

Poetry Series

CeCe Lamberts

- poems -

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CeCe Lamberts (12 December 1969)

A single mother of 3, I was born and raised in Greece, but spent most of my adult life in the US, where I went for studies in engineering. I currently live and work in Greece, enjoying the laid-back life style, the warm weather, the bright sun and the blue sky almost every day of the year and the sense of belonging. My poems reflect my psychological status at the time; I always get a kick out of reading an old poem realizing how differently I used to see my life back then...

(Un) happy Easter

Blue sky
Sun shining
A beautiful day
I was there at the beach
Blue-green salty water
Green mountain behind me
Crisp fresh air
Nature at its best

In complete contrast to this beauty
We were all there trying to make it work
three divorced lonely adults
and a bunch of angry confused kids
Wondering why this Easter feels so weird
Roasting away our misery
Together with the easter lamb
A dysfunctional group
Wearing happy masks
Each one wrapped in our thoughts
Thought maybe we could all have a normal Easter.
Guess not.

Caught myself still thinking of you
Checking my phone for messages
But it stood there quiet.
Your memory's surely fading
But it's still there
Nagging me, making me moody
Pain in my stomach
You'll soon fade completely, I know,
Others will come to hurt me some more
Just like you did
Bravo to you for being so effective
Be proud, you really did it for me
Add this one to your life achievements
Hope you sleep well at night feeling guilty
for shattering my heart.

Written on April 9,2007

CeCe Lamberts

A wedding

Sitting in the balcony
I hear happy car horns
I see well-polished cars passing by,
beautiful with flowers and white ribbons on the antennas
A wedding...

The bride dressed in white, smiling
The flower girls next to her with their little baskets
The parents well-groomed and dressed looking good
A beautiful picture...

I look at them and smile bitterly
I wanna run to them and stop'em right there
'Stop, don't do it, ' I wanna yell
'You still have time to save yourselves
and save the lives of other innocent unborn souls'

All this good-looking picture is a fraud
Soon beauty will become ugliness
and sweet words will turn into insults
You don't know what you're putting yourselves through.

The pain will be harsh and unbearable
The lies, humiliation and rejection endless
You're not prepared for what you're gonna go through
Noone is prepared for so much pain...

I'm thinking maybe I'm exaggerating
Maybe I'll ruin your special day for no reason
Maybe things are not that bad
And I look around me
I see the ruins of a life emerging from the rooms of our beautiful house
Marble and granite shining empty from feelings
Lights everywhere shedding light to the lack of humanity, happiness and dignity
Cold and heartless luxury, empty like my soul
And three couples of eyes, innocent and hurt asking me why and picking up the ruins
of their angel souls

No, I'm not exaggerating
I'm trying to remember where I lived the last precious moment of my marriage
I'm trying, but I can't
My memory filled with the hurt of separation
Every chair an insult, every corner a moment of humiliation, a lie and hypocrisy
In the bedroom, it was 'we're finished'
In the balcony, 'you've destroyed my life'
In the living-room, 'I wish I had never met you'
In the hallway, 'I made you into what you are today'
In the office, 'the third child was the biggest mistake of your life'
In the kitchen, 'I'll destroy you, I don't care about your kids'
In the family room, 'you, arrogant bitch'
No, I'm not exaggerating, nothing can prepare you for so much pain.

And now, I'm picking up my pieces one-by-one trying to compose my new self,
And I see what I compose and don't recognize it
What you see today isn't me, I wasn't like this
My marriage made me like this
Twenty years and three kids later I don't know who I am or where I go
People standing by me without a meaning
I don't need consolation and wishes
I want my life back to do whatever I wish with it
But that's not possible
I must live today, now, with my pain, my loneliness, my responsibilities and my
children.
That's my reality.
Desperation: That was my marriage.

Written on: September 11,2006

CeCe Lamberts

Being single and content

I've been a willing victim for quite some time
been used by people left and right
letting them string me along for a long time
trying to hold on, with all my might.

I've always been all ears
I've always been all heart
I've been open about my fears
I've been trusting from the start.
I've been doing this for years
when a promising friend appears.
I should know better, cause I'm smart
In life, there are no volunteers.

I've been raised to believe
that being good and giving is a virtue;
that it's better to give than to receive,
that one should never try to deceive,
that this way you can happiness achieve.
But such kindness people can't conceive
Many will as neediness perceive
Oh, God, how can I be so naive?

But I'm here to tell the world
that when I'm kind and giving
when I'm open and vulnerable
when I'm honest about my feelings
when I'm a good listener
and a good friend
when I'm full of empathy
and full of love and affection
and when I'm ready to jump in fire for you
and wholeheartedly into a friendship,
consuming myself for a relationship
and staying up at night caring,
it's not because I need emotional validation
it's not because I need yours or other's approval
it's not because I need sexual fulfillment
it's not because I need to feel loveable
it's not because I need to feel worthy,
It's because THAT'S WHO I AM!

