

Poetry Series

Christina J. Williams
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

Christina J. Williams()

A Memory Of Christmas

*** This poem is written about my mother. I hope you like it. I hope it makes sense.

I am restless in my bed.

Where is the jolly man?

Is he on the roof getting ready to come down my chimney?

Or flying over my house ready to land?

I close my eyes.

I wake up and now I am not that little girl anymore.

I am more mature but the feeling of Christmas still excites me.

I smile and hear the sounds of three little feet.

Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!

Can we go open our presents now?

Yes little ones.

Lets go see what the jolly man brought us.

I see the smiles on my daughters' and son's face light up the room.

Sharon, Sharon, wake up.

You ready to do it again.

It is 2012 and the three little kids are young adults.

Christmas time is here and has brought love into our hearts.

Christina J. Williams

Allison N. Wyatt

** This poem is in memory of Allison N. Wyatt, one of the children who died in the Sandy Hook Shooting. Allison's favorite color was green and she loved to garden, cover her family's home with paintings and drawings, and to be outside.

Grass grows tall.

As Allison waters it with her love.

She is planting fruits of happiness and peace in her garden in Heaven.

When Allison is not in her garden she will be playing with and reading to everyone in Heaven.

Creating pictures and drawings of wonderfulness.

Not only to people in Heaven,

But in the clouds in the sky to be shown to everyone.

Christina J. Williams

Alone

Trees, Land, People.

All these things surround me like his arms surrounding my body on a cold winter night.

Why do I feel alone like a tiny leaf standing alone on a tree?

Will I grow and feel fulfilled?

Or be alone without anything surrounding me?

Christina J. Williams

Ana M. Marque-Greene

** This poem is in memory of Ana M. Marque-Greene. Ana loved to dance, sing, and leave sweet notes.

Ana dances her way through the gates of Heaven.

Singing with the angels to help them spread love to the world.

At night Ana will help her friends and family shine even brighter.

By leaving sweet notes saying:

I love you. Now go spread your wings

And light up people's hearts with your smile.

Christina J. Williams

Angel

** Yesterday was the anniversary of the death of my friend's sister. She died at the age of 7 from cancer. I wrote this poem in memory of her.

Smell all the roses,

For then you will smell her sweet scent.

Look up in the sky and see its beauty.

For then you will see how beautiful she was.

She is with the sun during the day and the stars at night.

Lighting up this world with her very own light.

She is watching over us smiling as we smile ourselves

For I know that bell rung a long time ago,

Because she has always been an angel in our hearts.

Christina J. Williams

Anne Marie Murphy

Anne locks away the darkness by using the light from her special angels.
Having them hold hands together to combine their light to shine over the world.

A shield will then cover the world.
Blocking some of the darkness out.
With the powerful light and goodness coming from Anne
And the little angels' hearts.

Christina J. Williams

Asking

He dances around.

For he is happy even though this feeling may not last forever.

He stares fear in the face as his future draws near.

Will she stay or run like a deer being chased by a cheetah?

He will soon find out as he rings the doorbell to her house.

Ding

Dong.

His question has already been answered for her door was open all along.

Christina J. Williams

Avielle Richman

** This poem is in memory of Avielle Richman, one of the children who died in the Sandy Hook Shooting. Avielle loved horses, the color red, to take her shoes off, and was known to her family as Avielle their California girl.

Avielle rides on her horse in Heaven.

Leaving trails of red roses through Heaven to show her love.

She will be in Heaven barefoot.

Feeling the warmth of love rise up her body.

On Earth she was called by her family, Avielle their California girl.

Now she will be called by her family in Heaven,

Avielle God's angel.

Christina J. Williams

Awesome

You are awesome and I know it.

You are sweet and special.

Thank you for being you because I got to see a star shine.

For this star shot in my life and will now make my life

AWESOME!

Christina J. Williams

Battle

It is time to fight.

For the battle has go on too long.

Don't worry I am ready.

For I will have my weapons with me.

No, not a gun or a bow and arrow to kill my enemy,

But with my heart and will to get better.

For I know this battle won't be an easy victory because

The journey to get to this point has been a hard one.

But if everything else fails I will still have an army.

For my friends and loved ones are battling with me.

Until I win back my land of happiness.

Christina J. Williams

Benjamin Wheeler

Benjamin fills our bodies with warmth and love.
As he swims through the coldness to bring us happiness.

He will get us soaked but Benjamin's smile will dry up all our pain.
As he meets some of the Beatle members in Heaven.

The lighthouses will then light up the ocean.
For a bright and spirited boy has swam into the arms of the Lord.

Christina J. Williams

Blocked

I walk slowly, letting the rain hit my face.

I try to zone out and stay in my own little world to block the coldness out.

BAM!

Coldness tries to bring me back to the other world.

BAM!

This time it takes me back.

I feel the coldness again and the sounds of yelling.

I plug in my headphones and try to go back, but the coldness is too strong and makes me

STAY

Christina J. Williams

Blow

I want to take away your pain and blow it away into the wind.

I want to blow off the dust covering you and make you new again.

For we all get dust on ourselves once in a while, just like a floor gets dirty,

But this time I will sweep up your dust.

That way you will be new in your eyes even though in my eyes you have always been.

Christina J. Williams

Brave

Be brave.
Be adventurous.
For you only live once.

Step out of you shell,
And let your body fill with joy.

For you have gained the courage to do the unthinkable.
No go show everybody your true self.

For they have been waiting for it this whole time.
All it takes is a little courage to help make you shine brighter.

Christina J. Williams

Break

It is time to take a break.

Not from writing but from school.

Time to grab my paper and pen and start inspiring and helping people.

Time to create a book that will help people break the pain they feel in their hearts and minds.

For the holidays I want to bring people joy by lighting up their hearts.

Time to get down to writing and break from the darkness for good.

Watch out.

For this light will blind you.

Make sure you break free.

Christina J. Williams

Break Free

Will I break free from my past?

Or will I let the chains tie me down?

For I have been confined in a small room for hours trying to break free from this obstacle.

My mind is stuck, but my heart is trying to break free.

The bars are too small and I cannot break through to the other side.

For the other side is where I want to be.

Where I can be free from my past and not be weighed down by negativity.

But now I realize I can slowly break free by saying this statement: I am beautiful just the way I am and don't need to change for anyone.

Christina J. Williams

Break Out

Break out.
Don't be scared.
Crawl out of your shell.
Don't be afraid to express yourself.
For you are beautiful.

