

Poetry Series

Ariana Cherry

- poems -

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Ariana Cherry (6/28/1981)

Ariana R. Cherry has been a poet since about the tender age of 11. She began writing stories at age 9 and then switched to poetry as she got older.

She was born June 28th, 1981 in the heart of Illinois and still resides there today with her husband and her daughter.

She has published 2 collections of poetry and currently has many more in the works.

Her dream is to inspire people everywhere with her poetry and to let them know that anybody's dream can come alive!

She is also president of her own poetry club that she started in her area. They perform poetry readings and meet once a month.

Ariana is also designer of her own handmade jewelry collection: Sentimental Jewelry. Each bracelet comes with an original poem. You can see her jewelry at www.sentimentaljewelrycreations.com

If you would like to buy other books or materials from Ariana R. Cherry, you can do so by visiting: <http://www.lulu.com/booksbyariana>

Works:

Through Her Eyes: Published April 2006

The Real Me-Xtended: Published April 2004

The Eyes of Reality (ebook) Published 2002

A Child's Lost Treasure

Shiny gold penny
Nineteen-thirty-one, year grandma was born
My life of memories in this one cent,
But my penny is priceless

That walk in the rain with the clouds hanging down
Grandma at my side
Everything useless compared to my special treasure
I found it with my grandma the day before she passed away
At the thought of that, a tear slides down my cheek
Like the rain walk me and grandma took

How I miss, How I wish this penny could bring her back
But I remember the sweet sincere memories of her
When I look down in my hand
She held the penny before she died

I said it would make her feel better, she had no pain
But it is mine, who sits crying in the rain
This penny is priceless,
It is this that reborns my grandma all over again
Like the rain on my cheek on a cloudy day

Ariana Cherry

An Animal for the Day

If I could be an animal for the day,
And sweep away the stress of the busy human way,

I might decide to be a graceful horse.
The beauty of the horse,
So grand with soft colorful coats of coarse hair.
And the way they gallop through the fields of land and flowers,
Without a care in the world.
A horse for the day, would be like a young innocent child,
Running carefree in the warm sunshine,
The brightness surrounding and sparkling on that precious coat of fine beauty.

Or perhaps I may decide to be a wild lazy alley cat.
And lounge in the tall hidden green grass,
Chase animals for a big mysterious adventure,
Or cuddle in a loving person's lap
Without a worry in sight.
Falling asleep in the cool evening night.

And then I could fly high up above in the deep blue skies.
Soaring beyond the clouds feeling free and nothing but the
Wind in my wings.
I wouldn't have to worry about keeping my feet on the ground,
Or where I was going.
I could fly beyond my destination, wherever the wind would take me...
There wouldn't be a certain time, or place.
It would just be a flight, going to wherever and whenever I may please.

There's something mysterious, yet something precious about these animals.
They don't experience that stress of the daily human.
Most just graze, play, run, and fly-
Why sometimes a human should take this wise advice to their own minds.

Take a moment to graze,
Or run about in a field nearby-
Feel the sunshine against your face.
And pretend, that just for a minute,
You might be one of these animals,
Just for a day.

Ariana Cherry

Cardboard Box

When I was young, I lived in a box
It was like any other home...
there were rules to follow
and we all ate at the table during dinner.

Yet, my space and area were limited,
as I was only able to peek from my selected area at limited intervals.

Occasionally, sunlight would filter in,
splashing my face with warmth,
and touching my heart with a hope to escape.

Any moment, I would try to sneak through the cracks, an arm would grab me, and pull me back in the box.

My emotions and wisdom were almost taking up too much room -
As I was growing too large to fit into this box,
It was almost time to find another one.

No matter how hard I tried to escape,
the cracks that were once visible, began getting taped back together.
Soon after, sunlight had stopped filtering in.
It was time for a new box.

I became angry..
Filled with rage.
No longer was I allowed space.
I could suffocate any moment.

I tore off the tape, and let in the sunlight.
Then I ripped down the box on all the sides,
Shredding the box until it was no more.
My heart had warned.

It was time for a new box.

I escaped in fury, perhaps madness.
But now, my heart and mind had plenty of room to grow in this world.

Later on, I replaced the box.
This one had windows on all sides,
A window for every time one wanted to look out into the world.

One should be able to look into the future, without living in darkness.

Ariana Cherry

Dreams and Jesus

Into the midst, lies a flame of untold glories....
Just breathe...
Just breathe, and the night will go away.

Into the fog, I hold out my hands.
'Come and touch me, Ive been waiting...
See me, for there is a drought throughout the lands.'

Just breathe, and he will hold me,
'Just breathe my child, and your faith will awaken.'

