

My Perfect

I ache and yearn for someone in life,
someone to love and someone to trust.

One who will want me for me,
not play me out of spite and lust.

Lend me a hand to hold while my anxiety rises.
strong arms to hold me close as my body drifts asleep.
Give me someone to be by my side.
not to walk two steps behind in a slow peculiar creep.

Or one or three up ahead,
but to hold me when I sway.
Someone must know how to brush my hair off my face,
to wipe my tears away and tell me it will all be okay.

A hand to hold, a heart to belong to,
love to commit to and intimacy to surrender within.
All of these are what my life does lack.

If I could have just one or all,
I would meet you gladly in the end,
with a soft and gentle grin.

Momma

Have I hurt you Momma?
Do you understand my ways?
Can I lean on you Momma?
When my life has gone astray?
Have I produced my own fiction momma?
Can you tell me what is true and what may fade away?
I beg for your compassion Momma.
Will you ever again kneel with me and pray?
Let us pray, my lovely Momma.
Pray for us and pray for they~
Who pass before us Momma
And know nothing of the realities that shall come their way.

Daddy

Forgiveness

Shall be granted
For all that I have seen
With a kiss, a hug, a smile
For this unborn child needs your love.

Please

Bless us with your presence
Your heart~ just be aware
That you are forever their Papa
And our love and appreciation for you is unwavering.

The Yard of Joslyn Castle

What beauty lies within the belly,
of this monument of history?
Tis far from my knowledge,
yet known well to my imagination.
A wind waves softly through,
only to inflict the necessary slight disruption,
of the perfection of nature.
The beauty of which nature holds,
is of your own gracious hand~
And for this, you deserve amorous praise.

Writer's Block

It has been some time since
My hand has produced beauty.
What of this life of mine
Causes all this tremendous despair and distress?
My mind and body too slightly separate entities,
my heart sufficiently distant from the two.
Write swiftly~ perhaps something significant shall appear,
first thoughts go down to avoid interrupting ideas.
Just write Cara Michelle~ as before,
fluid pen strokes resulting in supple tranquility.

Surround and Restore

Dark skies~ black beauty,
treen trees~ wavering leaves tranquility.
Stagnate aroma of cigarettes,
ruffles through the air.
Contentment and joy,
please overshadow my presence.

I ask for tenderness to be restored,
to every inch of my being.

Yearning for her Graces

I miss my mother,
the inevitable ability to make all truths disappear.
The woman of who's womb I dwelled,
and was birthed from that glorious day.
Only one person whom I could not live without,
the only woman who's touch offers contentment and tranquility,
of which I yearn for wholeheartedly.