

Poetry Series

Annie Cordelia Adams

- poems -

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() I() I() **Seulement dans mes rêves (Nameless Love)**

Nameless Love
veracious truth
unyielding strength
you are a great deal too good for me

you could make the sun set
with your arms, hands
glorified hero
you are a great deal too good for me

Nameless Love
i might try to forget you
but i should never love again
you are a great deal too good for me

a tragic death
tragic song
you live the heroes life
and are a great deal too good for me

and a great deal too fine
in all your justified honor
i was written on your breast
golden laurel lines your vest

you are a great deal too good for me
washed in splendour, name carved in candour
you'll probably go down in history
as the greatest of all heroes

being a great deal too revered
you may enter immortality
as a saint before all mortals
just don't be so great as to forget me

you'll probably never know me
like i wanted and willed
but-i turn my heart to the Sea
in hopes, that you'll come back for me

just one day could pass
and i'd think it were twenty-three
one moment without you at Sea
c'est mille ans, sous l'arbre du voyageur

mon coeur vous désire - je t'aime,
je vous aime, tremblez, fait mon âme
mon coeur veut tu effleurer
est-ce que vous m'aimez?

tenez ma main, aimez mon être,
tenez-moi pour l'éternité

vous êtes beaucoup trop bons
pour moi, mon amour, pour m'aimer

pour moi, mon amour
pour moi
n'est pas pour tout la monde,
c'est seulement pour la solitaire

i cannot confine myself
or refine myself to love another
kiss another, tell another
i love you, and only you

until the day i die,
until the sun breaks the sky
je vous aimerai,
et je penserai à vous
if only you would to love me

si seulement tu m'aimas
vous êtes beaucoup trop bons
pour moi, amour sans nom,
vos bras m'entourent,
seulement dans mes rêves
seulement dans mes rêves

(as a side note, it took me about five months to figure out that i had misspelled 'dans' as 'dan.' embarrassing. especially since i'm majoring in foreign languages. boo upon me.)

Annie Cordelia Adams

() |() |() I Do Not See How I Am Capable of Love

I do not see how I am capable of love
Whereas thousands were meant for solitude
How I ever thought I could fit my hand in that glove
I will never comprehend; ever know the mood
I am a selfish little brute; not bent on being whole
Or meant to fall in love; or be part of anyone
I am not a giving, helping, conscientious soul,
Not likely to reach for your hand

I do not see how I'm capable of love
Whereas everyone else is standing by the Sea
Hands in each other's, whispering to each beloved
Say something! Acknowledge and agree?
For whatever I say to you does not become me:
I stand by the Sea waiting to be set free

Annie Cordelia Adams

() | () | () Beauty In the Eye of the Beholder

I swept my hair to the side
and looked at you in your eyes
the grey foam sea just behind
the black and depth words you sigh

i wrapped my hair around my shoulder
heart as empty, getting colder
wishing i would not grow older
beauty in the eye of the beholder

in your eyes i saw my reflection
knowing i had your affection
without a thought, i had not
reason to believe i had imperfection

i cannot clasp my fists tight enough
close my eyes shut enough
whisper softly enough
kiss you light enough

i cannot cry hard enough
speak weakly enough
render your breath warm enough
delicately love you

i wrapped my collar against my neck
and looked up at Big Ben
the morning was about to break
when i turned from you: a great mistake

i put my hands in my pockets
i had slid them through an electric socket
i could hear the very Tower Clock tick
with no reason to believe i had imperfection

i wrapped my hair around my shoulder
heart as empty, getting colder
wishing i would not grow older
beauty in the eye of the beholder

without a thought, i had not
reason to believe i had imperfection

Annie Cordelia Adams

() |() |() In the Blackout of the World

Give people happiness
on the map
let them take a nap
in the snow
in the sand
ice cream band
never turn
in a lane of crowd
at night, leave on the light
so it turns green
while we sing
don't sing with me
just play the key
in the blackout
of the world...

Annie Cordelia Adams

() I() I() Our love is purer

I'll love you
if the sun breaks down
and we live in dark
in this empty town

i'll move to the ocean side
by the hypnotic sound of the
evening tide

i'll love you
if fate makes matters
harder than they would be
without you

the rest of the world
could hate and lust
but our love is purer
our sounds are hushed

keep in your written heart
every verse and part
of my face and eyes
and i'll keep a secret diary
and write down everything we see

in stormy weather
you are melancholic
dreamy: don't be
in sunny weather
we are safe

ending with a wishful thinking
i keep my word, so true
but will there be a moment
that i can give that promise to you?

Annie Cordelia Adams

() | () | () Smile, Remember It All the While

When the flood sweeps joy away
and menace casts its rod to catch
An Island desert marauder you feel,
or feel nothing at all under all that steel

You've forgotten where you placed
your heart. Or perhaps never knew
you had that part of you.

When nothingness seeps in
and boredom just begins:
an empty feeling, stiff and gnawing
snips crawl and crows cawing

If ever you thought life was good
or even full, that thought was wiped
away for good, for ever. Don't peek yet.
(I've a surprise)

If ever you remember brightness,
Remember it now.
and remember how you used to smile.
Remember, or soon you'll forget all the while

So, there is always something for you
Something in your eyes, you know
something behind that hard, steel heart
A joy you've yet to show

Look into another's eyes
say his name and he'll say yours
another soul to be your friend
a bosom friend to be sure

If that time has passed for you
Remember it now, and remember
how you used to smile.

Smile, and remember it all the while.