I am afraid
I am forsaken,
A man tells me the story of a drought in the land...

Who will bring me water?
Who will bring me hope?

'Just breathe, and your questions will be answered.'

And the man opens my closed eyes.
'My child, here is your land...'

My heart is restless.
My mind aches of confusion.
Who will bring me faith?
Who has brought on this resurrection?
Who will provide me water to my lands?

Again, I close my eyes,
and a strange man holds ot his hand.
'Just breathe and I will hold you.
Let your steps become mine and I will carry you.

For thou name is Jesus, and it is I who has brought on this resurrection.
I will bring you your water.'

Ariana Cherry

Dreams of the Night

When I lay myself to sleep at night,
Sometimes the questioning things that I see
through the depths of my mind
May seem just not quite right.

The faraway lands and places that I might roam,
Or the people and strangers that I may meet,
Sometimes some of these things can scare me
To the very tips of my feet.

I sleep within the dark,
Hidden under warm cozy covers,
But see cold and cruel worlds that I might have never known
Or experience fears, that seem so real,
Waking me with a shudder, early in the morning hours...
Too scared to talk, and perhaps share with someone else much later.

Then there are those times,
I get to visit with someone whom I used to love.
My heart filling with warmth, but still experiencing that distant heartache,
Yearning to feel their presence once again.

Or I might dream an image of something beautiful from nature,
Or clips from my life, and receive an inspiration,
Or maybe even get to talk with God.
He will let me know that everything will be okay.
Those dreams throughout the night,
Are beyond more than the mind's imagination.

Perhaps they are signs from another place,
Or another time.
Whatever they are, they really do serve me
My inspiration.

There are fears, hopes, happiness,
But overall, they are my dreams of the night.
Although I may awake with a shudder or a tear.
God will be right there, throughout the evening...
Helping me through this change of atmosphere.

Perhaps it's just a sign
Letting me know that this very life,
Just isn't all mine.

Ariana Cherry

Finding Home

She awoke just a few moments after sunrise.
Feeling the wetness of morning dew sticking to her face
After a long sleep upon the cold grassy ground.

Gathering her strength to awaken tired eyes,
She stretches in a state of confusion.
At once, she questions herself how she ever had ended up here
In the first place.

Laying upon this cold damp grass,
She finds herself in a yard she once called home.
Yet with no memory or recollection of how she traveled here.

Perhaps it was her deep conscious that lead her to this drunken state.
Sometimes her heart knew how much home was missed before she too
Could realize it herself.

Feeling around her surroundings, her heart felt an unwelcoming ache.

A place she played while she was young...
Yet a place, deserted years ago.

Looking to the sun, tears stung her virgin eyes.
"Please bring me home, " she whispers

So many years after a wrong turn,
Her growing journey had stopped to a halt.
... An aching heart that had begun to lead the way."

"Please bring me home.." again she whispered.
With a ray of glorious light, the loving arms of a golden angel
Wrapped herself around the poor young girl's fragile body,
And carried her to a cozy brick home with a antique red door,
a heart engraved with the word "home" hung upon it.

An elderly couple answered and immediate embraced this young tearful woman.
The Lord, had helped her finally find her way home
after such a troublesome journey.

"I love you mom and dad, " she whispered.

Ariana Cherry

MASK

She sees her face in the mirror.
A face unknown to herself,
But lights up the rest of the world.
She tries to remember the last time,
That she really saw herself for who she was.

Once a believer,
Now a follower.
Once a lover,
Now a giver.
Once demanding,
Now twice shy.

Who was she?
Who was she?

The question goes unanswered every day.
It doesn't matter.
All that mattered was that she lived
Her life to the fullest.
That's all that mattered.

Never once did anybody love her for
Who she was.

Ariana Cherry

Memories in the Car

Sometimes when I'm sitting in the car alongside
in the passenger's seat
Next to my love as he travels to our next destination,
I'm busy driving elsewhere.

I may be driving to many a years ago to childhood memories as we pass certain
familiar spots,
Or busy daydreaming to the inspirations from the music on the radio.

I'll travel to the good times of a youthful childhood when passing an old country spot
where a home once stood.
All the beautiful sunshine days I spend outside as a little girl,
Or the magical Christmases celebrated in that old house,
Although it no longer stands, the picture is forever built in my mind.

There have been times we've passed a public park in my old hometown and I'll daydream
When my love and I began dating...

So many summer nights spent laughing and frolicking in that park...

And then I'll turn my to my love and smile,
Then grab his hand, as we continue to drive.

Minutes later, as a memory passes,
As song will dance to my ears from the radio, and yet
Carry my mind miles away again.

