

Poetry Series

Clara Potter Soloman
- poems -

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Clara Potter Soloman()

Au Revoir.....

My body is filled with this deep dread
That clenches me tightly rendering me helpless, breathless.
Every time it rises ruthlessly inside me
Tears spill from my eyes.

I often don't know what to do with this pain I feel.
I am trying to write about it now,
But what I really need to do is tell you about everything,
That way you can tell me what to do about it.

You always know how to make everything better.
My temperament without you is very unstable.

I can't sleep,
I don't want to eat,
I don't talk,
And sometimes I just stare into space and try not to think at all.

Then at night, like tonight, the pain drowns me.
The never-ending tears come.
I only wish I could tell somebody about it all.
I only wish you were here to hold me and listen.

You're so good at listening,
Although just the sight of you calms me immediately.
I want to tell you everything but I just can't bring myself to do it.
I don't want to see the look on your face when I tell you I'm leaving.

It's not my fault and I know you know that.
I would do anything to stop it if I could.
You give me the strength I need to go on,
But at the same time if I didn't have you I wouldn't need it.

I will never regret meeting you
because you taught me some very important things about life and love.
You said that anything is possible,
And that's what I'm going to remember when I'm gone.

I'm going to say anything is possible,

I'll see you again someday.
And maybe we will fall in love again.
Perhaps we will never stop loving one another.

Most people would call me a child and say I don't know a thing about love.
I would tell most people that I probably know more about it than them.

I like to think that we aren't like most people our age.
I honestly hope not.
I like to think that you really do love me.
I have my reasons to believe that.

My time is nearly up,
Maybe with time this pain will go away.

Until Next Time.....
Au Revoir.....

Clara Potter Soloman

Cloak Of Darkness

Darkness settles over my shoulders,
like a cloak of velvet,
restricting my movements.

Tears roll down my face,
like the rain slowly dripping down the window pane.
I cry these tears for you, for my life.

My life that seems to be breaking into pieces,
Unlike my heart that has been shattered already.

While the sun was up and people could see,
I choked back the tears,
making a lump in my throat.

Finally under this velvet cloak of darkness
I have cried myself out,
Though my heart and throat still ache.

I need to find you.
Through the tears and the darkness
I can neither see nor breathe.

There is no way for me to get to you now.

Leaving here now would be too devastating
For my fragile heart to bear.
Thinking of this makes the tears come again.

After the initial stabbing pain has ceased,
A dull ache will replace it.
A feeling of dread coursing through my entire body.

Now my breathing is heavy as I open the door.
I walk slowly at first,
Unsure of what is really happening.

Rain is pounding down soaking me,
Straight through my sweatshirt and jeans.

My hair is plastered to my face as I begin to jog.
At first I don't even know where I'm going.
All I know is that it's unusually cold for October.
And the icy rain feels like a thousand knives.

I am running now.

Now I hear it, a voice.
At once I recognize it as your voice,
Calling to me from a distance.

My footsteps move faster toward the sound.
I can see you now, running toward me.
All this time tears have been mixing with the rain on my face.

By the time I reach you I can no longer stand.
I collapse into your arms sobbing.
You are confused and tell me you heard me screaming your name.
I hadn't even realized I was, but I must have been.

We stay like this for what seems like a lifetime until my sobs subside.
You scoop me up and carry me home,
Where my mom explains what's wrong.

I am semiconscious so I can see the look
Of terror and sorrow on your face.

After I change, my mom returns to bed
And you hold me,
Whispering that it will be okay.

This doesn't convince me because I
Can hear your voice quivering.
Soon that velvet cloak of darkness
Settles back over my shoulders.
And Sleep descends over me.

You carry to my room and put me to bed.
You kiss my forehead and whisper I Love You,
Before quietly leaving my room.

Darkness settles over your shoulders,

Like a cloak of velvet,
Restricting your movements.