Remember what I've said to you
Words can also be your friend
Say them well, and they'll say to you,
Remember them all the while

Annie Cordelia Adams

() () () Winter Post Card

I look into the horizon of your eyes
and I see a promising yellow sky
I feel the width of your face

and i feel my world turning in my hands
then i, in the very reflection
of the windows to your soul

blink

and

find

i am amongst the undergrowth of pine
and the oaken branches wisp about me
i reach for your hand but cannot feel time
i cannot see you, but your hand finds mine

the fog of the ripe golden earth arises
and floods my senses, floods my face
my breath is the pen of the song of Isis
my heart wears a warm winter dress

i open the door to a world of dreams
and i look into its glassy globe
an icy wind is appears, but not what it seems
it is but a soft snow, with each twinkle, gleams

i am amongst the faces of the world:
the world of a thousand faces
in all these different places, all at once
they seem to pull me every way

every note of music draws my heart
in a different shape, of a different part
i wrote this poem and thought it through
and penned the the very words of your existence

into the drawer, i placed a card
sent in the post, by a man of most
honorable respect and dignity
though i trick myself in all misery

to think you sent that post card for me

{inspired while listening to Postcards From Far Away, by Coldplay. also inspired greatly
by my Love}

Annie Cordelia Adams

() |() |() This Poem Was Written On True Love

you'd never know
how my heart trembled
when in the night
you spoke to me

though i could not see you
could not watch your lips
move to speak
in the hours of the night

hold my hand gently
i'll touch my face to yours
a fire burns quietly
inside these doors

in the morning
when the sun rises
the love we share
is in perfect paint

if i could but sing it to you
or whisper as the elves
if i could but play it for you
on the piano of life's Love

i'd whisper tenderly
into the shadow of your soul
and hope the clouds would clear
so that i might wish upon that star
up so high, and,
up so far
that you would be always here, to hold

Annie Cordelia Adams

**() () () Eternity at Sea II **

If the beauty of truth were quick,
I would stand immortally at Sea,
Gazing for eternity at Sea

The moonlight shines against the Sea
At twilight, the Sea immortal
Opens his eternal portal

-I would enter into it-

At dawn, the sun breaks the mood,
And I stand upon the ocean shore,
Knowing at heart, that day has tore

And I stand again upon the ocean shore
Reverberating Sea, splashing at my feet
Shore washing Sea, covering my feet

I close my eyes and enter the world
Of dreams and dances and fairy rhymes,
Pirate ships, elven scripts, and ocean skies

To be at Sea, I close my eyes
This dream lasts all day to me
One Day is twenty years at Sea

-And this dream, I would enter into 't—

I would that I will,
I would stand immortally at Sea,
Hoping for eternity at Sea,
Reverberating waves rush under my feet

The Sea is a blanket of wonder,
And I seem to love its glorious freedom
Thus, I would bless the shore
And leave to be once more

Out at Sea to sail
Stand upon the deck and sway:
Listen to the creak of the wood and say,

To close my eyes is to be at Sea,
A dream that lasts eternity
Eternity, guaranteed, to live

So long as I never walk the brig,
But stand under the white sheet,
The insignia of the entire white fleet,

As for eternity, immortally,
At Sea I sail, in the bellowing gale

And live eternally, immortally,

Would one day be eternity

I would spend it out at sea

Standing upon the ocean shore, foaming at my feet

Annie Cordelia Adams

() () () I Am Become Like a Sparrow

As the smoke rises from the houses of the dead
The dead carry their dead from the bed to the grave
The sound of a drum beats in my head

Their actions are more valuable than the sounds they make
More livable than the oaths they take
More promising than the sounds at their wake

Their lips do n't utter the single sound
Which by faith would they be unbound
They stand below, burrowing in their filth

And every evening as the tide rolls in
They board a train for the Hope's Eternal end
And get off at the town of Slavery and Safety

The two names bond, in the secret of the dark
Though the passengers can n't see its dreadful mark
And before dawn are on the train toward the high Hill

I do n't want to die before the world ends
There is a train eternal, a train nocturnal
And it's always night in the City upon a Hill

The eternal dead souls eternally wait and follow
I watch, and am become like a sparrow
That is alone upon the housetop

As the smoke rises from the houses of the dead
They are ghosts wandering in their misery
Back and forth daily, on the train of eternity

Annie Cordelia Adams

() () () I Left My Heart At Sea, They Say

I left my heart at Sea-
they say....

In the towering lighthouse-
they say....

Ever waiting for the Sea-

My eyes still look to the deep blue shadows
My mouth still speaks the crashing waves
And until I'm there again-
they say...

I'll never be myself

Annie Cordelia Adams

**() () () A Victorian Summer **

The magical realm of the Victorian era
aeroplanes whistled through cleaner air
England throned the desert Sahara

The exquisite globe of the world frontier
The modern idea was set to be found
Discovered by men in their churches in prayer

Ears were hearkened to the brand new juke box
They ate and drank and listened to rumors
Of college visits and the league of Red Sox

They rode home in their Studebakers and Stanhopes
With electric motors and 54 inch tread
And Everest waited, the mountainous slopes

Claude Debussy's La Mer, the seaman's affair
the fiddle for the Celts and bagpipes for the scotch
as they march to war in Gaul, the New World unaware

then, fall in love, under the stars: in the month of June
where two lovers never part, never break their hearts
making love, under the light of the silvery moon

Annie Cordelia Adams

() I() I() Two Letters Difference

im beginning to understand

...everything

so, don't push it. i'm tired
i won't push it. you're tired
or maybe you're not.
you're just still unsure of yourself
unsure of who you are
what you are. and maybe
i'm too stupid to see
that i belong to you.

but it drives the living hell out of me
when you act like you're too immature
to handle any of the things i want
to share with you. death. life. love.
hate. passion. fear. anger.
and you see them all through a glass
a looking glass with dimmer view
a window with the curtains pulled.

i see that house is built with hands
to satisfy the soul of man. the width
of human fire. the subtlety of human passion.
the desire to fulfill the dreams of man.
that house is built with human hands.

you see that house is built with hands
to quench the thought of building a house.
for the practical purpose of living there.
to extend from the parent an unfulfilled dream.
that house is built with human hands.

that there is something
greater than this world?
that the very blood of Jesus
is the reason for my being?

u can't see what i see
so i cannot see how we can be
forever in this state of being
where i see the stars as eyes of God
and you see as hydrogen gas.
i see the sun as an angel of light
and you see as the absence of night
i see grass as a rug to soften the ground
you see as food for a cow

nothing...
nothing is wrong with the way

you see what you see. it's just
that i now can't see how you can't
see what i see now. for, i see
through my heart. and you see
through your head. and how close
we were to being one for eternity,
for there are but two letters difference

Annie Cordelia Adams

() I() I() Hell Is Other People

how much i am like the ship
that sets its sail for the wind
to blow it into the eternity of the sea

