

Poetry Series

Tina Torun
- poems -

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Tina Torun()

Believe

How do I continue this fight
When I'm giving it all my might
Never thought I'd be in this position
And underneath these conditions
Fight for what you believe in
Believe in what your fighting for
I don't need your sympathy
All I want is honesty

Tina Torun

Cry

When the days are so long
And your trying to find where you belong
Looking for that one special song
When everything seems wrong

Thats when I want to cry

That's when it's hard to try
And you ask yourself why
And you scream as you look to the sky
That's when I want to die

Counselors, therapists, psychiatrists and more
Getting the help to open the door
But I can't pick my feet up off the floor
And I can't figure what my life has in store

That's when I want to cry

One day I'll see the colors life brings
And my song one day I will sing
The tears will no longer sting
And my feet will finally have zing

That's when I'll want to cry

Tina Torun

Darkness

Being on this earth
Being under a horrible curse
All around me the world is falling
Something in the distance keeps calling
Calling out my name; its just a dream
Who keeps calling, I want to scream

I look up at the sky, no hope I see
Whoever is calling me, just let me be
Why are you persistent, go fly, just flee
Because it's you my dear, you are me

I've been trying to call you for a long time
I've sat and listened to you cry
Felt your hurt and pain, thought you'd die
I saw you in the distant eye

Our life has grimly passed us by
You've temporarily taken a leave of life
I thought you would like to know
The love I have for you will grow

Don't let darkness take you away
Let me love you, don't go astray
Absent from the body and mind
Don't reach for the window and pull the blinds
Darkness will soon lose its power
Clawing through layers of despair
It shall no longer rule your life
Open the blind to a bright shining light

Tina Torun

Friendship

Friendship is a gift from God
It's filled with lots of trust and love
To be a part of companionship
Don't be afraid, release the dove

Trust strengthened with pinky promises
A healthy level of affection
A friend is someone who means the most
Lots of memories in my collection

Attached to each other for many years
Step by step along side each other
Through many emotions including tears
Shared common interests, we both are mothers

Both equal yet very individual
Friends share a kindred spirit
Finishing each others sentences and thoughts
Without you, well, I couldn't bare it

Tina Torun

Frozen

Life is constantly picking up pieces
To complete a puzzle that's unknown
Waiting for this feeling ceases
Filled with wimpers and moans
Within the range of my experience
Not too clear to the understanding
Indistinct to any sight or appearance
with doubt and misunderstanding
I attempt to proclaim a resolution
It seems I've been through this before
Determined to succeed and make a decision
but as always I have fallen to the floor
Frozen in the pathological state
Inflammation of the symptoms of my disease
I want nothing more to seem them abate
But they only diminish and stay to tease

Tina Torun

Lost

What I need is reassurance
What I need is hope
I need to give myself a chance
There's no need to mope

But everything feels so dark
And its so hard to see
On my arms I leave a mark
This life is not easy

There are times I have no will
My life is falling apart
And the world is standing still
And all I see is the dark

Life seems so out of tune
Not sure where I belong
Like the sky without a moon
And the days seem so long

Trying to find my way home
Everytime I hit a crossroad
And I feel so d_____ alone
While I carry this heavy load

What I need is reassurance
What I need is hope

Tina Torun

Mask

Is it possible to see the real me?
Maybe it's possible but a difficult task
Behind these walls you cannot see
For I have many faces that wear a mask

Something that serves to conceal
A disguise to protect from danger
Changing the appearance of what's real
From those I know to a stranger

Small in size I feel
But my feelings are immense
Myself, I trying to heal
None of which makes sense

I cannot promise to let you in
For my masks are my weapon
It is I that I defend
Emotionally It is my protection

Tina Torun

Secrets

Secrets knocking at the door
Skeletons spying, craving more
Lies crossing paths
Stories seem to clash
No one knows how much I yearn
To rid these secrets that inside me burn
It destroys families big and small
Together it's a lot to haul
Finding strength with words unspoken
The past leaves history by the same token
Deep down these secrets are killing me
These medications won't set me free
I want to go, I want to run
I want to hide and be numb
Sadness rushing through my blood
Running through an endless flood
Redirect these feelings and fears
Learn to be angry and shed some tears
Patience I have none left you see
I wish that God would just take me

Tina Torun

The Importance Of Play

Play is important for adults too
This is a difficult concept for many
And for a matter of importance to few
It is not easily attainable for me

What is this thing called play?
The ability to relate to my inner child?
My feelings on the subject is gray
To be absent of seriousness highly piled

The mental discovery of humor and laughter
Buried deep down behind my walls
I need to loosen these bricks and rafters
Allow the child out even if she falls

Play will keep me young and alive
And endowed with quality of life
Stand strong, push, shove, and drive
A quality characterized by strength, not strife

The child in me can be free
Enjoying personal freedom inside and out
Choosing for myself is the key
Leaving behind these walls all doubt

Tina Torun

The Storm

Time and patience is what I need
Is time patient with me?
Time appears to stand without
movement, yet it speeds by so
quickly that you miss the present

Glorious thunder in the sky
Timeless rain keeps passing by
Will this storm ever end?
Can the rain and I still be friends?

Separated by time; many years
Fill with questions and endless fears
Raindrops and teardrops seem to blend
Will this storm ever end?

Life is a victim of time spent
unworthy and converted to an archway
of sublimable thoughts. Is this
duration spliced into a sequential
chain of events that conflates at the
sound of many raindrops?

Heavy downpour over my body
Perseverance unpersuaded
This rain is so relentless
Will this storm ever end?

Over time the rain becomes mist
take this storm by both your fists

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Traumarama

PTSD is what I got from the past
These last 4 decades have gone too fast
Can't keep struggling in this fashion
Self pity and depression shouldn't be my passion
But I cant get rid of these intrusive thoughts
My behaviors I have internally fought
With years of family inflicted trauma
Along with that comes illness and drama
Anxiety pronounces its arrival
Therapy and friends are my survival
I'm a damaged girl
In this crazy messed up world
You don't really know me
Only I choose what you see

Tina Torun

Waiting

There's something waiting to happen
Just not sure what it is yet
My feet keep on tappn'
My heart's but in a fret

The future one cannot predict
But we can't live in the past
My soul I cannot restrict
Because time passes so fast

One day my time will come
When everything falls into place
Never forget where you came from
Even when blessed with Grace

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