Poetry Series

Claudia Krizay

- 237 poems -

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Claudia Krizay (1/28/1956)

I am a fifty seven year old woman living with schizophrenia. I had high aspirations as a child and adolescent but my illness prevented me from seeking higher education.Through my artwork and poetry- although quite a novice poet. I cope with major mental illness through my writing, artwork, jewelry making and nature photography. I have published three books of poetry which I have illustrated with my artwork and photography.As my father was in the foreign service I lived abroad for a large part of my childhood. now I reside in my own condominium located in Silver Spring, Maryland, am unemployed though working on a fourth book which hopefully will be published at the end of this year.

Works:

Take Five Seroquel and Call Me in the Morning
Far Out!
Time Lapse

A Better Life

Today I was walking along a wooded path and
What a beautiful mahogany fence, I saw!
Sunlight cast its shadows of the evergreens
Upon its posts-
I could see prestigious homes beyond its confinement-
A fence like that would enhance the beauty of
The acre of land about my home-
I stood in awe.
Alas, the gate to this fence was locked,
And too high for me to ever climb over-
Again something I would desire but could never
Have had for myself- so many miles away-
All I could do was to walk away,
To escape from all that is real, as I have no key to a better life-
So I shall close my eyes and run away inside the world of my dreams.

Claudia Krizay

A Gallant Lady

Upon every pathway I walk, I see your shadow, and
In every pond and creek, I see your reflection-
Upon these pathways I find the trace of your footsteps.
In every thought I have, your memory is still alive.

You are gone and departed from this world.
I can still feel the sting upon my cheek from the slap of your hand and
The sound of your voice wrathfully scolding me
Forever haunts me.

More haunting and most terrifying is the
Silence that rings and echoes inside of my mind from the
Days you refused to speak to me-
Being just a child, these moments were incomprehensible.

In every mirror, when I do still see your reflection,
Tears stream down my flushed cheeks and I ask myself-
Why, being flooded with the pain of past reminiscences of
Negligence and rejection does my heart, soul and very essence
Feel such longing and agony of loss?

I can almost hear your written words upon that lined yellow paper say
"I love you" and in the back of my mind, I remember
The fun and the good times that we shared as your laughter
Rang out as a sonata throughout every room in our home-

I cannot forget the grin that illuminated your majestically striking countenance,
While I can still feel the sincerity of love in your frequent warm embraces-
Recollections of your own suffering throughout so much of your life
Now comes forcefully towards me as would a whole gale and
Now I realize that you were the best mother that you could ever be.

I still can see your shadow which I yearn to follow and
I can still envision your footprints making a trail before me-
I shall follow those footprints wherever I walk, as
You were a person whose strength I so admire.

I shall forever cherish the memories of a brave person whose life had been difficult-
Memories of a gallant lady whose courage and perseverance shall forever radiate
Inside of my thoughts and shall always touch my spirit, as I shall always be
Proud, although you are no longer with us- to call you my mother…

Claudia Krizay

A Tree Grows In Seclusion

The year is at the summer's time-
It has just rained a downpour, I believe-
I could hear the thunder clap-angels in the sky have displayed their fury.
I can remember the days I used to wander outside
After a storm has abated- Calmed by a gentle breeze,
I felt as if I was at heaven's doorstep.

Leaves upon the trees were decorated with raindrops,
Quickly evaporating, while the world was at a rebirth,
The most peaceful feeling it was, the most mesmerizing to behold.
I am weeping tears that could have been those raindrops-
This morning I was leaving this world- This world so cruel I could not cope with,
My cry for help could not be silenced-

Now I find myself locked inside of this place
Where there are no windows and no escape-
No escape from the horrors of my imagination,
From voices inside of my mind commanding,
No escape from bewilderment-I can imagine the leaves upon the trees,
Raindrops sparkling as they consumed the sunlight-
Imagination has at times carried me towards
Places of massive confusion and catastrophe.

Today I know I must steer my thoughts toward my special heaven
In order to regain my sanity-I close my eyes
To begin to rebuild my dreams, to lose myself in a world of fantasy-
In this moment, I can foresee a tree emerging
From this worn and stained carpet where I am lying motionless-
Trees have always, with their unique bounty,
Been my magical saviors- carrying my thoughts to another realm.

I am thinking now of the magnificence of trees after a storm,
Sometimes blossoming daffodils surrounding,
The delicacy of dewdrops upon their petals and upon the leaves of the trees-
I hope that this flight of my imagination shall soon transform to reality.
Sometimes fantasy and reality are indistinguishable, I know, but
It has always been those dreams when I close my eyes that
Have given me the courage to persevere, and
Even though I am locked inside of this hell they call seclusion,
It is and always has been, my dreams that have carried me home
To a place where rainbows I believe shall emerge over time.

Claudia Krizay

A True Mom

From childhood memories of band aids and skinned knees,
To those of losing myself to another world,
You were always there for me.
You were the mother in my heart,
The one who tucked me in bed at night, and the one who listened to my tears.
You held my hand when we crossed the street, and when
I crossed that bridge from sanity to unreality.
At that moment when I began to lose myself-
You stood before me with open arms.
In my make believe world, I was a little girl at twenty one-
This nobody understood, but you showered me with your love-
The mother of my dreams- you were not make believe.
I would give you dandelion stems, their thistles gone, or
A thorny and wilted rose- and to you- they were always beautiful.
My aunt, my mother, and my sister you were
But most important, my best friend.
In those moments when I mistrusted that world
Spinning out of control, in your world, I believed.
Your house was my castle, my sanctuary, and my safe haven.
Last week you told me that you were leaving this world-
The lights are dimming as thunder claps, and with a
Gust of wind, you shall be gone…
You shall always be the mother
I carry safely inside my heart.
Day turns to night, dawn to dusk, and after the sunsets,
I am left here in the darkness wondering
Where those dandelion thistles are dancing now?
I am certain that you shall remember how beautiful
Their stem was the day I gave it to you,
My mother of my heart, soul and spirit.
When they tear your house down,
In my thoughts my palace shall forever remain.
It was there that court jesters made me laugh, and
From a little princess I grew to become a queen.
If your rays of hope and light had not
Shone upon my desperate and wounded soul,
A pauper without a place or home
In this world, I may be.
After you are gone, I know that deep inside
That your spirit shall always live on,
Bandaging my skinned knees and
Listening with close attention to my tears…

Claudia Krizay

Across the Universe

The sun sets as the moon rises above the mountaintops –
Rhythmic music rings in the air as
Tambourines play within a band of angels in the sky-
Within a moment's notice I would board a ship and
Journey across the universe as the sky turns a dark shade of cobalt blue,
I have escaped the world as the clock inside my mind keeps ticking-
Shooting stars and the rings of Saturn illuminate the darkness as
Angels sing their tuneful arias- here where life is eternal-
No pain to be felt, no deception and no fear…
The sky would rain crystalline tears of joy, as I have left
My home on earth eternally-and found a new home
Inside the world of my imaginings-
I am living within a world of my dreams from which
I care not to awaken.
I would dance to the tune of the chorus of angels,
Believing that this is reality- I know that as long as I believe,
I shall have not a care-
The sun has set and the moon has risen on this clear summer's night
I am a lost soul and lost souls live forever-
Forever in this vast and endless sky,
Journeying across the universe- where the sun shall rise and
The sun shall set and then the moon shall illuminate the sky-
I shall dance and sing with the sorcery of angels forever within a dream.

Claudia Krizay

Afterlife

Coins fall in a
Myriad of colors, as
Confetti thrown at a surprise party-
From a place that could be heaven
My thoughts, broadcasted aloud.

Listen
None but a celebration-
A surprise is to see the dancing waters
Rise and fall to the tune of Chopin's waltzes.
Drop a coin in a fountain, no matter how fluorescent the color.

My thoughts are muted, as
Cotton fills each hollow space in my brain
A strange and inexplicable sensation this is,
Forever misunderstood-as the hands
Of my digital watch, I would turn
If it deemed possible- and count backwards fifty-one years
A power struggle, it would be, against the romances of nature
.
Every clock ticks as
Each hand, second by second advances,
Carrying me to the unknown?
Ashes to ashes, to hell or heaven, or could there even be an
Afterlife
At all?

Coins fall from where could be heaven.
I hear strange voices within a charnel house,
Every clock in this world must be ticking. As
Second hands advance about every watch face.

Pendulums sway, as metronomes beat,
While my night was sleepless…
I never celebrated a party where I threw confetti, or neither
Did I ever catch a handful of coins- no matter how colorful, as they
Fell from the sky.
I was never enticed by the sight of waters dancing.
I lived in the charnel house while the rest of the world was alive.
Cotton stuffed in
Every empty space of my brain
Dampened my spirits.
A lone coin tumbles from the could-be heavens.
Perhaps I did not hear the time lapse?

Claudia Krizay

An Aura about the Sun

There is an aura about the sun
On this late winter's day as
Snow falls from castles in the sky-
Invisible clouds shall not obliterate the sun-
In my most startled moment,
I would look down from
My stance upon a purple mountain peak-
Purple transforms to magenta as
A ray of hope shines
Downward and mysteriously about-
I see reflections of copper- hued branches in the creek below-
Upon trees seemingly awakening from a passionate night amidst the darkness-
In the bitter coldness of the season's end-
Branches so like arms reaching towards the sky-
Decorated with snow and bending in the wind as
Would ballerina dancers upon a stage of oblivion-
Not knowing what the next moment in time shall bring?
There is an aura about the sun and
The snow keeps falling-
Crocuses trying to hide their blossoms from the late winter's chill-
Yesterday the sun rose and cast its shadows about the mountainsides-
Purple mountains and magenta reflections in the creek in all of its
Crystalline clarity have never looked so striking
Even stones polished by rushing water rapids- and grasses sparkle in the dew-
I have found my place in this world so vast, and so majestic- yet so ethereal,
Alone with the trees and nowhere to hide-
No need to hide because I have escaped reality-
In the real world mountains have never been purple-hued and
Reflections never magenta-crocuses never emerge and blossom on
A cold winder's twilight-
There is an aura about the sun and I listen to the voices
Chanting baritone melodies inside the fortress of my mind-
Others may say that this is none but a delusion, although
I do not recognize their disparagement -
I have lost myself in a world of fearlessness and
I find nothing intimidating in this land of my dreams-
It has been said that dreams often never come true but
I have carried my dreams inside of my mind to the peak of
Purple mountains glowing beneath the moon at midnight and
The sun as it rises at daybreak- nobody shall unlock the door to my madness
My dream has come true and I shall never escape-
I have painted a picture inside of my mind and here in my solitude
I have escaped the pain of veracity as
I chant my own special melodies, though in silence.
There is an aura about the sun and I am proud to say it shines light
Upon the essence of my dreams, illuminating a path before me
Upon which I can walk -I can walk further and further from all that threatens-
Where there is no place to hide and no need to hide
As the snow keeps falling from invisible clouds and
Fantasy has never appeared so magnificently regal….

Claudia Krizay

Ashes To Ashes

I am running on empty:
I do not hide from you, my dear- My canine friend-
The one who holds your leash is not a threat-
Listen to the wind blow
Rustling the budding leaves
Upon the maple trees as I start walking-
The sun reaches downward and I am happy-
Shock ran rampant through my brain only two days ago-
A daffodil in full bloom-
Golden as the sun on the horizon-
I threw away my tears- To mix with the snow
That didn't happen last night-
Somebody lied and I am running free- Everyone has died
Those whose blood I shared
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Locked in a crematorium and
Scattered at sea-left me alone and
I have fallen in love with myself-
Fallen trees, my reflection staring at me from a crystalline puddle-
Alone along a wooded trail
I am the queen- no followers, except for you, my canine friend-
I dance alone amidst insanity-
Enjoying every moment and as the wind blows,
I ruminate- ashes to ashes, dust to dust-
The sun is rising for me alone-
Oh, solitude- so safe, so magnificent and
Three billion people- I cannot fathom-
I tuck a blossoming crocus behind my ear-
I have come to the end of the path and
I listen- the voices inside of my mind echo throughout the sky-
I could capture the sun within both of my hands if I could-
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust- my mother?
Gone, and in so many words, so am I and
I stand behind a phantasmal wall:
I am not to be found- running free, and running scared-
But my tears are behind me now and
I am the queen, alone and this world?
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust- it is my dream- except for myself,
Complete solitude, on top of the world, spinning rapidly
Upon a merry-go-round- everyone is dead and
I - don't- care…- ashes to ashes, dust to dust...

Claudia Krizay

Asylum

My tears are blue,
My eyes, Purple, green and black-
Yours, I do not know the color of-
I may have met you before in some dark alley-
Your eyes are shut as you sleep- You, I do not know.
All eyes are upon me now- Orange, blue and yellow-
The sky is green and clouds are maudlin-
Blood falls from eyes of sorcerers,
Tears, blue as deep sea water- falling from my eyes,
My eyes are purple, green and black.
Trapped inside a place unknown-
Unknown to my spirit's heaven-
Locked inside this devil's paradise- I cannot fathom reality.
I weep blue tears, combining with the blood
Pouring from the ceiling so dank and dark-
Turning purple and magenta, in hue-
Your lips are red- red as rage,
My hair is dark and dark as is Satan's advocate's
Please somebody rescue me!
My tears are blue, my eyes,
Purple, green and black- the color of yours
Still remains a mystery- When shall you awaken?
Only in good time, my friend, only in good time-
The face of the clock on the wall is orange - Its hands lost in space-
I am lost and beside myself- while you sleep-
We are locked inside of an asylum- I heard-
You are sleeping, still as the locked door before us-
I wonder, are you dreaming or are your dreams turning to nightmares-?
My ears are ringing, I am blue- they just told me through the keyhole that
I am locked inside the world of my delusions?
Through your eyes I could read your thoughts but
Your eyes are closed as you sleep- and my eyes, are closed to the world.
Colors and more colors before me, my tears are blue,
I am blue-please release me from my pain.
I know I have been told in time I will be but the clock upon the wall
Has no feelings-just decorating this chamber of hell with
Its bright orange face as my blue tears fall
Onto the urine stained floors of this confinement-
My soul dissolves into nothingness, while blood drips from the ceiling-and
I wonder- do they make keys that unlock minds from the cells of their delusions?
Somebody just painted my world black and I am doomed to be trapped here
Forever…

Claudia Krizay

Autumn

I have let go of time,
I have let days disappear and
As I walk down this pathway of life
For a brief moment
I have become a child again-
Not knowing where to run to or
How to evade misconceptions,
I do know that there are trees
Behind which to hide and even fortresses in the air-
Memories of my childhood, seeing what others did not see,
Being forever slighted and misunderstood,
Memories of my empty heart and these memories I cannot escape.
I often ask myself why these recollections of fear, sadness and mistrust
Have become a branch upon a tree that
Will not break and blow away in a windstorm and
More recent recurrences which others have
Deemed as impressive and worthwhile have
Vanished perhaps high in the sky as
Riding upon a shooting star that has burnt out in the universe-
I have let days disappear although not
Memories of childhood sorrows and rivers of tears-
I am drowning inside a tributary of sadness.
Leaves upon the trees turning rust, yellow and even red in the autumn,
Cool air at dawn caresses my arms within a brief moment of pleasure-
A voice inside of my mind tells me to never let go of present moments, as
The leaves shower upon me in a gust of wind and
This being the most picturesque and enlightening time of the year-
I am learning- never let go of time,
Never let these days disappear.
Childhood moments of abuse, disappointment and unrelenting pain,
Are forever gone and we must grasp onto today and
Perhaps even the future- I know not where to run to although
I shall keep running forward and cease looking behind-
Kicking fallen leaves aside and breathing the crisp autumn air-
As I bury the past within a moment of realization that
The agonizing past moments that we only see inside of our minds
Have ridden that shooting star and are lost someplace in the universe, while
I can see time ahead and in this present moment
Being a colorful aura and worth a lifetime of happiness.
I grasp and hold onto time, while letting all of those tears cried for yesterday
Flow downstream and over stones and to be forgotten as
Earth in a flurry of a storm-