(how much it kills
the saying: hell is other people
makes me your hell
how do you stand it?
the last thing on earth or heaven
or hell or land between i want to be
is a hell for you. i would suffer eternity
of hell to save your soul)

you stand at shore and
how i want and desire
beyond all things
beyond everything
to come back
but i cannot
i am in the blessed wind
oh cursed wind
and sick of letting the wind
blow me from you from
the shore.
i'd rather die than suffer
the Sea to seduce my soul
and pull me from you

(i love you and i don't
ever want to leave you.
you greet me in the morning
and and night your kiss is there.
i want to be greeted by it each
morning. and every second
be bound to your soul
and yours to mine
and each time the sun sets
believe that it will rise again
because i can feel your touch
and because i love you and
don't ever want to leave you)

Annie Cordelia Adams

() I() I() Howl at the Wind

i am drawn
by an unknown force
to your shore line
to your sea

i am drawn
with your white capped hand
to your cold, white sand
to your dry, liquid heart

the music you play
sends to my ears
the sounds of the waves
rushing, mighty waves
crashing rocks
tilting ships
who sway their hips
and sailors who are washed ashore
blissfully wishing of home to come
wishfully thinking of their heart, so numb

their hearts are as numb as my hands
as they grasp the cold iron bar,
on the starboard side
as they grasp the heart of one
who has Poseidon on his side

who does your bidding?
tempest mighty
holler at the wind
howl at the wind

then turn and whisper,
what you wish me to hear

howl until your heart's content
i will wail in this lament

but soon...
i will be where you can see me
you will be where you can see me-
right where you were in the beginning
right where you were from the beginning

Annie Cordelia Adams

**() I() I() To Vel (the stages of love) **

it's amazing
that after all this time
i still rush to the phone
when you call,
with that same excitement
as when you first began

it's amazing
how after the many times
you showed to me your love
i love you more
and with more passion
than when i first began

and even more amazing
is when i stop writing
just to think about you
because i am so overwhelmed,
so full of love, that i cannot
function the state of time

so, love me with the amazing
thrill you give to me each time
we're together. i guess it's too
much for me to handle, when
as i write, i gaze at my hands
wishing you were here to hold them.

i can smell you when you're gone
when i close my eyes in the dark.
i can taste your lips on mine
no matter how far away in the world
you ever will be. the map is not
adequate even to encompass our love

and neither are the oceans, in all their depth
nor the skies: for they cannot confine a comet
as it enters the atmosphere with fire and flame
ergo cannot confine our love to the space on earth
as it expands past the outer limits of our mind's
ability to recognize the expansion of matter.

we are a super nova in an empty galaxy, expanding
yet, we still become the sound of the wind in the trees
as they whisper (not hiss) to each other secrets of the forest
news from the world, that perfect world, where the sun never fades
and is not too bright as to burn the earth, but softly caresses
as your hand against my face, when you finally return home

Annie Cordelia Adams

Eternity at Sea

That if I would,
I would stand immortally at sea
Gazing for eternity at sea

The beauty struck sea
I'd set leave of quay
To immortally find way

Stand upon the ocean shore
Reverberating sea splashing at my feet
Shore washing sea, covering my feet

To close my eyes is to be at sea
This dream lasts all day to me
One day is like twenty years at sea

That if I would,
I would stand immortally at sea
Hoping for eternity at sea

Wonder covered sea
I would bless the shore
And leave to be once more

Out at sea to sail
And stand upon a ship and sway
Listen to the creak of the wood, and say

To close my eyes is to be at sea
A dream that lasts eternity
Eternity, guaranteed, to live

Would one day be eternity
I would spend it out at sea
Stand upon the ocean shore, foaming at my feet

Annie Cordelia Adams

A Little Picture

A little picture, browned,
Had a tear on its edge
Where moth and rust
Plagued it away
Wherever was this picture found?
In an attic? Where dust collects?

A tiny picture, profound
In all measure, fledged
With beauty like gold dust
A blooming fleur bouquet
Like an old tea gown
It was tossed with willful neglect

It did, very much, astound
Those who pledged
Their direct trust
Who lived in that day
Who's beauty it drank down
In honest respect, its object

An old memory found
In a river of images read
The old photo must,
Their very lives, convey
A time, awfully proud
And happy, and perfect

Annie Cordelia Adams

After a Thousand Years I'll Meet You Under the Traveler's Tree

The Sun screams for me to catch it
But I can not adhere
The clouds: they ask me to ride
I reach and they've disappeared

Rain then falls like any summer day
Relentlessly, lamentlessly, consistently

Its intent is to swallow me
Unless I repent for what I've done!

The Sun blooms and covers all with light
Waiting for the moon to ready in the middle of the night

The lake arises filled with lovers' tears
Excalibur surfaces from its murky water after a thousand years

I climb inside a hollow tree, a hallowed tree
To beg for mercy from the rain
It's as if the Sea sent its messenger
To induce utter woe for my disdain

All the while
Little children take their bread
And sleeping saints:
They lie dead

The only eyes alive
Are the Sea's and mine
Between us lay
A great stretch of time
You lived eternity ago
And I lived ten and nine

All before myself,
Fate knew to be intertwined

Whatever fear cause me to run
You'll forgive me won't you?
If strength is left
In this rueful one

I then feel the rain
Wash my unfortitude away

You leave to catch the sunset
I stay to watch you forget
Don't remember me truly.
If you love me you won't come

If you love me you will search the Sun
And let me do what must be done

Where there is the sea, I will find you
And will love you, lest the Sun fade

Your strong waves will remain.
Until eternity, your love is my bane

After a thousand years
I will call out your name

And after a thousand years
I will see you once again

Therefor, bid me farewell
Kiss me gently, softly,
And after a thousand years,
I'll meet you under the Travelers tree

You're son and mine waits to know
The truth of who he is and my utter woe

Your name is spoken and sends me pangs
I watch your storms as they spell my name

I wrote a book on our story untold
So in a thousand years all will unfold
Or perhaps it will close, like a red dewy rose
And let time collapse as recollection for those

I still watch with my mind and my heart
I see your every move with every part
Your waving hands wash upon the shore
Like art; writing notes on the sand in rapport

I want more and more to see you
What caused this parting is forever unknown
But in a thousand years, we'll meet again
We'll meet again on the roaring high sea

Though in a thousand years it might show to be
As tranquil as the Traveler's Tree
If you love me, you will go
What pain I suffer I do for good

For the punishment is well deserved
Only you and I know my worth
I secretly know where your ship makes berth
Underneath the potter's earth

I cannot believe, how you buried your heart
For my sake, at love's wake
What word is there to describe my pain?