Clara Potter Soloman

Dreams

I close my eyes
the moon is shining brightly through my window
I enter a world of dreams
each one with you at its center

Nightmares often shake my peaceful sleep
nightmares of you
of you gone
for me to never see again

My dreams of you feel so real
though I know they are not
I can feel your arms around me
I can feel your fingers intertwined with mine

Flash after flash of sheer delight
rush through my mind, like a tidal wave
I hear your voice singing its beautiful song
Though you think nobody is listening I hear all of your sweet words

The golden sun reaches my eyes, as blue as the sky
I open them and I am showered with the beautiful morning light
I think back to all of my dreams of you
A sweet smile comes across my face

In only a few short minutes
I will see your face
though I will not experience the love
I did in my dreamland

But today is a new day
a new day full of the tears I cry for you
and when I close my eyes at the end of sunlight's shine
I will enter a land of sweet dreams

With you at the center of them all.

Clara Potter Soloman

Friends To The End

Through heartache and heartbreak
Happiness and sorrow
Through laughter and tears
Through all the years
Through thick and through thin
We'll be together to the very end
'Cause we're best friends
The kind where the love never ends

Clara Potter Soloman

I'm Trying, I Promise.

I'm trying, I promise.

I sit here day after day hoping to hear from you.

A call.

A text.

A visit.

Anything to let me know you still love me.

I need to talk to you about something.

I am really dreading saying it to you.

I don't want to tell you about this thing that scares me so much.

Not being able to talk about it is really hard.

But then again every time the thought arises,

Tears threaten to spill from my eyes

Sobs threaten to choke me to death,

Cutting off my air supply.

I am hoping that the sight of you will ease the pain.

Or maybe it will just intensify it.

Maybe your soothing voice will stop the tears.

I only wish I could just not tell you until it happens.

I know that wouldn't be fair to you.

It's already bad enough I've chosen to keep the rest of my friends in the dark.

It's just too hard to face for me.

I'm weak.

I need you to replenish my supply of strength.

Without your presence for so long I am getting weaker and weaker.

Not physically but emotionally.

On top of missing you so much now,

I am already focused on how much I will miss you when I'm gone.

This doubles the pain I'm in.

I try to pretend like it's okay that you're gone most of the time.

I try to pretend like the empty promises made by you and your family don't hurt me.

I try to pretend that everything will be okay when I leave.
I'm not a very good actress.
You know this.
And so does everyone else.

But I have to keep trying.
Even though sometimes I want to just stop what I'm doing and cry,
Even though I want to just be depressed about it all,
I can't give in to the temptations.

So I try to avoid the topic of you,
The topic of the summer to come,
And any other upsetting topics.

I am mostly successful,
But even just hearing these topics discussed,
Tears my heart apart.

I pray that talking to you about it
Might stop the dreadful ache deep in my heart.

I'm trying, I promise.

Clara Potter Soloman

Lost In The Mist

The trees are dressed
In somber shades of gray,
Giving them an eerie look.

I can't see past the dense mist
That hangs over the land,
Creating a secret place for you and me.

If you were here, that is.

Perhaps you got lost in the mist.

The early morning sun does absolutely nothing
To cut through this blanket of fog.

By the time night has fallen,
The clouds have started to cry.
Their tears dripping rhythmically against my window.
It reminds me of you softly tapping your fingers against it,
At the break of dawn.

The clouds sod and thrash,
Their sobs shaking the ground,
And their thrashing piercing through the mist;
In one white hot flash.

To be honest,
I am quite surprised you haven't called yet.
That after days of angry hurt storms like these;
You haven't called to check on me.

I'm okay, really.
I just miss you,
Especially on nights like these.

I pray for your arms around me,
Just so I know you are safe from the storm's angry cries.

The trees are dressed

In somber shades of gray.

Maybe, just maybe.

You go lost in the mist.

Clara Potter Soloman

Love Is You

Love is like the hush
that falls over the sea after it rains.
Love is like the smile
of a new born baby.

Love is like the soft hum
of a butterfly's wings.
Love is like the sweet smell
of flowers in the rain.

Love is like the sun
setting over the horizon.
Love is like the first day of summer,
warm and sweet.

Love is like the kiss
of sunlight on a cold winter morning.
Love is like warm sand
between your toes.

Love is being led
across a spring meadow blindfolded.
Love is like a lot of the world's
most precious pleasures.

But it is only one thing.

You.

Clara Potter Soloman

Reflection

She can see her reflection in the cold black water.
She wonders what has become of her.
The glossy image breaks up.
She hadn't realized she was crying.

Like the ground she sat on,
pieces of her heart were frozen.
She didn't know why this was.