Claudia Krizay

Aware

Run, walk Do not hide-
Last night and late morning- Shades of oblivion-
Trees bow in rhythm with the wind outside
Before and after this world was born-
Too many years have passed and clouds have turned
Chartreuse in hue as if the sun will never rise again-
Not for you, never for me-
It is only a choice of words-
Freedom on the rise and dogged determination-
Lost souls convey hopelessness inundating
Confusion, apparition and lack of power-
Only the morning glories and evergreens-
I thought I owned the woodlands-
Too many tears wept for yesteryear-
Uprooting trees and building tenements of
Concrete, brick and stone adorned with
Crystalline accents and I never cared-
Only the deer and rabbits in the wild-
Run, do not hide-
The past is sordid and no one knows
Tomorrow may be doomsday and I shall
Lock every door that may lead to a
Different place in time- all that would remain would be
Stems and branches fallen- into a puddle of delusiveness-
It could harm you if you leave your thoughts inside
The creek crawling over rocks-
You and I – all that matters-
Disdain for humanity has set fire to my
Spirit- though on the run- seize it within a net, silver plated-
Nothing is real and only for the moment-
Music resonates from far away places and I hear
Thunder emanating from
Pink clouds of misfortune-
Walk and never run- the rules have been changed-
Your life belongs only to you-
Although you cannot stop the rain-
Final words have been spoken:
Slowly walk and follow your lead-
Sing and dance as much as you can, as nothing lasts forever-
You cannot turn back time- I hear a voice of the not so distant past-
Hold onto your dreams for an eternity-
They may be all that you have-

Claudia Krizay

Behind Me

In the early morning
I venture outward, where the trees grow tall and
The deer run freely.
The deer are shy and timid, as I can be-
I call them my friends.
Sometimes people walk my path-
I call it my path because I want to own the world, the trail.
Sometimes people walk toward me and
For the moment it terrifies me, angers me, and makes me wish to run the other way.
Then, there are those people who walk closely behind me-
Inside of the fortress of my mind, I feel threatened by their presence and
I fear as if they are following me, invading my space.
I tolerate the wind and even love the way each gust caresses my arms
As it comforts me, while the beauty of the trees
Paint a scenic picture within the world of my thoughts.
But the moment I see somebody walking along my path, behind me
I feel that I am under attack.
I have been told by many that this is a delusion.
I remember having other delusions- some delusions of grandeur,
Delusions that people who truly loved me and wished me well
Wanted to persecute me. I remember many years ago
I believed that none but ordinary people were gods or goddesses,
I built altars to them out of cardboard coat boxes in the attic.
And there were the days when I refused to speak,
Would not leave my bedroom and lived in a fabricated world-
To me this was all reality.
Today, I still panic when I see others walking behind me.
I want to own the trail, the woodlands, to communicate with the deer,
In my own gentle and non threatening way.
I still fear those who approach behind me wish me harm-
But today I know that the fabricated world I lived in years ago was phantasmal and
There are people who love me and do not wish me harm.
Sometimes I can smile and greet approaching strangers and
Cardboard coat boxes are what they are- not altars
Someday perhaps I will believe people who walk behind me shall never harm me,
And as are those other delusions that at one time ruled my life,
This shall also come to my realization as being none but a delusion, and
As I keep walking forward in time this one also, shall be behind me-

Claudia Krizay

Bewildered

Your angry eyes tried to order me away-
Your voice cut me as would a newly sharpened dagger-
You are so young, but I found you to be more than threatening-
You would be stunning, if you did not wear that mask of rage.
Your irate words evoked tears from my eyes-
Bewildered, all I could do was scream.
My heart was and still remains tremulous,
As always I was terrified as a wounded wild animal that has no refuge.
There is no place to where I could escape-
Iron walls surround me, although imagined-
I remembered being a prisoner in a locked room called seclusion- and
I remain a prisoner inside the world of my fear.
My home is my only safe haven,
Except when those phantasmal voices keep terrorizing me-
All my strength is usurped as swept away by the vicious wrath of a tornado,
I feel as I am homeless and cannot find shelter from my own madness.
Every time I step outside the front door of my vicinity,
I become a victim under attack.
You are so young and almost beautiful,
Of slighting you I have no memory- however I am lost in a mass of incensed confusion,
I was born with this dread of others wishing me harm-
My spirit was lost somewhere along my journey through this world-
I am a lost soul with no recourse from the wrath that I feel.
The voices that I hear are imagined and incessant-
Ordering me to hurt myself or even somebody else?
In many ways I am still that innocent infant who cannot discern reality-
Locked inside the world of my delusions I try to look through the keyhole of
The terror I feel every day and every night- I see through this keyhole
A world filled with hostility, confusion and oblivion-
Your angry eyes are amongst the millions that order me away-
I wonder if I will ever find my lost spirit and if my wounded soul shall heal-
At this moment I am trapped inside massive perplexity
Amongst strangers I cannot trust or believe in-
As youthful and naive as you appear to me- your anger towards me
I cannot fathom so I am running away towards some different star in a distance-
Thunder claps; rain is beginning to fall and as lightening illuminates the sky-
Bewildered, I foresee no shelter from this storm- and
All I can do is scream, confined within these walls of fury that bind me-as always
I find myself prisoner inside the world of my fear.

Claudia Krizay

Beyond the Stream

Beyond the stream, I can behold the sun dancing on the horizon,
Where I walk every morning
I am alone with my thoughts and I carry my dreams in my pocket.
I carry my dreams in my pocket and nobody would ever surmise
How close to my heart and how close to my mind
This plethora of dreams has become.

Beyond the stream, beyond the horizon
Exists a land of my fantasies-
A place where lilacs and marigolds grow plentifully,
When the rain does fall, the raindrops are silver in their hue,
Reflecting the sunlight, as it shines through the mackerel clouds-

Here in this place where rain may fall, while still -sunlight is plentiful but
The air is never humid or stagnant, and
Each and every raindropp possesses a promise that
Those who dwell in this land shall never perish.

Those who dwell in this land shall never perish,
Those in this land shall never know pain or misfortune and
Each and every one of those raindrops which are silver in hue,
Reflecting eternal sunshine, also hold within
An image of peace, amity and unbroken promises-

This image of peace, amity and unbroken promises
Is reflected in each raindropp as would a magical pond in its utmost clarity-
But alas, there exists a granite stone wall
Which has been erected between this land and the forward steps that I take-

To break down this granite stone wall barring me from
Living out these fondest dreams that I carry
Would be my utmost desire, and I weep tears of frustration
Because I cannot find my place in this world here, so vast and so cruel.

Beyond the stream and beyond my tears I know exists
The dreams I carry inside of my pocket every single moment of every day.
I continue my journey searching for a way out of my demise, and as
My tears are like those raindrops silver in their hue-
I can see these dreams inside the reflection of that majestic land beyond the stream,
Beyond the horizon and I dream and dream on as if I were really there- This being
A land of unbroken promises I- know that my dreams shall come true someday-so
To these dreams- I shall hold inside my pocket, close to my heart, for always.

Claudia Krizay

Bird of Paradise

Today everything is tranquil and clouds cover the sky
But the sun still shows its face as it
Rises above the treetops-in this moment, I walk alone.
I walk alone, I feel like dying-
It is an effort to look up towards the sky-
The sky is gray and on this day,
Voices inside my mind are my closest companions-
The closest and only -
Except for the moment when I behold you,
Extraordinary bird that is flying above, adorned in many colors-
That magnificent bird of paradise-
I walk alone and you fly alone-
Today you are my unique and trustworthy companion-
To me you are a queen and maybe even a goddess-,
Towering freely against the maudlin sky
On this dreary, humid day in the early summer,
You brighten up my surroundings as you flutter your vibrant wings about,
It is you and I, we own the woodlands together today-
Bird of paradise, please carry my spirit away from
The pain I feel that tortures me inside and
Can you sing a melody so tuneful and sweet that it
Obliterates the voices that only I can hear,
These voices that in this instant are threatening to harm me?
The clouds are moving slowly, as the sun shines through the leaves on the trees,
I begin to hear music playing as I open my eyes and find myself
Alone in a different place? Trees have disappeared and all I can see
Are four beige walls that surround me-?
Everything is still and I realize that losing myself in the course of nature
Was none but a dream? I close my eyes and pray for your return,
Striking bird of paradise, the one who has given me reason to persevere?
As I drift off into some other cosmos, I converse with the voices that
Only I can hear, my closest companions who are with me in my dreams and
Who are with me at every waking moment- in my fantasies I also can
Become a bird, lift my wings and fly with you toward
Some place where we both shall someday find freedom from pain-
My phantasmal savior, my magnificent bird of paradise
Who has given me a reason to exist, whether in wakefulness or in my dreams-
You carry my spirit to another realm…

Claudia Krizay

Birds

As etched across an Asian screen,
In a myriad of colors
Before the sun, they were, ,
Though hardly muted, the
Birds, some, darkening and starkly portrayed
Against the sky past midnight
Circled about, but most
Appeared as a
Conglomeration before
The sea where
The sun seemed to be falling?
Could anyone believe that
They would ever find their lost souls
Within the thicket that had formed?
They were, red, black, yellow,
Natural colors of some obscure place,
Blending into the blueness of the
Ocean in front of which they
Darted erratically about screaming as in
The myth of the Sirens,
Or was it from some tale in the Odyssey?
How they were terrorized
When they finally came together to kill?
Blending into one another
Their blood obliterated the sun as the
Gulls called and the crows cawed,
They were all crying because they existed without a purpose?
They were all dead and falling,
Dead and falling,
As with the hearts and souls of little children,
They had no recourse,
There was no turning back, and their lives were over.
With nowhere to go,
They just fell dead into the sea,
Remorseful,
For they had just killed one another-
Severed from their once lithe spirits,
Young, pristine, and free and left
Unbound - for
All was just too much of an allusion?

Claudia Krizay

Break

Tonight I am flying about
On some sort of
Roller coaster
Lost in a myriad of
Pieces of my dreams, as
Pieces of glass
In a kaleidoscope,
Spinning madly,
Or some
Fast moving
Merry-go-round,
Traveling at the speed of light
My thoughts are
Inter meshing, though disconnected-
It seems as if I have been
Sleeping too long in my plight, I cannot sing because
My heart is throbbing, and this pain I feel
Won't stop even though the merry-go-round
Is still revolving around the sun,
I am nearly fifty-three light years old and my thoughts, my thoughts can't
Connect with anything real, and
I hardly can discern veracity?
I hardly can discern… I can hardly discern.
I have slept for so many years, it seems
And that pain is a pounding heartache,
My soul is lost in a brush fire, sizzling out of control,
Out of control…? …
My spirit is is sinking in that
Whirlpool of life, that magenta sky, those beautiful shades of shocking blue,
Cerulean, cobalt –blue nights-
Against purplish mountains
Standing, I am, proudly and boldly before the sun,
My inner space,
My own small world and the voices that I hear
Are real to me but deafened to the world outside,
I live in a make-believe land beyond this planet of which
The door is padlocked and keyed,
I ride alone- except for the Programmed?
I sing and dance alone- I cry alone
I cry and cry and nobody hears my silent tears
Splashing against the tide, the pain, the agony of it all,
But thank god for my solitude in
This sea of life that
I have chosen to live my days
My born days…
The world has stopped dead in its revolution,
Inside of me something is growing
Is it my pride, my anger is coming into
Power and I just want to scream
Because that is where the pain is emanating from
All of the wrath rage and anger
Sizzling out of control

Tearing at my gut and I just
Can’t get a grip on all of the
Antipathy as the fire keeps burning,
Smoldering and fuming inside of my brain
That is far removed, dissimilar and diseased,
Meninges, cotton filled?
Whirling, I am in a
Constantly revolving standstill-
Thunder and lightening
A deluge of hail, sleet, snow and
Please stop the rain from falling-
I am drowning in my own whirlpool of disaster-stop the rain,
Stop the merry-go-round,
I must get off of my horse before it goes around once more
I can’t even catch a ring off the stick that the magic man is holding?
I am a frail little child inside,
I just lost my pretty new shiny penny, and
I can’t stop these tears,
And the pain?
Stop the rain-
Kaleidoscopic shards of colorful glass are
Scattered before my poor tired eyes as I am picking up the pieces of my scattered dreams
One by one, but
I just cannot count the stars anymore.