To know your soulful sufferings in my name!

I ache, I tremble...yet love you more
I'll not let you suffer any more
Here, a handwritten note on the sea floor
And there the wind blows your tidal bore!

Do rejoice, do give thanks!
The answer is as I to-ward the Sea
To know that in a thousand years
I'll meet you under the Traveler's Tree

Annie Cordelia Adams

Along the River Fuji

along the river fuji
bright, where a mountain
stands before me tall

one hundred people gather
on the other side for qingming
but I lean against a cherry tree

so that I can fall asleep
like I used to in the spring
against broken cattle fences

i would awake at dusk
of the next day-finally rested,
when everything else was asleep

then the wild pink cherry tree
would breath its breath of fragrance
and my world would change

Annie Cordelia Adams

An Empty Whole

I suddenly feel free
like I've reached the top of the mountain,
but not the reaching that has turned the key

i suddenly feel released;
its the sight of the fair view sky
not the accomplishment, but the feast

i am openly found free
like the sky is no longer the limit
when that sad song plays, i feel un-marine

i groped for the sea
for so long a time as was not known to man
i lived an eternity in just two hands

blue was my color
and red was the blood that washed afar
on the horizon, for which my heart was bore

an empty whole
for an empty soul; for whom the bell tolls, Ask:
and I will answer, it is I

toll, troll, free!
every wave trolled its voice
by the Sirens I was mesmerized

rapid, commanding
now the Sea is but a memory
of what i used to hunger and crave

in all my lust for its gifts
i held in my hand a thing i would never own
It never came to pass, a tale, unknown

an empty whole
i stood on the sad, blue shore
though when the tide drew back
I felt as i hadn't before

an empty whole
now i am left unarmed
though i do not grieve for the Sea,
in my sky, i conceive i have not a single star

an empty whole
i truly loved the Sea
and now that I know he cannot love
I suddenly feel free

Annie Cordelia Adams

And I Ain't From the 50s So....

My little plaid bracelet
is on a written tune
my heart's singing rhythm
and i think it's the blues

i've been walking all day since noon
and i'm ready to fly

my black felt hat
on an old bed post
i've a baseball bat
that belongs to a ghost

i've been flying all day since nine
and i'm ready to ride

i've drawn hearts on my windows
in the foggy room
and my name and his
just below the moon

i've been driving all day since food
and i'm ready to move

my heart beats a rhythm
ever since i fell
from the starrs in the light
from an empty cell
mirrors in the back room
cheetas at the full moon
and i'm ready to walk

look at me
here i am
underneath
a chinese lamp
jumping like
an elephant
in between
two soda pops
e-lec-tric- mo-tor

crispy thins in the wheaties box
nibbles inside it feed my fox
georgeous little lollipops
and i ain't from the 50s, so...

Annie Cordelia Adams

apostrophe

the Sea, my home,
tamed by the wild winds
is the simple road that waits
while the refined use its rapid currents
to sail and barge and float across the Sea

used and subdued
because you are the tool
the pedestal of man

the Sea, my home,
whispers up to me
and i come down gracefully
watching at this blissful hour
singing on the deck of ships

thank you, Sea
for taking me upon this voyage
where blessed foot and ground
cannot take me where i'm bound

at times, i am beneath the waves
then the Sea relinquishes and saves
my very life: my very life

then i sink and crashing down
the Sea fills my horrid frown
the immortal Sea.
whereas, it is far more lively than my being

the Sea, my home,
in honoured vestige
waits to carry me across the way
where the celestial bodies of eternity
blend the green, earthen tones of home

and then, i know,
in humbled accord
with the Sea and his lasting will
that i truly hold nothing in my power
and the Sea turns emptiness into gold and flower

Annie Cordelia Adams

before pain was always free

no, really, you continue calling
but i do not want to speak
honestly i see too much of you
so i've spoken my piece

but, it kinda hurts when i know
that love's blind of hurt: hello

please, do not add expression
to the weakness in your voice
walking, calling, talking to me
giving me disease

it kinda pains to let it rain
when all i feel is fire in my veins

so don't call me anymore
i won't be there to pick it up
listening, thinking, anxiously waiting
for you to call me, so stop

i won't be there to pick it up
you walk and talk and call me
reminding me of better days
before pain was always free

Annie Cordelia Adams

Cavalry of Waves

I miss the sea and its cavalry of waves
I miss the salty air and salty breath
My heart leaps to jump into its arms
I miss the subtle breeze felt from afar

My love for the sea is like a dream
No shadow, taste, smell, or sound
In which I sail forever over voyage
Not comprehended as I solely engage

Impatient am I for want to run to sea
I could leave everything behind me
I've become restless in my care
If only there were hope I might fare

And on to sea and on to unending waters
Where life is love and skies are bliss
To the undying lands where sleep is naught
Where no heart takes a single thought

The waters of the sea are never ending
Impatient am I for want to run to sea
They come from no place; stay everywhere
But it does not matter for I am loosely there

The sea will not run to me so quickly
Thus, I will run to it and meet my end
And sparks another ambition, unclear what it will be
Then goes ever on a cycle I hardly comprehend

Annie Cordelia Adams

Every Stroke of the Violin

Every stroke of the violin
in this romantic love song
is a silver twisted Dagger.
The pain is far too strong,
and the sound of the biting wind
rumors the sorrow of my laughter

Like this piece of grey art work
A sketch of my life in a single photo
Every mark, a thing I've not yet done
I see, this, when ever I look,
A field, a cup of tea, an empty book
A poem written but not yet sung