I've come to terms with my aloneness
I've come to terms with my singleness
I am content, right here-right now.
I know who I am,
I know how much I'm worth
I know how much I can achieve
I can move mountains if I want to.
And I have a treasure hidden away in a chest
Three pairs of brown eyes that are more precious than gold.
And I'm blessed and rich because of that.

If you wanna judge me for showing weakness
Go right ahead
But it won't make me a lesser person.
Cause, thank God, I know who I am!

Written on July 26,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Chance or choice?

Life is about chance
Life is about choice
What if I'm your chance
But you're not my choice?

Things in life happen either by chance or by choice

When life's chance
Brings you before a choice
Don't take a chance
Listen to your inner voice

You're my choice
My only choice
I go around in circles
And you're still my choice

Met you by chance
And you were my choice
I was your chance
But why not your choice?

I make one step ahead
And two steps behind
Thought I was over you
But you're still on my mind

(Inspired by what my good friend Aashish Ameya had to say about life)

Written on April 18,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Do you believe in God?

I'm down on my knees thanking You
My palms and my eyes facing the sky
You proved to me once again
You were right here with me
Listening to my prayers.

You have sent me signs before
Some call them internal signs
Little do they know of Your existence
When others state that You have died
You are proving to me,
coincidence after coincidence,
that You are listening.
That You will have the whole universe
conspire on my behalf
to satisfy, not just a caprice,
but to only get what I've earned
by investing my soul for months.
I know what to do with this now.

Enlightenment and health is all I'm asking
Not wealth or beauty or career
Enlightenment to make wise choices in life.

When all else fails,
I treasure Your gifts:
my three angels
and You in my heart.

Written on August 22,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Have you ever been to Scotland?

Have you ever been to Scotland?
It's where English is spoken with the sweetest accent
It's where people roll their 'r's and call each other 'mate'
It's where the whiskey is single-malt and it's to die for
It's where guys are named Ian,
play rugby and look pretty damn good
It's where 'cheers' is called 'slaandjivaa'
It's where Glenmorangie and Isle of Jura is made
It's where men wear kilts
(noone has ever looked this good in a skirt)
and bagpipers play in every corner.

Ever been to Edinburgh?
Ever seen that castle from Princess street?
It's the city where the friendliest people live
People open, warm, fun-loving and hospitable
People eager to get to know a stranger like me
Eager to buy me drinks, to show me around town,
Eager to party, to sing, to do the karaoke thing,
To walk to just about every pub in town
To smoke, to laugh, to arm-wrestle, to stay up all night

Ever been to Arthur's seat at night?
Ever seen the views from up there?
I've been there myself
I've sat around a fire
with artists and festival performers
Drinking whiskey and champagne
A complete stranger all by myself
Yet feeling so well embraced by everybody

Ever been to Scotland?
If you haven't, you gotta go up there,
Meet some of the coolest people on earth
Feel the magic, have fun, keep an open mind
Let the place inspire you, let the culture affect you,
And come back a different person...

Written on September 16,2007

CeCe Lamberts

How do you like me now?

Don't tell me what to do
to gain acceptance from others
Don't ask me to pretend
to be someone else
for my own sake...
Don't offer me your strategies
to get this guy to like me.

Your strategies are worthless to me
Your criticism leaves me indifferent
I don't need your patronizing
Keep your advice to yourself

I don't do things to be likeable
I just do things for myself

Do you think I care
what he thinks of me?
Do you think I care
if he likes me?
Do you think I'm afraid
of his rejection?

Well, think again!

I've been too good for too long
Enough!
It's time to clean house
To toss the bossy ones in the trash
To bury the dead six feet under
To burn their papers
To cut through their pictures
To delet their files
To turn the page.

Written on August 19,2007

CeCe Lamberts

I met my fate

Some time ago I met my fate
I met my fate in two brown eyes
Saw him and knew he was my mate
so funny, cool, but yet so wise.

Heard his voice and loved it,
Saw his face and loved it,
Read his writings and loved it,
Heard him talk and melted,

Love his hair turning gray,
Love his accent so sweet
I don't think I can convey
How he makes me feel complete.

I know that fate plays games with me
That has always been the case
Because together we cannot be
Gotta forget that gorgeous face.

He's got everything I dream
I said 'for him I'd change religion'
He shines for me as a light beam
But...he lives in another region.

I gotta try to find myself
I gotta live in 'here and now'
I need to work on my inner self
Gotta do it, but I don't know how.

My quest for findings has started
My fate will help me here, I know
I feel so powerless and daunted
But have a life plan to bestow.