Christina J. Williams

Built Up

I sweep up the dirt but it is still there.
Soon the handle to the broom breaks.
What am I supposed to do?

I decided to leave it there.

Days and days the dirt gets bigger and bigger.
Till it injures my Health.

Why didn't I stop it before hand when I had the chance?

I try to use the broom again but it keeps breaking and breaking.

Then I finally allow myself to get help.
I allow my hands to help me out.

I guess we all need a helping hand.
When things become BUILT UP.

Christina J. Williams

Burn Your Problems Away

** This is a short poem that I wrote to brighten my friends day. Hopefully it will brighten yours as well.

Breathe and let your light burn out your problems.

Smile for I will be right by you to help you out.

Now go ahead and shine,

And let me see how your amazingness can light up this world.

Christina J. Williams

Caroline Previdi

** This poem is in memory of Caroline Previdi, a child who was killed in the Sandy Hook shooting.

Laugh.

For Caroline wants you to laugh in her honor.

She wants to see you smile all the way up in Heaven.

For her and her friends are smiling every night.

When you look up in the sky the stars will shine brightly because their smiles are lighting up the sky.

For Caroline is making them laugh.

She is tickling them until they burst with laughter.

Making their hearts fill with joy with every laugh.

Now laugh until you can't laugh anymore.

Don't worry, when you are down,

Caroline will find a way to make your frown turn upside down.

Christina J. Williams

Catherine V. Hubbard

Catherine enters Heaven with God and all the animals greeting her as they jump on her and lick her until she can't help but smile widely.

Her red hair then shines brightly and beautifully.

As her love for animals and human beings is shown through her smile.

Catherine will go to sleep hugging all the animals showing them her unconditional love she hopes to show to the world.

Christina J. Williams

Charge

So I am going to hop on my own train and get it moving.
For at the end of the day I am the judge of my own life.
Whether to sentence myself to a night of negativity or let go of the chains and be free.

For this decision haunts my mind every night but tonight I will pound the gavel down for I have made a descision.
Tonight I am going to take off the chains.
For I have put myself through enough.
Time to take charge and knock this negativity down.
Time to start being happy and take charge of my own life.

Christina J. Williams

Charlotte Bacon

Charlotte blows bubbles in the shapes of hearts in her pink outfit.
As she enters the gates of Heaven.

Her bubbly and warm-hearted personality will help uplift people's spirits,
Higher than the doves can soar.

Charlotte at night will create bubbles in the shapes of candles.
To let people know that she is watching over them.
Ready to light their candles when their spirits are low.

Christina J. Williams

Chase Kowalski

** This poem is in memory of Chase Kowalski, one of the children who died in the Sandy Hook shooting. He loved his four-wheeler and was a jokester with a great smile.

Vroom! Vroom!

Can be heard in Heaven as Chase rides his four-wheeler with the angels.

Joking with the angels to hold onto their halos as he drives fast in heaven.

Chase will soon then ride into our hearts.

Creating warmth and happiness with his smile.

For Chase wants to ride away the sadness and bring happiness to everyone.

Christina J. Williams

Christina's Wish

Paper and pen help me to write and express.
My heart and mind help me to inspire and change.
One day I will inspire and change the world by doing the unthinkable,
But first I must wish and work for it. The hardest things in life are worth it.
So let me go to the highest length to find that shooting star.
So my wish will be granted and I will be in paradise

Christina J. Williams

Clock

Tick Tock.

Tick Tock.

I hear the noise of the clock.

How long do I have till my time is up?

1 minute or 20 minutes or an hour?

Silence.

The noise has stopped.

I look and realize I have stopped it.

I have changed my time with a powerful tool.

My mind.

Christina J. Williams

Connection

You look into each others eyes,

And a new feeling comes over you.

You want more than a kiss.

So you slowly let them get ontop of you.

They slowly carress your body with their touch and an overwhelming passion goes through you viens as the feeling is created through you bodies.

You want them more so you slowly let every part of them feel what your like inside.

Once the feeling is gone.

You think about how lucky you are too have them.

Then the feeling of loves gets stronger and the connection between you body starts to happen again.

For you have always enjoyed their touch because you love them.

Christina J. Williams

Daniel Barden

** This poem is in memory of Daniel Barden, one of the children who died in the Sandy Hook Shooting. Daniel loved to play the drums, ride the waves of the ocean, spend time with his family, and his dream was to be a firefighter when he got older.

Angels play the drums to welcome Daniel.

As he rides the waves of the ocean up to Heaven.

He will wear a firefighter outfit.

So he can put out the flames of the darkness trying to get into Heaven.

At the end of the night he will be spending time with his family and friends.

Spreading his warmth to everyone.

Christina J. Williams

Dawn Hochsprung

** This poem is in memory of Dawn Hochsprung, the former principal of Sandy Hook. Dawn died trying to protect teachers and students from the gunman. Dawn was a caring, selfless person, who wrote letters to her daughter. I wrote this poem in particularly towards Dawn's daughter Erica.

A beautiful dove flies to Erica's window on a sunny day.

Erica opens the window and lets the beautiful dove in.

As she holds the dove in her hands,

Erica realizes there is a note for her attached to it.

Slowly, Erica opens the note in fear,

It reads:

Hi Erica, it is your mother.

I have sent a dove down to you to show my love.

I am in Heaven, but I am also in your heart helping you to let your wonderful personality shine.

Erica continue to care and enjoy life.

P.S. Erica I have always been back, I have always been in your heart.

As Erica reads the end of the letter,

Light starts coming from the card.

The dove flies away.

Denial

You feel it coming like the ground beginning to shake when an earthquake is about to happen.

You feel your body slowly tensing up due to fear.

You try to make yourself believe it won't happen by telling yourself it is a dream.

For we all have been through this game.

It is called denial.

Something that will makes us cringe in fear of the truth.

Christina J. Williams

Diamond

Shine bright like a diamond.

Sparkle and show show your beauty.

For you don't know what the light truly feels like

Because the dark has captured you.

Christina J. Williams

Dolphin

Jump up like a dolphin out of the water.
Use your fins to go far.

You may feel down and like your sinking down lower,
But just come up for air once in a while.

Do some flips and tricks too.
Let the world see the amazing you.

Now go swim in the ocean with the big creatures.
For today the world is ready for you to jump up and shine.

