

Creative Writing: Collective poems from 2014

UNTITLED

Words jump out,  
And come alive;  
They swirl around me,  
And then they dive.  
Over and under,  
Through loops and holes;  
They work their way in me,  
And take a strong hold.  
Affect me, they do,  
In ways intangible;  
It's as if they compel me  
To believe the unimaginable.  
The words tell a story  
And make me feel  
As if I'm living  
Something completely unreal.  
It's the beauty of life  
Viewed in deeper meaning,  
The words are the strength  
Of the poetic screening.

Honey Bee

I am insignificant, but I make a difference.  
I might be small, but I can hurt.  
I look cute, but I am not your friend.  
I will be hated, but yet I feel love.

I die gruesomely, but I did my share.

## **MOCHA**

Coffee laced hot chocolate, or chocolate laced coffee?

Who cares, either way I am reaping the benefits, the best of both worlds.

The coffee – bitter in taste but beneficial for bouncing back my brain to a wakeful state of awareness – helps me become productive and produce positive results.

The burst of bitterness and espresso fills my body with a frantic bliss of energy and causes me moments of mass generosity.

The hot chocolate – forces me, relaxes me, comforts me, and puts my anxiety at ease – perfect for writing conditions.

The warm taste of milk chocolate melts in my mouth with each sip, the tip of my tongue constantly craving the caress of comfort that comes with cream-mixed coco powder.

The milky creaminess mixed with shots of caffeine, perfect for producing a productive paradise

## Prose Poem Attempt

The vast field stretched out beyond me, untouched by the cold harshness of humanity. It rested in a peaceful slumber, with its internal beauty of grasses and blooms. The wind, ever moving and ever changing, rustled the leaves and brushed twigs together to create a beautiful harmony of sounds. Butterflies and other harmless flighty creatures fluttered between patches of flowers, and the blossoms on trees lazily drifted down from the sky. Pedals, so silky soft, smoothed out in a pseudo grease, brought out a bright abundance of color in the jungle of greenery. So simple, so peaceful, so beautiful... natural. Joy lies in nature's hand, can only be seen by those pure enough to venture into the unknown

## **LOVE LETTER POEM**

My sweetest love,

Oh, how I long to be reunited with you again! I wish to again experience your sweet smile that melts my heart with. I yearn to hear your warm voice that reminds me of honey and relaxes me to a simpler time. I crave the gentle touch of your hand when it accidentally brushes against mine when wandering the gardens. I want to again run my hand through your soft golden hair that looks like a halo and tumbles over your shoulders weightlessly. I need to hear your musical laugh again, for it washes away all of my troubles and sins. The anticipation and excitement I feel for my return is almost unbearable, and I know you share my desire. Soon, my love, this war will be over and we will begin the lives we always dreamt of, begin our destinies.

## **ITEM POEMS: PUZZELS**

Cardboard and paper

Broken in pieces to fix

Challenging, it is.

A gift from a kid

Meant to question my smartness

I complete it fast

Each piece resembled an aspect of life. Every part is essential and everything has a place it is meant to be. Together, these pieces work together to form something beautiful. The cardboard is flimsy and requires a gentle hand, and the images are meant to confuse. The trick to completing the puzzle is human creativity, for it is the only thing clever enough to place each piece perfectly. The odd shaped cardboard pieces can't put themselves together, or have the ability to find their own places. Just as reality, there is a balance with each part, and each piece is needed to create a world worth seeing.

The scent of cardboard

Overwhelming when opened

Welcoming the sea/ ready to arrange

PROMPT POEM: Think of rainstorm when it was flooding + best compliment anyone has even given me

MY INTERPRETATION: The wind roared and whipped tree branches in a furious fashion. From the inside of the cabin, where I sat under a cozy blanket next to a warm, crackling fire, I could hear the tormented wails of the storm and the pounding roar of the rain hammering at the rooftop

..... Too story like. Need to put this into a poem now.....

It was when we were stranded, in a house made of wood

When you once told me, the sweetest of messages

We were locked up inside by a cozy warm fire

My legs were curled up and I was leaning against your chest

The storm kept wailing in torment, the trees whipping around furiously

The rain relentlessly beat our roof, and lightning kept sticking

I was losing my sanity, and panicking about death

When you forced me to look at you, distracting my mind  
You told me I had, the most beautiful of eyes  
My heart melted, the storm blurred in the background  
The sweetest of things it seems is the perfect cure

### **Cinquin**

Pasta  
Simply delicious  
Swirling around absently  
Intense desires quickly building  
Scrumptious

### **Cinquin**

Swimming  
Peaceful mind  
Swift stroking endeavors  
Living life of immortality  
Content

### **Villanelle:**

What I have lost,  
It seems like so much,  
Too high of a cost.

But that was your price for being bossed.  
Too many times did I make you hunch,

In pain from the notion of being tossed.

It all happened swiftly, like winters coming frost.

One day while having, what should have been, a swift brunch.

She announced she was done with being crossed.

I was surprised by her accost,

And stopped eating my buttered toast mid-crunch.

I looked to her sensible eyes, but they were shielded and glossed.

She was not done proclaiming, though I could sense her exhaust.

