

Poetry Series

AnnaLeigh Jones
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

AnnaLeigh Jones()

A young woman who has alot to share and little room to say it.

14 Steps

1st Step.

I've only moved one foot and lifted the other.
As soon as I'm done moving,
the ground behind me falls.

2nd Step.

I see the space that fell. Is there another?
Yes, I'm assuming,
But I haven't taken my

3rd Step.

I can feel more ground crumble underfoot.
Does it follow me,
or do my feet cause this breaking?

4th Step.

The ground falls again like dusty soot.
Is it one step behind me,
or am I one step ahead?

5th Step.

Just to test, and the same pattern pursues.
Is this a game of chase?
Are my steps just too heavy?

6th Step.

Lightly this time, but by air the ground is subdued.
It must be too late
To turn around now.

7th Step.

A canyon formed between where I started and here.
This gap isn't my fault,
So I run to my

13th Step.

I ran till my vision fogged, so unclear.
And I hit a wall.

Nothing is left except my

Last Step.

Not a step, but a shuffle of my feet.

I have nowhere to go,
but the ground doesn't know that.

So I Fall.

Amputate Your Heart

Oh no, it seems that we've run out of time.
If you're to survive,
we have to amputate
your heart....

Your heart can't function any more.
It's been over run with viruses and spores.
It's been poluted, but we don't know the cause.
It's not able to feel, Maybe it never was.
It's no longer able to bring you air.
It's been torn from years of abuse and miss-care.
So now your blood is at a stand still.
That is the reason you cannot feel.
In order it bring you back to life,
We'll have to cut in with our scalpaed knives.
We'll remove the dysfunctional heart,
and replace it with man-made, mechanical parts.
We know that to you nothing will be real,
but at least you will think you are able to feel.

AnnaLeigh Jones

Anonymous Letters

Dear AnnaLeigh, I must tell you,
you don't have a chance.
You're spinning around like a fool
trying to master lifes petty dance.
The steps you are taking are all wrong.
You're dancing to a different beat.
It's time for you to give it up
and learn to accept defeat.

AnnaLeigh, why do you try
to teach to blind to see?
The blind are blind, you can't teach sight.
You make no sense to me.
After you're done failing,
you try to teach the dance, and yet,
the blind can't see their wobbling feet.
Sometimes I think you forget.

AnnaLeigh, darling, in this letter
I'll reveal to you who I am.
Maybe then you'll take my advice.
Maybe now you'll understand.
I am you, I am your mind.
I'm writing your rational thought.
I'm telling you what you really think.
I'll conform you to what you fought.

AnnaLeigh Jones

Break Free

Everything I'm living for
-Everything I'm dying for-
Is a picture that I have to paint,
but the canvas is inside its frame.
I'll break the glass and rip the cloth.
I'll paint with my blood because I've had enough
of being told how to stand on a music box.
You can't tell me who to be.

Everything I'm living for
-Everything I'm dying for-
is a song that we must compose,
but we can only use three notes.
I'll sing the songs playing in my heart.
We'll break the rules because that's who we are.
I won't crawl onto the music box.
Don't try to tell me who to be.
I'll break free.

AnnaLeigh Jones

Deaths Garden On A Hill

Up the hill, to the gate of the garden,
Do I silently crawl.
My solitude of secrets and memories,
Vines growing up the wall.

My secret garden- and yes, it is mine-
Awaits me each coming day.
Inside my garden, I'm free to dance,
To sing, to love, to pray.

But one day the roses all turned black.
The vines still crept along.
One day the trees, they all turned grey
And fell where they once stood strong.

Somehow the ropes- the vines- stayed alive,
And they are living still.
The vines are the shackles pulling me back
To deaths vineyard on a hill.

'Here is the place where I used to sing.'
My thoughts remind my soul.
'Here is the place where I used to dance,
But now the air is cold.'

Each time I am forced back onto the hill
I wear a coal black dress.
I am still mourning my dead hiding place,
Though the vines will never rest.

If anyone tries to follow me here
Their heart will, at once, be stilled.
I caution you, please don't try to find me
In deaths garden on a hill.

AnnaLeigh Jones

For My Brother

I was lost in the horizon, wandering all alone.
I couldn't find the shining north star.
You picked me up and you carried me home.
Oh, how he carried me so far!