Written on April 26,2007

CeCe Lamberts

I wanna cry

I wanna cry for everything I've missed
I wanna cry for my youth that's gone by
I wanna cry 'cause today I realize that I've lost my soul
I wanna cry for the endless violation of my persona
For the humiliation of who I am and what I can achieve.

I wanna cry 'cause I can't pretend any more
It's incredibly difficult to wear the smiling mask that everybody expects from you
I wanna cry 'cause I'm weak, small and worthless, and at the same time too old to do
what I wanna do
I wanna cry 'cause I wanna be a kid again but I can't,
I wanna cry 'cause I grew too old, too fast
I wanna cry for the freshness and spontaneity that I can't find in me anymore

I wanna cry 'cause I need a warm hug to embrace me, but I can't find one
'Cause even the parental hug that opens up demands and expects wisdom from me
'Cause people around me won't let me be frivolous and make mistakes
I wanna cry 'cause I'm tired of being strong
I wanna break
Wanna break into hundreds of little pieces
Like the twin towers after a terrorist attack

I wanna fall
I wanna be left alone by everyone to fall
I wanna go low, real low,
So low that nothing will matter any more
Why won't you let me fall?
Let me fall and don't give me your advice
I wanna fall low, where all my life I was told I belonged, low,
And once I'm low, I wanna hide
In clouds of smoke and sin, in the anonymity of being low
Maybe then I can emerge strong again
I wanna fall but I fear I'll take others with me
I fear I may take my three little angels with me
And I must stand by them strong once again and not fall.

I wanna cry
I wanna curl up in my bed and cry for hours, maybe for days, weeks, months,
How long should I cry to wash away a life of 20 years?
I wanna cry lots of tears
I wanna cry floods of tears, hoping to wash and cleanse my soul
Hoping to wash away the life that diminished and devalued my ego for so long
That made me have no respect for my self
That made me reject my own soul and my own laughter
That made me feel ashamed for who I am
That made me feel guilty for even existing.

I wanna cry floods of tears
And when I'm done crying I wanna drink my own tears
I wanna drink my tears to quench my thirst
To quench my thirst for life, for laughter, for fun, for company, for people
To quench my thirst for love, for acceptance, for empathy

My thirst for simple, little, everyday, normal things.

It's awful to be thirsty all your life
It's awful to live a life dehydrated from happiness
My thirst isn't gonna get quenched easily like that
I've been dehydrated for so long and plain water won't be enough
I need IV drips and drugs
I need to lie down with the IV drips in my arms
Doing nothing but recover
'Cause my dehydration is chronic and is making me ill
One by one my systems are failing
I don't know if I can make it, if I can survive this.

I wanna cry but I can't
The tears of redemption aren't running
Life has taught me not to cry
Life's made me tough, feeling no pain or joy
Couldn't survive otherwise
But it's time to take out this steel suit of armor
I want to feel this unbearable pain
To feel my lost youth
To feel the deep rejection and the spit on my face
To feel my non-existing happiness, the void of despair of lost time
To feel the offenses, the lies, the dirt
To feel the hate of this man that was so close to me all these years
To feel his derogatory and frozen look
To feel the hopelessness of all my efforts
To feel how useless everything I gave my life for was
To feel this pain that's so familiar to me, and...cry.

Written on September 4,2006

CeCe Lamberts

Last call

Over half a century ago, a little boy, Baz, came into life
He had a heart pure and white like the snow
Was smart and perceptive and needed to be loved and embraced
Needed to feel accepted to grow up to be a warm independent man
but that didn't happen.

Baz was not held when he cried at night
couldn't curl up in his mother's arms for comfort
didn't know her smell or what her touch felt like
Had noone to wipe his tears
Noone to quiet his fears
Noone to calm him after a nightmare
Noone to be proud of him
Baz had a stranger for a father
Baz had to survive in tough conditions
His pure little soul was dying, not flourishing
as children don't just need food and water to grow
but unlimited love, acceptance and affection to mature.
Baz didn't mature
Had to kill any need for emotion and closeness to survive
Grew up in the body, but not in the soul
He's only half the man he could be
Walks around empty, void, cold and distant
Hides behind excuses for living only half his life.

Baz has a heart pure and white like the snow
Doesn't want to hurt his people but can't help it
So used to being frozen inside and on his own that has nothing to give
His sons grow up angry and confused, as he can feed their bodies but not their souls
Nobody fed his soul
They don't want to be half the men like him
Their soul is starving for emotional nutrition
They don't know whose fault it is, just demand to be nourished
Baz can't teach them how to feel the pain of this void
Can't teach them how to cry tears of redemption
Doesn't know how
So they feel anger, the only familiar painful feeling he taught them to feel

Baz is willing to blame his emptiness on anyone:
The exes, the system, the friends, all others
Baz feels lost and has no purpose in life
Baz does find people who love and care for him
but serves them with a lot of pain and pushes them away violently
Baz doesn't know how to be loved
Gets defensive when faced with love, care and affection
Feels violated and intruded, feels angry like his sons
There are places in his white heart that noone has touched
Distance and isolation is much more comfortable for Baz
It's such a shame as his heart is pure and could give so much.