Annie Cordelia Adams

Freedom is in His Blood

This is the hour of the Golden Ships
masts true, ropes a hauling, given wind
This is the true opening of the lily
softly touched by yet softer breath
This is the rise for all glorious dead
raising life as they are risen
In spirit; as well-the soldiers of faith

The time has arisen for Jerusalem's day!
My God! My God! your life this way!
Golden and glorious in this escalating age
Ten million souls die in battle on one single day
(How hope can fade in such a sudden way)
Yet we bow and give way for the LORD of Lords!
His glory is yet to be shown in his two edged sword

To fight we all against persecutors of Faith
Gather the tribes as in Joshua's day*
All Christians hail the name of the LORD
Worship Him as our Kingdom is restored
Freedom is in His Blood and rapture in ours
For to die for the Christ is to gain all strength,
For to die for Jesus is to live in Peace

[*allusion to Joshua 22: 12]

Annie Cordelia Adams

Gilded Shores of Stone-cast Pearls

Sea, your cannon reaching waves:
I'll stop not to bring your rock splitting waves
to me. They find the horizon and the Sea
a mixed blessing, but I call it grace for eternity.
Where lie beaches, they are blessed
and all the shores that spread caressed.
Love me too, Sea! why have you not called me?
Kiss my heart goodbye!
Immortal soul of infamous wealth!
I am but civil and in pursuit of mortality;
For one day without you is tormenting,
but eternity is yet unrelenting
and my soul searches your sands

And grace pardons your heavy current
as do the gilded shores of stone-cast pearls.
Eyes are bewitched at your hearty laugh,
and many think eerier to see you cry.
Frighten them, and scare them with a storm,
but do no harm to my love and my adoration.
Intense is my passion and ardent affection.
Great are your silver lined arms that reach into skies.
Do not harm to my love and my adoration,
for you are too dear to lose; to sever all relation.
Do no harm, to You, my love, lest we die

Annie Cordelia Adams

Greeter of All Adventurers

When I walked in desert sands and crossed mounds of dust,
I coughed and nearly choked on scorching heat to shame
My eyes found no rest from the beam of the sunlight,
My lips were of no poetry, and hungered for, the least, tears
I struggled to lift my legs; but I went on, for I knew I must
My feet were anchors, pulling me to the floor to tame
Perhaps out of some misery, I thought that I should recite
Of the plays I've read, and poems I've rehearsed over years

Perhaps that would waste the day so that I would forget time
Time was a shadow, creeping swiftly over my steps in race
It was that I had only so many steps to take before I fell
The sun had shot fire on my back for centuries and epochs
It seemed, I walked upon a sea of fire, and my body a sublime
Air expanded and my breath drew a quick and heavy pace
I swore I heard a cloud, and with swift strokes, 'rain,' it spelt
Suddenly, my mind awoke, and I glared upward at the clock

A rapid, beating wind threw sand in my face, but I harkened
Twenty-thousand tiny rocks found the palm of my hand
And fifty-million, my eyes, with which I saw the horizon
In the beautiful flat of the earth, waves came toward me
The haughty ocean from afar, was, in the midst of drums, a violin
The music charmed my ears and I imagined the others in the band
A piano, the twinkling stars; when the sun went down, they'd begun
An Horn, the great and mighty wind; how it roared with jubilee!

I finally sought out the waters edge and it was waiting with a kiss
The Sea was once the greeter of all adventurers and finders of bliss
The Sea was a great pretender, who mentioned no havoc of time
But the Sea changes time like the moon changes harvest and the tide

Annie Cordelia Adams

He Wrote Her A Love Note

he wrote her a love note
simple and contrite
portraying in all language
the images he saw
remembering tonight

he embellished it
with all bright characters
a drawings of his life
for he would begin soon
a thousand year war

and he loved her more
and she answered with rapport
and she he adored
as she called for him once more

she took his note,
embraced him dear
she might not, she thought,
see him anymore

from her himself he tore
crystallizing inside
'for you' he said once more
and left to find the shore

For though he thought to love her
She knew that far before
she was ever born, she could not
have an immortal forevermore

after a short breadth of time
to give a simple note to his love
he was cursed to heavy Sea
to take care and explore

her answer he would forever implore
as something never gotten,
as he stood on his ship just as before
yet a million miles from the unguilded shore

an angels breath, left outside a frost
or untaken time, abandoned yore
'I will not forget you, in all my time,
nor in a thousand years' he swore

he repeated the images,
so that in years he would show
her the little drawing of his memory
of him writing this love note
that to her he would bestow

Annie Cordelia Adams

Heat In Birmingham, Alabama

Heat in Birmingham, Alabama
A subject much chatted on by folks
Mirages on thea black chalk pavement;
they look like ol' deep wata' puddles

But they aint no wata' hea'
It aint rain for days, cuz aint
no cloud get mean enough ta
send us a washin'

They ain't no wata hea'
we aint been down to tha crick
fo' montes'; cuz aint no rain comin'
and tha riva been dried up fo dayz

They aint no wata hea'
no juicy red tummy-toes
uh blueberries in the brush
cuz all the cardinals dun eat 'em up

an' they aint no wata from
the well, cuz we all too darn
lazy ta do much anuthing
in this dad burn heat

Annie Cordelia Adams

Hoist Sails, Lass

Is there an Ocean that does say freely:
Dear One, come toward me,
But stand from afar, you grieved!
And I will say to you, Look, here is eternity

In my waters, there is undying space
Do you not desire to come and see?
I am an enduring hickory tree
A resilient warrior and stalwart beast

I will not change, but dwell here,
Where else can I reside, but in your heart
You witty, unwavering lass
Come toward me, dear One

I have the strength of ten thousand brave hearts
Who would strive to bring peace
But in epic lengths and heroic fights
Child, alas, am I that portrait you dreamt of?

Where have I succeeded in tearing you down?
You say I taunt you with my frowning brow,
And you do wonder what thoughts of mine do know
Under shadow, you are, but do not fret

I offer to you infinity, of length and space
Here is the world, and sail in its spirit
Here is the never ending sea, thwarted with misery
When you do not belong to it; hoist sails, lass

Under me are years of great repugnance from man
The sea is full of wishes that never wrote down
Or upon parchment, their lips, and could not sing
It is silent as the windless atmosphere, like bothersome tranquility

But I will not be silent, if you do not will it
I am filled with your desire to make sail on my winds
Hand me your heart, and my waves will urge you
Through distant waters, sail as far and as wide as beloved

Am I your beloved, to grovel for your ship to make sail?
Under reflected colored skies, or twilights last spangled eye
In depth or power, do I not satisfy thee, or interest thee
Is there clout in my words that do pierce your tenderness?