I had fallen off the edge of forever's cliff.
Only you were there to save me.
You threw me the rope of happiness.
Only you kept me out of hades.

You came to my rescue time after time,
somehow, you've fallen down too.
How lost are you, oh brave brother of mine?
It's now my turn to be the one to rescue.

Have you fallen off the horizons edge?
Or are you lost in another time?
Is the world simply seeking its wrongful revenge?
Tell me where to find you; give me a sign.

AnnaLeigh Jones

How I Was So Naive

Oh daddy, let's play hide and seek.
Start counting to ten, but don't peek.
I'll hide under my bed while you and mommy talk a little too loud.
Daddy, please don't find me yet.
I want to wait until you forget
that I do everything wrong, even though I want to make you proud.

Oh daddy, where did you hide.
I woke up this morning and you weren't inside.
And mommy took the kitchen knife into her room.
Daddy, please, where are you now?
Did I upset you again somehow?
Whatever it was, I'm sorry. Please come home soon.

Oh daddy, I've been looking for you
in other men who treat me like you were supposed to.
They tell me they love me, but they kiss me a little too long.
Daddy, when they break my heart
It reminds me of how you tore me apart.
I don't let it bother me because I know how to be strong.

Oh daddy, it's been 10 years today
since you left, but you still won't go away.
I guess no man can replace you, like I believed.
Daddy, please, just leave my thoughts.
I have enough pain in my life, which you brought.
I still can't fathom how I was so naive.

AnnaLeigh Jones

I Am The Girl

I am the girl who walked away
from you while you cried and cursed the day.
It is I who listened to your scream
while laughter played in the very same dream.
I am the girl who you murdered violently,
yet I protected you so mercifully.
I was a helpless child, and you didn't stop.
Well I'm older now, much older, so let the bombs drop.

I am the girl, now a woman, who declared war
on our -no, YOUR- home; on our- no, YOUR- fallen star.
I am the general calling soldiers to fight,
so fight, oh brave soldiers, till the dawn breaks the night.
I am the girl who will gag you, tie your feet and your arms.
It is I who could save you, but doesn't care if you are harmed.
I am dropping the fiery bombs.
I decide how long you suffer. I wonder how long.....
I am the girl who you refused to hear.
I am your personal tormentor, designed to fill you with fear

AnnaLeigh Jones

I Know How To Lie

You say you know me.
You think you do.
But you've forgotten;
I know how to lie.

You think you see through me.
I let you believe.
I'm transparent enough
that you think I can't lie.

I allow you to know
if my false lips hide a truth.
But my true mouth knows
the right words for a lie.

You see me alive.
You don't know that I'm dead.
You believe my heart beats,
Because I know how to lie.

You don't know what I need;
Someone to breathe for me.
I still go through motions of breath
as my final lie.

AnnaLeigh Jones

I Was A Child

I was a child by body and age,
But never a victim to your open cage,
For I was a woman by mind and by heart.
I could see past the mask that you put on your rage.

You were much older than I, a man.
But I was far wiser than you could stand.
I know you were still an infant, a child,
So I refused you any chance at my hand.

Still, you begged for just one chance,
so I gave you a peice of a childs romance.
But I was cautions, I know who you were.
I knew what you wanted after one stolen glance.

Yes, you were a man and I was a child.
In spirit, I was calm and you were wild.
No, we should never be together,
for you are a man and I, a child.

AnnaLeigh Jones

I Wonder

If I had not this heavy iron chain
which ties me to a lions open den,
If I had not these tears of breaking pain,
would you, then, carry me home again?

And if I had a heart of purest gold,
and if I had bright eyes of deepest blue,
and if I had an angels mended soul,
would you believe that I belong to you?

Could you believe, just once, in Gods great grace?
Could you believe, for now, that I have healed?
Could you forget, tonight, my childish face,
and once in life, remember I am real?

And if I sold my smile to your plea,
Would I, then be allowed to go run free?

AnnaLeigh Jones

If

If my heart had wings
and could fly away,
it would fly to you
and with you it would stay.

If my thoughts could sing
songs in your ear,
they would sing of my love
loud enough for you to hear.

If my soul had the freedom
to run into your arms,
It would stay there, near your heart,
and I'd be safe from harm.

If my body weren't weak
and I had the strength to stand,
I would walk a thousand miles
for one last chance to hold your hand.