Christina J. Williams

Dont Give Up

Don't give up for you have more in store.
Dont give up for you still will blossom more.

Your leaves maybe old and torn but light will come.
For you have gotten through the darkness now new leaves will come and make
you shine more.

Christina J. Williams

Drained

Relax, Slow down.

The world isn't going anywhere.

You have time to catch your breath.

So breathe in then out.

Open your mind and let your bad thoughts unclog.

Now you can move on in life without being fully crammed with life's hardships.

Christina J. Williams

Drowning

** I wrote this poem because I have been feeling down that I can't help someone I love overcome an addiction somehow and it has been making very sad.

Rain pours down.

Making it hard for him to find the hope through the drops of negativity.

Each day to him it is raining,

there is never the sun in the sky.

Even when the rain lets up a little and a hint of sunshine shines through the cracks.

He is ready to start paddling again.

For that one last drop of rain will create a pour in his eyes.

Slowly he feels the need to cling to something to cause him not to drown.

He turns to the idea of forgetting his problems with a special drink.

Letting the liquid slowly go through his body.

Putting his memory in forget mode.

As he puts his body into cruise control and cruises his hand to another drink.

Will he every stop or will he keep going?

I only hope I kind find the remote and press the stop button,

And stop him from filling his body with poison.

Christina J. Williams

Dylan Hockley

Dylan died in the arms of his wonderful teacher and now is in the arms of the Lord.

Wearing purple and eating spaghetti until he can't eat anymore.

Stringing not only the spaghetti together but the people with his heart.

-Everytime you jump on a trampoline,

Be sure to wave to Dylan and his friends as you look up at the world's beauty.

Christina J. Williams

Elevator

I can't change the past for no one has found the rewind button yet.
I can't take back my pain or catch myself from falling again.
For the net to catch myself before isn't there,

But I can change what I fall into and what button I press.
For the press of one button can change everything.

So lets see what the up button will do.
I may get stuck for a while or fall to the floor due to a sudden stop,
But this time the button is up and I will be falling into a net of hope.

Christina J. Williams

Emilie Parker

** This poem is in memory of Emilie Parker, one of the children who died in the Sandy Hook Shooting. She loved the color pink and to draw.

Clouds create pictures in the sky.

As Emilie draws them in Heaven on her pink bed.

She is drawing pink hearts and ribbons.

For Emilie wants to create pictures of love and peace in our hearts and minds.

Look for the image of the letters C and L in the sky.

Emilie is pouring her love and care out to the world.

One drawing at a time.

Christina J. Williams

Escape

My wings are tied shut.

I can't move.

I want to fly like a plane, but my system isn't ready.

OPEN UP, I scream.

Nothing happens.

I guess I am not meant to fly way.

I am still grounded.

Christina J. Williams

Fall

The window is open but why don't you fall?

You can easily press the easy button and be gone.

But yet your heart refuses to touch it.

Even though it is breaking inside.

You wouldn't have to use tape ever again to keep your heart up from falling.

So why don't you fall?

The easy button is there.

You wouldn't have to deal with the pain anymore.

It feels like a good answer when your down right,

But how about when your up.

How will you know how it will feel to be in a good mood,

When you are always down.

Ready to jump out the window.

Instead of taking a chance and feeling the warmth inside.

Everybody can be down, but what makes people stand out is how hard they try

to stand back and shut the window.

Why don't you give it a shot?

Right now you dont have anything to lose.

For you are already at the bottom.

Just look up and see there is lots of space above you.

See what is above.

If you aren't amazed you can always fall down,

But why go so low when you can fall right into this bed.

So..

Will you close the window and see what it will feel like to fall into the warmth of the bed?

Or fall down?

I think we both know what the answer will truly be,

But first take your favorite cover before you take your eyes off me.

Her eyes shut.....

She dreams in her bed of what up will be like.

Christina J. Williams

Father

* this is a poem I wrote about my friend's father. It is written like my friend is saying it.

The sun shines brightly as his jokes brighten up people's day.

People's hearts beat fast like a drum as his will to care is shown through his actions.

This man was a storyteller.

A wise man whose story will be known forever.

He was my best friend.

I won't ever forget him like a parent can never forget the birth a child.

That man is my father and he will be missed by many.

But every night I will look up and know he is there.

For although the sun is missed at night I know it is still there.

Christina J. Williams

Float

Take a deepth breath and let it go.
Let the built up emotions pop like a balloon.

Blow up a new balloon filled with happiness and laughter.
For that balloon will float up in the sky.

Allowing you to be with the stars and shine brightly.

Christina J. Williams

Fly

Time to venture off and be free.

Time to spread my own wings.

I am ready, scared, and sad,

But it is time to let go.

I will remember all you taught me,

And be the best little bird I can be.

Now it is time to fly away, and make a new start.

Christina J. Williams

Foggy

The fog is near.
Ready to shield her magic from the world.

On the outside she is an ordinary girl,
But on the inside she is extraordinary.

Soon when the fog is gone.
Her magic will have taken effect.
The sun will then come out and shine brightly.

Some would say a mere coincidence,
But only special people can make the worlds light shine brightly in an instant.

Christina J. Williams

Free

Fly like a bird for you are free.

Soar high because that is where you will be going.

For although you are still at the ground your wings will get you higher.

So don't be afraid to take your very first steps and fly out and experience a new world.

You will face obstacles but that is how life works but just keep flapping your wings until you are high.

High above the clouds where the amazing things are.

Christina J. Williams

Friend

You laugh.

You cry.

You joke around.

You get mad at each other than make up.

Sometimes you push them away like you are pushing a cart down a hill,

But true friends just keep on coming back like the sun.

For when things get dark in your life. They are there to help you see the light.

For they are the sun helping you to shine brighter.

Christina J. Williams

Fun

Jump.

Slide.

Now dance till you can not dance anymore.

You deserve to have a little break every so often.

Enjoy life and laugh and smile.

Go have some fun and be happy.

Break out of his capture and go get your prize of fun.

Christina J. Williams

Funk

I am in a funk and I can't get out.
I feel like a door is slowly closing in on me.

BAM!
It finally has closed on me.

I am stuck and scared that I will never get out.
My mind is telling me to quit, but my heart says keep going with every beat it takes.

I guess I need to make a decision.
Before this door is locked forever.

I choose to keep on going and find a way.
There are some people on the other side waiting for me.

My family.

Christina J. Williams

Good Citizen

Red, white, and blue are the colors that represent our flag.