Baz often wonders why he's alone
How come he has no relatives, friends or extended family

Why his wife left him
Why his sons aren't close to him
Why he isn't happy
But who could stay close-by?
Who could be happy living only half his life?
Anyone who tries to get closer gets pushed away violently
Who could love so quietly, with such patience and tolerance for Baz's emptiness?
Who could give love day after day and get nothing in return?
Who could love even after Baz asks them to stop loving and to 'go with the flow? '
Who? Only a mother could. No woman will bear this, no child will take it. No wife,
lover, friend, son or relative.
I'm getting exhausted trying, but Baz won't let me in.
The love that Baz asks is motherly love, but it's too late for that.

If only he would listen to the few people who still love him
If only he would make tiny changes in his life
If only he would let people who care touch him
If only he would let those who care step on his white untouched soul
If only he would absorb some of the love offered to him and not reflect it away
If only he would stop shutting doors and keep one of them open
God has given him and keeps giving him chances
It's not too late to try
Why won't he?

Written on January 23,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Let me show you the colors

I met you a Friday night
In the midst of alcohol and smoke
I was attracted to your looks
Your smile, your youth, your worry-free style
We had a great weekend together
We touched the surface and liked it

How about going any deeper now?
You're smart, young and free
All the world right there in front of you
All paths of life open to you
Which path you choose is your choice

I wanna tap in your inner world
To see what's in there
I love the outside
But I can't tell what you're hiding inside

Your view of life quite simple and simplistic
You seem to feel in black and white
and a few shades of gray
I wanna show you the colors
I wanna show you the whole spectrum of the rainbow
'Cause my inner world is very colorful
It's got dark colors, black and blue and purple
for all hell I've been through that you know nothing about
It's got all kinds of reds
For the passion I live in every moment
It's got greens that are fading
For the hope I desperately seek but can't seem to find
The hope in people that surround me
And it's got white, lots of white,
waiting to be colored by the next artist that comes by my life
'Cause you see, everybody leaves his mark on me,
everybody!

You claim to be sensitive and emotional
So much potential there!
It's your choice to use it
You talk about being in a relationship
What the hell is that?
Who makes these fucking rules?
Where are they written?
When two people are naked and holding each other,
Labels don't matter, my dear
It's the souls that speak
Take or reject, but don't categorize...
You say relationship,
do you mean emotional attachment?
Is that what scares you?

Recognize your spirit

Find it, bring it out, honor it
Don't kill it
Let it express the YOU,
let it free and let it guide you
Don't think, don't categorize, don't label
Just feel
Filter people and situations through your soul
Close your eyes and ask yourself how it feels
Look for the hues of colors
You'll find them, I know
You're young and your heart is pure and undamaged
But you'll have to allow people to touch you
You'll have to open up for that
Will you let me touch you?
Are you ready for the challenge?
Can you stay open, listen, feel and reconsider?
I can't give you my heart
'Cause I don't have it,
it belongs to someone else
But I can show you the colors.

Written on May 19,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Life's Illusions

How worrisome it is, when you realize
That your so-called reality has been an illusion,
A dreamy interpretation of perception
Based on an "untold agreement" between those
Taking part in this fantasy!

The time comes when you realize what's been happening
And you become an objective observer of your life.
You get removed from yourself
And take the spectator's seat.

What do you see?

You see yourself not really living your life.
You see promotions at work that don't matter
The blue of the sky and the sea that leave you disinterested,
The warmth of the sun
And the beauty of summer that find you indifferent,
The laughter of your children that goes unnoticed,
The little things and the big things in life happening without you.
You see yourself absent from your own life
All real source of happiness and joy
Being blurred from a fixation,
An obsession, a fantasy, an illusion
That you play in your head over and over
Filling yourself with fake hope
And draining all happiness and meaning out of you.

How can you live your life in the "here" and "now"
When you've been living in "hyperspace" and "never"?
How can you make your presents better than your pasts
When you live neither in the present, nor in the past,
But in a time-less space-less illusion?

Why are you wasting every breath
blowing in a bubble that's getting larger every day
And is about to burst?

For years I've been searching for the truth in my life.
I've been trying to record all coordinates and events of my past
And through them, to explain my motives and actions today.
I'm not in search of the truth any more.
I'm now against illusions
I'm now fighting the magic
I'm now bursting the bubble
I'm now having a funeral
Celebrating the life and death of nothing
Celebrating the life and death of just written words
And putting this part of my life to rest.