AnnaLeigh Jones

Insufficiency

Don't Breathe

A breath now may seem sweet
but the price of air is too high.

The sound you would make
in an effort to sustain your life
would reveal your hiding place
to your most eager persuaders.

Under these circumstances your beliefs are wrong.

Air alone is not sufficient
in prolonging your meager life.

Don't Breathe

AnnaLeigh Jones

Knock Knock

Knock Knock.

Who's there?

Me.

Me who?

You know me. Let me in.

I can't.

You won't last forever covering your sin.

I must

Knock Knock

Who's there?

Still me

Me who?

I won't leave until you let me in.

I can't.

Why won't you show me where this horror begins?

It's too much.

Knock Knock...

AnnaLeigh Jones

Marionette

I've been living inside your perfect lie
a thousand years too long.
I can't escape, I don't remember
the truth which opens the door.
All I know is that you can't make me be your puppet
till I'm dead.
The strings can't silence a scream.
So I'll ruin your show with my open mouth.
Simple strings can't control a living marionette.

AnnaLeigh Jones

My Name Is...

My name is shadow, the captive silhouette upon the wall.
I live the echos of the dead, the silent, the heros and their fall.
They whispered 'Can anybody see me? '
They wondered 'Why can't they hear me scream? '

I can hear you, I can see you.
I'm the one who knows how it feels to be you.
I know your stories, I built your mask of glory.
No one would understand you if it wasn't for me.
I was always there, I was the only one who cared.
I wept beside you when life just wasn't fair.
Be assured I never fade away; I am shadow still today.

My name is echo, the keeper of a million truths and lies.
I replay memories each time you scream curses at the sky.
The shadow walks with you when your heart and mind fight.
I'll speak to you when you're alone and you know I cannot lie.

I can hear you, I can see you.
I know what it means to be you.
I know your story, I've spoken your false glory.
No one would understand you if it wasn't for me.
I was always there, I was the only one who cared.
I wept behind you when life just wasn't fair.
Be assured I never fade away; I'm still echoing today.

I am your memory; the last of what is left of yesterday.
Your thoughts are the cause that starts my never ending replay...

AnnaLeigh Jones

Once Upon Forever

Let me hold on to you, my love.
Let me savor this angel, fallen from above.
I am yours wholly, now please by mine.
Let heaven and earth be intertwined.
Please darling, stay, don't take off in flight.
I've wallowed in darkness for too long; be my light.
Give me the joy of your heavenly kiss.
Once upon forever does a love come like this.

AnnaLeigh Jones

Our Secret Place

Would you come to
Our garden secret place
Where I used to sing; where you first saw my face
Bring your shovel, Bring my seed,
Bring my box of lace
Plant them six feet under in our secret place

Would you come to
Our garden secret place
Where we met each night, where we ran to with haste
Bring your shovel, Bring my seed,
Bring my box of lace
Plant them six feet under in our secret place

Would you come to
Our garden secret place
To ask me for forgiveness of your disgrace
Bring your shovel, Bring my seed,
Bring my box of lace
Plant them six feet under in our secret place

Would you come to
Our garden secret place
Where blood stained white roses show your tempers quick pace
Bring your shovel, Bring my seed,
Bring my box of lace
Plant them six feet under in our secret place

Would you come to
Our garden secret place
So there you can tell me how my death tastes
Bring your shovel, Bring my seed,
Bring my box of lace
Plant them six feet under in our secret place

Would you come to
Our garden secret place
And lie down beside me, feel the earth's embrace
Bring your shovel, Bring my seed,

Bring my box of lace
Plant them six feet under in our secret place

AnnaLeigh Jones

Pained Babbles And Apoligetic Murmers

I was never perfect,
But when life was too much
I needed you
To be strong because

I couldn't be

You could have helped,
But no.
You left me alone
to abandon all

Hope.

The whole time I cried
Out for your help.
I begged for you, the friend
I wished

I could only have

All you did was yell
Or, worse, nothing at all.
You claimed to be trying
And that I just needed

Faith

But nothing ever got better.
I was always left alone,
wishing for someone
to be everything

That you were not

I felt ignored!
I needed you to care.
I needed my pain to be seen,
And I knew you were

Seeing

How could you do nothing?
Why did you pull away?
You left me to suffer,

To lay in my

Weakness.