Does the wind blow everywhere but on you,
To save your semblance and natural form of grace
If you choose to sail these open winds, may you have mercy
And may you choose to have all freed and released

That I may encompass your honor on these waters
Would set my heart on flight to creature form

And if my wings set wind in lieu of your love
May it be a solemn song to envelope that notion

In your heart, do you want to sail nonetheless?
For I will carry you home again, in dispel,
If you wish to watch from afar, and gaze at my splendor
And love me in adoration from the parallel horizon

And you, which love the sea, watch from afar
In distant misery, have no thought to leave your place
Thy grace hath found thee where thou art, a spectator
How can you never touch my heart, or meet my face

If you dare to only believe in passion, speculate with infatuation
Relish your place afar and do not turn to watch for me!
I am too strong, like solid rock, but too scorched with molten steel
Like your turning away has done to me, tortured and grieved

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Don't Believe in Ends

um...let me just go ahead and tell you everything
i told you tonight
that i don't believe in time
for i don't believe in ends

i don't believe in waking to a darker day
where light decides to fade itself away

i don't believe in making Heaven rush to find me
when i want to find it on my own
for time deserves nothing
time is Satan's only gain

i don't want to
die
i don't mean i am afraid
i mean i am disgusted with ends
does the sunset have an end
if you follow it?

but if you wait for the sun to rise again
you have bartered your soul for time
time is for the ones who cannot control their minds

time is nothing
it's only perceived by the mind
not the heart
or the soul

the earth isn't vast enough to hold my heart
it isn't wide enough for my roads to part
earth does not hold eternity
for i cannot always follow the sun
even the Sea ends
though i pretend it not to be so

so i should just say
that the Sea is a simple letter
something God left behind
for me to read and hope
that one day i will find
the door to infinity

my heart belongs
beyond the Eastern Ocean
beyond the Silver Sea
beyond the Seven Isles
in the Land of Numinor
and yet beyond
to the Undying Lands

and yet they seem fantasy

but their authors knew of something real, i think,
that they also knew
of worlds beyond the brink

where moth and rust do not corrupt

if you think i mean to die
if you think i mean to go to Heaven now,
Heaven is for after this life,
for when the Earth takes his bow

i only mean to stay alive
for eternity
for i do not believe in time
or mortality in me

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Don't Believe in Time

between worlds...
between two suns
though the world escapes my soul
water seeps from two sated holes
for through these windows saw the world
the longing of some other desire

and whispers the Sea...
amongst the trees
for the wind befriends a hearty wave
and carries to the ear of destiny's slave
from the threshold of the home of eternity
the longing of some other desire

that three years passed...
between two suns
I saw the sun's shadow gazing hard
hated me for leaving him alone and scarred
as I left the world behind me, defying gravity
my only desire was for life and immortality

three years pass...
I don't believe in time
everything is forever
everything is eternity
for that is why I wish
only for immortality
the Sea is the road to immortality

and the three years that shall pass soon
passed so slowly

but I don't believe in time

time is a waste of time
time is a waste of breath
so the world hates me for this
though God's creation
is too beautiful to describe
I fall into the ocean's kiss
and unlimited things begin to happen
when music stops
the echo only lasts only so long
before the light of day
tires of beholding
and fades away
and eternity was gone?
who wishes to die?
but who wishes to live forever...
is she who people call by Me.

the Grey Haven's wait

and the only thing I desire more
than immortality
is a cause
because I lost
and failed my God

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Love You (You Said My Name In Your Own Language)

i love you;
you said my name
in your own language

if i could but touch
your world,
the feeling would satisfy

i love you;
your breath on my face
heart beat against mine

i'm not ashamed
to love you,
to submit before you

i love you;
silly smile and all
your hand reaching for mine

would that i could
i'd tell you
how much i really

love you

je vous aime;
vous avez dit mon nom
dans votre propre langue.

si je pourrais, je toucherais
votre monde.
le sentiment serait satisfaisant.

je t'aime;
votre haleine sur mon visage.
votre pulsation à côté de mon sein.

je n'ai pas honte.
je t'aime beaucoup.
et je me promets à vous

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Meant to Say Ten Different Things

I find it difficult in speaking
All I want to say to you
Knock the wall down and,
I gently let you into my
very heart
For 'soul' is too harsh a word
for what I plan to start

I almost see you in a city
Where there is a mountain
A golden city, painted in
all its rusty iron; yet still shines
as white as love can span

I look at you through an
empty bottle
So that your face is distorted
I cannot see your eyes no more
I cannot see your eyes no more
These words, see,
are not what I meant to say

I meant to say ten different things
all to mean the same.
Perhaps if you really love me
you'll know what they mean

Annie Cordelia Adams

'I Once Saw You'

I could write a book
and title it 'I once saw you'
but never would the script be sought
as words that say 'I love you'

I figure you have thought the same:
love is sometimes unable to attain
a perfect grace and form, the same
as when I first, Once saw you

sometimes, it is unbarred
where living souls might love
not restricted by iron rope
but a freshly new and misty grove

yet the only thing I've yet to show
in all list of words I can construe
when no voice was stolen from my lips
is to write a book titled 'I once saw you'

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Seek Not Across the Sea

Across the Sea,
it is not that my love will come
Though traveling ships abroad
my Love is not there from

For elven ships
for all their glory and whiteness
blinding pure, it is not yet so
that my Love is coming to caress

my sight seeks not to find it
my eyes look not to a coming
only my might seeks all to love
where loving never sought sixteen

my love is not across the Sea
so ever gallantly seeking me
across the Sea is eternity
so there I look to all the Sea

the waves look to me to sail
would that I could, and thus sail
but eternity is forever, and thus
I have time before the Sea I sail