I now know that illusions may offer short-term relief to my tried soul
But they eventually leave it weak and limited.

I've nurtured the fantasy for some time now
Knowing what I was doing
But having nothing better to offer myself
Being afraid of leaving myself naked
In the freezing cold of my harsh reality.
But I'm testing the fantasy now
I'm dispelling the magic this summer
Hoping that the hot summer sun will keep me warm
And sticking to only what's real.

I don't get hurt any more
It's more like I get educated
Collecting the puzzle pieces and putting them together
To make the puzzle of this world that's so unknown to me
Like a child that gets burned by fire
And knows to not touch it again
Learning by my mistakes
Day by day
Tons of mistakes waiting to be made
Tons of questions waiting to be answered
Until the puzzle is finished
Reaching self knowledge and awareness
And world knowledge and awareness
And people knowledge and awareness.
Wisdom and maturity for here and now
And a promise to myself for no more illusions.

Written on August 4,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Love is a cage

When I'm in love
I feel locked in a cage
I place you above
everything and I feel rage.

Rage that you don't reciprocate
And you know how to aggravate
Rage that you don't write
Rage that you keep me up at night
Rage that I need you tonight
And you don't plan to invite
You don't try to be polite.

You want to show me the light,
but you know I'm filled with fright
You say my future is bright,
but I don't see it in delight
You say you love me, but not quite,
You know how a fire to ignite
You surely know how to excite
I wish you would a poem for me recite
but somehow I don't think you might.
Hey, no worries, I'll be all right.

Now that I think I know you better
I understand you're no one to fetter
I know all you expect from me is to write
I accept it and I think I'll be all right.

I don't need to show you love
I don't need to tell you how I care
You know my heart is like a dove,
pure and vulnerable and really rare
And to get hurt wouldn't be fair.
So, with you, no more despair!
As long as you and I are aware
We can be good friends, I swear,
But, don't you tease me, don't you dare
With I LOVE YOU's; it's unfair,
Let's stay friends, let's keep it there,
We've got so much indeed to share,
We can have a friendship that is rare.

Hope that's what you want from me.
If yes, I'll feel a delightful flare.
And that's really all I had to declare
You've got it all written up, right there.

Written on May 30,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Marriages are made in Heaven

'Marriages are made in heaven'
so say people in India
a good marriage can your life lengthen
it can be your ultimate good karma.

My marriage was made in hell
Bad karma from beginning to end
Kept me for years in a prison cell
Finally, I don't have to pretend.

My marriage was made in hell
no love or affection, felt like a bad spell
A bad marriage can ruin your life
For so many years, I had no life.

The hell marriage is now over
Promise I won't do it again, ever
I'm finally free from the shackles
Thought I'd be happy, but I see no sparkles.

All I'm left now with is wrinkles
My life's hard and full of struggles
Still, I find my freedom wonderful
And I will soon start feeling worthwhile.

Written on April 23,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Mother's Day

I cried today
on Mother's day
I've been wanting to cry for a long time
I've been wanting to cry for about a year now
Mascara and eyeliner running down my cheek
And three pairs of brown eyes looking at me
'What is it, mom? '
'You didn't like the breakfast we prepared for you? '
'Why are you crying, mom? '
What do I tell them?
That I've been trusting once again
and got hurt yet one more time?
That I gave my soul to someone
and he didn't treat it as I hoped he would?
That I'm losing my hope in people?
Or, that I'm crying 'cause their pure love touched me?
'Cause I realize that paradise is right there in front of me
and I've been looking for it elsewhere?
'Cause I realize that they're the only ones capable
of loving me unconditionally, no matter what I do or say?
- I'm crying 'cause you're all I have in this world, I said
as my son was handing me a love coupon
promising me a hug whenever I needed it
- I'm crying 'cause you make me feel complete, I said
as my little one was handing me her drawing
- I'm crying 'cause I love you more than life itself, I said
and my eldest son gave me a card apologizing for backtalking
- I'm crying 'cause you're giving me strength to face this ugly world, I said
And I cried some more cleansing tears.
Closed my eyes and tried to take it all in
Wanted this moment to last a lifetime.

Written on Mother's Day (May 13,2007)

CeCe Lamberts

My inner stability

When I'm in my head
looking for stability
I see a mess and dread
there's no tranquility.

My mood swings are strong
I've violent ups and downs
Swinging like a pendulum
and then circling in rounds

I'm feeling all the negatives
and blame myself continuously
but, are there any positives?
believe me, I search continuously

I have a great advisor
He's bright and talks with no fright
He couldn't be any wiser
He is my guiding light

I'll find my inner stability
I'll do it soon, I know
I know I have the ability
It's a process that is slow
But I'll learn from this, I'll grow
I won't stay low;
I'll shine with my inner glow.