You, who I trusted,
You never stood by me.
You couldn't give me
Just a

Little Time

No, you ran off
To fight demons, no doubt,
But you left me
With no one

To cry with

What were you doing?
I asked for YOU.
Nothing was getting better,
So I begged

You. I had to

Maybe I'm selfish.
I never wanted a hero.
I wanted you here, with me.
I didn't need you to

Protect.

What were you fighting so fierce
that you had to be alone?
-that you couldn't let me see? -
that I had to be

Pushed away

I was sad, lonely
And you were my last hope.
I'd start talking, you'd walk away.
The world has run

Out of love.

You did this so many times
With no visible remorse.
Why? Why did you do that

Without so much as saying

I'm sorry.

Forgiven? .

AnnaLeigh Jones

Reoccurrence

Look at us
Here again

Filling in the empty spaces
Where our bodies belong
-The spaces of the past-
The outlines so familiar
Yet so forgotten
Why must we relive this moment
Time and Time again

Here again

Me standing on the edge
-Contemplation-
You ten yards away
-Uncertainty-
Again

Look at us
Walking a circular path
- A path of danger
And of death-
Me, thoughts of jumping off
You, holding a tenuous grip on your tongue
Again

Here we are

You, yelling, screaming
-All with good intention-
It is all you know to do
Me, Misunderstanding
Thinking you a threat
You, simply wanting me safe
Again

Me, leaping from the edge
Me, Afraid of your voice

-More so than of the raging river below-
Falling to certain death
Again

You, running so fast
You, jumping to save me
-The person you pushed with your voice-
You, grabbing my arm
You, holding on to a small limb

Look at us
Here again

Us, hanging on the border of death
Us, seeming to fit so perfectly
Me, crying
You, relieved
Me, grateful yet frightened
You, more obstinate than gravity
Again

Me, in the arms of a hero
You, holding on to your kryptonite
Us, wondering how long we have
How long till we're back on the brink of death

Here again

AnnaLeigh Jones

Romanesque

I know that you have been hiding yourself
In a dark room, disguised
As a Romanesque Cathedral
Hidden, yet obvious to itinerant eyes.

Beautiful, Tall, Strong, Lasting
Or, from outside, so you seem.
But I dare all wanderers to walk inside,
See the castle of victims, Redeemed

So dark it is inside, so cold,
Narrow windows allow faded light.
Only here could silence haunt every corner,
And estrangement become accepted as right.

How can you stage contentment
In a palace so lonely and bleak?
You don't have to leave your Cathedral of woe,
But stop hiding your sorrow; please speak.

AnnaLeigh Jones

Save Me

Here's your chance; Save me.
Don't let this break me.
You're the only one I know
who still wants to be my hero.
I never needed this till now,
but if you still want me around,
I'll let you take the chance you begged me for.
I'll let you save me because I'm torn

and I can't save myself.
I wouldn't trust anyone else.

I'm confused, can't tell what's real.
I can't escape a place that I can't feel.
You're the only hope that I can see.
If it's not too much trouble for you, save me

because I can't save myself.
I can't trust anyone else.

You promised you wouldn't let anything happen.
Well, hold onto me now because I'm crashin'
into the ground where I won't be found,
unless you know where to find me.

If you know what i'm going through,
don't hesitate to pick me up; I Trust You.
You won't let me fall.
If you can find me at all...

AnnaLeigh Jones

Should I Drink?

For a hundred years I've wandered in the desert.
No food, no water,
No meat for slaughter.
My husband left nothing to sustain me for now or forever.

My throat and lips, so dry from thirst.
Trembling from heat.
Growing weak.
If I had the choice to die this way, I'd kill myself first.

I stop, I can see a reflection of light.
What's this I see?
Could it be?
Is this a glass full of water? Oh, what a joyous delight!

I pick it up and read what's written on the glass.
'Poison' it says.
If I drink it, I am dead.
I set it back down where I found it, aghast.

'The thought of any liquid is appealing.' I think
Wet and cold...
Am I really that bold?
So I'll leave you all with this question: Should I drink?

AnnaLeigh Jones

The Bird Shouldn'T Have To Fly South

The birds fly south
at the autumns chilly end,
but the black dove can never
return to her northern home again.
A gate is posted at the border,
A fence to keep her out of her home.
Each year she must fly farther south.
Each year, a different wind whispers 'alone.'

