

## Poetry Series

# April Swanson

- poems -

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## **Could this be me?**

I wish to know the truth,  
The truth of life.

How to be perfect,  
What's wrong, what's right.

Not to disobey,  
To curse or lie.  
To cheat, to steal, to hurt, to cry.

To not have emotions that scars the heart.  
To not crumble and fall apart.

To fail at a goal I'd wished to succeed.  
Because I had believed in me.

To let my pride be broken down.  
And let all the pain in, not out.

To let sin lead me on a path.  
To hope that love would bring me back.

To know that all these things are true...  
Could this be me, could this be you?

April Swanson

## Grasping Isolated

Lonely are these days  
Followed by these nights,  
Lonely am I,  
In so many ways

So lonely am I,  
That it bring tears  
Casting out my inner fear

Crying only a little bit is no use  
Happiness hides in the last tear  
And I wept it  
All that was lost becomes found...  
Burning in my eyes

A shadow is floating through the moonlight.  
And the night holds its breath  
The air is full of emotions to feel,  
And I drink in them passionately

Alone am I,  
With all these feelings,  
I'm Alone to wander  
Alone to ponder  
What should have been between us

Alone to cry  
to smile  
And all the while  
Alone to discover  
A world full of twisted beauty

The fears that I dream  
of things that I should not say  
But I'm Alone with my dreams,  
Alone each and every day

Alone in morning  
Afternoon and the night  
Alone without knowing  
Being alone is not right

I'm not satisfied  
Thinking these thoughts like I do  
When I know there is someone out there  
Who is just as confused

But I'll keep these emotions in check and hidden  
This person doesn't need to know how I felt,  
And they don't need to be forgiven

But for now...

I will continue alone

And stand alone...

For I'm not ready to have them back by my side

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## **Kissed by Death**

Sometimes I am in my own world,  
Bleak, Isolated from others.  
Most the time I can't understand diseases,  
Why they take away our sisters and brothers.

They seize what little grasp of life I've just begun.  
A dent in my armor,  
My shield is being slung.

Doors are closing,  
Like wind blowing them as we speak.  
My body is shutting down,  
It is becoming too weak.

Your hand is slipping from my grasp,  
Too far away to grab.  
The protection I once felt inside,  
Is slipping without my command.

I laugh in the face of evil,  
O, the many things I've had to face.  
The pains, the laughs, the cries,  
Well all that now will be washed away.

I want to know that I have been to the extreme,  
That I have searched every corner,  
Every little nook and cranny.

That I did not go without a fight,  
That my choice was not death,  
but of life.

I will rise as I try to fight the tides,  
Which are beginning to drag me in,  
I'm drowning here,  
But the battle will soon happen again.

To others out in the world,  
As unlucky as I,  
To be stuck with this melancholy,  
This fight between it and thy.

Tomorrow will come  
it may be my last,  
Please make the most of today  
Life overtakes lives too fast.

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## **Necessity**

I'm the host of imperfection  
But you see past all that  
I'm not the prettiest by some standards  
but in your eyes I'm the best  
you see potential in all my flaws  
and that's exactly what I need  
When I want you the most  
You wait on me,  
my necessity

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## Perfect

I press a leaf against my cheek,  
It crackles like a log smoldering in a fire.

The wind stirs, bringing a rhythm of dancing colors,  
swirling with every blow of wind, and I try grasping the rainbow in my hands.

I toss fistfuls in the air, giggling as they float and whirl around me.  
Capturing me in blanket of happiness, a carpet of security along the ground.

A red colored leaf brushes my shoulder and glides to the ground,  
begging to be touched.  
The color blazes an image in my mind, and I reach out to its temptations.  
Scuffing my boots on the ground,  
I bend down to marvel at its exquisiteness.

My hand reaches out, stroking its curled edges and delicate condition.  
The stem has broken off, the leaf is damaged.

Coming across the imperfection,  
The effect the leaf gives is hypnotizing.  
Looking past its warped rim and fragile state it begs to be picked as special,  
distinctive.

Neither spring nor summers' beauty compares to fall's dazzling display.  
Fall brings such magnificence that nothing measures up to a pleasant  
autumn day.

A smile plays across my lips.  
It's perfect.  
The fallen leaf is nothing more than a summer waving goodbye.

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## Sensations

I am desolate and in the dark, with feelings vacant; unfilled.  
I am as numb as my toes in the snow.

The winter nights feels like all the others-  
dark, cold, with the touch of depression beckoning me.

Each powerful, and resistant of command.  
Each breath I take leaves my lungs caged with icy bitterness, and my skin left tingling.

Morning is coming. The air begins to warm,  
And I am no longer stuck with the emptiness of the night.

The days grow longer, yielding and filled with promise.  
Negativity does not pull down as much; it is bending and breaking with each passing moment.

My shoulders no longer feel weighed down with impossibilities,  
And I look towards the horizon as it begins to blossom with colors, changing and being its' own.

And I look towards the fields, Miles and miles of encouragement,  
Painting a picture in my mind.

They day has just begun, a snap-shot only to the naked-eye.  
Many wish to see these days in its splendor, but few actually see.

The sun begins to soak up nights' way of doing, and spreads its' beauty, a job needed done just right.  
Several can paint the picture, but the image in the heart is far more graphic.

So the night gives way, if only for a little while.  
It is days' turn now, to sculpt an image fit for perfection.

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## Whirlwind

The emotions inside my heart,

W I S T and T I W N D

Through tunnels,  
Looking for a way out.  
It seems the key to my heart has gone missing  
Have you seen it?

I've searched hard and long  
Anxiety kicking in  
Yet I've gotten no clue  
Nor trace of where it is

But then it hits me  
Like a perfect shot on a bulls-eye  
I know exactly where the key is,  
It's been there this whole time

The key hadn't been thrown away  
Misplaced or misused  
This whole time  
The key's been kept safe in a special place....  
With you

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