Written on May 1,2007

To my advisor, I owe you big.

CeCe Lamberts

My Ithaca

I've been fighting the seas for so many years
like Ulysses searching for my Ithaca
in desperate agony, trying to survive
the wild storms and tempestuous seas
searching for peace and inner balance
longing to get home
to find security
to find two arms to take me in
to accept me, to hold me
to keep me warm,
cause I'm cold and tired
I'm so tired from this endless journey

But where is my Ithaca?
I've been searching and searching
I'm lost
I got no maps or compass
And I'm getting older
Not wiser, just older
Don't even know what my Ithaca looks like
I should know by now
I'm so lost
I'm not getting anywhere

I'm asking you to help me
I'm asking for your guidance
If you can't be the one to hold me
If you can't be my Ithaca
At least help me find it
Can you find it in your heart to help me?
Don't abandon me, please
Hold my hand and show me the way
You know how to do this
My ship is wrecked
All I'm left with is this makeshift raft
You give me so much hope
Don't just leave me here in the middle of nowhere
I'm wet and cold and I'm scared.

Written on June 20,2007

CeCe Lamberts

On happiness you can't experience

If only I had met you earlier
If only I knew you existed
You lived right there in my dreams for years
A person with your qualities
but no face, or voice, or nationality
And here you are now,
not in flesh and blood
but in pictures and writings
Giving me from afar so much
Giving me more than what others gave me in decades
Giving me just what I need
dropp by dropp,
word by word,
line by line.

You say past happiness is pain.
What do you call this?
What do you call a dream coming true
that I can't touch, that I can't have?
What do you call this glimpse of happiness
that disappears before it appears?
What do you call this oasis in my deserted life
that turns out to be imaginary?
What do you call it when I've been thirsty for decades
and you appear, a fresh spring out of nowhere,
but I can't even taste your water?
Isn't that pain?
How about the pain of happiness you can't experience?
How do I deal with that?

Do I cut off this infusion of happiness from you?
Do I stop teasing myself with dreams that will never come true?
Or, will they?
Do I just work on myself for now?
Do I ask myself to be patient and try to keep hope alive?
Hope that I may be with you some day?
'Cause patient I can be.
I've been waiting for you all my life
I can wait some more
Yes, I'll wait
All I can do is wait
'Till the time comes that you'll ask me to stop waiting...

Written on May 4,2007

CeCe Lamberts

One-night stands

One-night stands:
so painful the day after,
so exciting before they happen,
so much anticipation and hope
I don't know how to cope.

Emptiness the day after,
Feeling used, like a cheap slut
The phone's not ringing,
text messages not coming,
he probably doesn't care
probably didn't like me
won't care to see me again.

His smell still on my clothes
his taste in my mouth
his face in my head
I see him everywhere
Vivid pictures of his naked body on top of me
Feel his warm touch on my body
his tender lips on mine
and the lack of climax...

His words echoing in my head
'don't want to get hurt'
'not interested in a relationship'
wondering where I stand in this spectrum
probably nowhere
tucked away in the memory box as a drunken adventure
soon wondering if it ever happened
if it were true or a figment of my imagination

Can't stand this pain
stopped my tears from falling again
I can now say for sure
I HATE ONE-NIGHT STANDS
Hate the way I feel the day after
Hate wondering if it meant anything
Hate feeling so stupid for getting hurt
Hate being so naive and expecting more

He was so warm and tender
looked so sensitive and wounded
yet sexy and good-looking
He was caring and sweet
Wanted the moments in his arms to last for ever
Wanted the night to be really long
Want to get to know him better
Still wonder if he'll ever call
If I'll ever see him again

Written on March 18,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Over you

I'm over you dear
You're history now
your end was near
it's finally here now.

The sun is shining again
The colors are bright
My heart is healed
I'm finally all right.

A sigh of relief
I'm turning the page
On to a new belief
I'm out of your cage.

Written on April 14,2007

CeCe Lamberts

People in my life

Walking down the path of life,
A path often hard, uphill and difficult
I meet people who walk by my side
Some of them choose to touch me
Some of them I touch
Some of them hold my hand and walk with me
All of them scar me somehow

I've met mean people
Violent, angry people
People dark in the soul
People that look good on the outside
People funny and gracious on the surface
But void and empty on the inside
People who try to cover their defects but can't
Emotionally naive, eternally lonely, unhappy and troubled people.