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Was Ever Awakened

I'm sorry you lie there
cradling the last of images

i'm sorry you may forget
the one day, while rocking in your chair

fifty years from now, this old world
will less be here than than it shall be tomorrow

you cry out in anguish, and it pours
onto the ground with his blood

his body in your arms
your screams in alarms

i'm sorry you won't ever know another life;
for i am too bitterly blessed

flowers are my carpet,
and i smile freely each day

but now that i see you,
i know pain; it is real

i'm sorry i was ever awakened
to your horrible misery

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Would Be Valiant

Like a dove over water,
to the mountains I spring
though many people and many cities
there lay between
I sought a satisfaction
for my hearts desires
They must be God-given
They burn outward with fire

The advocate, my spirit
It urges me on to go
to search for zealous shores
a sweet thought from my bosom flows
So passionate for a life
greater than life its own
greater than the breath I breathe
firmer than rock or stone
A life for a land, pure
As good as green grass
As luscious as golden honey
I've yet to find it, alas

So I search ever and anon
But again, I find none
I fight for this great satisfaction
I write as my only action
I go ship to ship to quay
Liberating hope along the way
To dock to land to forest
I take no pickings and take no rest
My shoes have worn and are tattered
My skin, with mud, splattered

I came upon a town called Hope Imperishable
And there I found a thing, inexplicable
A light from every atom
A silver horn shouted back
The light grew brighter
All the Earth there were a crack
Again, I felt a pang in my bosom
A cold iron sword, pierce my heart
I felt the endlessness of life upon my shoulders
A burden felt only by its depart

To the mountains I trudge
But I've brought a hope with me
I'll rest soon for I've been over water
Over crater, valley and stream
The towers of rock and stone
They seem so far away
But with passion for a breath to breathe
I may make meet to see them today

I search the Eastern Horizon
Crystal skies, shallow waters now

I wish I was at the mountains foothold
To see by which all Earth was endowed
Yet here I am, now and anon; now and alas

To the mountains I spring
Though many people and many cities
There lay between
But to meet what needs be met this day
My voice rings in the highest belfry bell
I scream to the loftiest pinnacle point
Show me the way, the light, pull back the veil

I would have said before:
'I would be valiant but for what strength demands.'
But now for You and my faith in You,
I would risk my life even yet, though end in foreign hands

Annie Cordelia Adams

Impossible to Know

I spend a couple of ten
or twenty minutes thinking-
about what to write,
because it's as important to me
as the length of eternity;
and you must know what that means
to me
I only wish that there were no cracks
or chips and scratches on me.
I fall apart, then unsuccessfully,
i attempt to glue myself together.

so here's the real deal, the updat on
my ever changing life
my unexamined, messy sort of life

i really find that deep inside
i fell for you after all.
i like you more than anyone,
and i've come so awfully close
to telling you 'i love you, '
though love is such a strong word.
but there's a catch: and this is the
most complicated part

i struggle to belong to anyone
and no one belongs to me.
it's the stronger part of me
that makes the better part decrease
and go into hiding and waste.
my heart is too big for anyone
or anything.
i can't be contained enough
for anyone to hold.
i just wish i were

small enough

to exist only in thoughts.
because, the way i am,
is impossible to describe
and impossible to know

Annie Cordelia Adams

Most of My Inspirations

The strange thing is that
most of my inspiration derives
from simple imitations
of the real world

The Sea is not fancied
my closest neighbor
yet I love it like the Sun
enjoys to rise

A little glass of tea
or a dark roast Verona
and a picture of something
I never dreamed I'd know

A few hours of running
or a shady grassy field
then I write as though
the world is ripe, ready to be peeled

Annie Cordelia Adams

Paint A Picture of the Sea

everything is much more beautiful
when you paint a picture of the sea
not the sand or the sky
though there is fire burning bright

the sea has much more love
though cold it may seem
for the sun rises and sets
and the sand washes away

the sun can only do so much
the beach can only stay
but the sea is full of liveliness
as to and fro it sways

Annie Cordelia Adams

Revolution and Rebellion

To whom this poem is written
I do not know, but I shall show
And you perhaps will take this well
What I know to come and hides in veil

America is falling now, because of their sickness
Unless they come out of this delusional world
This bubble of safety, they will lose all freedom
thus they will lose all love all life all mind

they cannot reduce themselves to rubble
and expect to find a cure for laziness
lest it be to obliterate it for good
and find that ignorance is not peace

no matter what the World may tell
no matter what the Men may quell,
Freedom is only attainable by force,
and revolution and rebellion is the only path to take

Annie Cordelia Adams

Sea-less Drought

not the dream I once for took
the sea has become mere memory
it was once loved, once seen
now lost and near unraveling

it was superfluous sight for my eyes
and an unneeded sweet taste
it grappled at my heart and word
until naught was in my breath but verbs

there be but one deed left to execute
one feat to exploit my own desires
that is to institute all of these wishes
into an action worth taking—if existed

but I'm left with no more prose
I'm wanting in light of language;
for I know not what to bring about
to ease this sea-less drought

Annie Cordelia Adams

She Stands Against A Mossy Tree

She stands against a
mossy tree;
it is green and raw
the moss climbs each length
with unflagging insistence

Her arms wrap around
its trunk;
grey and thick
founded on the ruddy dirt
by stalwart roots chained to earth

She is everything
I wanted to be;
she is far more intelligent a being
than a person of my degree,
as she stands against the mossy tree

I imagine I should
stand there;
against a mossy tree
an artist of machination
begging to paint me with oils

And I imagine I would
agree to stand;
be painted with a wicked hand
the scheme to reverse my pure-wrought soul
into something I could not comprehend

Then sadly I would stand
against that tree
beside a shallow bank
blue, turquoise crystal, shallow
banks torpid with my tears

Annie Cordelia Adams

Sleeping Giants Do Roar Greatly Defiant

'T is I who write in the bleak of night
When Shadow lurks and Barrows fright
But have I yet to write my heart,
To venture where I would to never depart?