Claudia Krizay

Bridge

The bridge I walk every morning plays games with my fantasies-
The water that runs beneath could be some magical ocean-
Leading to a place unknown-
When I look upwards towards the sky
My imagination carries me to some distant island in the heavens
Where I can be myself and there is nobody there to
Plan my life or to rule my thoughts-
To live my life as I please has always been my fondest dream-
And if only this bridge I walk every morning
Would take me to that place of my utmost reverie-
Spring shall arrive in less than two days- I can think of tales in books about
The arrival of spring- longer days to come, and
The awakening of the supernatural- although
Sad to say that this bridge I walk everyday
Takes me to the same familiar place-
Though I can find beauty in blossoming crocuses, daffodils and forsythia,
I find myself living in the same world, place and time- though
In my thoughts I live in another realm,
And travel across a different bridge that shall take me to that kingdom in the sky-
There I can live with the saints and angels everybody speaks of, in this place where I
Become my own person and can just be myself-
With no one present to control my destiny-
The bridge I walk every morning takes me to a place I have deemed as
Nowhere land- although I do not intimately know the people there
I see them every day passing by, knowing
That they are none but ordinary beings
With ordinary thoughts and minds-
I have built a bridge inside of the territory of my mind
That leads me towards my own magical "land of oz"-
And that is where I live every time I find myself in solitude-
Inside of a world unreal to all but very real to me- until that time of day when
I must return to civilization and reality- here I tell myself
I shall die one day and cross that bridge of my fantasies and
Become a saint or an angel myself looking down from the heavens
Upon this world where I once lived and can now laugh and sigh happily- because
Nobody shall ever control my thoughts again –
I have won my battle against veracity- good dreams are known to be
The essence of everyone's bliss and I have left all of my nightmares behind-
Happy to call myself a dreamer as I have crossed that bridge from
Past to present and then journeyed to a future free from fear and apprehension-
And I have become free to know there will never be any turning back…

Claudia Krizay

Building Bridges

I came from another place
I was born under a different star and
That is what I believe- When the rain fell, I did not grow,
In the sunlight I could not see what was ahead of me,
That sun was so far away- although far away from everyone,
I know and I believe- Building bridges in my sleep
Trying to get to a place where
I would grow and my thoughts would be in control-
Walking pathways in my wakefulness uphill and down
Trying to find a place where I would fit,
As would a piece in a jigsaw puzzle or
Perhaps just to be heard, or understood?
Here alone I can hear my thoughts as they speak to me,
Almost like far away voices echoing within the back of my mind-
My soul was snatched away at birth or I was born under a different star-
To where I wish I could return-
If I could fly with broken wings, I would,
If I could cry tears of joy, not sorrow, I would-
I am an angry spirit building ladders out of time-
That time I feel is running out-
Picking roses in vain trying to find a purpose here-
Building bridges when I sleep,
Where I would cross to another place in time,
I continue to walk pathways in my wakefulness
Until I find a place where I could grow with the flowers and
Find beauty and a purpose in this world
Because I don't know where that star into which I was born is to be-
Perhaps it was a shooting star traveling across the universe-
I got lost along the way and landed here -
A rare bird whose wings have broken and cannot fly-
So I will continue to build those bridges in my sleep and
Walk uphill and downward in my wakefulness-
Until my thoughts are in control and when my thoughts are in control, and
I become a flower or better yet a tree, just happy to be growing
Amongst nature- flowers and trees don't weep or feel the pain
Of being threatened or lost-I shall grow until I touch the sky and
Meet face to face with the sun which shall shine hope upon me and
Everybody knows that trees and flowers haven't a care and
Just stand looking strikingly beautiful- they have no wounded spirits-
They are loved by everyone and because they have no souls,
They are never misunderstood…

Claudia Krizay

Candle of Hope

Candle of Hope

Lost within space and time,
I am running, as I am
Following the stars before me-

Inside of my mind,
All I can see are moments of madness.
My hair, blowing in the wind, behind me, as I
Dash away from all that I fear,

My thoughts are far away from
Every moment in time,
As I am searching for a ray of hope to hold onto as
None of my dreams have ever
Come true-

If I could light a candle,
Perhaps its flame would guide me towards a miracle-
A miracle of my most promising fantasies becoming reality-
Where the darkness of night
Would transform to the levity of daybreak at sunrise-

I am lost in space and time, where
My world continues to darken-
Life has always been a bizarre journey for me where
Hope has yet to be found-

It is the stars that have given me an increment of light,
Illuminating a pathway before me, to give me
Some small hope that I would awaken
In some other world where
Love, fortune and peace of mind would
Overshadow mistrust and sadness-

I whisper in thought, somewhere in the back of my mind-
Light me a candle with a flame so bright,
That will break through dark clouds of doubt-
Whereby I would be running forward in time,
Finding wealth, joy, and hope never ending
As the flame on that candle
Would burn for an eternity
Only to guide me forward, not backward,
Leaving that life of misfortune behind me-

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Change

Muted pastels of dusty rose,
Chalk white and hues of lead contrast delicately with a sky of cobalt blue.

Slate- gray flagstone slabs form a pathway leading
Towards the horizon, where the sky
Dissolves into the tumultuous ocean's whitecaps-

Brittle leaves of chestnut trees, shades of fading green of summer's end have
Begun to fall alongside stepping-stones, framing a nearby inlet-

The sun, vermilion in its color,
Rises and sets in rhythm with the arrival and departure of
Each season.

Time, personified, jovially throws the sun to its stance above the mountaintops, as a
Boomerang laughing, shedding a peaceable lightness upon every new day.

If one were to grasp a piece of the sun at dawn and clutch within their hands
Or to bid the sun a warm "farewell" forever,
None would weep, as anyone can hold within their hearts fond memories that
Never perish.

As the sun hides its countenance behind a sea of mackerel clouds,
Tomorrow shall arrive once again, and soon shall turn to yesterday.

Snow shall settle as cosmic particles, gently over the land.
Inlets shall become ice-clad, and the light of the day shall refract against its vitreous
Clarity, forming a rainbow of inter meshing tones.

Those who hold within their hands that captured piece of sky shall walk upon that
Pathway,
Journeying to that place where the sea's surf fades into the horizon.

Tomorrow shall once again become yesterday- unless,
One's spirit believes in forever…

Claudia Krizay

Changing

In the autumn, leaves change colors, to rusts, yellows, reds and browns.
This is a change that I shall always cherish-
In its innocence, beauty and almost magically,
Colorful trees shall brighten up the world.
When the seasons change, we welcome the cooler weather at the end of the summer,
Or the air warming at the arrival of spring,
Every season has its splendor, while the changes of the seasons are not threatening,
People however can change, in their temperaments,
In their moods, and their interests as they grow older-
Sometimes for the better, and for some, for the worst, and
The ways that people change can be frightening and unpredictable.
How I covet the leaves transforming in their colors at the
Onset of autumn and crocuses and daffodils blossoming
As spring begins- don't we all enjoy being outdoors
To witness the changing of the seasons-
Cool breezes caressing our arms in such a comforting way,
Flowers blooming and leaves transforming in their colors-
And the snow shall fall in the wintertime,
Decorating the barren trees, and blanketing the ground.
I would venture outward daily to appreciate
These gifts each season brings us and to be the queen
Of this world would be my utmost desire-
However people I have encountered in years past
Could become different in their nature and spirit
In a most fickle and terrifying way-
In a way that would lead me to feel under attack
Every time I walk outside my front door-
It seems almost unbelievable that the gifts of nature God has given us
Can remain splendid with every change but
Because I do not trust humankind with all of its inconsistency
I do not feel safe outdoors amongst nature for fear that I could be harmed?
I remember being locked inside a room they call seclusion, so strangely terrifying, and
Presently in some ways I feel as if I never have left that room and I shall remain
Phobic of what is outside, and not being able to enjoy
The magnificence of the natural part of the world I so admire?
Let the autumn leaves fall, let flowers to blossom in the spring and let
The birds sing in chorus with the locusts in the summertime and let
The snow to fall to the ground in the wintertime-I shall look out of my picture window
Hoping for the day I could walk outside freely- and that I myself would change with
All of my fears vanishing in the wind with the innocence of every season, and that
I would accept the fact that change is just a part of life, for everyone and everything-

Claudia Krizay

CIcada's Song

That fog at dusk can almost be heard,
As heavy as the thundering of a bass drum.
Night birds beat their wings as gracefully as
A dancer would, with agility
Beneath the light of
Venus…
Listen to the sounds of the
Cicadas calling in the midday or their
Chanting in the twilight while their plaintive tune resonates throughout the forest-
Dewdrops decorate the surface of the ground and
Only angels can truly see rain in the dead of the night.
Dark days or dismal afternoons,
Foggy and overcast as a sorcerer’s nightmare-
Only the downpours of tears bring universal sorrow-
Rain or tears, the same, never ending …
Naiads weep with the full moon at midnight, for
The rain won’t cease to pour and their tears-
They just keep on falling, to mingle with the moisture
That blankets the surface of the earth-
Sky lightening illuminates the heavens as thunder claps.
God is wakening, opening the skies.
Cicadas carry on
With their cacophonous, though
Dolorous and melodious song, as
The moon disappears behind the mountains,
The rain ceases to fall and the sun rises and
Nature weeps her silent tears of joy.
Fog tip-toes behind the thicket, and
Disappears past the horizon while the
World dances in blissful wakefulness…

Claudia Krizay

Collage

Rain is falling and I hear more than I care to- while I am
Seated upon the floor, tearing paper to pieces-
Randomly pasting beside cut outs onto cardboard,
Zebras and kangaroos are hiding
Behind a group of ballerinas while
Two Kenyan woman are quantum jumping?
Irish church towers casting shadows
Upon a garden of daffodils and
Eyes are everywhere, staring from the paper
Into my own eyes- trying to understand me-
Rain is falling upon the rooftop and I hear voices singing death dirges,
Tragic tunes from which there are no escaping.
Magazine cutouts and torn newspaper pieces I glue randomly onto cardboard-
My thoughts are running wild as a caged raccoon.
Through my eyes I see a world out there beyond comprehension
As rain splashes rhythmically upon the sidewalk outside,
Voices inside my mind threaten ill fate, while
The light that once shone upon sallow colored walls has just burnt out.
All I can see now is that piece of cardboard with
Cut out and torn pictures and writing pasted in total disarray-
I paint bright colors over them, trying to demolish all of the pain they represent-
But no amount of paint would obliterate the anger that is ripping at my gut.
I was born with a face that is clear of expression and a body that has been well cared for-
But if one were to open the door to my mind they would find much anger and despair-
Eyes are all about me looking into mine and I cannot escape-
The rain is falling harder now and I keep tearing paper-
Shadows are cast upon yellowed walls and I keep painting torn paper and images.
My thoughts are screaming to be released-
More than those of zebras and kangaroos hiding behind ballerinas dancing-
Or of Kenyan women quantum jumping- or even more than
The clashing pieces of paper and magazine pictures could ever express-
I am falling, falling and falling into a trap- and
There is no outlet for me from which to escape from this delusional world
As so many have called it and I just continue painting bright colors onto cardboard and
Pasting photographs and torn newspaper hoping that one morning
When I awaken and open my eyes there will be
Beautiful pictures upon freshly painted walls-
Pictures that have a theme and a purpose: Then the rain will have stopped falling and
My eyes shall be opened to a world I can understand, the door to my mind
Shall opened as well, so my thoughts can be released to a world that
With all hope can finally understand me-

Claudia Krizay

Conversation

Look at me.
Don’t talk back.
My heart cannot speak-
My eyes can feel
Do not threaten-
You are all I have-
The skies are screaming outside-
In this instant, I hear my name called,
Talk to me with your words, misconstrued,
As threatening as
A winter storm from hell,
Listen:
I hear you- and I know
You can hear me too-
Your words are senseless, though at times
Comforting,
Warm,
Scintillating,
As a soul afire –
Quiet as a cat tiptoeing upon a cloud or
A symphony of drumsticks, muffled, or a
Single snowflake falling without rhythm upon a
Field of dandelions-
Outside,
The sky is calling me-
I do not hear,
Only your words, can I hear?
Every day and night we meet in this room,
Dark as fear, or light as a ray of agonizing and heated…
Fury?
My eyes can feel pain but
My heart cannot speak or feel-
My ears are deafened to the words of the people
Who intimidate,
Menace,
Wish to harm me?
I can hear the voices of people talking,
Conversing about me,
Those, whom I cannot see,
Although my eyes can feel the pain,
My heart won’t speak as
It cannot feel-
Speak to me
Your senseless words,
Do not look at me,
Your eyes could be daggers of death and ill fated-
Outside, the sky is calling-
Snow is falling
Flake by flake,
I cannot see, although
If my heart could speak, it would say
“I love you”

I feel safe with you-
You are not real, and
Your senseless words are a symphony,
Your garbled messages are poetry,
Do not take them back,
They warm my heart,
Though it cannot speak-
The sky is calling,
Calling?
Me?
I am terrified,
Please help me-
Your chaotic words are overpowering,
Frighteningly beautiful, and almost threatening –
Although safe because
You are not real, and that is the reason
I love you …

Claudia Krizay

Creation

Shades of cerulean blue are outstanding in the very early morning's sky-
Darkness is fading as the sun awakens-
The moon was full last night, though still peering through the trees-
Reddish-orange foliage almost glowing as would a bonfire,
The tips of its flames touching the cumulus clouds, ever so gently- and
Ever so tenderly caressing the last star as it fades into the cosmos;
To my longing soul's content, autumn has arrived and
I kick aside the colorful fallen leaves, as
I leisurely walk in my solitude, my thoughts as a nightingale on wings,
Begin in flight of my imagination;
In my mind's eye, I am building a cabin in the center of the woodlands,
Losing myself inside the world of my dreams-
In the center of my delusions I am the last person alive on this planet
Accompanied only by the deer, and birds hovering about-
Colorfully contrasting with the sky-
I listen with care to voices only I can hear-
Once terrorizing me, ordering me to take my life have transformed to
Hymns of splendor and radiance, carrying me away to another universe-
I remember the days when the sounds of car engines roaring,
Angry voices shouting and days of never abating,
gray skies with thunder clapping
While lightening struck as rain would fall- I was locked inside
Chambers of madness and confusion-
Though now I have escaped and
have cut the rope that once tied me to grim reality-
I know now that I have found myself and have abandoned the world that
Once had me trapped inside a kingdom of fear and sadness-
I am finding myself surrounded by the beauty of the forest
My tears have been carried downstream and
I can laugh with the sun as it appears from behind the mountains-
I am alone, but never lonely being in union with nature, though
The center of my own foundation-
Tonight the moon shall rise in its fullness once again and
My fantasies shall follow the path of comets and shooting stars
As I have lost myself inside the world of my thoughts for an eternity,
Darkness is fading- darkness of the world of my past apparition
And my own sun awaits me as I have unlocked the gate to the
Peaceable world of my creation, only to move forward and
Never to look behind…

Claudia Krizay

Dark Seclusion

I see darkness-
Could it be my fear?
I hear someone scream-
Could it be me?
I feel pain-
Could it be my own?
I feel the ground harden beneath my feet?
I hear tears falling
One by one
Sparkle as gemstones as they
Hit the ground,
Tiny tap dancers, or
Perhaps hailstones-
Maybe
The universe collapsing or
The world, caving in,
Could it be mine?
I see light
Creep through the crack
Beneath the door
Perhaps the sun has risen,
Could it be the light of day?
I see the darkness once more
Could the sun have gone under –?
I feel pain, as
The ground has fallen out from
Beneath my feet,
Tiny tap dancers are weeping,
Gemstones have transformed to gravel,
Hailstones are falling hard,
My world has just caved in, and
My rising sun
Has just
Burnt
Out…

Claudia Krizay

Dazzling

Within the fortress of my dreams
I paint the moon and a star upon my forehead as
I watch Saturn appear from
Behind the late evening's mist-
Where I am alone but never lonely-
At dawn I can see the sun rise
From behind the evergreens that
So magically decorate hills of fortune-
The sky at daybreak is inviting while
The nighttime sky is mysterious-
The sky in the land of my fantasies is dazzling,
Where I am alone but never lonely,
Watching stars emerge from behind clouds of prosperity, and
Venus and mars are aligned with the full moon
Illuminating the darkness-
on this mystical night.
Inside the world of my imagination-
I paint the sky a deep shade of cerulean blue and
The moon and star upon my forehead-
Giving me the utmost peace of mind-
Within the fortress of my dreams-
I shall be awake at daybreak to welcome the sunrise-
As I bid farewell to the nighttime's splendor-
My thoughts are always within the cosmos and
The sky of my own universe seemingly carries a tune-
A tune akin to the aura of Bach's Magnificat-
The star I have painted gives me peace of mind-
I am never lonely in the land of my delusions-
The nighttime sky is mysterious and
I carry inside my thoughts a vision that never leaves me.
Upon those sleepless nights I sing, dance and
Marvel at the beauty of my dream world's sky-
Surreptitiously dazzling-
At times when I feel threatened by others who wish me ill fate-
I just close my eyes and lose myself inside the
Universe of my fondest reverie,
Watch the planets circumvent the moon, and
That beautifully amazing castle in the sky,
Where I am free to enter and close the door behind me to behold
Another amazingly dazzling night alone- but never lonely-

Claudia Krizay

Death Fear

As the moon descends, and
The stars surround,
My death fear intensifies…
Blood rising from hell,
My body, dismembered…
Heavens are screaming, moribund.
As I sail down the river to nowhere,
Water rises, but
Fails to quench the
Fire smoldering inside my heart-
Death becomes
Amazingly prominent-
All signs of life
Have been usurped-
My mind,
A casket filled with morbid obsessions,
Never abating-
Time
Loss
Anger, and
Loss of levity
Conglomerate
Into a pool of insanity-
I scream….
My death fear rises as
The sun sets at midnight-
Perhaps I have come to
Some deafening conclusion-
Madness defies the forces of nature-
Listen:
Can you hear?
Look:
Can you see?
Yes, but
You do not feel….