"I hate living each day with you and such,

And wish to have someone else's name in my ring, embossed"

So there I sat, feeling lonely and lost.

I once only lived for her caring touch,

For she thawed my heart, she took care to defrost.

But sense then, I had withdrew in comfort, and now suffer the cost.

### **Pet love sonnet**

With beautiful eyes, that sparkle and shine

Comes a welcoming face, that barks with a smile

When I leave she cries, weeps with a whine

Until I return, then runs and slips on tile

She feels lonely and lost, each time that I leave

But I always promise, to come home each day

I know that doesn't stop her, and each day she will grieve

Until I walk in, and come find her to say

“Look how good you have been, you are such a good girl!

Let’s go for a walk”, yes those are the magic words.

Shell run in circles, caught up in an excited whirl

And well walk out the door, so she can chase some birds.

I love my little girl, she is my pride and joy (I love my little girl, she is my life and glory)

For that is why, I will always give her a new toy (We live happy lives, this is no sob story)

### **Something I love:**

So much in the world, that I hold near and dear.

Like my sweet grandmother, who only expresses motherly love.

And then there’s my dad, who tough and strict;

But he does show kindness, through small acts he doesn’t always admit.

I also love my step mom, who constantly strives to be closer

And my real mom, who waits patiently each day for me to call

I have friends I hold dear, but see less frequently

That, however, does not stop our friendship, for our bond is stronger than time

Whom I care deepest for, is my compassionate Eric

Who is stronger than Thor, and as clever as the devil.

He fights and he’s ambitious, enough to start businesses

His confidence encourages others, to follow his lead

And his motivation to improve, makes me want to become greater.

Because he keeps me on my toes, and strives for us to have the perfect life,

I feel I must contribute, and be everything I can potentially become.

But because he loves me, it matters not if I succeed

At the end of the day, he will still take care of me.

So who I love most in this world, it's true there are many  
But one stands out from them all, and that is enigma Eric

### UNTITLED

Shredded letters, damp with salty tears;  
Forced regret compels the pseudo urges.  
I don't hate you, but what you did destroyed me:  
You squeezed my lungs, twisted my stomach into knots,  
Ripped apart my heart, then threw my remains to the side.  
Why did you leave me? Did you have too?  
The pain, like a stampede of raging rhinos, is unbearable,  
And I'm not sure I can take any more of this nightmare, not sure I can go on.  
Someone show me the light; show me what is worth living for,  
Because I see none, and am not sure if I even want it without you.  
Come back to me; let me rest in your loving arms at least once more –  
Let me feel your warm breath against my ear, as you whisper sweet nonsenses –  
Let me relish in the taste of you soft kisses, and experience the gentle touch of your hand reaching for mine –  
Let me hear you speak my name, and smell your spicy cologne again –  
Give me one more day, and I will make it last an eternity.  
But no, because Death refuses to play that game.  
So, as I fill my body with drugs, and dream of your existence  
I slowly destroy my own body, until the day we can be reunited,  
Because that is love, right? Sacrificing one's sanity for the other?  
Giving up a normal life to be in a reality that's close to yours?  
I know not what others think, but feel this is the only way.  
To be with you forever, that is what I need to regain my sanity –  
So here I come, hopefully one day soon,  
Until then, though, I will pretend that I am living a life with you by my side

Because you're still here, in the recesses of my consciousness.  
And I can't eliminate the festering thoughts that you pose, your roots buried deep.  
Like a pest, (species) multiplying it's population for invasion,  
You keep coming back, no matter how hard I try  
I've given up on forgetting, not that I wanted that to begin with  
And am on a new road, on my way to you.

### **Speaking Truth**

The sweet complexities of life, I've never understood.  
With their metaphors and riddles, their syntax irregularities,  
The twist of meanings, and hidden values...  
It makes no sense, why not speak clearly? Speak with less intention, a lucid flow of truthful thoughts.  
Stop manipulating to confuse, no more condescending doctor jargon;  
Be clear, be kind, and don't hurt the weak of mind.  
A crystalized sense of unison that can only come with absolute understanding,  
That is what the world needs, a beginning of a new age.

The feeling of passion - all consuming - It knows not time - day or night - consuming the hours with relentless desire  
- I must - I need - it's too much to resist! I pick up the pen - to scratch out my hidden/secret thoughts - the feelings  
pour out - my emotions override my mind - I needs - I cant - I must - it's too late now - it's done - sweet release -  
no more hiding my thoughts - my creativity - it's time to share - to the worlds - my stories untold

### **HIAKUS**

Crystal reflection  
A windless day on the lake

Smooth as fresh blown glass.

Banging into things

Instant pain shoots through my knee

Purple, green, and blue.

Hues of orange- red

As time passes to dusk

Watching the sunset.

Coffee and creamer

Causes happiness and joy – the perfect combination

Bitter but smoother

In need of a dog

A faithful companion, please

A friend to call mine.

Cracking and flaking

Stealing the smooth softness of skin

Winter slowly takes

A flicker of life

Flutters around in bird form

During harsh times

Muddy, mushy ground

After the first spring shower

Prepping for flowers