

Poetry Series

**Freda Copeland**  
**- poems -**

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## Freda Copeland()

I've been writing poetry for years first starting in high school but just recently began taking the art seriously thanks to a good friend who encouraged me. My poetry comes from life experiences of love and love lost, happy and bad times and everything in between that makes me who I am.

# A Potential For Relapse

Sometimes I wish I could just come home  
To an empty abode so I could brood alone  
In the stillness of my discontent.  
Having to always take care of somebody or something  
Becomes taxing to the soul  
Who's going to replenish my emptiness  
Who will care for me when I've been beaten and dragged down  
Who's there to love me in the cold and bleakness  
Of a winters night and hold me close  
I miss the consistency of those calls,  
The caring voice, I could depend on each and every day  
Now there is nothing but emptiness and sadness  
Of what once was and will never be again.  
I'm on the brink of a relapse but I know I can't go back.  
Will the quiet darkness in my heart ever be fulfilled once more?  
Or will I be subject to this misery again  
I feel so overwhelmed and am succumbing to  
The withdrawal pains of the past.  
I must press on, this moment too shall pass  
And I will carry on with the weight of my darkened heart  
To love no more  
I will appear as contented, well adjusted and normal  
To the naked eye, but inside only I will know the truth.

Freda Copeland

# Addiction

I was addicted.

I was on such a high that laughter would burst out of me for no good reason.

The smiles that would emulate from me were contagious.

I could drift off at a moment's notice, wafting off my addiction.

People knew something was different, that I had changed.

I couldn't help it, it was so enticing, so inviting, invigorating even!

I enjoyed every scrumptious minute of my high.

I was hooked!

Reality came to my door one day and without warning, without notice

Without so much as a hint of what would occur

I would never have detected what would happen to me next

It was gone in the blink of an eye, it left me yearning, pining

Going through a pure aching withdrawal, that was as painful as a thorn in the side

I was frightened, scared of this new feeling, where did my fix go?

What do I do? Can I get it back?

I began spiraling downward into depths of destruction.

I was frantic, what was I to do now?

No one told me if I didn't have it, that I would become so unfocused, so lost, so alone

I craved to have it again, it was hopeless, it was no longer available to me

And I didn't know how to adjust, how to live my life each day without it

A girl in love never does

Freda Copeland

## Addiction Pt 2

I never thought I'd get over it,  
I never thought I'd make it through.  
I never thought I'd be free of the reins it held on me.  
The distress I felt, the utter despair,  
I knew would be with me for a life time.

Each day had become a struggle  
To try hard and not think about it.  
Everything in the air, watching other people  
Just turning on the tv, brought back those painful yearnings.  
Getting out of bed was the hardest struggle,  
A power fight in the face of reality.  
It had become everything to me.  
My whole world was wrapped up and enveloped in it.  
I could have held on forever, but I knew I had to let go.

The door to rehab is now open and I have been released.  
This is a new day and there is something better,  
More powerful for me out there, than that was.  
Holding on to my addiction didn't give me the chance  
To flourish and thrive, to grow and blossom,  
To give freely of all that I have.  
I now know that passion and love can be mine once again

Freda Copeland

## For Stressful Times

Stressed and overwhelmed in the stillness of my discontent,  
Struggling against the dark for so long,  
Yet I was strong willed, determined and unyielding to be constrained.  
I had been held back in the past, a prisoner of my own doing  
And subject to my inability to accept the inevitable.

Freda Copeland

# He's Mine

He looked at her, he depended on her  
He was so sweet, so attentive  
He would do anything for her  
Anything to protect her

Being by her side was his ultimate goal  
If she was sitting he was there just close enough to touch  
If she was eating so was he  
He could watch her for hours  
Peeping from the stairway just out of her sight  
Watching with loving eyes  
The moment she moved so did he  
He knew she was for him  
And he would always be by her side

She was the love of his life  
And she loved her pup immensely

Freda Copeland

# Winter Snow

Snow falls quietly outside as I watch from my window  
Covering everything with a complete blanket of stillness  
The trees bow down under the weight of it  
A single bird flies in the distance  
Fluttering quickly to escape the wet and cold.  
Random cars drive by with slushing sounds  
Before the trucks come to spread salt  
And disrupt the beautiful blank slate  
The winter snow blanket has made.

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