Claudia Krizay

Deliverance

It is nearly midnight; I can read the clock inside of my mind.
I can see through the darkness
Wicked hands reaching forward- with dagger- like fingers-
Sharp and threatening-
I am surrounded by vicious animals,
Hungry snakes and people who wish to harm me?
I would open that golden door to freedom if I could, if only to
Escape this terrifying world that
Surrounds me- I have no key and the lock
Is hanging off some invincible being's wrist as would a bracelet-
Tinted gold as the door that bars me, and striking- though
Not beautiful but hideously distorted-
I can still read the clock inside of my mind
Which I can read through the bleakest darkness- I see a door to freedom although
The lock and most likely, the key have been lost- All eyes are upon me and
All voices are threatening; all beings wishing me harm are loudening-
I cannot escape through this door toward unreachable liberty,
I hope I am dreaming and this is none but a nightmare-
This world is closing in on me from many directions- as my tongue forks out,
I still wonder why is the whole world against me?
It is past midnight and I foresee no escape from doomsday except for
That door to freedom that is locked and I own no key-
The lock and key would be my saviors - I don't believe in a higher being-
Evil eyes are upon me; I have come to full awareness that
I could awaken and darkness would still prevail,
Even though the sun is brilliant on a cloudless day, only because
Present in my awakened state I foresee no door opening toward freedom-
The sun is shining, and there is a rainbow on the horizon-
But I see my shadow fading into bleak darkness and despair-
Voices inside of my mind are commanding and I know-
I know and don't need to be told-
My whole world is darkening because since the day I was born into this world,
I have been a victim of abuse, confusion and disorientation and
The lights inside the womb that carried me burnt out before my birth and
My whole life has been a nightmare, and here I can no longer persevere, so I shall
Escape and follow my shadow, as I light a candle illuminating the world of my fantasies
Hopefully to guide me towards salvation…

Claudia Krizay

Delusion

I would live forever beneath a rainbow if I could,
But if I became a dove, I would lift my wings and fly past that rainbow,
Worship the sun, play hide and seek with
Clouds of fortune and
When evening set in I would
Dance amongst the stars, search for the moon,
Let the light of the moon guide me towards
Some other planet and there I would make my home.
The rings of Saturn are enticing, and far more mysterious than
The seas and continents of the planet earth-
Saturn has always been the foremost and intriguing planet
Within the magical ocean of my dream world-
Yesterday I awakened at dawn, to find a rainbow on the horizon-
Its vibrant colors seemed to summon me, and Inside the world of my fantasies
I became that dove and soared upward toward the sky
Until I found myself hovering amidst that rainbow-
Its colors reflecting in the stream below-
But sad to say, rainbows always disappear and
I would find myself without destination wading in that stream,
That stream that leads towards nowhere.
However when I close my eyes to reality and once again become that dove,
I ascend in flight into the universe, my eyes fixed upon Saturn and
The rings of Saturn are so like a rainbow that is spinning
About this magnificently beautiful planet I would want to make my home,
I would live beneath a rainbow if I could,
And when that rainbow disappears I would take flight and find Saturn-
Saturn is amazing in its appearance and
Is glorious and extraordinary in all tales that have been told of planets in the universe,
Doves have been correlated with peace and I can see myself in flight
Safely in my solitude as I would be the first living being on that planet-
Its rainbow-like rings about me that I know shall never fade away-
I being the peaceful dove that has escaped veracity forever and
While rainbows on earth may be lovely to see, they are short lived-
The rings of Saturn shall always be there glistening, and enlightening night's darkness.
Inside my mind I have always dreamed of an incomparable place to call home-
A unique, far away place where I can bask in my solitude-
Perhaps I shall never be a dove flying about Saturn and rainbows always fade,
But when I close my eyes I shall always see many colors, stars and the universe,
And inside of my mind, fantasy shall transform to reality until the day I die-
And the day I die my spirit shall rise past clouds of fortune and
Shall live amongst the stars, Saturn and the other planets in the universe for always…

Claudia Krizay

Denial

My plight isn’t what you think or
What you care to believe-
Just as cherry trees do not blossom in
The month of January or
You cannot dance in the midst of fire, and not get burned-
Your high hopes for me became
Shattered dreams- only because
You did not care to see the truth –
I know it hurt you to believe
I could not build mountains of success, as
From the time I could speak,
Aspirations were extreme-
From the moment I learned to walk-
You envisioned me running marathons-
I tripped and fell so many times, hills were insurmountable,
I tried to rise to every occasion and
To rebuild collapsed foundations-
The pain of constant failure evoked
None but anger, dismay and turbulent moments-
You never realized that every time I danced in
The midst of my own fire, I was burned and
How I would have so desired to see
Spring flowers blossoming in the mid winter-
It was not my choice to falter in every step I took or
To fear climbing a mountain no matter how high or low-
The voices I heard when no one was speaking-
You did not hear and to the depths of my fear
You looked the other way-
My life isn’t the way you think or
What you care to believe-
I weep tears of frustration every single day-
My spirit knows and I feel inside of my heart-
That the reason you had so many dreams for my renowned success
Were not out of abhorrence – I being your one and only child-
I can see through the darkness of my window of pain-
All of the hopes and dreams you had for me were
Just out of love, and there is no shame in wishing for
Flowers to blossom in the midst of winter-

Claudia Krizay

Destiny

Once I alleged there would be a
Destiny for me and
I would think of a tree bearing leaves
Unfolding in the springtime that would
Only touch the sky if clouds were dense as
Thunderclouds, perhaps-
Dark as fear and ominous- If fate would allow
I would reach upward on a solitary walk
At the dawning of each day and touch the sky
Before the sun came out from hiding from behind cragged mountains-
At daybreak a few stars still being visible-
I would wish upon one remaining star- My destiny being to
Find a safe place for myself in this world? Clouds so dense and dark-
As deceiving as promises made by those I once believed in
Before lightening would strike and thunder would clap
Would deceive me and their ghostly spirits still haunt me as
Wind would blow down that tree
That never touched the sky because this wind had blown and
Lightening struck it down?
If I could I would be a tree that
In the event of never touching the sky and being the victim of a storm
It would not matter because a tree
Cannot feel the pain of deception, fear and mistrust?
I would live my life as a tree blossoming every spring,
Leaves unfolding and then changing colors in the autumn-
Always beautiful to see but
Not knowing the depth of sorrow felt or the
Agony of loss even after having fallen-
Only because God did not give it a soul?
The sun shall rise over the mountains as the full moon
Bids the night farewell- before light succumbs the darkness,
I shall wish upon a star and if the stars are obliterated by clouds so dark and ominous-
I shall try to be thankful for my soul that was God-given- that
I can feel love and appreciation of all that is beautiful-
Even if all the people in this world slight, hurt and betray me-
I can appreciate the glory of the rising sun and adore the splendor of nature-
I still have myself and even if lightening were to strike me dead,
My soul shall live on forever….

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Different Star

Born under a different star, I was, and
Seemingly shipped toward this planet where
I crashed into a rainbow,
Surrounded by dark clouds of misfortune-
I found myself alive in a place where nobody believed in me and
I couldn't grasp the key that would unlock that door toward acceptance-

I was a bird in a cage that could never fly,
Part of a pattern that clashed with an uneven design,
Or perhaps a lone wild animal
Lost inside a forest of oblivion,
Where you were the king and queen wishing for more- but
That was not God's will, and not meant to be-

I was a stranger on the run deeper into that forest as
I lost the key that might have unlocked that magical door.
Plagued by the pain of loss and of never having been accepted-
It was only fate that someday you would regret you abandoned me as
You would search high and low in the jungle for me.

Lost in the darkness of these woodlands, I faded away in body and spirit
Far beyond that rainbow of terror- behind a tree that had fallen-
It has been said that one only gets one chance at life and
That chance was obliterated by fire and smoke-
Burning down that locked door behind which
All was left was a shadow-

That was the chance, the one and only- that burnt down-
You cried many tears as you looked up towards the sky,
That different star you saw was light years away, and although
You tried to pick up the pieces of the shattered dreams
Of the spurious castles you had once built for me-
You never realized your love was none but a delusion.

Claudia Krizay

Downhill Path

Life is never a flowering tree and a hurricane snatched some brutality away-
In one sense of the word freedom would rule and
In another, I can only see the rain. I foresee no future-
Only dandelions grow all summer long and
Leaves fall from the maple trees as autumn sets in.
I grew up in a home in which
I often believed I was living in purgatory-
Far away from stars in the sky, although overshadowed by clouds-
The sun always rose at dawn.
Today rain falls upon the essence of time and
I can feel the heat of the brushfires in hell below me
Searing the road I am trying to walk- all uphill with no direction-
I have yet to find my place in this world, in other words, reality-
It hardly matters because behind me exists a downhill path upon
Which I can turn back and walk back upon to the world of my thoughts;
Life has never been a flowering tree and although rain has been said to
Nourish trees and make them grow- fog is dense and I am locked inside
A chamber of madness where the only sounds I can hear and see are
Monstrous beings and voices that cannot be seen or heard by anyone else-
I would pick a bouquet of dandelions in the summer if I believed that
As a gift they could bring joy to somebody- but flowers die soon after they are
Plucked from their mother stems and when all of the flowers have been picked,
All I can see is rolling hills of grass, that is when cloud cover and fog
Become too impenetrable for me to foresee any destiny?
I often wonder if the stars so many speak of truly exist-
If they do so exist, they are many light years away-
Rain is pouring and I can hear the wind, as I walk down that hill where
The world of my fantasies awaits me- there I can find some freedom ruling.
Inside the world of my reverie I cannot fathom what the future holds-
This gives me hope that there is a chance I may someday sit peacefully
Beneath a flowering tree- at dusk looking up towards the sky seeing the stars, and
As past memories dissolve into nothingness and my future remains a mystery to me-
I shall just keep on watching the rain falling- but I am not without hope, as for
Some reason- I know that there is always an end to rain, I have created a world for myself,
And I am certain that the sun shall rise again- even after all of the flowers are gone…

Claudia Krizay

Dreaming Inside

Last night I lay awake,
Last night people were screaming- People threatening to kill me-
I was alone in my room, lying amongst dark shadows-
Looking about- nobody else was there- I thought I must be dreaming,
The whole world was threatening me, as
I was chasing away the dark shadows on the walls,
I heard voices say `Dream on, dream on'
But I knew I wasn't dreaming.
It was after midnight- I was not sleeping-
All I could do was cast my eyes about the
Sallow colored walls- of this room- chasing away those shadows-
While I believed they were speaking to me-
Voices saying 'dream on, dream on'-
Were laughing and mocking me, so I believed-
These voices only I could hear- I could only pray I was dreaming inside-
I couldn't shut my eyes in these moments of wakefulness,
Because these shadows were robbing me of my sanity-
I could hear screaming voices and threatening intonations-
I was a lone being lost in a room amongst my own shadows-
When I realized these voices were coming from inside?
'Dream on, dream on'- I told myself in total desperation-
Knowing, however, I cannot dream within these moments of wakefulness-
I wanted to believe these shadows were alive,
So I wouldn't be alone in the midst of these loud and angry voices-
These voices only I could hear- commanding me to take my life.
'Dream on, dream on, ' I whispered hoarsely through my tears-
Be good to me, my shadows and rock me to sleep-
Carry me away to a trance where trees grow and flourish and
Where deer are running wild, locusts are singing and
I am alone amongst these melodious sounds of the summer.
It seems wherever I go and in whatever direction- these angry voices follow-
Tonight I shall lose myself amongst my shadows and close my eyes-
I shall close my eyes and pray although I am not certain if a God is listening-
I shall close my eyes and sleep-like a herd of deer chase away those who wish me harm-
And finally, with every effort- lose myself inside the world of my dreams
Where everything is quiet, without menacing voices so terrifying present and
I shall dream on, dream on, regaining my sanity-
Losing myself inside a world of eternal reverie for always...

Claudia Krizay

Dreamworld

Every place I look my world is caving in and
Everything I touch falls to pieces-
I had never felt at home within the old brick house I grew up in and
Though only in my dreams I saw a tornado touch down and
Destroy this house and my family inside-
Clouds come and go and obliterate the sunlight and
Even though the sky is a stunningly picturesque shade of metallic blue-
Every place I look and everything I see-
I see no further than my mind's eye-
Inside of my mind tornadoes are touching down destroying
The essence of this world, clouds obstructing my line of vision and
The sun? Either hidden behind thunderclouds leaving me
Inside complete darkness of oblivion or so bright that its intense rays are blinding me?
The trees- yes, the trees are strong enough to stand the force of the wind-
Trees are my strength and the wonders of the world
I have always behind, always hidden behind and
In my most vivid fantasies have been my sorcerers and my protectors-
A tree shall never perish or be uprooted if I touch it and
I can be a bird, a squirrel or a monarch butterfly
If not just inside the place of my flight of the imagination -
Tornadoes may touch down, snow may fall and the sun may burn out but
By becoming a resident of the wild as my animal and reptile friends-
I can hide behind, inside of or just upon a limb looking down
At the glory and enchantment of the wilderness where
Nobody is cruel, nobody mocks or misunderstands me and
Then everyplace I look the sun will be shining but I shall
Adore the natural light it gives and stand beneath the shade of the tree
When that light becomes to intense to withstand-
Today the sky is that picturesque shade of metallic blue and
All signs of severe weather have disappeared?
I have resigned from reality and made myself a home in the backwoods
Amongst my plant and animal friends and I see no further than my minds eye
Which has dismissed the cruelness of the human world and
Tonight when the moon is full I shall sing a melodious tune with the nightingales and
Dance in celebration- celebration that I have come to realize that
Nobody has to tolerate being tortured and misunderstood-
Even if it is just resigning to one's land of their delusiveness-
There is always a place to run and a place where a person can make
A home for themselves as nobody deserves to live in pain - you can
Just close your eyes and imagine and your dreams shall carry you away…

Claudia Krizay

Dreary Night

What happened on that day before the sun set?
Has anyone ever seen a star in the sky on a dreary night?
Has anyone ever ridden upon the tail of a shooting star?
Too hard for me to believe, as I cannot fathom reality-
I would go in my fatherâ€™s garden trying to find myself- though
All I can see are the roses-
My eyes see clearly and I look all about but all I see are roses.

Yesterday I was walking home terrified of people walking behind me.
I saw a daffodil in full bloom, in all of its glory.
But I wept, though unobtrusively- tears of destitute fear.

It cannot be spring on the fourth day of February,
Although I may long for it to be-
I cannot sing songs of love and hopefulness, as
I have never been in love, or never wished to be.