My last love, my only and first, the Sea
What joy it did bring to me, what sorrow
For I've done wrong to leave it
But were he able, he'd come to me

I've given the Sea a name unknown
I've given the Sea my works full-blown
Or have I yet to show him any sympathy?
For he is trapped, watching over they and thee

I'm so free-yet says the Sea: he is not
To stop and think that there bellows the forgot:
'T is the Sea who wavers not on his time
Who does work and wastes no water blowing rhymes

I love the Sea, but has he seen me,
Standing on distant shore, as he before told me?
I shall not bother a sleeping giant:
For sleeping giants do greatly roar defiant

Annie Cordelia Adams

Sunset Horizon

Sunset Horizon
You torment me with your bitter leave
and night arises like a ravening wolf-
the lightening thief
Cirrus clouds gather
as though to make a nest
the fiery white moon
glazed - the wolf's inhabitant
and dusk soon reckons to lead me
back to my home: hole in the hill
but the Sunset horizon is so mesmerizing
it should have a soul

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Sea Doth Strike

What is the sea, for it never ends
It looms around the horizon's bend
I follow it as I transcend
The ceaseless waters make great lament

The evening tide is far behind
Toil on to meet the perimeter of mind
The ocean chants its words, maligned
Brink of thoughts conceived finally unwind

Is there substance to this ocean?
The great monster who speaks
He is ominous and bleak
One cannot hide from such emotion

Is there substance to this ocean?
With wings spread from end of earth
To end of time, to end of berth
To end of earth, a bit of notion?

Does it find its home in any circle?
Or in any part of single love
Of single thought, or single drove
Of masses with a single harbor cove?

Does it hear a song sung by many?
Or even of one, just one man
One idea to span, one plan
Or accord of reciprocal clan?

Ice for love and snakes for truth
The sea will strike at one as three
Waves askew, bring the Gaelic banshee
Sea's Prussian blue is a gloomy decree

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Sun Forgot to Rise

Ever gaping clouds dance on the morrow,
and cover the Sun with a blanket of sorrow:
For I do not wish to see the sun go down
beneath the cloud's glass shot pearl hue.

Today, there were no sunset, in all dismay.
No setting sun, it passed me by in quick of day.
Encompassed with a great deal of disenchantment,
My wishes were heavily tried, nearly worn

The sun, it builds me up in rise of dawn;
and so torn was I to see its whole part
forget to rise and greet me, being overta'en
by the clouds of grief and sorrow.

Overjoyed was I when the moon took its place for night

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Tragedy of a Star (Our Little Boat Still Drifts Ashore)

sail on with life under your ship:
tasty Telling blue water;
as the wind shifts the waves
from north to west, its daughter

space surrounds us as we are,
and unnumbered pigments of white
and blue hued fires are busy lighting
up the sky

the earth only has but one moon
but the lights are as though one thousand
and our little boat drifts with current

there is no need for a sail or an oar
the tide pulls us to land ashore

the night water is like this mystical being
it's vagueness is repented by its mass
the completeness of the wind's great roar

and our little boat still drifts ashore

tonight the moon is far too large
to miss with eyesight the depth charge of beauty

and one star in the distance,
behind the large, white, towering moon
explodes beneath a cloud of smoke

a tragic circumstance,
the stars around it freeze

the cool, lucid, telling water
opens up its wide mouth
and roars with teeth like giants

until the aftershock slows
and the soft wind blows
while the crew lights candles
in the still, dark world

where the tasty telling fresh water
tickles the under side
of our little boat that still drifts ashore

Annie Cordelia Adams

There Won't Be an America

Children, I yearn forgiveness
for my supposition
i thought no harm in neglect
or abused position

Children, there won't be a home
there won't be an america to escape to
i thought no harm in sleeping in the rain
or letting old dogs die so the new would bite

children
there won't be an america to escape to
in all the world, they want for peace
america was the homestead

children
there won't be an america to escape to
there will only be one world to escape from
one america to run from
one big godless form

children

Annie Cordelia Adams

Two Poems I've Yet to Write

There are two poems I've yet to write
Two thoughts I've yet to capture
Two leafs of paper I've yet to use,
to write on, to speak to, to have yield

The thoughts yield to my mind;
my hand to the thoughts, pen to hand;
The pen ever so gracefully glides,
the words so gently move, ne'er collide

But there are two poems I've yet to write
Wherefore I cannot capture them, I do not know
I try and try, yet whither they go,
they escape the light

If once perhaps I caught them,
and put them into words,
I should pet them calmly
let them know I dare not lose them
(For they go where they might)

and if my mind had sent them to my hand
my hand would ever yield,
for my hand is the hand of a willful doer
ever taking field

and if my hand could mold the pen
and the pen mold the words,
I should hope that my mind had not forgot
to put them into verse!

However my mind had forgotten
to mold them into verse,
to sing them carefully to my heart
so as to better coerce the words

I would have rather have blurted
all the words out
than to have ever thought to rehearse
which might not have been worse

After all of this, hoping to recoup,
I've still two poems to write,
to handle my pen, to yield to my heart.
When, ever so stately, has a person's poem fallen apart?

Annie Cordelia Adams

We Stand Facing at Two Ends of a Field

We Stand unlike acquaintances
Across the field, in mere view
The grey, overcast world is new
I sit at my desk, writing you

I peer out the frosted white window
And see the rain afar, across the field
Behind the tree you lean concealed
My heart is at a height i cannot know

I leave my body for a different view
to see the ground underneath
my feet won't touch the ground
my ears don't hear a sound

the rain stops, the wind stops
the frosted window opens
and there i float above the clouds
into the open air, in the light of the sun

i am lifted to, and my hands reach out
the sun is so bright i cannot shout
and it warms my very spirit
like an eagle from its eyrie i dive about

Hero! save my proud existence from its fall
If i could even speak at all
I'd ask you to break this wall
as we stand facing at two ends of a field

my heart is twisting, wreathed with joy
never thoughts of moving
for i only want to look at you
from the other side of that wall

i stand in the mud six inches deep
and a rainbow through the mist is formed
all is a tranquil freeze at noon
as the sun whispers, silently unrevealed

i've still not moved for two days hence
our world a narration plot of wonder
yet ended by the twenty and four miles
that lay between us tomorrow and forever

i stand in the mud six inches deep
and what events should ever take place
i'll hold them in my heart like a broken glass
a menagerie of collected memories of your love

Annie Cordelia Adams