Perhaps her heart was trying to preserve something,
a memory? , many memories?
She was afraid she would lose herself.
She was afraid of what her life would become.

Perhaps her heart wanted to preserve her sense of belonging.
But would freezing memories really work?
or would she just be alone?
Could she ever move on?

Things in her world haunt her.
Past the point of denial,
she tries to accept her life as it is.
But the pain has engulfed her already.

Her entire future was changed now.
Changed by one decision.
Not her own of course.

The funny thing is:
While her whole world comes crashing down,
life goes on all around her.

Months turn to weeks,
weeks turn to days,
days turn to hours.

One last swing of the pendulum,
and everything is gone.

This poem is just words on a page,
but she is real.

Her reflection appears in the water again.

Who is she?

She is me.

I am her.

We are one and the same.

April 13,2010

Clara Potter Soloman

Running In The Rain

You say you love the rain
the way it looks right before it rains
the clouds, the way they cast a shadow over the earth,
the bright but dull sunlight peeking out from behind the clouds.

The clouds are dark and grey.
Soon they will let loose and the rain will pour down.
Then I will be running down the road,
My feet falling in rhythm with the raindrops perfectly.

Right now, though I'm sitting on my porch lacing up my shoes.
I see you walk by
you glance at me with a small wave and a what's up
like I'm one of the guys.

I don't mind this because I'm used to it,
Suddenly the clouds let loose and the raindrops some pounding down.
I stand up, my hoodie over my head and my headphones over my ears,
playing my favorite music.

I start running,
the wind and rain pelting against my face.
My feet pound against the ground in a steady beat
matched with the fast pace of my heartbeat.

I feel the way I do when I am with you,
my excitement increasing with every step I take
and every breath I breathe
this exhilarating passion builds up in me.

I can't help from smiling,
I pull my headphones off and all I can hear
is the pounding of my footsteps and my breath
my brain is flooded with thoughts of you,

like the raindrops drenching me
from head to toe
I watch my feet but glance up occasionally
when I do, I see you standing in front of me.

my heart beats even faster
I stop and stare up at you
you stare back thinking about why I am running in the rain
I know what you are thinking,

you love the rain
and I love you
that's why then we met on this rainy day, you said to me
'Keep on running you'll catch me someday'

and with a smile you turn and walk back up the road
leaving me to chase you forever and ever
on this neverending road.

Clara Potter Soloman

Soft And Sweet

Soft and sweet
rose petals hit my feet
He loves me not
He loves her

Until the break of dawn
I'll listen to him
drown on and on
about her

When the sun shines
I'll be back at the vine
flashing a watery smile
at what will never be mine

Soft and sweet
rose petals hit my feet
He loves me not
He loves her

At the end of the sunlight's shine
I will realize
That living without him
Will be like climbing the highest mountain

But when I reach the peak
I won't be able to speak
I'll just smile and listen
To his sweet voice talk about her

Soft and Sweet
rose petals hit my feet
He loves me not
He loves her

The rain pours down
as do the tears on my face
small drops of water sparkle in the moonlight
on my cheeks and the rose petals so soft and sweet

I sleep soundly in the rain
But when I am awoken in morning's golden light
I'll see him again
and I'll act like a good friend

Soft and sweet
rose petals hit my feet
He loves me not
He loves her

Clara Potter Soloman

The Ice And The Fire

The ice and the fire
a strange surge of desire
rushes over me
the fire,
the ice.

I don't know what it is about it,
maybe it's the danger
that intrigues me so.
Or maybe it's the crazy
feeling I get when I'm around you.

You are like the ice and the fire
with a strange surge of desire
the danger about it intrigues me so

glances at me
melt me into your eyes
the fire in them one minute
the ice in them the next

The danger of me falling into them
and burning,
or freezing,
but will you stop me before I do?
or will you catch me at the bottom?

The ice and the fire
with a strange surge of desire
the danger of it, intrigues me so.

Your heart is so unpredictable
it's really dangerous,
I can't tell what your reply will be
to my words

I'm scared
but the danger of being caught
or falling into your arms

at any minute
intrigues me so

The ice and the fire
a strange surge of desire
rushes over me
the fire,
the ice.....

Clara Potter Soloman

The Pain

The pain I see behind your eyes
Troubles me in ways you cannot see
It weighs my heart like a heavy stone
Never merciful,
Always hurtful.