I ask myself- have you ever seen a star on a dreary night?
Did you ever ride bareback upon the tail of a shooting star?
My sanity is buried beneath tons of stones upon
Which I have fallen, while running, trying to escape the pathway of my delusions-

I am strong inside, I have been told, and I rarely scream aloud.
When I close my eyes all I can see are roses-
As those growing in my fatherâ€™s garden-
It has been years since he has passed away.

I hear voices early in the morning threatening me.
They cannot be silenced. It is still dark outside.
But when I close my eyes I can still see the roses- yellow, red and white-
I ask myself- what happened on that night I recall, twenty years ago?

My father died and his garden remains-
My mother died soon afterward, leaving nothing but memories behind.
I remember the daffodil I saw yesterday-
I should have picked it for my mother and placed it in a vase-
But she would never see it because she left this world- without saying
â€œgoodbyeâ€□.

I am a stranger to this world and am still trying to find my way through the darkness.
I could take a ride on the tail of a shooting star and close my eyes and dream, as
I am searching for a new place in time, even though mysteriously-
When I close my eyes- all I can see are the roses dancing in a gentle winterâ€™s breeze,
Though they are now withering away and dying.

It is a dreary winterâ€™s night - but the stars are out and the moon is full.
It now illuminates the path I walk and I would give my soul to the world for
Some peace of mind and all I can do is close my eyes and
Follow the pathway of my fantasies and pray-
My wish would be to see the light shine upon the world of my delusions.

As I close my eyes and wish upon a star I weep- though
All I can see are roses, their petals to the wind- dead to the world outside.
Darkness prevails but I believe I see a star on this dreary night, silencing my tears.
And while that daffodil looks striking beneath the light of the full moon-
A night has never looked so beautiful, not even in a dream.

Claudia Krizay

Early Spring

Spring seems to have come early this year- I have always welcomed blossoming flowers,
Longer days and the fresh warm air outdoors,
Perhaps the early timing exacerbated the fear, and is reminiscent of the
Time when my life took a turn towards terror and misery-
I saw a daffodil yesterday in full bloom- yet in the first week of February,
On that day, as in extreme frequency, my thinking was out of touch.

Today my heart is screaming, desperate for some peace and comfort,
While birds are singing outside as a gentle breeze blows as in a whisper,
Even trees are budding while everyone is laughing, although
My spirit is weeping as rage sears my gut, terrified of the world surrounding-

The pain of falling upon the hard ground this morning does not hurt me as much as
The agony I feel that emanates from all of the people that wish me harm-
Inside the world of my thoughts, everyone who is laughing is laughing at me- and
I would kill them all if I were not so afraid.

I am always shouting, though in silence at the cruel people that surround me,
No one can understand the severe pain of feeling persecuted every time that
I step outside and the inner irate confusion of
Not knowing what is real from what is not.

My heart and soul bleed anger and tears apart the person I am inside and
Even the gentle spring like breeze will not dry the tears I weep inside or outside,
I hardly know who I am anymore- the people in this world have threatened me and
As beautiful as all that surrounds me today- there is no place for me to hide.

The lone daffodil I see evokes a smile upon my face for the moment.
I would pick it and take it home with me but if I did,
It would wither and perish as has I believe my inner spirit has done,

Spring has always been my favorite time of year, although
Its arrival may be somewhat too soon, just as
I fear the death of my soul might have been premature-
I see myself as a lone flower that has blossomed in mid winter and
Is confused to be outside amongst shorter days, and barren trees,

If spring's rain begins to fall my hope is that is shall wash away my tears and
Quench the flame that burns inside of me, then amidst longer days and that gentle breeze,
I can be as a bird, singing amongst other birds happy to be free of the rage that once
Separated me from the rest of the world as I lift my wings and fly high above the trees,
Looking down upon a world so exquisite which is no longer a threat to my existence?

Claudia Krizay

Electroconvulsive Therapy

In this moment I feel as if I am falling,
Into a prison from nowhere,
I see my shadow arabesque as
I watch my reflection appear
In a river of never abating madness-
Hiding from all that is real,
Moments have passed since I lay upon
A cold metal table,
Drifting off to sleep, and
Upon awakening-
I remember nothing, except for
The sensation of falling
From nowhere into nothingness-
As I watch the sun rising,
Outside of a picture window,
I find myself alive in some different place in time.
I feel my heart pounding
As is it were trying to escape
From a prison of iron bars inside of my chest, as
My brain spins about
As it were riding a horse on a merry-go –round,
It's motor somehow
Rapidly accelerating
As that horse bobs up and down
Exacerbating my fear-
I hear myself screaming
In the midst of deadly silence-
The sun has now risen high over the mountains outside.
Within my utmost fantasies,
I am climbing my own mountain,
Hoping to reach the sky although
I cannot escape that merry-go-round of terror-
Except that I know now
I cannot hide from all that is real,
I shall never touch the sky and as
I find myself falling off of this make believe mountain-
I can see my shadow more clearly and
As I fall into a river of my fantasies,
I swim to the bank of this river from nowhere,
Leaving the madness behind-

Claudia Krizay

Encounters

Stars cascading,
Sometimes one can see God’s children circle dance around the sun.
As the moon shies away from sky lightening-
Was this the first day?
I encountered your deadpan face,
Though bitterly weeping
Before a broken, hand held looking glass,
Someone is visiting from afar,
Earth-toned, not swarthy
Is the tree, behind which you hide your elf-like countenance?
Your impish grin no longer entices,
The ocean-blue sky
Reeks with the coming of age
Gangrenous-green as mold,
Its stench, putrid, as such,
Overpowers any nuances.
I hear ancient music, as I walk to staccato rhythm
As some walk with the Lord,
As you asked, madam, I told you, I threw your letter away…
Children circle dance around the sun,
As all I can do is rest beneath the shade of the crooked old sequoia tree.
Within nature’s garden, I close my weary eyes,
Soundly resting,
Escaping in my dreams
Of that place beyond the sun,
For I am the center of the circle dance-
I do believe, that..
Stars cascade from the sky,
I do not walk with the Lord,
I control the world,
God’s children circle-dance around me…

Claudia Krizay

Escape

As I lose myself inside of a world of my own-
Perhaps a shadow would pass me by,
Or maybe a fawn would wade in the creek
Along side of the path I walk-
I fear other people, this world's intruders.
I would break away from reality if only
There was a point of no return and escape towards
A place where I can look down
Upon this path I have walked before-
Far away from all of the people who slight, follow and wish me harm-
Evergreens and maple trees-
Wild rabbits, squirrels and wild geese roam about-
These are the ones I call my true friends-
I would dance in the sky if I could-
Lost inside of a world behind the clouds, as
The sun behind me is casting shadows
Upon the path that I am now walking
Shadows that shall transform to dreams-
Dreams of an eternal life inside this world of my own-
Listen- can you hear the calling of the wild?
Listen- can you hear the gentle breeze rustling the leaves within
The litheness of nature surrounding me?
Listen- can you hear the sound of my heart beating amorously as
My own shadow disappears behind myriads of towering oak trees?
Rain could begin to fall and
A storm could approach and now I can say in all honesty it would not matter-
My mind has finally locked the door to reality and I have tossed the key
To the rapids rushing up the creek beside me-I have finally escaped.
If thousands of people were to approach and cross the path upon which I make my way-
I have lost touch with all that is real and in flight of the imagination
There is no turning back- even if it is only with in a dream;
Nobody needs war, cacophony and disaster,
If one can be in union with nature and fantasy that can be found in
One's own back yard and a gust of wind can carry away that key to the door of
Pain and misfortune. Follow the shadows cast by the sun, and
Never look back, as this world inside of your dreams could last for an eternity…

Claudia Krizay

Eternity

I am a tree amongst many- I once believed in giving, not taking,
Only dreaming of being a lithe spirit, capable of being reborn in
Any place and time, a soul loved by all, never to be forgotten,
Never would hurt, tell untruths, or to betray…
As would a gull soaring above the ocean nearly touching the sun,
To welcome the dawning of a new day, or the first blossoming tree in the spring,
Amongst a garden of roses and to behold a herd of deer
Dashing through the woodlands at the dusk of the evening?
I am amongst many dreamers born, not only in blatant reality,
None but a worshiper of nature- The sun has risen and set for an eternity-
I remain alone a spirit giving nothing but love and rebirth in any place
Close to all that is natural and created alone by God-
All that is truthful and all that brings joy, bounty and harmony to the woodlands
That defines purity and eternal life and rebirth of
All that evolves from the heart of the living-
I am a soul of God given grace untouched and unspoiled-
I call myself a shade-giving flower bearing tree-
I am proud to have brought adoration and honesty to our planet-
God granted miracles have preserved this world for eons,
Even in the darkness of night- the moon is full,
Shining its light through the purple-hued sky…
I am a tree amongst many, with so much goodness at heart,
Giving so many splendors to fantasize and so much bliss in reality-
I have made this world a kingdom of nature so much to dream of, and
So much more- never to be lost or forgotten-
I would grow until I touched the sky if I could-
Some say this world shall come to an end but I shall
Stand proud, tall and joyfully spreading life, grace and well-being
Throughout this magnificent universe-
I am a tree with a soul, bearing flowers in the springtime and
Giving fruit in the summer, feeding the hungry and giving shade to the homeless-
In my heart, this world shall rule the universe for an eternity-
I am a tree that shall never stop growing and
As long as trees are growing, deer are running freely and the
Sun rises daily over the mountains near the horizon-
This world shall never perish…

Claudia Krizay

Eternity Means Forever

Have I been living too long in this world I was born into or
Am I struggling to come to terms with my life in a fabricated world, as I hear
Voices of many I have never heard before interrupted by
The reproaching voices of my mother and of my father?
Voices so angry and replete with disapproval
Overpower the music of
Angels that are singing love songs and hymns of praise only to me?
I see the world through clouded lenses and
When the rain falls, it obliterates what I do not care to see- although
When I close my eyes and look through imaginary lenses-
I see pink clouds, purple mountains and a rainbow-
I perceive the sun dancing to a delightful minuet on the horizon-
I feel a gentle breeze breaking the oppressive heat of the summer
That inundates that world I do not care to live in?
My mind is spinning about in a vicious spiral-
I cannot distinguish reality from the world into which I am trying to escape?
My mother and my father had always looked through blinders
Unable to see or to accept the person I truly am and
As far back as I remember I heard only words of disapproval
As I never lived up to their idealistic expectations?
In all suddenness I have come to realize that
Their bodies and their souls have disappeared from this vicinity
Although I am still trying to discern veracity?
I hear the rustling of leaves on the trees that surround me and now, as
I tell myself that pink clouds and purple mountains do not exist in reality-
But in my reality, they do exist, so I mount my phantasmal unicorn and ride into the place
Where that rainbow awaits me as I sing hymns with the angels
To the tune of that minuet played by a chorus of nightingales-
I know now what is real is that I have abandoned the reality
I had once seen through clouded lenses
Now comprehending that my mother and father are alive only
In some other far away place in time-while
I have been reborn into a world of my dreams from which
I never care to awaken- angry disapproving voices shall never overpower my thoughts
Because I have chained the door to their existence-
I shall proudly keep riding that unicorn and
Continue singing in chorus with the angels and nightingales,
Until eternity casts its magical shadow upon my horizon, but everyone knows that
Eternity means forever-

Claudia Krizay

Evening Litany

It has so often been said that some people
Create dreams, and others live them…

If I were offered reality, I would refuse it-
Even in my most profound moments of madness, as I live in fear…

If friendship were offered to me, I may accept it, but
With care and caution, for I do not trust many…

-Although- if a tune was played, I would sing to it, because
Music brings to me peace and joy, as it uplifts my wounded spirit…

If one brought me incense, I would let it permeate my castle, for
Its sweetness and delicate scent would soothe me and calm my
Tormented soul…

If the whole world wished to trade with me their madding crowd to
My solitude, I would say" No", for in
My solitude, I have found freedom of expression of my
Inner creative self, and-

If I were offered the world,
I could never part with my dreams,
For it is in these dreams that I have created,
I have found a home…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Everywhere I Go

Today is quiet except for the sounds of my footsteps,
Cardinals singing and wild geese calling from the sky above-
Trees are my foremost companions and
Roses and azaleas blossoming would
Open their petals within a gust of wind-
It seems as if for the moment they are
Looking into my eyes and was almost as if they are laughing, and
Their laughter is ringing in the humid late spring air-echoing throughout
The fortress of my mind… Everywhere that I go
Nature seems to be calling and
The trees, flowers, rabbits, deer and squirrels
Are my sole companions and I am feeling free as
I can imagine, as I am the last person alive upon the face of the earth-
Animals and plants in the wild are my friends and
People have been none but intruders,
Following every step that I take but today
I can call myself the queen of the woods and
I call myself the one who rules and controls-
I am the one who can dream and inside the
World of my dreams I can fly and inside the
World of my fantasies I can run with the deer-
Often I have wondered if I were not truly human as
Humans have always been a threat to my existence,
Lacking empathy, true love and congeniality?
I have heard and read about dreams coming true and
Fantasies becoming reality- in books I read as a child and
Fairy tales my mother read me many years ago?
Today is quiet except for the sounds of my footsteps and
I believe I hear the wild geese calling as they fly across the sky above-
As the late spring's breeze blows I lift my own imaginary wings and fly-
I know it is all within a reverie from which I hope I shall never awaken- and if I do,
I shall only run forward, not backward, never looking behind at
The past where people have hurt, slighted and scorned me?
I see treetops scraping the sky and as I watch the sun set I totally lose myself in a trance-
Past this horizon is the place I long to live where animals and plants
Find their homes, free from hatred, pain and cruelty and
I remember reading in a storybook as a very young child, "close your eyes and after you
Fall asleep, one day you shall awaken and all of your dreams shall come true-"and
I believe I have been set free, as I walk towards the horizon in every step that I take-

Claudia Krizay

Eye OF Venus

Green is the eye of Venus, though now tightly shut.
Ancient music drums,
Trees viridian-hued.

The night has settled, dark as fear.
I rode a stallion-
Jet-black he was,
Against an array of foliage,
Emerald green,
Into the dead of night,
He rode.

Sleeping, I am?
Or am I living within some land of the surreal?

Lost within a valley,
I lie amongst tall reeds.
Water showers down upon me.

Skies turn mauve, purplish-
No calm before this storm.
Struck by lightening,
Branches are fallen by the wind.

Upon awakening,
As day breaks,
The ancient music's melody is arrested.
A sibilant voice whispers to me:
"Sleep amongst the dead,
And depart from the living."

As I nonchalantly gaze at the rising sun,
I wave "goodbye" to Venus,
And as she falls behind the horizon,
She waves back at me, and winks at me,
While ancient music begins drumming again…

Claudia Krizay

Eyes Here

Eyes here, eyes before me,
Eyes everywhere and behind me-
Looking into mine,
Stealing away my thoughts- I know that
My time is running short.

Voices speak like irate monsters and
Voices threaten to kill me,
They are with me wherever I go, threatening me-
Only I can hear them and I fear that
My time is running short.

Angry animals surround my bedside,
Lions, snakes and wolves-
Severed hands reach out to grab me
That only I can see, and
My time is running short.

Somebody came into my room last night,
Grabbed me and took me away-
Screaming out with trepidation-
I was alone in my rage and my plight, as
My time was running short.

Eyes here, eyes before me,
Eyes everywhere and before me-
Staring and making certain I do not escape,
I could hear the sirens blaring -and I knew that
My time was running short.