I've met people who step on me to get taller
People who break me to feel better
People who want me for one night only
People who hurt me and don't care
Weird, strange and unstable people
No sense in their behavior
People who take advantage of what I give them
People who don't appreciate me
People who expunge me from their life for good
People who erase me and cancel me with a message
People who refuse to take my calls
People who avoid me like the plague
Irrational people who I want to know better
People who interest me nevertheless...
People who promise won't treat me bad
but do so anyway without explanation
People who reject me abruptly
People who switch me off with the push of a button
People careless about my feelings
Oblivious, confused and indifferent
People who jerk me around for a week
Playing with my vulnerable soul
and toss me in the garbage afterwards.

Why, I ask, why is this happening?
Have normal people disappeared from this world?
Is it me who allows them to step all over me?
Is it my eagerness to meet someone normal
that makes me a magnet for such strange behavior?
Any normal people left out there?
Please come hold my hand
As life's ticking away and I can't hold out any longer
Come and I'll forget all I've been through
I'll try to do it right this time
I'll try to give you just what you need, no more.

Come tonight, I miss you.
I'll be expecting you.

Written on April 3,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Rejection and a guy named Aris

Last week I met a guy named Aris
He took my breath away
Tall, sexy, good-looking, gorgeous
Mysterious, sensitive, complicated
Troubled, a poet, a musician
Funny, intense and unstable.

He wanted me for one night only
Treated me gently for that night
Held me in his arms and kissed me long
Gave me just what I needed for that night
As I was needy for just that
I was lonely and vulnerable
I was looking for him and found him
Thought the gods were shining down on me for once
Thought he wanted me back
But I was wrong...

Few days later he rejected me
Came with a load of lies and excuses
"It's not you, it's me"
"I can't stay long"
"I'm going through this phase"
"I don't sleep well at night"
'I'm confused and contradictory'

Met me again and treated me like I was poison
Kept away from me
Curled in a corner
Wouldn't even look at me
Not a touch, a kiss, or a smile
As if I had an infectious disease
Like I was toxic

Left me with "I'm sorry"
Messed me up real good
And slammed the car door
Like a slap on my face
Left me stunned and frozen
Crushed me completely
Was unable to react or drive
Stood there wondering
What had just happened

Stupid me, trying my best to help him out
Took his excuses and lies seriously
Tried to get to the bottom of his problems
To analyze his soul, listen to what he wasn't telling me
As if his behavior was abnormal
As if his rejecting me was unexpected.

I'm such a fucking fool

I should know by now
Rejection is the norm, rejection is the rule
Haven't I learnt by now?
Don't I know not to get surprised when they reject me?
I should have learnt by now
I'm becoming an expert at being rejected
This fucking pain is so familiar

Acceptance should surprise me
Gotta find out what it is in me that turns people away
This can't be a coincidence
When you go through life being rejected consistently by all
You shouldn't make excuses
You have to face your shortcomings
Face what it is that makes me toxic to others

I know it's not Aris's fault
Shouldn't blame him for anything
He didn't want me in any way, body or soul
Seeing me the second time felt excruciating to him
Boy, this is exactly what I didn't need at this point in life
But it happened, once again,
One more rejection to be added to my long list
Better get used to it
There will be more to come, that's for sure.

Written on March 22,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Rejection and my Inner Paradise

I finally saw him at a party last night
It's been 3 months since he's out of my life
So short, so petit, so old for my taste
yet so heartlessly he had me erased.

He's about eight inches shorter than me
And the shoes I had on had 3-inch heels
We are an odd couple, you have to agree
None of his features match my ideals

He's about twenty years older than me
My god, in my eyes he looked like a giant
I think he is only five foot three
Why did I have to be so compliant?

His Welsh accent was absolutely sexy
His humor and wit were sharp as a razor
I loved his tatoos, his earrings and his dog Lexie,
his look that intense and bright as a laser.

I saw him again and I felt it inside
His rejection had hurt me, I had cried and died,
How needy and stupid I'd been I realized
I had him in my head totally idealized

My eyes were searching for him in the room
I wanted to look at him long, to stare
To ask him why he put me in such gloom
How could he do that, how did he dare

I looked in the mirror instead; I looked good!
All men in the party had circled around
Trying to talk to me, to flirt all they could
My shortie was now not making a sound

I decided to stay with the guys and chat
I laughed, I giggled, I was a naughty brat
I drank, I smoked, I danced, I had fun
I was a hun, not a nun, and I liked to pun.

I left the party with a smile on my face
Could it be I was finally setting the pace
for a life so free of this painful rejection?
Maybe I didn't have to ask for affection
My inner paradise was my ultimate protection.

Written on April 29,2007

To a friend who talked to me about my inner paradise.

CeCe Lamberts

Sunday blues

I'm so confused
For a minute I thought I saw the light
I saw a good friendship develop
A friendship I craved for a long time
And I saw a beautiful mouth smiling at me

Now, I start doubting
I doubt the friendship
I doubt the feeling
The sweet mouth is still smiling
And two large blue-green eyes are looking my way
Eyes so beautiful and large that are unreal
Eyes that look like two blue lagoons
And are full of kindness.