People honor our country by saying the pledge.

As time goes by, laws change and taxes get higher.

We start to get mad and frustrated at the government as bills pile up and our money starts going.

We try to hang in there and help America out by voting.

For we are good citizens even when the country doesn't always treat us like one.

Christina J. Williams

Goodbye

Time to say my goodbye and let the sky go black.
Thanks for riding with me for this long,
But now I have reached my destination.
I had fun riding along with you, but now I am putting the car in park and
stopping here.
Dont follow me for it isn't your time to stop yet.
Keep on driving and don't worry one day I will see you again.
Now good bye my sweet love.
I will always love you

Christina J. Williams

Gracie

*** I decided each day to write a poem for each victim of Sandy school shooting and maybe share it with their families if that is possible. Even though I am sure lots of people have wrote poems in honor of them. Anyways, the first child I will write about is 7 year old, Gracie McDonnell.

Look up at the clouds,

And see the image of a peace sign.

Gracie is sending her love through the clouds by wanting peace.

Look up at the stars at night,

And see her beauty shine.

She is sparkling.

Letting her amazing self help people on earth.

Finally,

Look deep inside yourself,

And unlock the anger and hatred caged up.

Gracie wants you to be happy and fill your heart with joy.

Now give the peace sign.

For everytime you do that,

You are helping her promote peace into the world.

Christina J. Williams

Happiness

You start to glow,
As a light in you shines.
Just get ready to see your beautiful light shine and light up the night.
Close your eyes little one and go to sleep now.
For tomorrow you will shine again by lighting up the sky.
Now, goodnight my darling and sleep well.
Tell your heart goodnight and thank you for your heat has done wonders,
All because of you.
Sweet dreams

Christina J. Williams

He

He blocks the pain like a door blocks off the outside.

He holds the key to my heart, but doesn't break it.

He is like the rain washing away my tears.

To only form a rainbow in my heart.

This He is in my life and

I am glad of it.

Christina J. Williams

Heart

Heart.

Why can't I fix you?

He sprinkled his blackness all over my heart like rain coming down from the sky.

Where is the tape so I can mend my heart?

Is it lost in his soul where the black hole hides or is it in the girl's heart who he longs everynight like a kid longs for candy.

I guess I will never know

Christina J. Williams

Here

He is here even though you can't see him.

He is here wanting you to keep knocking down your obstacles.

You are here to inspire others with your presence and he will continue looking over you to help you in life.

For although he is gone.

He will always be in your heart.

So continue to look out of a small knock.

For it won't be coming from your front door but the door of you heart.

For the loss of him won't fully mend your heart but trust me he has never truly left.

For his mother is still on Earth and he is watching over her.

He is here and will always love you even when you think you are alone in life.

For he is watering your flower waiting for you to blossom.

Christina J. Williams

Hidden Beauty

Unveil the curtain that hides your inner self.

Let the world see the beauty within you.

For true beauty is hidden in each and everyone of us.

It is like a gift on Christmas day.

We don't know what we will get until we open it up.

Open your gift and let your beauty be shown.

For somethings can be bad in life but have a beautiful covering.

So unveil the curtain now and let us see your true beauty.

For a light will then shine brightly from your heart announcing a great arrival.

Christina J. Williams

His Liquid

It came out slowly and it touched my cold body, while still keeping a deep part of me warm like when his body was wrapped around mine.

I knew our love was over when he decided to let the blood drip down instead of stopping it with his hand.

The hand he first used to slowly touch my face while he began to hold me while he kissed me.

Why didn't I use my lips to kiss away the pain put there first by the girl who he loved before me?

Did I want to drain his heart of my love?

Both of our loves were draining actually.

Mine started draining when I saw him pour his blood into another's.

I couldn't take his love anymore, I undid what I thought was mine.

While the blood continues to flow, remember the beauty of your love.

It brought you sunshine once but now it is part of the darkness of your heart.

Christina J. Williams

Home

It is time to be reunited and be in each others presence.
For it has been months since time has been spent together.
So lets go on a roadtrip to a place that we call home.
Although, I will only be there for five days.
Lets make every moment count.

No arguing but laughter and happiness being spread across the car.
Now on aboard to home sweet home.

Christina J. Williams

Hope

My eyes are closed shut to the future ahead of me.
I try to turn the light on so I won't run into things, but it is stuck.
I guess the only thing I can do is have hope that I will be safe.
For my only hope is to have a little faith.

Christina J. Williams

Jack Pinto

** I have decided to possibly write a poetry book with a poetry dedicated to each victim of the sandy shooting if it possible to do. I would appreciate anyways help in helping me to do so.

*** This poem is dedicated to Jack Pinto, one of the children who were killed in the shooting. He was a big NY Giants fan.

Set!

Hike!

Will be heard from the sky,

As Jack plays football with the angels.

He will be wearing #80 for his favorite football player was the wide receiver on the Giants.

Although, he died small, his love is lighting up heaven as big as a giant.

Now when you see lightning in the sky,

Don't be scared.

It is just Jack winning in football.

Striking down the football as his winning dance.

Christina J. Williams

James Mattioli

** This poem is in memory of James Mattioli, one of the children who died in the Sandy Hook Shooting. James loved math, sports, singing at the top of his lungs, and cuddling with his mother at night.

James plays football and basketball during the day with the angels and saints.

At night he sings at the top of his lungs like an angel.

Helping to create a sound of peace out to the world.

Before he goes to bed he lies comfortable next to Mary, the mother of God.

As he falls to sleep.

Counting the number of people he will share his love with.

Christina J. Williams

Jerk

He is such a jerk.
From his fake smile down to his cool shoes.

He is a jerk.
Judging everything and really trying to act like he is kind.
I wonder how many times he puts his shield up so he doesn't get hurt.

If only he knew that being a jerk will slowly cause the pain to go through his
shield
Creating holes in his heart,
But if he could only know first that he has been creating holes in others.

Christina J. Williams

Jesse Lewis

** This poem is in memory of Jesse Lewis. Jesse was a six-year old boy who died in the Sandy Hook Shooting. Jesse died while leading the other children to safety.

He rides to the place of glory.

He rides to the place of the Lord.

Jessie will sometimes act like the pint-sized Scrooge to make the angels and people laugh and smile.

He had a lot of courage and love inside of him.

Now he will go horseback riding.

Helping people ride into the gates of heaven.

