

Poetry Series

**Cilene Farrell**  
**- poems -**

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## Cilene Farrell()

I don't claim to know how to write poetry nor do I claim expert knowledge of the acceptable forms and styles of poetry. I simply endeavor to express and release the feelings associated with a particular time, place or experience in my life. Please judge not on style and technique but on my ability to evoke memories and feelings in you as you read my work. Thank you.

# A Daughter's Love

A daughter's love begins  
with curiosity at the elusive stranger  
who leaves at dawn, returns before dusk.....  
with kind words and a promise of safety and dreams.

Evolving in time to a thing petulant,  
torn between love and a desire to hate.  
What was once and can no longer be  
a relationship built on pure stability.

Fathers beware of the statute of limitations,  
Acknowledge the growth of your daughters with care.  
For one day you'll look and it just won't be there.....  
instead you'll be subject to disappointed stares.

Don't choose to believe that she'll always be  
willing to love you like that, unconditionally.  
The day will come when that bond will erode  
unless you earn the right to call her  
'Daddy's little girl.'

Cilene Farrell

## Dia De Julio

On the first day of July I gave my heart away,  
I trusted you completely, in every word you say.  
Nothing prepared me for the rush from deep inside.  
Nothing could erase these feelings that I tried to hide.

Taking chances are what great things require,  
A leap of faith that you share with me the same desire.  
You make my heart pound, breath go faster,  
I hope this doesn't turn into a beautiful disaster.

Hope and love are all that I have to give to you,  
Have faith and please believe that all my love is true.  
My world was changed with one whisper of those words,  
Never again can we deny the connection of our souls.

For Avi.....

Cilene Farrell

# Dream Plan

Drifting, falling into the dreamland,  
Images cascading, fulfilling the dream plan.  
I reach for you through the window,  
slowly realizing the separation is a mirror.

In you I see what I want to become,  
Someone pure and true, deserving to be loved.  
And in the waking dawn you move into me.....  
Holding on to love, you choose to believe.

In this quiet, simple morning world,  
the mirror that divides is shattered to glass.

Cilene Farrell

# Fallacy

When will I find a place in my own heart?  
A lifetime of wanting to be wanted,  
of needing to be needed....  
Beginning to see the pattern emerging from  
The memories, the fallacy  
that is me.

13/2/08

Cilene Farrell

# I Think I Love You.....

Words struggling to escape my lips,  
Struggling out from under my fingertips.  
My mind and heart stage a battle so real,  
Logic strives to make me deny how I feel.

I know your voice like I know my own,  
That part of you has touched my very soul.  
It's no secret that you're one of a kind.  
The biggest secret is that I want you to be mine.

Just one touch is all I need from you,  
One touch to release these feelings so true.  
Nothing else matters but that we mean what we say,  
Nothing else matters but that we both feel this way.

29/6/2011 4am  
For Avi.....

Cilene Farrell

# Inner Turmoil Surfacing

Inner turmoil surfacing in  
unexpected places while  
no one sees the loneliness through  
the windows. When  
will the turmoil surfacing  
and the questions burning  
cease to undermine  
what is entwined with  
My tranquility? .....How  
do those who claim to know  
what fulfils the human soul  
explain through learned verses  
The truth that lies beneath the surface?  
Yet those who claim to know what fulfills  
This human soul, possess not  
the desire or what is required to search  
for the inner turmoil surfacing in  
Unexpected places while  
No one sees  
The loneliness.....

(24/01/08)

Cilene Farrell



# Insomnia

Insomnia.

the illness struggles to take over,  
but with drugs and drops I fight....  
peace and sleep will come to me this night.

It is not that there are demons at work,  
nothing hidden deep inside, tormenting my soul.  
I simply cannot keep the thoughts at bay,  
wanting instead to commit them to ink.

Random pain assails my worn and weary body,  
though thankfully mental anguish doesn't join the symphony.  
I'm content with the existence I have carved for myself....  
Nothing to distract me from regaining my health.

Briefly inflicted, I wonder how one person  
can bear the sufferings which have befallen them.  
Those of us who can, be thankful, for no illness  
has rendered us incapable of committing our thoughts  
and our dreams  
to reality.

Cilene Farrell

# Obsession

Tears...

Stupid, useless, messy waste of H2O,  
Sickening how they never cease to flow.  
In this world of bubbly, plastic cheer  
Don't be an idiot....  
Wake up and smell the fear!

It's there in our obsession with paper bills.  
Don't you know there's something more  
Than eating your fill?  
Can't conceptualise the pain in your life,  
Tell yourself you're happy, just swallow the pill.  
It keeps you satiated, ego inflated, until.....

Wide awake, you stand at the edge,  
Fumbling with words, can't express the dread.  
Questions burn holes in the comfort you've built.  
You know it's too late, the sword's in to the hilt.

13/2/08

Cilene Farrell

# Too Far Gone

Questions arise daily.....  
Why is the human race failing?  
The tears I can no longer suppress,  
the greed and corruption gaining all success.

Children face the reality we have created,  
desensitized, they feel no pride, no love.....  
killing is killing us and soon we will be gone.  
Too far gone to see that there is hope yet.

I see it in the eyes of the smallest child...  
in the innocence not yet destroyed by knowledge.  
Only the truth can set us free, they say.  
Hide the truth a little longer I pray.....

Cilene Farrell