This is all so confusing
I think I'm going crazy
I need to put an order in my head
And the alcohol's not helping me
And my sleepless nights mess me up some more.

Am I moving backwards?
I should be moving ahead
I should be advancing
But I feel stagnant
Am I on a spiral?
I feel like I'm running in circles
Could it be I'm spiraling upwards?
Am I making progress?
Is this just a phase?
When will it be over?
Or, is it gonna be over?
I've lost my guidance
And I can't figure it out on my own.

Written on May 20,2007

CeCe Lamberts

The night he said 'I love you'

The night he said 'I love you'
I was just going through a hard usual day
I had been to work,
I had cooked twice,
I had done the laundry,
I had taken the kids to their activities,
I had helped them with their studies,
I had put them to bed,
I had done all the chores,
I had argued with the ex,
I had a full day...

He wrote to me in a message:
I LOVE YOU! ! !
Out of the blue
When I least expected it
I thought I was gonna faint
I thought life was playing its usual tricks on me
This wasn't what it looked like
He didn't really mean it
It was right there on the screen
But I couldn't believe it
I was sure he was sending it to someone else
Or he was too drunk
Or he was too stoned
Telling me he loves me
It can't be

I filled up a glass of gin
And I lit up a cigarette
Had to numb myself for this
Couldn't stand the feeling
It was overwhelming
This moment lived in my dreams with him
He lived in my dreams with his 'I LOVE YOU'
It wasn't real
I couldn't handle it

Replied, trying to contain myself
And to not overreact
Felt proud and glowing on the inside
But made myself act cool and casual
Just wrote a simple 'I love you MORE.'
I wanted to write: 'Come again? I didn't hear you'
'It's too noisy here, can you repeat that please? '
'I'm sorry, say it one more time, I didn't get it'
So he keeps writing it back to me
To make sure it's real.

I could have said so much more,
Like, my life is never gonna be the same
I admire you, I adore you, I worship you,

You're one of the most special things in my life
You're life itself for me
You give me a reason to live
Are you sure it's me you love?
Are you sure?

I know it's not the same kind of love I feel for him
I know it's a friend's love
I know I'm in love, and he simply loves,
'cause he's in love with someone else,
but this still feels wonderful.

It's 3 am and it's totally dark outside
but it feels like the sun is shining
I could see a rainbow of happiness out there
Nature is having a party for me
To celebrate this unique occasion
That my soul has been in pain for such a long time
And your 3 words have helped this pain so fast.
Please tell me more words of love
And I'll write a poem for every word you tell me.
I promise.
Please,
I Love You

Written on May 17,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Why men can't shag

It's a big issue these days
I've seen it in my sexual adventures
Men behave in strange ways
Treating women as risky ventures

Many men face women with a scare
When she openly declares interested in sex
Healthy male sexuality is rare
I mean the issue is indeed very complex.

Maybe it's related to the women's liberation
Most men feel threatened from a woman's power
Getting impotent when faced with such aggression
All prior excitement turning quickly very sour

Those that can shag, can't quite finish
Using excuses like alcohol, drugs or stress
Disappointment is great, one you can't diminish
I wonder what's wrong and I feel like I'm a mess

Some men never wanna meet up with you
Some men don't want you looking
Other men don't want you touching
Others don't want you even talking
You ask for it, it's like you're stalking
Excuses, theories, pretend-beliefs and lies
At the end, it all boils down to just talking.

Psychological problems, a whole array,
I discover a new one every day
Interesting how they want themselves to portray
Justifying their nonsense halfway
trying intelligence and complexity to portray
trying convoluted emotions to display
Makes me wonder, are they all gay?

Many of them are on medication
Zoloft and Zanax are so common
People turning to drugs for salvation
Maybe all they need is a vacation
Or to allow themselves to get in the temptation
To allow themselves to feel erotic sensation
Maybe that's a better way to vent their frustration
It's surely guaranteed to give them elation
Men and women were meant to unite since their creation
A good old-fashioned shag is the foundation
of forming a solid intimate relation,
so relax baby and feel the vibration!

Written on July 15,2007

CeCe Lamberts

Words of love

Tell me a lie
a little white lie
tell me that you love me
even if it's a lie.

You say that you have feelings
You say you don't wanna lose me
You put to our relationship ceilings
All I ask from you is to love me.

You don't tell me I'm unique
You don't make me feel special
You don't like to speak, but you critique
Your silence makes me want to shriek
Saying you love me won't make you weak
It's easy, no need for a special technique
Loving words are like a colorful streak
So start behaving as a passionate greek
This way, me and you can reach a peak.

Written on November 1.2007

CeCe Lamberts