

Poetry Series

**Ann ...**  
**- poems -**

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Ann ...()

# A Very Long Swim

if you consider  
that the sun is  
93 million miles away  
then how far is  
3000 miles,  
really?

for you, i would swim  
each mile  
gladly just to see  
your eyes like oceans  
and taste the salt  
of your skin.

Ann ...

# Autumn Leaving

absence makes the  
blah blah blah. i'll try  
to be more discerning.

I'm afraid you're getting  
old. you have finally  
realized that

you must search for  
the balance between  
your reason and your passion.

be afraid. be very  
afraid. autumn is  
slipping swiftly into winter

and so is the heart of  
your beloved slipping  
into hibernation, exhausted

from the waiting  
and hoping and tossing  
and turning over you.

Ann ...

# Between Your Lines

O, my sweetness,  
you  
are my poem.

first, so distant  
and  
so rigid

but beyond the  
strict  
formalities,

and beyond the  
form,  
and the rhyme,

and the meter  
lies  
your inherent truth,

so glorious  
in  
its subtlety.

our beauty is  
found  
in the breakdown.

please let me live  
in  
between your lines.

Ann ...

# Dead Stars

worthy opponent, you beat me. good show.  
and this loser is left with only her wishes.

i wish i knew who you are, who i am,  
and what to do-what do i do

without you?

without you,

my dead stars still twinkle in the night.  
my sun will rise just beyond the horizon.

my heart beats. it weeps but  
my heart still beats and weeps and beats again.  
it beats but keeps the hope of sleep.  
my heart, it beats again.

Ann ...

# Dreaming Sleep

Let me sleep  
to dream of you.  
I am awake with  
anxiety, knowing  
it will be longer  
still until i see your  
face. Just let me  
drift off, let me find  
you, so we can  
lie down and fall asleep  
together all over again.

Ann ...

# Letter To Walt Whitman

Walt,  
I think you knew  
something sacred  
and arcane.  
You knew the  
dark mystery  
of love, its  
gentle, murderous,  
illusory truth.

I think  
you understood the  
tempestuous  
temporal  
nature of passion,  
the value of  
each  
fleeting  
act of tenderness.

And you,  
reader,  
who are not so far  
from me,  
lend me the  
kindness of your eyes  
so that I may  
take a leap  
without feet  
and fly  
with no wings.

Ann ...



# Lowland Girl's Lament

I think that I may have  
loved you once.  
Grey blue eyes that go on  
until infinity and hold the  
secrets of the universe  
(eyes that are the same color as  
mine.)

I think that I may have  
seen you in a dream;  
through thickest fog on  
a mountaintop, in fields,  
golden indian summer  
lying in tall grass.

I think I may have  
broken your heart;  
kind, and giving, but  
so afraid. Know that I  
would have gladly  
given you mine  
if the mountains between us  
were not made of  
time, and reason, distance,  
longing and sorrow.

Ann ...

# Monochrome

monochrome.  
usually.

today, i saw a spark of  
color. it was brilliant.

maybe tomorrow, i'll take  
that spark, and light a candle.

and the day after that, i will gather  
together all my pain, and anger, and hurt.

and the next day i will set all of it on fire with  
my little candle and go bathe in sunshine.

Ann ...

## Opus 8

Wait, little Ludwig.  
You do not yet know.

Look back now.

Listen. Hear the viola.  
It sings only a child's  
beautiful unusual crying nightmare.

And then you awoke  
angry and older  
to a world of silence.

Listen. Do you still feel  
the hopeful vibrations  
de le coeur de l'enfant?

Listen. Remember the sound  
of what you, as a youth,  
thought was weeping and laugh  
the mournful laugh of  
someone who has learned  
what it is to suffer.

The work you cherished as profundity  
has become silly and trivial.

But keep listening:  
The dance begins again.

Ann ...

# Star-Cross'D

you  
are not the scars that  
define your chiseled features,

nor  
are you words on a  
page that leave me wanting.

you  
are my starwish realized,  
my undeserved holy reward.

we  
are made of the stuff  
of magic and mayhem..

we  
are the tortured, the  
blessed, still wounded,

old willie's  
'star-crossed lovers.'

Ann ...

# Sufi Lullaby

i am a wanderer  
on a limitless journey  
to find the words that could  
explain to you  
the light you  
bring to my life.

the poet without rhyme  
the player without song  
the lover without the beloved.

how can i tell you

that your words are gold to me,  
and your eyes, kaleidoscopes,  
infinitely dynamic and full  
of hope?

Do not take from me  
what I have found.

I cannot imagine  
that I would be so lucky  
to find this again.

Ann ...

# The Architect

you who are so  
unattainable  
and beautiful, reach  
out to me. don't keep your  
heart at a distance, for  
surely i could take better care of  
it than the crowds of women that  
throw themselves at your doorstep.

if i could bury my head in your shoulder,  
if i could know your morning face and love it  
and kiss you before you brush your teeth,  
and sit silently reading while you work,

then we would know what it is like to be loved,  
and no longer feel the emptiness  
and pain of this desire.

Ann ...

# The Minstrel's Widow

my minstrel,  
why do you keep your  
sweet and golden hymns  
far from me?

women who  
love musicians often  
grow jealous of their  
instruments.

i couldn't  
handle the scornful and  
beautiful music of  
your distant heart.

to love a  
minstrel is to be  
sorrowful all the days  
that you breathe

and to be  
surrounded by love,  
always shown in music,  
but never in life.

Ann ...

# This Morning

this morning,

at dawn,

i opened my eyes  
and walked into the sun

and screamed  
i love you  
to the ocean  
at the top of my voice.

could you hear me?

you are starlight,  
appearing so close to me  
when you are so far that  
i feel i could never reach  
you.

you shine so brightly that

no star,

not even the sun,  
could obscure your light.

Ann ...



# Twenty-Four Hour Anniversary

Hello Stranger,

Would you like to be my friend?

we counted the homeless  
asleep in moore square

and laughed at the girls  
who came into the bar  
soaking wet after a  
Journey Concert.

Would you like to make love to me?  
The bed is still wet with your sweat.  
You have left and I forgot to tell you

I love you endlessly.

Stranger,  
You are the only  
one who sees me.

Stranger,  
the room disappears when  
you enter, the crowd fades  
and it is only we two.

Stranger,  
hold let me snuggle under  
your arm. I am so cold.

Stranger,  
closest friend, warm  
cherished lover,  
Could this be real?

Are you sure you are  
a REAL stranger?

Ann ...