Christina J. Williams

Jessica Rekos

Jessica rides on her horse, Rocky, as they gallop to the Lord's house.
She loved horses and will now have her very own horse to gallop and play on in
Heaven

Jessica will watch over her brother and best friend, Travis, as he goes through
the journey of life.
Being his rock.
By making sure he does not fall of the horse completely.

Christina J. Williams

Josephine Gay

** This poem is in memory of Josephine Gay, one of the children who died in the Sandy Hook Shooting. Josephine was autistic and severely apraxic and couldn't speak. She loved giving hugs and loved the color purple.

God places his hand on Josephine's head as she enters Heaven.

Speak he says,

And a beautiful angelic voice comes out.

Josephine can now speak,

And spread her love through her hugs and words.

At the end of every night.

She is saying I love you Mom and Dad.

As she closes her eyes in her purple room in Heaven.

Christina J. Williams

Kill

** This poem is not actually what it means.

Go kill.

Go kill yourself.

Go kill.

Go kill what is left of your life.

Go kill.

Go kill yourself.

For what you have now.

Is nothing you will have when you are gone

Go kill.

Go kill yourself.

For you are not her anymore.

Christina J. Williams

Lauren Rousseau

** This poem is in memory of Lauren Rousseau, one of teachers who died in the Sandy Hook Shooting. Lauren died trying to protect children. Lauren was a gentle, spirited, active young woman, who loved kids.

Lauren plays duck duck goose with the children in Heaven.

Chasing each little angel around the circle until they burst out with laughter.

After playing duck duck goose Lauren and the children float balloons into the world.

To be received by someone in need of an angel.

At night Lauren and the children dance around Heaven before flying over the world,

And protecting people in need.

While sprinkling a little love into their hearts.

Christina J. Williams

Leaves

Leaves fall down on the ground.

Yellow.

Green.

Brown.

Which ones are the better leaves?

All of them are equal for they are all leaves.

Each leaf may have a different shape and color but still not better than the other.

For humans are similar to leaves we may all have different shapes, sizes, and talents.

But all still human beings.

We fall.

We rise

And then pick ourselves up.

So we all aren't better than each other.

But just have different talents.

Let It Go

Let go of the past.

Let go of the pain.

Let it all fall from you like leaves on a tree.

For it may look good and pretty at some point,

But then the mask will come off showing the darkness.

Let it go and light will show through your heart.

For you haven't given up yet because you are meant to live.

For people need your help in everyway.

So before you let go.

See how beautiful you make people's day.

Christina J. Williams

Liquid

Smoke consumes his lungs.

Liquid fills his stomach.

He feels the weight of the world on his shoulders.

So he tries to lift it off a little by smoking and drinking.

The amount of stress keeps piling on his shoulders.

Little does he know that his baby girl is ready to lift the weight of his shoulders
and fill his body with love and compassion.

Christina J. Williams

Lost

I feel lost like a hat lost in the wind.

Will I ever get myself back or will I feel empty inside because of the loss of it?

I once knew who I was but now I am just someone else.

Trying to find myself in the darkness in hope that I will then find light.

Christina J. Williams

Love's Desire

You can see it in his eyes.
The way he loves so hard.
Although, he is afraid, he still gives it his all.
Through the pain he has felt in his heart,
He still battles through it, and loves like its the first time.

Christina J. Williams

Lucky Charm

You look for the shooting star going across the sky.

You look for that pot of gold maybe at the end of a rainbow.

You haven't found it yet so you give up hope.

Then out of no where a star comes out of nowhere.

It isn't like most stars because it is filled with so many things.

So you create a circle for the star to let out its awesomeness.

Each day your days get better as the star shows off its charms

You are his lucky charm.

Bringing him a good luck charm with a pot of love.

Christina J. Williams

Madeline Hsu

Flowers bloom in her presence.
For she is the princess of the flowers.

Madeline's bright flowery dresses give the flowers life and meaning.
Just like how she helped people around her blossom and show their own beauty.

She is gone from this world but still letting things blossom to their full potential.
When you see a bee sucking the nectar off a flower.

It is just wanting to taste the sweetness and beauty that Madeline has left
behind.
For everytime a flower blossoms.

Madeline's love and beauty is growing forever stronger in our hearts.

Christina J. Williams

Mary Sherlach

** This poem is in memory of Mary Sherlach, one of the teachers who died in the Sandy Hook Shooting. Mary shielded children from the gunman. Mary loved teaching and helping people.

Mary blows off the darkness like a child blowing off the seeds of a dandelion.

In Heaven she will help blow off the world's darkness.

By having help from some beautiful little angels.

They will all blow off the seeds of dandelions.

Putting each of their amazing love into a light.

That can be turned on by the power of a special switch,

PEOPLE'S HEARTS.

Christina J. Williams

Matter

Would it matter if I was gone tomorrow?
Would it matter if I hurt myself?

For at times it seems like nothing matters.
Not even myself.

As I lie on the floor I ask myself over and over again in my mind,
Would it matter?

For right now the answer is no it wouldn't matter.
Maybe in the morning I will think differently.

Christina J. Williams

Mountains

Oh mountains have I missed you.
I have missed your beauty.

It is like trees are blowing in the wind to announce my arrival.
Oh I have missed you mountains.

I have missed how you can make the snow seem so amazing on top of you.
Or how the sun rises and sets to let you shine.

Oh I have missed you beautiful one.
Now help me climb to the path of happiness I have been hoping for.

Mountains you have seen me jump over obstacles and even almost fall of the
side of you,
But you helped me stay on.

Now give me the strength to climb up you and reach the reward of happiness.
For right now the precipitation is hitting me with snowballs and slowly cutting my
ropes.
Soon I wont be able to climb to the top.
For the river will then slowly start to drown me below.

Christina J. Williams

Muse

Sparks happen inside his head.

My hand leaves his heart and a jolt of inspiration vibrates through his body.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

Three shocks happen and he lights up his paper with words.

He writes his poetry and inspires many.

Little does anyone know that I am his muse lighting up his fire.

Christina J. Williams

My Candle

Wind blows out your candle as a sense of darkness seems to come near.

You look for a lighter or a match, but there is none near.

A feeling of helplessness and coldness comes over you.

As the hope to find the light slowly dims.

Your heart starts beating fast.

You then call for help, hoping that someone will help you find the light again.

To help you feel warmth and love.

You close your eyes.

Will someone come or will your candle never be lit again?