I may dream of dancing, stardom, the old high school days, love,
Or even my little girl, all grown up.
It shall depend how those musical cords shall hit me.

Slowly, silently, I'll drift off to my special dreamland.
Relaxed, with memory tunes playing in my mind.

Before I know it, my love softly nudges me and reports,
"Honey, we're here."

And our destination is met for many more memories to be created,
Driving down those dreamy roads.

Ariana Cherry

Mindless Puddles

'Stopping in midthought to take a break. Those sweet temptations...
Spectacular.'

That bitter-sweet tempting taste of a reality not so real.
A craving that strikes when the miraculous impurities of boredom hit you over the head.

When our imaginations interrupt our life
And
Suddenly we find it parading itself in front of us, when we look upon ourselves in the mirror.

'Ah...that bitter-sweet taste...'
....tempting, but not quite real
Real?
Real what?

Stopping in mid-thought, catching a breath,
As our life is put on pause

While everyone else continues, making it so
Much harder to catch up.....
Yet, bitter-sweet temptation...
'Spectacular'!

Running, running...sweat dripping down our face into mindless puddles
On the ground.
Why we keep running, is the question
That is being asked.

'Just take a break'
Just take a break'

Those sweet impurities, my friend,
That bitter-sweet taste.

Running from a reality that is quite so,
So.....not real.

Imagining in the mirror as our face brings us delusion
When our complexion is staring back at us.

'Just take a break'
From that bitter-sweet taste
Of reality, that lies untold
Into that mindless puddle
On the ground.

Ariana Cherry

Nighttime Blues

Tonight, Lord, I say a prayer to you.
Before I lay my head down to sleep.
While I try to promise to myself,
That I dare not weep.

I pray to you,
That you give me the strength to battle the challenges in my life.
As you know, Lord, the pain-
It cuts through my heart like a knife.

I pray for all of those who are in pain.
Please let them know, Lord,
That soon enough, they will not hurt again.

My Lord, please come sit near.
Embrace me with your loving warmth.
As it will help dry every shedding tear.

Lord, I can feel your touch.
As I raise my love to you.
My faith in you, and your faith in me-
It means so much.

I need you here with me tonight.
I know there have been other easier nighttime dreams,
But Lord, this time, these tears are so just so hard to fight.

I give my heart to you,
And you take my pain-
Breaking it in two.

You give me the strength, the power, and the courage to see it through.
Lord, its so amazing, all these things that you do.
Even if its just the simple things,
Like taking away, my nighttime blues.

Ariana Cherry

Saying Goodbye After a Sweet Sunset

Down by the sandy and secluded beach, I witness an alive and glowing sunset.
Shielding my burning eyes from its blinding rays, I lean down on bended knee,
as it begins to sing me her departing song to my restless and aching heart.

Her song flows through my veins, warming the cool blood in my shivering body.
The musical songs of her departure echo throughout the tired lands of the world.
As she begins to pull the tears from my once dry eyes,
My sunset bellows out her pain-staking grief.

I embrace each minute of her fading glimmers of shine.
For I kindly remind her of the next beginning day once the first promising star is born.

Only now can a streak of sun be barely viewed across the once blue sky line...
Her graceful landing and fall into her soft bed of clouds has painted a fiery color across
the earth,
creating an energy full of hope.

And now...

My tears no longer fall, and
My blood no longer runs cold.

The sunset's grief has emptied herself through my soul.

For her night has come to a peaceful rest,
As I begin to move on,
dancing throughout the new night.

Ariana Cherry

The Lord Won't Let Me Sleep

I'm so tired...
I could use a cup of coffee to get me wired-
With lots of caffeine and perhaps a bite of chocolate or two-
You know what I mean...
It's just that I've been up all night writing,
But when I glanced down at my paper,
There wasn't a darn thing!

It's been stored up in my mind
There, talking to me every time.

"OH Lord! ' I cry out
'Help me, I'm in a bind! '

I close my eyes and listen as he responds...
'My child, go rest your weary little head.
Skip that coffee and go straight to bed.
And then after your sweet peaceful sleep,
Go get your tablet, and write, write.... write away.....

And I promise dear one,
This time, I won't make a peep.'

Finally this poor little writer drifted off to a deep, deep sleep.

Ariana Cherry

Through the Trees

Through the trees,
There's a world beyond you and me...
Up above through the clouds and past the sun,
And home beyond the farthest galaxies.

A world of hope, forgiveness, and love.
An everlasting supply of warmth provided by our Lord & savior who reigns up above.

Where you'll never shed a tear of sadness-
Up there, there's just a well overflowing with gladness.

Through the trees,
There's a world beyond you and me.
Heaven
A place that our Lord will some day call us home to be.

Ariana Cherry