I wish to console you in some way,
But I know and you know that would never be possible,
For what you feel is far beyond my mind's capacity.
I could never comprehend what I can barely grasp.

I only wish that you would confide in me,
Tell me your secret hurt,
Or maybe, if such a thing exists for you,
Your dreams.

I want you to survive this pain.
I need you to survive.
But I'm not sure of what you have become.
I'm afraid of what this pain has done to you.

This new person, who used to be my heart and soul,
Frightens me into cringing away from you in fear.
I wish you would come back and sooth my unease.
You could always do that.
But not this new person that has taken your place.

No this person blocks out the love and delights of life,
Replacing them with pain, fear, and numbness to all outside wonders.
Now you live within yourself,
Never allowing anyone in.
Never allowing yourself to come out.

Clara Potter Soloman

The Shore Line

Footsteps disappear
when the water reaches here
This is a sanctuary to many creatures

The wet sand and the dry sand meet here
The waves make this an uneven border
This is where people sit in the sunshine and feel the waves crash against their feet

People walk along this place in the moonlight
That sparkles and dances across the waters' surface
this is where kids play and laugh

This is my sanctuary

This is the shore line.

Walking along this place
makes me calm
I will close my eyes

and picture a scene
of perfect serenity
though that is unnecessary

Because here in this sanctuary
there is nothing but peace
there are no mean school kids

and no dramatic friends
This place where I sit
under my feet there is soft sand

I watch the moonlight dance across the water
and clear my mind
in this perfect night

I am showered with peace

This is my sanctuary

This is the shore line.

Footsteps disappear
when the water reaches here
This is a sanctuary to many creatures

The wet sand and the dry sand meet here
The waves make this an uneven border
This is where people sit in the sunshine and feel the waves crash against their
feet

This is my sanctuary.

Clara Potter Soloman

Time.....

Time takes you from me.

Time goes by too fast.
Time crawls by too slow.

I want time to speed up,
So I can surpass the years to come.

I want time to slow down,
So I won't have to face the summer to come.

When I'm waiting on you,
Minutes turn to hours
And hours turn to days.

When I'm with you during out limited time,
Hours turn to minutes
In a single heartbeat.

Sometimes I stare at the clock,
Counting the seconds
That seem to drag by ever more slowly.

When the house is quiet,
I can hear the clock ticking on the wall.
Mocking me.
Reminding me of how little time I have left.

It's almost unbearable.

The silence is torturing me constantly.
But I just can't seem to fill it with trivial talk.
Not when my mind is on much more important matters.

I desperately need your easy laugh,
Your soothing presence.

Maybe time will stop hating me one day.

Maybe one day,
Time will be just a thing passing by.

Maybe one day,
We won't have to think about how we are running out of time.
Maybe we can just live for the minute we are in.
We can do that because nothing else matters in the world,
But the person you have in your arms.

Time.....
An ever present gift and torture device.

Clara Potter Soloman

Witch's Poison

A storm brews
like a witch's poison.
It travels to us
like an uninvited, unwanted visitor.

The thunder claps loudly,
like fans in a football stadium.
The wind thrashes and writhes
as if in pain realising no mercy on objects in its path.

The trees bow down to the wind,
like a queen's subjects.
The water frolics
and licks violently at the coast.

The lightening strikes
and a bright, defiant flame erupts.
The house shudders,
like a child woken by a nightmare.

The witch's poison
is now finished brewing,
and the fans of footcall
are all safe in bed.

The trees
have regained their freedom,
and the wind's pain
has been soothed.

The water
is calm again,
and the flame
has been extinguished.

The house is still and quiet.

Clara Potter Soloman

Writing

The way it feels to write fills me with joy. I love the feel of the pencil in my hand moving across the smooth paper. I love the way my words spill out across these lines. It's the most wonderful and the most horrible depths of my heart and soul. It's my love and hatred all mixed up and written upon these lines so that I and the world may understand my poetic soul. It's every thought bled from my body in ink placed here where I can come to terms with them. My capable hand moves across this paper now in hopes of finding myself. Maybe, just maybe they will.

Clara Potter Soloman

You Came

You came;

You left.

Like a cool breeze caressing my face

On a hot summer day.

It always leaves me wanting-needing- more.

Clara Potter Soloman