Then a sense of warmth comes over you.

You open your eyes.

The candle is lit.

You look for someone to come out.

Then you hear a voice say:

I love you.

I will always be in your heart helping to light your candle.

Your heart starts beating normal again.

For your match will always be in the place most scared.

YOUR HEART.

Christina J. Williams

Mysterious Eyes

* This poem is about my roommate. She has very mysterious eyes but she doesn't see it or her beauty.

Her eyes are beautiful like the full moon on a starry night.

Who knew a light so mysterious, could be hidden from a girl with a big heart.

Maybe one day the key to her mystery box will be revealed.

Allowing the pain and suffering to be released from the box and disappear.

When that happens look out.

For the light from her mysterious eyes will light up the world.

Making the darkness be diminished by her beauty inside and out.

Christina J. Williams

Nervous

You wait and wait like a kid waiting to open a present.

Your stomach fills with butterflies waiting to flutter.

When will it happen?

For you are getting nervous and tired of the fluttering.

The fluttering seems to get louder and you start getting out of control.

Then all of a sudden the fluttering stops then starts again.

You realize you can't control it like you can't control the sun rising and going down each day.

So instead relax and go with the flow.

For the thing you are waiting for will come soon.

Christina J. Williams

New

Something new comes your way.

You didn't see it coming but now it is here to stay.

For it might bring out a positive change.

For once in a while we all need to break out and try something new.

For if we don't try we never will know if we will like it.

So go and try something new.

For someone new has been waiting for you.

You just need to start new and breathe in the new fresh air.

Christina J. Williams

New 2

I look into the mirror and see a girl.
Could this girl be loveable, valuable, and worthwhile,
Or are those words just something people tell her to make her not feel bad about herself.

I step away from the mirror before the tears start pouring out.
I take a deep breath and then walk up to the mirror with a new weapon in stored

I say to myself,
You are loveable,
You are valuable,
You are worthwhile.

A new door seems to open as I see a brightness come from her smile.
In that door the girl is happy and that girl is me.

Christina J. Williams

Noah Pozner

*** This poem is in memory of Noah Pozner, one of the kids who died in the Sandy Hook Shooting. He had big blue eyes, loved to discover and was energetic and very smart.

As we search for a solution to the violence,

Let's look up to the sky.

Noah is finding new discoveries to help us end gun violence.

He will send clues down in the shape of a taco.

For he loved tacos, and wants to share his love with us, but

Don't worry he won't get tired out quickly.

He will use his energy to fight the darkness

And find the light to try to make our world beautiful and luminous as his big blue eyes.

Christina J. Williams

Olivia Engel

** This poem is in memory of Olivia Engel, one of the children who died in the Sandy Hook Shooting. Olivia had a beautiful smile, a sweet voice, and loved to draw and dance.

Olivia smiles as she meets the Lord and her grandpa at the gates of Heaven.

She will use her sweet voice to call the doves to help her send messages of love out to the world.

Look out for images of hearts and music.

For Olivia wants to inspire us with her drawings and dance into our hearts.

To tap into the vault of our happiness that is locked up.

Christina J. Williams

One Press!

Is all it will take.
One moment and blood will start dripping.

Slowly down her face.
Blinding her from the world's beauty.
Then cutting her off from the magic of sound.

She will feel it slowly going down her body,
As her heart starts beating slowly.
Soon there will be no life in a life worth living.

In one moment her life will have changed because she choose the easy way out.
When the answer was right in front of her.
All she had to do was look out the window,
And up at the sky.
The answer was go to the light.
That is where the help button was all along.

Christina J. Williams

Open

Slowly open my heart up,
Like a machine opening up a can.

Pour out the blackness and let my heart be empty again.
For it is overflowing with pain.
Because I have never melted his bad heat like a microwave.

Christina J. Williams

Open 2

Open your heart and let all your love pour out to the world.

The world needs love for it is falling apart.

Open up your eyes and see all the violence that is happening all around you.

The world needs peace for violence is killing innocent people.

Open up your mind and think about what you have in life and what some believe don't.

For the world needs people to help them prosper.

Finally open up your mouth and let your teeth be shown.

For you are alive and not dead.

The world needs happiness so it can slowly open its box.

A box of peace.

Christina J. Williams

Pain

A jolt of pain goes through my body.

Making me feel weak and scared.

They say pain is only weakness leaving the body

But, When will i feel strong again.

Another jolt happens and I am weaker again.

I guess I have to endure this pain of weakness to become stronger again.

Christina J. Williams

Peace

My alarm clock yells it is a new day.

My body wakes up ready to face today.

I get out of bed and realize the door to a bunch of opportunities and wonders is locked.

I then find the key in my heart and pull it out to unlock the door.

As I step outside, I began to shiver.

For outside it is freezing and there is no warmth to be found.

I then open up my heart and let all the warmth come out.

For maybe a little warmth can start making the world peaceful.

Christina J. Williams

Poem # 3 For Dustin

He catches your tears in the palm of his hands as you cry.
He helps guide you through the dark by shining the light from your heart.
He was like a rainbow by having many bright, wonderful qualities.
Just look at the end of the rainbow and you will see the infinite love he has for his mother.

Christina J. Williams

Poem #1 In Memory Of Dustin

*** In memory of FRIEND'S son Dustin, I have decided to write a poem each day up to December 9. For December 9 is the anniversary of his death. I didn't know Dustin, but I wish I did. Here is poem #1.

He pushes back the curtains to let the light shine to your heart.

He hugs you tightly as a feeling of air is felt on your body.

He is in your heart,

Helping you to shine your light towards others.

He is part of your eyes,

helping you to see the beautifulness that he has left behind for you to show to others.

Dustin was a gift.

Something that was too wonderful to be set in a box,

But something that should be on a tree shining down on us like a Christmas tree angel.

Christina J. Williams

Poem #2 For Dustin

Love goes through your body as he turns on the switch to your heart.
Your heart starts beating for love as he plants happy memories of you and him in
your mind.
He holds yours hands in his to let you know that he will always be with you in
spirit to pour love in your heart so you can sparkle.
For he will be your fire and light.
Putting sparks in the air to show you how bright his loves shines for you,
And giving you light whenever you are in the dark.

Christina J. Williams

Politics

Talk, Talk, Talk.

Is all that comes from their mouths.

They are trying to change the world in a short period of time, but it will take much longer.

They create laws to try to control the people, but that won't help a bit.