Locked inside an unfamiliar place,
Trying to discern veracity,
I see the clock upon the wall-
Too bewildered to even weep-
But now I know for certain-
I have entered the door towards madness and
I believe that my time has just run out.

Claudia Krizay

Fascination

Death fascinates;
Life can be cruel.
Death is my morbid but most-loved obsession.
Life is hard-
I am out of control.
Death is my relationship to reality-
Life is not fair.
Death is an entity of beauty, though
Life is strange…
Death is veracity, although it can be
The facet of my delusions-
I live my life while
Thoughts of death are so often invasive.
Death is mysterious, and
Life is a river refracting light-
Death is dark but intriguing.
Life is amazing.
Death in turn- is amazing as it can be.
I live my life in a dream world.
Death is indeed mysterious, although-
Life
Is
Stranger…

Claudia Krizay

Finding the Light

My world darkens as
Light surrounds me-
A wall has been erected between
Myself and this world-
Light surrounds me- I cannot reach-
I cannot reach beyond pathways towards oblivion-
A path exists before me, Straight and uphill-
The same path that I walk everyday- A pathway seemingly without and end-
Light surrounds me, So, I have been told- So many years have passed-
Promises for a future, a future filled with success-
Hope for a fine life – A sky without cloudiness,
Trees that grow tall and strong bearing flowers that shall never die-
Light surrounds me, I have been told- so,
Why do I only foresee bleakness and demise when
I have always been promised the sun to be rising about me?
This pathway I walk upon has been blocked
By mountains of madness, as along the way
I have drowned in pools of massive confusion,
While I feel hail and rain pounding against the very soul of my existence?
At the end of the road I walk- behind that wall that blocks my destination,
Awaits none but anger, mistrust and disappointment?
Light surrounds me, the light of promises,
The light of expectations, the light of hope-
The very same light that has blazed my spirit and my own rising sun has just burnt out?
My world is dark; I foresee no destiny-
Lightering has struck my tree of hope-
Fallen before me, blocking that same pathway
I walk everyday- I weep for that tree, now fallen, has perished-
I am now standing still as motionless as a marble statue, reflecting light
Which surrounds me and sears the core of my existence-
My tears are falling with the rain that has just taken over the light-
I am drowning in a pool of disarray and disbelief- as all I foresee is dimness-
That fallen tree casts shadows, obliterating my horizon?
Feeling my way through the mystifying haziness,
I begin to run without direction- singing melodies of my rekindled dreams, as
The rain stops and sunlight bursts through in all of its crystalline clarity-
My spirit is dancing atop those mountains of madness-
Being unable to discern veracity, I have lost myself inside the world of my delusions-
This is the world in which I have found a life and inside of which I can laugh and sing,
I see a different sort of light surrounding me now, and it no longer matters that
The flowers upon that fallen tree- have died, as I have found my own special flowers
Growing within a different frame of time and place…

Claudia Krizay

Flamingo

Proud and brawny you stand-
Alone but never lonely, as the sun appears on the horizon-
Your wings- magenta hued and
Your legs, long, stately and strong-
Leaves on the trees are feather-like and blossoming, though ever so slightly-
Spring is arriving early this year.
Being none but a Flamingo, The pond in which you stand,
Your shadow glancing at the sky,
Cobalt blue in its hue and cloudless-
You have not a care in the world.
I have been often told of my strength and courage,
Though not always proud-
Being human, I can foresee my destiny and
Fear more than storms, and other animals in the wild
That could harm me.
I was born under a different star than
Other people have been-
I live inside a world of my delusions,
So many have told me, although I do not care to believe-
The sun is rising above the mountains.
My dream would be to lift my wings-
If I owned them, and fly away from all that I fear,
But I have no place to go-
If only I could get inside of your mind and
Be alone to appreciate none but the waters I stand in,
The mountains behind me and the splendor of the rising and
Setting of the sun?
I have been compared to a bird with broken wings that cannot fly, or
A lion trapped within a cage- with no way to escape my doubts-
As I watch the sun disappear beyond the horizon at midnight
I fall asleep and begin to dream- in my dream I fly above the world so vast,
Without a care in the world and lost inside the world of my fantasies-
My dream is never to awaken- spring is arriving early this year and
To my dismay, the sun shall rise early tomorrow and alas, I shall awaken to
A world that has not been kind to me, as I open my eyes to a new day once more….

Claudia Krizay

Flight

</>I have always loved the sky and
Dreamed, not only late at night,
Of life beyond our solar system
Elsewhere in the universe so vast-
Some would say that I envision the sky
Under a different light, as
The sun people worship and fantasize
Around which our planet revolves,
Has been brightly blinding and deceptive-
Inside the world of my thoughts as
Others have deemed as delusions-
Casting rays that are fires from hell,
Illuminating the paths I frantically walk
Trying to escape what is real.
Cerulean blue is the sky at night, and
Cobalt blue at sunrise,
Overshadowed by the dimmer light of the moon at twilight,
Adorned with contrasting cumulous clouds at dawn as
Rare shades of blue magically transform to gold as
The evil sunrises, threatening me-
Although I fear the overwhelmingly dazzling rays of the sun
Aiming towards me as a sort of lethal weapon,
I would still make my journey through and across the universal sky
If I only could- inside the fortress of my mind,
I have created my own universe, with a different sun,
People I could trust and who speak a language
Which only they and I could converse and comprehend- while
There would be no sickness, war or evil to fear.
I have no place upon the familiar planet earth.
I was born under a different star-
I have escaped veracity,
I have become a extraordinary nightingale lifting my wings,
Flying beyond the sun, the moon and past Saturn, Venus and beyond-
Inside the world of my apparition, as I soar further
Away from all that terrifies me
I know that a day shall come that I shall arrive
At my new home, in flesh, not only in spirit-
I have always loved the sky, and
I have always lived, in my own way
As a shadow obliterated by massive crowds of
Those who only wish me harm.
The story of how my body and soul
Shall soon survive and find blissful contentment,
Someplace beyond what they can envision
Is one nobody shall ever hear, as
My thoughts have traveled too many light years away –
One day the sun shall burn out and I may return,
After all of earths' hellions have vanished-though
I shall never be alone, as I have by my side
Those phantasmal beings of my sorcery-
I hear thunder now and the rain begins to fall, and
I cannot see through the black and ominous clouds-

With much disdain my journey must be postponed as
I watch the rain fall into the ocean,
I find myself drowning inside a different ocean-
That is, an ocean of an abundance of tears, which
I have wept, unashamedly knowing that
Nothing is without hope and I deeply believe
I shall become that extraordinary nightingale someday again soon
Ascending upward, when the sky becomes once again
That distinctive shade of cerulean blue-
I can find my place amongst angels or more simply
Amongst the beings inside of my imaginings and be joyful
And with hope that the sun shall not set my dreams afire,
That the rain shall not begin to fall again,
Someday I shall be contented to be alive,
as a strong, brave and immortal being, while
Never a lost soul or a shadow blackened by the nightmares of my past.

</>

Claudia Krizay

Flight of the Imagination

An array of voices command within
Flight of the imagination-
A tree growing crookedly,
Sprouting from the depths of oblivion-
I believe I have seen a rainbow dancing with
The rays of the sun appearing over the horizon, as it
Rises above the clouds, crimson and vermillion in their hues?
Darkness steals the light away as rain begins to fall
Upon the essence of time,
Alien faces are frighteningly threatening, as
Spirits rise from the dead-
Lost souls in the depth of the forest indulging in profound conversation,
I am grasping at my thoughts, tenuously conflicting-
I can hear chattering voices, coming from outside intruders-
Ominous visions integrating upon a fallen foundation haunt, although
I know I must persevere-
Continuously walking, gathering my identity as
A reflecting pond catches dewdrops falling from leaves and grasses surrounding-
I think of building wooden fences about me to safeguard
My thoughts, precious, though complex and bewildering, as
The rain continues to fall.
Unfamiliar glances, suspiciously terrifying,
Upon footsteps, faltering,
I follow that pathway to nowhere, as I continue my solitary walk,
Escaping bedlam, towards the majestic place of my dreams-
As lightening strikes and thunder claps,
I continue my journey towards that wondrously enticing oblivion-
Content to have finally escaped the ostentatious veracity-
A lost but unique soul, I am-
I cannot discern the inevitable, though
I can laugh at the humor of my plight-
I have fallen in love with nature, and as
Rain spatters, though gently upon the pathway I walk-
I see my reflection wading in a nearby creek,
Crimson clouds have overcome the bleak darkness of reality-
In flight of my imagination, I have made a life for myself while
My spirit continues its journey out of the darkness into eternal light,
Forever-

Claudia Krizay

For Kyt

Yesterday, or perhaps,
Tomorrow,
I would find,
Without reason
Or avidly searching, as I listen cautiously to
The sound of the wind rustling the dying leaves on the oak trees
And the sound of a squall carrying, but
Only a few weathered pebbles
With all its dogged strength,
Tossing them about as they
Braise the ice-clad wooded pathway-
I am perhaps searching as I walk
Through the dense fog that hovers as a
Magician's cloak would guard the treetops with care.
I believe, as blatantly as a single star is
Blazing a pathway through the early morning's mist,
That I have found you, perhaps another lost soul…
Take my hand, though carefully and with caution,
For I am afraid that lightening in any moment in time
Could strike you and you would die.
The loss of you would be as overwhelming as to
Never behold that elusive morning's star again, though
I may only weep-
My tears, though never copious would be
Shattering but one at a time as
They fall senselessly upon the frozen creek that
Has risen before my feet, and
You my beloved, would disappear, after
The fog has lifted…
Last night I heard sad angels screaming as they
Threw hailstones from the heavens that blinded me and after
I danced in solitude amongst the barren trees, though now
I stand but in awe of you,
My only kindred spirit, as the sunrises at daybreak,
Only wondering where lost souls find solace after
Lightening would strike us both,
Perhaps beneath that creek that has once risen before my feet
After the messiah's tears have fallen from the sky,
I could hold you locked inside my aching heart forever and then
I would catch that shining star that would blaze a path for us to forever follow as
One more tear would shatter upon the face of time…

Claudia Krizay

For My Father

Reaching upward as I never believed
I could do, not within this moment-
Searching for life's meaning, heaven sent and
Written across the stone of some unfamiliar despondent
Figure from my past-
Was an invitation for me to follow in your footsteps –
Much less you, my own father who passed away years ago
I can almost hear you calling my name aloud as I
Search for relief from all of the pain-
My stone is waiting and patiently standing- in my dying breath- as
I climb this stairway towards hell- I say-
Father you were a good man with such a zest for life although
Only evil people with no conscience
Burn in hell's brush fire
In your eyes and mine likewise death is hell
In itself- in our eyes life has always been a challenge,
Life is indeed a gift- while death is a rude awakening-
Perhaps if I climb this ladder I am tenuously holding onto-
I will find you once again when I reach the top-
I remember being your one and only,
As I remember you to be a godsend –
Reaching upward is reaching outward to
Embrace the most gentle, loving and
The most gallant man- in all due respect-
Meeting you face to face once more
Would erase the pain of loss I feel and
In my heart, mind and spirit-
Loss is none but hell and reuniting with you
Will give us both a second chance at life –
- Let hell's fire burn-if not for just this moment-
It shall light the candle I hold in my hand
Blazing a path before me- until we meet once more-
Much less to be held in your arms-
The heaven of both of our dreams come true-
Love puts out all malevolent fires-as would a fountain of youth or
A cleansing shower- let fondest memories of the good times
We shared turn the hell of death to
A warm rebirth – no matter where that light shall guide us-
That place shall be our one and only heaven-

Claudia Krizay

Forever in My Dreams

Close to the morning hours before I awaken,
I find myself looking outside of the window of my dreams-
Sometimes amidst the bleak darkness, the full moon is rising above the treetops,
Stars are seemingly cascading behind mountains of far away places-
I hear footsteps faintly passing by, perhaps down the hallway of my fantasies-
Slowly my eyes would open and I find myself
Looking outside of the same window and
All I can see are shadows of trees that would be
Touching the sky within a figment of my imagination-
Close to the morning hours, close to the time that the world awakens,
I find myself lost in thought, disappearing into some other realm.
The full moon battles with the rising sun, stars shooting and seemingly cascading,
Saturn, Mars and Venus are dancing in rhythm to
The doleful and mystical song of the locusts screaming-
Inside the fortress of my thoughts,
I have made my home inside this kingdom in the sky-
In this place where the light of the moon is overpowered
By the rays of the early morning sun-
The colors of the sky are reborn- cyanotic blue and
Pearl-white clouds, seemingly tinted with gold,
Amidst the phantasmal waltz of my imagination,
I can hear voices familiar only to myself,
Shouting words that terrify and evoke moments of madness-
It has been said that reason can be affected by the light of the full moon
Before daybreak and I would ride bareback upon the tail of a shooting star
If I only could, as it would take me on a journey across the universe,
Perhaps to a safer place within this magical kingdom in the sky-
Close to the morning hours before I awaken,
I have lost myself inside a magnificent place of my own creation-
A place from which I would never leave if I could only wish upon a star-
This would be my utmost desire- as this lurid but dismal world
Into which I was born has not been kind to me-
As my memory becomes a vehicle traveling backward in time-
I can recall terrifying sights only I could see and threatening voices which
Only I could hear- within that moment that darkness transforms to dawn,
I find my spirit having been rudely snatched away from this place of my fondest reverie-
So I close my eyes and then I can see the stars once more, the moon and Saturn dancing-
And I begin to lose myself once again traveling across this pathway of my dreams-
Tears are falling from my eyes as they open because this vision can never become reality-
Tears would glisten with dewdrops upon the leaves upon the trees reflecting the
Early morning sunlight as I close my eyes once again and wish upon that star
As I would for always and forever in every passing thought…

Claudia Krizay

Freak Out

The sun opens its eyes
Upon the distant horizon
Nature plays its peace harp as
I look into the dawning-
Petals of the glass rose blooming inside of my heart,
Tremulous as they fall
To my feet, splinter and are carried away-
A fallen foundation,
Shattered tranquility,
I would become a pilot in my solitude
In control of my own destiny,
A hurricane or none less than a
Whole gale in its full force,
With ammunition to kill and
The fury of the rage of a winter's storm-
My soul, swept away,
My heart, frozen as
My fondest reverie has been
Dissipated, hurled and carried away
By the force of as that of a tornado-
I am now in control of my senses and
Have the power to
Manipulate the thoughts of this world's strangers-
I stand alone envisioning
Broken shards of a glass rose
Strewn about that unsteady pathway once
Paved before me, as the hands of my intruders
Toy with the essence of my thoughts?
With every step I take upon
That fallen foundation, I would cry no tears.
My world has just crashed and fallen before me,
But as my heart has been pilfered,
I do not feel sadness but only
Unrelenting rage, which has
Assassinated the hearts and minds of the strangers
Who disrespected my boundaries-?
When the sun rises I shall be dead and gone, but
A glass rose shall grow by my grave site, and
I shall find peace here
Knowing that I am in control…

Claudia Krizay

Friend

My life is a puzzle that challenges the mastermind, and the
Love I feel for you is deeper than the well of silence…
When I look up into the sky, I see clouds obliterate the rays of the sun, though
You are the gentle breeze that blows those clouds away, as
You capture the rain, my tears- in your loving hands,
And transform them to dewdrops that glisten in
The sunshine at the dawning of each new day.
My soul dances inside of a stallion and inside of the exterior of a
Playful and innocent child, my heart weeps and trembles and
The voice of my spirit chortles although at times screams out in terror, but the
Voices that plague my troubled mind will not be silenced...
You are the brightest star of all of the constellations that shine upon
My dark world, and the gentle hand that wipes my tears away,
The jester that makes me laugh, and the song that moves me to tears…

Claudia Krizay

From the Inside Out

I have been patiently waiting for the coming of spring,
I hear a breeze rustling the buds upon the trees outside-
I look out of this window and I can clearly see
Daffodils and more daffodils swaying in a gentle burst of wind-
My own mind seems to be swaying
From reality into fantasy-
In this moment I cannot discern veracity-
They brought me to this place last night
I hardly know the person I am
Into this room they put me and I can hear the door closing behind me
And the turning of the key in the lock-

I used to say I lived for this time of the year
When everything seemed to be reborn
Robins sang and blue jays called
Cardinals garbed in their red attire perched upon branches of maple trees,
Moss is blue-green and grass is growing everywhere-
Budding cherry blossoms are opening their faces to the world-
This magnificent place that has not been kind to me-
And to which I cannot relate-
They brought me to this place last night-
Into this room they put me and I can still hear the door slamming
And the turning of the key in the lock.

