seas-
I remember God, you've not forgotten me.

The smell of your home when you've been gone –
The pride in finding a raging Hope won.
Like a card in the mail from someone you knew.
The care in knowing someone thought of you.
A waiting friend on a very late start.
I know that you always have me in your Heart.
When I find these little things I know that it's true-
Help this Loved friend of mine remember that too.

Tabitha Castillo

The Room Where No One Stirs

I walk in to the room where not a soul stirs.
It's possessive silence has a way of
reaching out and grabbing the
unsuspecting victims of the noisy hall.
It whispers 'Come. Come into me. All
that you have searched for could be
found within my walls.
The missing sock.
The lost earring.
The unfaithful husband.

The lonely, ever present self...'

I walk into the room where no one
stirs, because it is so hard to
find oneself in this ever changing world...
never to return again empty handed...

Tabitha Castillo

The True Reason Why

Dedicated to Arthur Ewell

Please sit down. Don't get mad,
But I know that this will hurt.
You thought I was heaven sent,
But I made you feel like dirt.

It's not someone else.
You just don't understand.
You have different qualities-
Than I'm looking for in a man!

I think I care for you!
Just not in that way!
I wish I could change it
And make you feel ok.

But, I've tried and I can't.
So, please. Please, don't cry!
I just thought I should tell you
The true reason why....

Tabitha Castillo

Urban Utopia

To the inhabitation of The Factory.

I can lose myself in your movement.
The freedom you emit is intoxicating
And the fumes of it threaten to swallow me whole.
Spinning and twirling me-
Feels like a fairyland.
Do I dare taste the drink of pixies?
Would I be yours to keep then?
Is it such a bad thing?
You grasp me with fixed eyes-
Perched.
You mean to make a meal of me.
Hands motion me in and I come-
A willing follower to a mad piper's tune.
Vinyl spins and lights incapacitate me.
Your pale skin speaks of wonders-
Untold to my tan one.
Lips of red leak trails of crimson as you spin through the air.
The Heaven I work for holds a different kind of Glory than this.
A different type of Heaven.
In a place where color is stifled
Majestic shades of blacks dominate their bodies.
My white flower screams my novice.
Arms embrace.... A nymph's dance.
A makeshift palace.
A refuge crypt.
This place does not mean to keep me
But woo me to return.
I'm released into the night
The air rapes my lungs.
I promise to return-
To a fairy's calls.

Tabitha Castillo

What Of That

Be wary of those that show know fear
Or weariness when pain is near.

Who ignore, turn, or look away
From the poor that's 'in his way.'

For he is one of those that shun
The uncontrolled problems of everyone.

Who will look upon you and simply spat.
I ask you friend what of that?

Tabitha Castillo

What You Don'T Know

I wrote this poem in my early teens, but I remember feeling so horrible for not being able to see my best friend in that light.

You don't know what I'm feeling now.
You don't know that I care.
You don't know that I fight the words
That tell you it's not there.

You don't know that I dream of you
Or wish that 'we' could be.
You don't know what you make me feel
Is sometimes jealousy.

You don't know that I'm scared to death
I know just how just it will end.
It makes me sick to feel this way.
I hate having to pretend.

I don't want to loose this now.
I like it way to much.
I hate just how I want so bad
To feel what I can't touch!

Tabitha Castillo

Where I Lay My Head

Where I Lay My Head

Is somewhere between my feelings for you
And the whispered nothings I wish I could speak.
It's easy there in a sea of sleepless dreams
To imagine your heart beat on my cheek again.
Your lips to my forehead.
A cool pillow press.
Your arms a blanket's embrace.
Fingers and legs entangled in sheets thrown askew.
Where I lay my head is always close to you.
Thinking dreams, dreaming things to do-
For there is always more.
Behind closed doors palm to palm
And cheek to chest is where I lay my hopes.
Always behind closed doors.
To each night a new dream,
An impassioned release,
And cradled mind.
For where I lay my head is always close to you.

Tabitha Castillo

Whimsical Writer's Block

.I think I'm in like with liking you.
So much so that even my world of rhyme,
Though I always believed it to be limitless,
Falls short of your silent perfection.
The metal in me is magnetized,
Drawn to your every detail.
I don't want to blow this.
Your words are too precious to my barely conscience mind.
Moving might shift you past me
And standing still might bore you away.
I am too scared to believe that you are real
And yet the fear of causing you pain is real enough.
Whisper to my heart and clutch my trust tight
You will be my undoing or my foundation stone to grandeur.

Tabitha Castillo

Winds Of Change

The Winds of Change are blowing
In every direction they flow.
With weary whispers tracing -
To places you never thought you'd go.

Though the same sun keeps on shining
Though a new moon shows its face -
Though your feet stay firmly planted -
In the exact same – changing place.

The days of old todays are going.
Because tomorrows are on their way.
They cannot stop and change their path –
Though you would bid them stay.

Don't appoint your wasted tears -
For things that never last.
For the Winds of Change still blowing -
Are blowing -
Keep blowing -
The winds Of Change now blowing -
Blowing away the past.

Tabitha Castillo

Written In The Stars

I found this poem I wrote back in high school and I thought I would share.

100 billion of them up there
All shining in the sky,
But all I have is one wish
You know exactly why.

You've watched me. Seen me closely-
Even though you are so far.
You saw me when I met him-
Oh, shining wishing star.

You've seen beneath my mask now
And though he doesn't know
You see the scars are written-
On what I never show.

You've seen the many reasons
That I choose to hide
You've seen me outside wishing
You've seen my inside pride.

I wish that when it's night-time,
He'll see and then he'll know.
He'll see what I have written-
On starry moonlight glow.

Tabitha Castillo

Yelling In Silence

A minute of your time costs you nothing, but means the world to someone

The reaching of a hand.
The absence of a touch.
I never thought I'd need-
What I now miss so much.

He looks, but does not hear me.
Walks past without a sound.
I've grown so used to living-
With him never around.

He works, but knows nothing-
About me and what I've done.
I want to yell 'Don't you see me-
And the person that I've become? '

I'm reaching for your acceptance.
I want to make you proud.
This poem yells in silence-
What I want to say out loud.

Tabitha Castillo