For people are tired of being poor and hearing about politics.

Christina J. Williams

Push

I push you away like a kid swinging back and forth on a swing.
I love you so much but can't stop pushing you away from me.
Why do I push away the people that I love?
For it will only bring me more pain.

I wanna swing back and not go back and forth on a cold day.
So I will stop pushing and won't resist.
For they are trying to help me not hurt me by letting me jump off the swing.

Christina J. Williams

Rachel Davino

** This is my last poem in tribute to the Sandy Hook Shooting victims and I am so glad to have done all these poems. Hopefully I can soon send these poems to the families.

My last poem is in memory of Rachel Davino. Rachel was one of the teachers who died in the Sandy Hook Shooting. Rachel was supposedly going to get engaged to be married on Christmas Eve, but didn't get the chance to see that moment. Rachel took the full force of the gunmans shooting rampage to protect as many children as she could. She cared for the children and after school hours her job was said to not have stopped there.

Ding Dong!

Is heard around the world.

As a bell rings signaling Rachel getting her wings.

Although, they aren't wedding bells, she will meet her loved one in Heaven one day.

Until then she will help other angels get their wings,

And watch other her family and friends.

With the help of her little angels dropping gifts of love in the world to land in people's hearts.

The next time you hear a bell ring.

It will be Rachel helping another angel to get their wings.

Christina J. Williams

Red

I want to drown in water.
Not blue water but red.

I want to have the color of love all around me,
And so does he.

That color could be blood.
The blood being poured from our bodies.
As the knives that we stabbed each other with are being pulled out.

The red roses will cover our bodies as we lie in the coffins,
But before we do all that,

Lets wake up from this nightmare.
For I rather have us give each other red roses than have them lay in our coffins
pronouncing us dead.

Christina J. Williams

Risk

You put your name in a box with a million others not knowing what the prize will be.

A person mixes them around

And your name gets called.

You go onto the stage and wonder what the prizes will be.

The woman says choose door 1 or door 2.

You chose door 1 hoping it will be a car or a trip to Hawaii.

Door number 1 opens and you realize it is just a bunch of bikes.

You get down at first but then realize it was worth the risk.

For many people would love to get a chance at winning a prize even if they don't win.

For life is about taking risks.

Some go our way and some don't.

But at least we don't wonder forever what will happen if we don't.

For live is too short to wonder about what will happen.

So take the risk and it will be worth while no matter what happens.

Christina J. Williams

Roommates

We come together like being tied by a rope.

Sometimes the rope gets cut lose by scissors,

And then we have to find a new rope to tie our friendship back together.

V. help me find the rope to tie us back together.

Don't let us both fall down on the ground by letting the cold wind get the best of us.

I will open up my heart to help you shine.

For that is all I ever wanted to see you do.

Not be in the coldness and not let you heart light up the sky.

Christina J. Williams

Scars

We all have scars.

Some visible and some hidden to the world.

We sometimes try to hide the physically scars because we think it is ugly,
but really having scars is not a bad thing.

It reminds us we can heal and get through the bad times both physically and mentally when we are ripped or torn apart.

So embrace you scars and keep on healing.

For healing and battling is a part of life.

Let people see your scars and how strong you are by healing.

Christina J. Williams

Search

Keep on searching for there is a path for you.

Keep on waiting for the right person will come to you.

We all get impatient but the wait is worth it.

For the obstacle will soon get smaller and smaller as our path becomes clearer.

So continue to search and you will see a bright light at the end.

For you have been waiting and searching and have found your star.

She is lighting up your path with every step you take forward.

Christina J. Williams

Sleep

Close your eyes and go to sleep,
And dream of something great.
For tomorrow you may not have another chance to dream big.

But if tomorrow you are given another chance of life.
Let your dream come to life when you open your eyes.
But for now go to sleep and rest my darling.
So you can also shine at night.

Christina J. Williams

Slipping

She is holding on by a strand.

As her mind slowly starts cutting away at her soul.

Each second she sees the light go away and into the black hole filled with darkness.

Is there any rope for her to pull on to not fall into the hole?

Each time the precious light in her heart goes dim.

Soon there will not be a reason for it to beat.

There will be no life left coming from the heart.

Soon all there will be is coldness.

As the body lays dead on the floor.

Where was the rope when she needed it?

Christina J. Williams

Smile

The sun goes down and the moon comes up.

Our eyes close as we say goodnight.

We don't know whether we will wake up tomorrow or what will come,

But tonight we fall to sleep with a smile on our faces even it is was.

For each day is uncertain.

No one can tell what is going to happen in the future,

But we can change it with a smile.

Christina J. Williams

Snow

It is slowly bringing you down like snow weighing on a roof.
It wants to break in so it can steal your heart and soul,
But don't let it break you for you are stronger than that.

Be the sun and melt up the snow.
For you can shine brightly.
The secret is to laugh and smile.

Christina J. Williams

Special

Talk.

For the world wants to hear you.

Open your eyes.

For the world wants to see you.

Now take off that extra layer and show me your true colors.

For I have been waiting to see your true self ever since you came into my presence.

For you are special no matter what people say or what you think.

For you are special because you took the time to grace me with your presence and overcome your obstacles.

To me that is special for life is tough. So continue on being special by battling your obstacles.

Christina J. Williams

Stairs

** I wrote this poem in the hope that I will be able to face my fears and find hope. I hope you all can do the same if you are struggling like I am to do so.

I walk down colorful stairs.

Pink,

Purple,

Orange,

Blue,

Red,

and Yellow.

Each step I take I see words representing the color of the steps.

Happiness,

Weakness,

Anxiety,

Sadness,

Hope,

and Hurt.

As I walk to the end of the steps.

I see the words,

STAY STRONG with an arrow pointing towards my heart.

I try to run from my fear but I am stuck.

The words STAY STRONG start flashing and the arrow keeps getting bigger and bigger!

I start freaking out.

STOP!

I close my eyes.

A minute later I then feel a sense of freedom.

I open my eyes and the stairs are yellow.

I finally look to my heart,

And it says YOU ARE STRONG!

Then out of a nowhere the words on the stairs read:

YOU HAVE THE POWER TO STOP THE DARKNESS WITHIN YOU.

JUST HAVE HOPE.

The stairs go back to normal.

Christina J. Williams

Start

I am at the start again where it all began.

I have been pushed way back to the point where it seems like putting my foot on the gas is a waste of time.