I can almost envision the warm air so typical of this time of year
Although inside this room it feels cold and foreign
Clothed in none but a white gown,
I hold my arms closely together trying to protect myself from the cold
Although I cannot contain my thoughts being in such disarray-
Looking outside the window,
Suddenly the world seems to be spiraling out of control-
I cannot get a reign upon my thoughts and the threatening voices only I can hear-
They brought me to this place last night-
Into this room they put me and I can hear the door slamming,
And the turning of the key in the lock.

I remember the days many years ago
When I would pick a daffodil in my father’s garden and tuck it behind my ear-
Those were the days before I lost my sense of direction, and
Before I was plagued with the frightening voices- those only I can hear.
I remember seeing wild geese flying above me when I walked-
When I walked upon the trail in the woodlands-
In my fantasies I would become a wild goose myself, soaring above this vast world-
I know that birds have simple lives and don’t get sucked into the horrors of insanity.

life has become an uphill battle and
I am climbing ladders in my dreams trying to find my heaven-
Perhaps meeting face to face with angels in the sky,
Instead of living in this pain burning my spirit in the hell beneath my feet-
Daffodils shall blossom and bloom every spring and
Birds continue to chant their chorus early every morning-
At the same time I am trying to find myself and some purpose to my life,

I know I can only see the world through this picture window because
They brought me to this place last night-
Now I hardly know the person who I am and how long
I will be confined inside this cage
Where the floors are urine stained and the walls are tiled.
Even above my high pitched screaming
I still hear the slamming of the door behind me-
I lift my imaginary wings to fly away from this trap they put me in
But I know there is no escape- there is no escape,
I feel my time is about to run out and I can still hear the turning of the key in the lock…

Claudia Krizay

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But I know there is no escape- there is no escape,
I feel my time is about to run out and I can still hear the turning of the key in the lock…

Claudia Krizay

Gardens of Daffodils

The moon was full last night-
Though I couldn't escape the darkness.
The sun shone brightly yesterday
Over a garden of daffodils blossoming,
Bold and yellow as they could be.

I see this world as bleak and terrifying, and I feel as if
I was born under a different star.
This is the time of year where
Flowers of many kinds surround me-
This is the time of year where this world awakens once more, and
This is the time of year when twenty one years ago my father passed away.

In my solitude I feel safe, although
Threatened when others' eyes meet with mine.
When the daffodils are growing everywhere, I believe
They are trying to make this world appear more striking-
I rest inside the freedom of my inner world right now,
I feel millions of miles away from grim reality,
Talking to the people whom I believe exist,
But only inside of the fortress of my thoughts-

I am feeling as if fate is trying to break down the walls
Which enclose me and trying to make me face veracity-?
Beautiful flowers are blooming everywhere, and
Today I know I must venture outward, as
The world outside summons me to meet face to face with what is real.

I grew up with everybody around me telling me
One day I would have to accept all that is real, because
One day my delusional world would come crashing down upon me, and
I would not know which direction my life would take its turn,
Though daffodils would still be dancing in the late spring breeze.

I must say that the yellow blossoms do brighten up
The path I walk upon when I am forced to journey outward- and
Even if the sun ceased to rise and the moon did not shine so brightly in the night,
I believe that every spring there would appear gardens filled with daffodils
Brightening up the desolation of the outside world-
I can at least have faith that flowers shall always show their faces in the springtime,
And because I am so enamored of their loveliness, their presence always bring me some
Peace of mind and when I am at peace inside, I can always close my eyes and dream.

Claudia Krizay

Golden Tree

In the dark late night she appeared
A golden tree dancing
Before a sky of azure blue
Somewhat purple hued.

Her branches grew haphazardly
Playing hide and seek with cirrus clouds.
Inside she prayed for rain to shine upon her.

Through a kaleidoscope she could read the songs
Of her wounded soul,
Although the approaching dawn was blackening.

Electric blue were the eyes of midnight.
Mistrustful, they hid behind a wall of deceit
This golden tree danced in the early morning breeze,
As she shivered to ward away the fallen snow.

She wept for all of the hurt through which she lived.
When she read the world through that kaleidoscope,
There were none but scattered shards of broken glass

"Dance and dance"
All tell this golden tree,
For she shall grow when the sun rains upon her gilded heart.
She is loved, in all her lustrous glory.

Red birds of ardor,
Robins with their breasts of copper,
And the new moss that grows upon her fragile trunk
Shall arrive within a vessel christened "springtime."

She reaches out with agile limbs
To trees with silver branches
Swaying to and fro,
Dropping leaves with veins of woven silk,
That wilt with each and every touch.

In the dim moonlight when the air is bittersweet
There appears a golden tree that dances,
Far from where the rippling creek is crawling over
Gemstones dampened by the rain.

Against a sky of azure blue
Touched with purple hues
A lithe, dancing golden tree can be found
In any place, time or realm,
She could be you or me-
Perhaps anyone's wounded soul,
Where its world seen through a kaleidoscope
Is none but a shattered dream…

Claudia Krizay

Gone With the Sky

Upon this day it is as if the sun is raining
Dry tears of anguish, as the clouds have disappeared-
Blue skies have meant to some, happiness, but today I have walked for minutes that have
Transformed to hours and it is as if everyone and everything is mocking me-
Skies are seemingly laughing and the sun cannot be there to guide me, but
Only present to heave invisible drops of water- perhaps dry tears of frustration-
People are following me from and in every which direction-
The colors of their eyes turning in hue as they watch my every move-
Anguish, fear, dread, sadness, hopelessness and perhaps a scant feeling of loneliness-
Are these feelings that plague me in essence none but a myriad of hellions who wish to persecute me?
With every step I take, I feel an upsurge of heat overpowering -
Those dry tears the sun exudes exist as if
Torrents of rain were falling onto the shadows of time-
Initially, moment by moment, then transforming to seconds and splicing to nanoseconds-
I am lost in these woodlands, once quite a familiar place, but now
I call myself none but a lost soul who foresees no destiny-
All I hear are the spattering of dry raindrops splashing onto every chamber of my
Empty heart that is beating out of despair and misery?
Deer are running freely and robins and cardinals have their homes
Amidst the trees above- I just have walked past a creek and I see my reflection within-
Though it doesn't look like the me I thought I knew, but just the likeness of
A frightened child without a purpose in life- who am I, I ask myself-
What am I and to where am I running? If I could touch the sun, or at least reach the sky-
I would stop these phony dry tears disguised as rain from falling and
Become a saint, a goddess or an angel and sing-
I could sing tunes about nature, love, and everything that is beautiful-
Ethereal beings don't need a purpose or destiny-
They just hover about the sky and are carefree and happy to be living eternally-
They never die or feel the pain of fear and apprehension?
I look up towards the sky right now and lose myself
Inside the world of my dreams- the skies are laughing still, but now
Laughing with me not at me- the only way I can survive today, as
Any sense of true reality has disappeared before my very eyes-
So now I find myself reborn inside a different world and have some peace of mind,
I have lost my sanity and I don't care- everybody knows that
To the insane-whatever world they live in is what is the true reality and besides-
Nothing anyone can say shall awake us from our dreams- in these places
Where we can run freely and no one falls and gets hurt because
There is nothing to fear or to run away from, no tears falling from a sky that is
Forever blue and the sun in our world is true, and has guided us to a peaceful homestead?

Claudia Krizay

Growing Pains

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An outcast, atypical and different-
Being three of you and myself alone-
In my eyes, I had done no wrong
Unaware of the daggers in your pupils
When I first walked in the door-
An outcast, perhaps younger, though
No more than one month perhaps two
Most likely none more than a fortnight-
Though without my realization, not knowing the right words to say,
Not knowing which games to play,
None but a fallen branch lying broken amidst tall and strong trees-
An outcast, daunted so many times by
Others who could see the pain and unyielding fear, as
Reflected in my glance, though misdirected-
Baffled and hurt by your taunting words-
Repeatedly stabbing my very soul-
The tears began to fall and as would a wounded deer,
I escaped your menacing and jeering chants-
I was gone, though
I could hear your wicked laughter pounding against the door
A wounded sparrow amidst a colony of feral cats-
Threatening words cutting deeper than would a blade of a sword-
Standing outside the door my injured spirit was screaming-
Perhaps a fortnight younger and smaller though hardly,
Cursed to be born different, though only in the minds of others-
A brilliant artist had once painted my portrait-
Deemed as beautiful by many- though nobody saw beyond the
Intricate brushstrokes, the smiling face and expressive eyes-
An outcast I was among many and through my lonely tears
Outside the door to your home I thought-
As all trees once came from seeds and all trees are striking
The three of you and I all came from a seed-
We are all children- children can be different ages, sizes and colors-
I was born a tree that couldn’t stand against the wind,
A child that couldn’t compete and couldn’t defend myself against the cruelty of others-
Time has passed and as a young tree that grew to be strong-
I have grown to be courageous, confident and much admired,
only to know that
Those unusual and outcasts as children, often blossom to become people
To be sought out and respected- and so like the strongest most beautiful tree
Within the entire forest, upholding against the strongest of storms-

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Hallucinations

Night has fallen, although
Midnight hours are never strange, and
When rain or snow,
Sometimes is
Heavily falling, though these sounds I cannot hear.
Somehow
It was just another night,
Another day, or
Another minute
Just as yesterday has
Slipped through the crack
Beneath my bedroom door,
Locked, dead bolted and keyed,
I cannot remember if I kept that key, or if the
Rain or snow has come between the world outside and myself?
A song was once written just for me
I could hear the first few words but
Its melody was arrested when somebody in my mind suddenly
Wants me to die as
That song becomes so strangely frightening?
Bells are ringing,
Some shadowy being is standing by my bedside, and
Time has slipped away from me once more through that
Crack beneath my bedroom door.
I just heard the first few words to my favorite song,
Voices tell me I am none but beautiful while that
Rain keeps tap-dancing upon my windowsill.
A shadowy and threatening figure is still lurking above my bed.
That voice inside my mind wants me to die and another is
Telling me I am none but beautiful,
A few more words from my favorite song have just been sung.
I believe I that people are out there wishing me ill-fate, that
Roses grow in the wintertime and
I am swimming in a whirlpool of confusion
Of what is real and what is not?
A few more words from my favorite song, and
Bells keep chiming and I just heard another voice calling my name-
In all fairness, I must confess that
Even though somebody in my mind would like for me to die, and only I can hear those
Ringing bells and songs sung to me,
That melody has been arrested
Suddenly-
Only because I realize now that it is a dance
Choreographed for me alone and
Even if it is a tragic musical
I am in a safer place than outside my door
There is a world out there and
It can rain and it can snow and
Cars can splash through water as they drive by my window and
Every day I spend out there
Is more of a nightmare than
The saddest tune my thoughts can play,

Voices that wish for me to die,
Demonic dances or dark figures lurking above my bed
Will never harm me as much as
What goes on outside my window every day, or as
 Going to work or living a life in a very ordinary way, and besides-
I just heard that voice inside my head
Telling me once more that
I am none but beautiful…

Claudia Krizay

Hanging By A Thread

Hanging by a thread, I had been, with no relief from fear-
I was drifting in a rowboat lost in the midst of an unfamiliar ocean,
In a state of mind going no place-
Searching for direction through a tunnel of madness,
In the middle of despair, I had to find a spirit close to god-
It all happened at the time when I had shut the world out and
Made a home for myself where I had created a world of my own-
There, in this magical place I would thrive with people I could trust
I heard their mellow voices speaking to me-
In my solitude I can still at times hear them now.
When that fear surrounded me I would pray to the deity of my imagination-
Composing hymns to which we danced to-Myself and the friends of my fantasies-
I recall locking the door to my inner space vowing that I would never depart, and
Allowing nobody else to enter-
No longer hanging by that thread of mistrust and disbelief,
I had found my home inside the world of my thoughts- I could see trees, clear skies and
A river, surrounded by none but beauty and fortune until
The day I was snatched away and that day I was taken away and was
Locked inside a different room, dark, dismal and unfamiliar.
So many years have passed and I have seen myself travel
Inside and outside of fantasy, and inside and outside of despair.
However, this morning I awakened, hanging by a thread once more-
Recalling the horrid memories of those days when my dreams were snatched away.
In this moment I hang tightly onto that thread of terror,
Knowing I must transform it to a rope that cannot break-
Sunlight shines through a window in a different place in time.
Life has been a hard road to follow where all I could do was to look for detours-
But now I am aware of a newly found gift-
That of knowing what is reality and what is not-
That river of fantasy which reflected the sun, and the people who lived there
I could retreat to-however-I strangely feel those memories vanishing in a windstorm-as
I am feeling the strength of what now is a rope- a rope of strength inside of me-
I can still find peace at times closing my eyes and visiting those dreams
When the wind occasionally blows veracity out of control,
However I know the wind shall subside because I have found salvation and hope, by
Holding onto that rope, my inner strength that
Always leads me back to the present-my newly found peace of mind

Claudia Krizay

Hard Times

</>I vaguely recall some of my childhood days, although
If I had to relive those days I do remember
I would have chosen to be born under a different star-

Lying upon the cold tiled bathroom floor dying was
My father on a warm early spring day and
Lying unconscious in the intensive care ward dying
Just five months later, lay my mother.

Sunlight would be creeping through the bedroom window,
Some twenty years later, as I stood by the bathroom door,
Screaming out in utter frustration and despair,
Trying to discern what was real from the shadows inside of my mind,
While all of the anger of my past and present days
Flooded my thoughts as would a raging storm on a summer's eve-

I stood as still as the broken lamppost leaning upon the living room wall,
Trapped inside a tenement of anger and mistrust,
Fighting the tears that were flowing as rapidly as a downhill stream,
All of the rage tearing my soul apart as my heart was locked
Inside of a metal vault as my thoughts were weaving in and out of veracity.