If the bird could be free
to fly and to sing,
and to return home
with a familiar wind under-wing,
she would return each night
to rest under a single sky.
Her weary eyes could finally rest,
and she could forget the words 'good bye.'

AnnaLeigh Jones

The Blink Of An Eye

Blink, pictures behind my eyes.
Memories tear my arm.
Sound the alarm.
Blink, the lights flash in the skys.
Shadows roll.
They say, 'you must pay the toll.'

Blink, I see the horrible voice.
Hide under the sheets
from the shadows I meet.
Blink, I remember your dispicable choice.
Lock me inside.
I have nowhere to hide.

Blink, I hear the click of a lock.
Try to escape.
Arms are bound, It's too late.
Blink, memories come unblocked.
Ghosts watch me writhe
Through a window outside.

Blink, seven white ghosts enter.
Hold me down.
Body on the ground.
Blink, They form a circle, I in the center.
Sharp sting in my back.
Everything black....

AnnaLeigh Jones

The First And The Last

The first day, the last tear:
Reality, non-existent.
The first step, the last hope:
Tortured by sheer distance.
The first words, the last goodbye:
Memories fading to black.
The first hello, the last mistake:
Decisions I'd never take back.

AnnaLeigh Jones

Time To Give Up On You

I let you lose yourself, my friend,
so you could find the man you lost.
Well, have you found him yet?
Of course not.

Are you even looking,
Or are you making someone else?
If you aren't there to take yourself back,
It doesn't help.

Oh look, you found yourself again!
No... It only looked to be true...
I've waited for you to change for too long.
It's time to give up on you.

AnnaLeigh Jones

To Be A Wave

I wish I were only a wave...
Forming...
Rising...
Beautiful...
Thrilling...
Powerful.....
With no limits or boundries to imprison me,
or keep me out...
With no expectation of who to be,
unless I set one for myself.....
And if I couldn't bear myself,
I could crash...
And die...
And start over...
And over...
And over again,
In a new life...

AnnaLeigh Jones

Tremble

When he is in my audience
My voice will tremble.
If he is among those hearing me,
My bow on the strings will tremble.
If he is sitting, watching me,
My fingers on the keys will tremble.
If he is throwing roses onto the stage,
Eternity's music will tremble.

AnnaLeigh Jones

Unfinished Business

Darling, did you know that I'm still here?
Did you know that I still care?
You're my only reason to stay my dear,
So why do you not see me?
Three days ago, two vultures declared me dead,
but dead doesn't always mean gone.
If I'm truly bound to an eternal bed,
why can I see your face before me?

I've followed you through the world
as you search for the end of restlessness.
I whisper and scream, but i'm never heard.
You, my love, dont know I'm anywhere.
I am the girl you used to love,
and now the spirit you barely remember.
Before I can enter the blessed kingdom above,
I need you to know that I still care.

AnnaLeigh Jones

Wisdom

If I ever speak no one will understand.
For I speak the language which everyone knows,
but no one remembers.
The words which everyone has heard,
but no one cares for.
It lives in everyone.
If it isn't spoken, it is forgotten...
If you speak it once, however, you will speak it
forever,
Yes, I speak the lost language of wisdom,
which has been heard,
but is still
ignored.

AnnaLeigh Jones

Your Defeat

You Lie

You have everyone fooled
But I can see the lie
I know your armies of control are disguised
As armies of false repentance

You smile

Because you know a child
Cannot unmask a million untruths
But I will find a way to overthrow
The folly of your nation

You Laugh

You don't believe in my power
You may be the conductor
But I am the strings of your orchestra
If I break, so do you

You worry

I know your secret
You didn't come to the light out of penitence
No! You came because darkness hated you
You feel no remorse

You deny

You have so much to learn
Have you ever been to a Bal-Masque?
Then you would know that a masquerade only lasts
If all masks stay on

You Lose

AnnaLeigh Jones

Your Purpose

Stare at the floor and don't be seen.
You can take this, You can take anything.

Stay strong, you child, you've shed too many tears.
You have nothing to cry about, nothing more to fear.

From beautiful to broken is not too far.
All you have to do is remember who you are.

Remember when a smile always rested on your face,
and how you conquered life with un matchable grace.

Stop this selfishness, stop this sinful wish.
You're purpose is to take strength from this.

AnnaLeigh Jones