The light has turned green but my mind is still on red.

It Already has stopped moving on only to get back to the where I am.

I can get off the brake but then I am scared I don't know where I will go.

I have lost my control to steer.

For depression is now control of the wheel and wont let go.

Christina J. Williams

Stress

The stress piles up like many books stacked up.

You push the books away, but more keep coming back.

You then start getting mean and tired,

And then you realize you should take a break before you let your monster out.

So you plug in your headphones and let the music take you to a relaxed new world.

Now you are ready to get back to work and not let the stress control you.

Christina J. Williams

Surprise

It may seem dark now but you are in for a surprise.

Soon it will be light again to push all the darkness away.

So stay put and you will get through it.

For things will get better.

For when the moon leaves the sun will come creating light.

So smile for your light will rise soon.

The pain and heartache is over and now the goodness will come.

For all you've experienced was badness happening,

But now here is a gift for you.

Surprise!

I am here to be your gift and guide you towards the light.

Christina J. Williams

T

Tears fall down her face like a waterfall flowing.

She feels all alone not having one person to be her light.

I call out to her, but she is in another world.

A world of sadness and depression.

Terisa come back.

I am here. I am like the sun. At times you may not see me visible but even when it is dark I am here.

Trust in me. Terisa

Christina J. Williams

The Beat Of Death

She made her mind up.

When she slit her wrist.

No one could have helped her,

But just cry and stare at her bloody wrist.

Her heart is now cold just like the rest of her body.

The only beating being heard,

Is the sound of the coffin being lowered into the ground.

Christina J. Williams

The Smell Of Love

I walk into the house and the scent of cookies makes my tummy excited. I can smell the sweet chocolate chips like it is in my mouth already. I put my purse down and make my way through the kitchen, but first I am stopped by the sweet smell of something unknown. I see candles lit in the living room and take a quick smell. It is a scent of candy canes. It is definitely Christmas time.

I finally make my way into the kitchen and see my family eating chocolate chip cookies. The smell is so good that I can't stop my hand from grabbing the delicious cookies. I then smell the scent of love. The smell of roses with the smell of something unknown. For although, I can't exactly know how love smells I know it smells even better than the smell of freshly baked chocolate chip cookies.

Christina J. Williams

The True Me

***The prompt was write a poem that reveals bits and peices of yourself. Much like a autobiography. I hope I reavled a little bit more about myself and met the challenge....

I am like a dove flying in the wind.

No, not really a bird,

But technically, I am a mammal.

I care and love a lot like a carebear,

But I am like a caveman, only I am a woman.

I am stuck in a cave by a powerful force.

It can be dangerous, but deep inside the cave I have a secret weapon to break me free.

For I am slowly turning into a regular human being.

I am just finally learning I can step out of the cage.

Who knew facing your fears could be this scary like facing an addiction?

Good thing I have my secret weapon,

MY HEART.

Christina J. Williams

Umbrella

Today is the day you will shine.
There will be a little rain though,
But don't worry I will protect you by being your umbrella.

No go off and light up the world.
Always remember, I am only one click away from being your cover,
Like an umbrella.

Christina J. Williams

Understanding

U look into her eyes and something captures you.

She isn't a wizard with magical powers but a HUMAN BEING.

She wants to be loved and cared for,

But if you look into her mystery eyes you might feel like she is capturing your soul.

If only you took a step back and realize she is only trying to capture her own.

Trying to understand why sometimes she is neglected by some.

Now that understanding will take time,

But now she knows that she will never be neglected by me.

For I am her friend and that will be understood by her forever.

Christina J. Williams

Unexpected

She feels alone.

There is no one around to help.

All she sees is darkness.

No light is shown to her.

Until that special someone comes out and shines for her.

Eliminating the darkness forever.

Christina J. Williams

Ungrateful

Take and receive.
For that is all you know.
The word give hasn't been set in your heart.
You take and take.
But then there is nothing left.
For the people who you took from stopped giving.

Christina J. Williams

Unknown

You are my cloak when you wrap your arms around me.
My walls come down making me feel vulnerable.
You then magic wand and make me feel safe again by your poetry.
An unfamiliar feeling happens in my heart making it leap for joy.
This feeling is forever,
UNKNOWN.

Christina J. Williams

Unperfect

Dirt,

Mud,

Sand.

Can get on me but underneath it all I am still a HUMAN BEING.

Snakes,

Dogs,

Weather.

May block me from being myself but in the end through it all I am still a
HUMAN BEING.

There is no perfect covering that I can put on to make me perfect.

For I am a human being and will always be one.

Look for my imperfect covering that is where you will find my 'perfection'.

Christina J. Williams

Unpredictable

Life can be unpredictable just like the weather each day.

One minute are life is nice like a beautiful sunny day then bad like a cold winter day.

As we grow up we realize we have to be prepared because the wonderful things in life happen at random.

So do not plan but go with the flow because before you know it the unpredictable things in life will make are life wonderful.

Christina J. Williams

Victoria Soto

The gates of Heaven open as a beautiful woman enters.
She is holding boxes filled with white doves to go out to the world.

As she walks further into Heaven she sees a line of notes saying:
Thank you and We Love you.

She follows those notes to the end,
And greets her students with a hug.

The woman says to them,
No need to thank me, you were worth taking the risk.

She then gives each child a dove to hold.
She says, write a message to share with the world.

One, Two, Three
Each child lets go of a dove with a message.

The woman asks,
What message did you write?

The children say,
That a beautiful angel named, Victoria, has entered the gates of Heaven.

Christina J. Williams

Wash

Sand slowly sinks between your toes as you walk down to the water.
You hear the sound of the waves moving back and forth as you get closer.

You feel the water hitting your feet as the tide goes up and down.
The water feels refreshing like you are being washed away of your past and pain.

Each day we are given a new day as we wake up.
So each day refresh yourself and wash away your yesterday.

By saying today is a new day and good things will happen to knock my bad
away.

Christina J. Williams

Wind

** I am feeling a little bit better where I can actually write again. Thanks for all the prayers.

I can slowly feel the wind pushing its elbow into my stomach.

As the pain in my stomach grows stronger with every nudge.

The wind is now holding a knife ready to cut whatever is inside me now.

I can't stop it.

Every step I take I feel coldness slowly starting at my toes,

And ready to hold me down while the wind tears me apart.

When will the sun come out and protect me with its shining light.

Christina J. Williams