If I could I would release my heart from that vault as
The feelings it contained were agonizing as if
A sword had stabbed and was twisting back and forth, with no relief
From the pain of past memories, as vague as they were-

Nearly fifty years have passed since I walked on the beach
Beneath the shade of palm trees, kicking the sand on the shore,
watching the sun set and then rise over the mountains and
Those nights when the full moon illuminated the sky-
I recall roses in full bloom in my father's garden, and those days I
Walked along the wooded trail,
watching the deer running through the forest-

Recollections were overshadowed by nightmares,
visions and threatening voices
That plagued my mind with monotonous regularity-
It was only a week ago I lay upon a cold metal table
Breathing oxygen from a rubber mask as I drifted off to sleep,
An electric current passed through my brain
Sending me to some other realm into which I would awaken an hour later-

Seemingly in a different place and time I could not recall
The details of my childhood's pain,
as my heart remained locked and keyed
Inside that iron vault-
Inside of my phantasmal space, I keep a key that
Could unlock many doors, one being the door to that magical world
Inside which I once lived to escape all of the pain of reality
That has torn my spirit to pieces-

My screams have been silenced and nobody has heard
My cry for help, and now I am alone inside of the world of my thoughts,
Singing the words to my favorite song-
“Stay alive and hold onto your dreams”-
I hold my dreams close to my heart, soul and mind because
My dreams are all that I have left-

Claudia Krizay

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Claudia Krizay

Have You Ever?

Without compassion, I gaze into your tear-filled eyes, I ask you
"Have you ever fallen and hurt yourself, ", or
"Have you ever been in love and lost-or have you ever been trapped
Inside of a blizzard of snow, while the snow outside is falling
So hard that you couldn't see the trees or even the sky-, it is only raining now and
You are inside your home, safe and free from outside intruders-
I have fallen in love and lost, while you are weeping, seemingly without reason?
I never have seen you running outside and having fallen,
Neither crying over the loss of a loved one? "
Now, as I listen I can hear you say to me-
"Don't turn your head or close your eyes while my tears are falling-
Don't laugh while I pick up the pieces of my shattered past-"
Then I hear you ask-"have you ever been hurt inside by voices
Wishing you nothing but harm, voices you say talk only to you
That no one else can hear? " and
"Can you fathom being locked inside an empty room alone,
Only because you couldn't stop screaming-
You have loved and lost, though I have never been loved at all before, and
I see the snow falling in torrents in this moment-
As in this moment I am losing myself inside
A blizzard of madness as I fall into a trap of my own delusions, " then
With anxious eyes gazing aimlessly downward, you question
"Have you ever seen snakes crawling up you bedside or
Have you ever been trapped within moments of madness?
Where fate has thrown the key to the wind? ", then,
"Listen to the wind screaming and see my tears falling as would
A downpour in a summer storm- lightening strikes between us and
To you, it comes, illuminates the darkness and disappears, while
To me it tells me that this world I have been so cruelly born in is not a safe place-"
"Don't speak to me of lost love and skinned knees as the snow falls
Painting a beautiful picture for you of a winter's wonderland-
My world has just caved in and I have yet to see the stars-
I would ride upon the tail of a shooting star if I only could
To travel to another planet where nobody threatens me-
This is none but a dream and most of my past dreams have been nightmares-
The snow is falling in torrents and while you can't see the sky,
I am only thankful that at this moment in time, I cannot see the demons
That persecute me day and night- though only for this brief moment-
You were once a child with a broken leg that has healed and
I see you running marathons of delight while
I am a bird with a broken wing that cannot ever fly."

Claudia Krizay

Heart of Gold (-for my mother)

I was not the person I appeared to be-
In your eyes, I was different.
Although you never told me-
In your spoken words, I was like all of the others-
So many times you had hurt me deeply,
Through your spoken words and through your eyes,
I could never do right-
The slap of your hand across my face
When I was none but a child of six, even before the words came out-
Told me I was a bad girl- I wept and you just walked past me.
Roses grew in my father's garden, plentifully and beautifully, in the summertime,
Our home was a palace- my father was the king and you were the queen.
When flowers blossomed in the springtime and
Leaves changed colors in the autumn- snow would fall in the wintertime-
No matter the season, you were the one with the friendly smile and the life of the party-
We were the perfect family though I could almost say- though secretly- I hated you.
I was only fourteen years old when I broke down and they put me away-
I used to think that if you did love me, I never would have known.
The bird that could not fly and the child that did not grow up-
The young woman, who heard voices nobody else heard, saw sights no one else saw-
Everybody was a threat except for those who lived inside the world I had fabricated.
I was not the person I appeared to be- the act you forced me to put on-
To be like everybody else, I could never be.
I wept myself the night father told me how you cried every night I was locked inside
The world of my delusions and locked inside that place where
People like me were put away- and a month before you passed away,
I remember reading the words inscribed across the yellow lined paper-
That you had always loved me and I was the most important person in your life.
Through those written words, I could see the pain written across your face and
For the first time, the love you felt for me shone through your soulful brown eyes-
It was the ticking of the wall clock that made me understand, was
Keeping time and telling me that in just a short time you would be gone, and
To be departed from this world forever.
I am alone now and your ashes have been scattered at sea,
As had been your final wish and desire-
A woman who had lived a life of suffering and
Who was not there for me because she could not be, only because
She had been locked inside a world of her own despair,
A survivor of a life filled with tragedy and pain, but
Having grown, I can understand and hear the beating of a golden heart, and
Tears cried out of love for a child who had lost her sanity at an age so young-
I would remember more than
Flowers blossoming, leaves changing colors and snow falling,
Year after year, and the agony of growing up in a family I believed at the time
Did not care or understand-, but I would remember those precious words inscribed
Across yellow lined paper- then I would pick a flower and tuck it behind my ear,
Continue my journey through this life and always keep in mind as I listen,
In my fondest memory- the ocean's waves lapping against the shore where
Your ashes were scattered twenty years past and
The beating of your golden heart…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Helicopter From Hell

I am riding on a helicopter
From hell
That is supposed to take me
To some place
Where I can in vain find some
Solace and peace
For just one moment, I pray to some God that not likely exists-
They say it is supposed to storm today
But the skies are lying
Just as the whole world
Tells me its daily untruths-
Hell is where I am now living and
Hell is where I shall find myself
After death-

Hell is my past and
Here in the present
I am damned and
Feel as if I have been betrayed-
An elderly woman,
Dressed in a chartreuse and brown-colored plaid frock
Torn at the hem and she is
Wearing worn oxfords, made of
Yellowed leather,
One untied-
Eyes in the back of her head spinning and
Glaring at me as she
Chatters, laughs at and prattles about me through the static on her
Wretched cell phone-
On this bus
Everyone is laughing at me disdainfully,
Ogling me through their glassy eyes-
The driver slows down every time
We come close to a green light turning yellow, then red-
Wanting to make me late
To that place
That place where I hopelessly seek solace and some
Peace of mind-
I would shoot him with a pistol
Or stab him with a knife-
If I owned either, which in sad reality I do not
If this bus were in truth a helicopter
It would fly high up in the sky but never would reach heaven-
Strangers with their beady eyes
In back of their heads-
Intently gazing into mine stealing my thoughts away-
They are nothing but ants to me whom I would stamp on
If I only could I would with joy and utmost glee.
My hands are shaking and my eyes are
Darting madly about-
"Everyone knows
That

Woman
Is
Psychotic –"
I hear them all say-
About me?
And
I don't even care, because
I hate people and I have just fallen in love with myself and
That can only mean that
I must be from some other planet and
On this planet where I was conceived-
No heaven or hell exists, so
I ride this helicopter
Back to my home beyond the sky-
Beyond peace of mind,
Heaven, hell, or this planet earth, and where
The skies never lie and
I am lost in my own storm and I only wish that
That old crone would tie her shoe
And turn off her cell phone
So I can hear the voices
Always talking to me inside my mind-
As my eyes dart about and my hands shake-
As this world spins out of control and thunder claps
My phantom cell phone rings,
To tell me that
The sky has lied…one more time…
I am a lost soul,
Stranded and
Miles from home…
Destitute, impoverished, and
So in love
With
Myself…

Claudia Krizay

Her

I was a laughing child
That did not know and
Did not fathom
Time was catching up with me when
Everywhere behind me
Whether looking towards the future or
Leaving the past behind,
Her eyes, hazel in the daylight's shadow and
Her hair, thick, with wisps of gray,
Would frame her countenance,
So young and beautiful, and
Her hands, thin, delicate and pristine, as
Those of an artist…

Rain would fall in torrents the day
I decided no longer to fear the
Raucous sounds about our home-
She would bake bread and sing tunes,
Leaving me to wonder why
She had stayed in bed for days and nights past-

Those days went by quickly as
The second hand spun around the clock
Above the kitchen table- under which
I would play-
Though always in solitude,
I was an Indian, a princess or
On the best of days a queen-

It was a wonder that
Years later
I was the same laughing child
Weeping tears of despair,
Dark shadows cast upon the walls of
My bedroom would
Obliterate any sunlight left in our lives…

Her eyes, hazel in the daylight's shadows,
Now tear filled as her hair,
Now gray in the dark of the world outside …

Her laughter, now was transforming to deadly silence;
Flowers stood limply in a vase in the middle of the kitchen table where
She would sit, her head resting between her hands-
Long and thin as those of an artist,
Wrinkled, now, years later-
A tear cascading down her cheek-

I hardly understood
Life's meaning-
My life was far from under that same table-
My world so very small,

But all mine and mine alone-
I had picked those flowers-
Wilted dandelions- and a single rose
From father’s garden-
Though always alone,
Never laughing, never weeping,
Never smiling-

At night, stars were falling and
My thoughts were screaming
“Come back! Come back! ”
That was the moment I first heard them-
The unfamiliar voices-
She would sit at the same table,
Not noticing the dandelions, but only the rose-
The second hand spun as quickly around the clock as
My world was spiraling out of control-
And she would sit on the edge of her
Wrought iron framed queen sized bed
Her head resting in her hands
Still long, thin and like those of an artist-
Frozen
Still…

Claudia Krizay

I Am

I am a tree,
Amongst many,
Growing in the backwoods,
As a person lost in a world of millions-
I stand proudly, and
Strong against the wind,
Bearing flowers in the spring and
Leaves, so green in the summertime…
In the autumn my foliage
Transforms to oranges, reds and browns an then fall,
Leaving me barren in the wintertime,
The storms that arrive so unexpectedly, I fear-
And even more so,
The forest fires that rage and that I have no power to stop-
Losing my branches, when lightening strikes I fear,
Or losing myself in an upsurge of flames-
I never know when my life could end,
Or when I would become none but a
Pile of sticks or logs
To which someone could light a match-
I am a tree, amongst many,
Though in some ways stronger than the others,
I am a special one, bearing flowers of a different color and
Branches that appear thinner and weaker
Than surrounding trees,
Though mine have yet to fall-
Someday a hurricane shall sweep through the forest and
Every tree shall be fallen to the wind-
Though I shall remain standing alone-
Fires may burn and storms shall come and go-
But my greatest fear is that
I shall never grow tall and scrape the magnificent blue sky,
Where angels sing and stars scintillate, and
That glorious sunrises and sets-
So much like those people who are angry and are
Always in the darkness-
It hurts sometimes to be special, even though unique-
As everyone fears those that are different-
Even if one is none but a tree, for
A tree that is different could be harmful and inevitably-
Someone will cut you down- and the flowers that once adorned you
Shall perish and be forgotten…

Claudia Krizay

I Am A Survivor

A fence was built before me-
Its gate was locked- I never had the key to that lock-
When I tried to climb that fence-I fell to the ground.
A road was paved for me to follow, however
I never knew its destination.
Rain filled a hollow crater, forming a lake
I dared not step into it, as a sign nearby read
"Don't go in the water."
This world was built for me to live in- although
Somehow I was always a foreigner-alive only inside the world of my dreams.
Yesterday I built my own fence and for the moment
Left its gate unlocked.
I paved my own road, which leads to places
I have always wanted to see.
A pond nearby is crystal clear, so clear I can see my reflection,
And on this day, I have liked what I see.
I can swim across that clean and clear pond,
And I walk through the gate; I lock it behind me,
To travel down that newly paved road
That leads to my own small world- that land of paradise,
That place where I feel at home after many years of
Being trapped inside places of misfortune and
I am proud to wear the key to that lock on a chain about my neck-
The people who tried so hard to contain me and
Mold into someone I could never be, are dead and gone forever-
As loving as these people could be we are always at war,
As if I were being controlled and manipulated
Day and night for countless years.
As I walk down that road paved for me alone-
I fondle the key to that lock about my neck and burst into song-
Alone, but content and satisfied to have found myself,
Rising to a new but welcome moment of pride-because
I have found myself in control of my own destiny-
I am a survivor in a place I have created myself and for myself alone-

Claudia Krizay

I Am Running

I am running within an unknown direction,
Running from all that I fear-
I don’t know if there exists a horizon, or if there exists another world
Free from all that threatens me-
I am running beneath the shade of the trees,
Trying to find myself, and all that I believe.
I foresee a rainbow in the distance and
I feel a chill in an early spring’s gust of wind.
At night I would dance beneath the light of the full moon, if I could,
But today, beneath the rays of the sun
Shooting through the branches upon the treetops,
I run, seeking solace from rage and confusion of
What is real and what is not-
I am running to find a heaven for myself
Where no one sings death dirges and where no one threatens me-
I run seeking solitude and escape from
Those in this world who have betrayed me. I was born an innocent child,
A child who was not wanted and could not discern veracity,
I grew to become a person who somehow fell into
The depths of a canyon from which I could foresee no exit.
My life was an uphill climb and a battle with fright, dismay and terror-
Somehow I found my way out of that canyon and now
I see that inside the world of my dreams I may have been born under a different star.
I am running, seeking a horizon with hope that
The colors of the rainbow I believe I see, so vibrant and so inviting
With all of their mystical loveliness,
Shall become a gate which I shall walk through and then, find
The horizon I so desperately wish shall exist for my spirit’s salvation.
Beyond the horizon I am seeking I would find the heaven, for which I am searching,
There my running would transform to dancing with joy that I have escaped
The madness and all that I fear.
So I keep running, keeping a grasp on that hope and vigilance-
I continue to run because I do believe in miracles,
It would take a miracle for me to find who I really am inside,
After years of abuse, threat and neglect- I worship the shade the trees have given me,
The colors of the rainbow that I foresee ahead, and because of these
God given gifts of nature, I believe there is a place for me, a heaven-
Where I can dance, sing and just look about and envelop the beauty surrounding me,
My dreams shall come true and I shall be able to stop running away from my past,
Instead just keep running forward and that I shall have escaped all that I fear,
And my time inside the world of the destination I have finally reached-
Within hope and a prayer- shall never run out.

Claudia Krizay

I Am Surrounded

Safety in numbers?
I see this world in a different light
Safety in solitude-
In my home,
Out on the streets or
On the path I walk everyday –
Anticipation can be
As threatening as can be
A brushfire in the heavens where
There are no clouds to hide it and worse yet
No rain to quench its perilous flames-
Realization is none but a nightmare-
People walking behind me,
Ahead of me-
Eyes are upon me-
In a dangerous manner
My inner strength is flagging and
My spirit, my soul, and the very heart of me is afire-
Trees growing tall,
Their branches budding and
Grasses growing while bird chant their
Morning arias- spring is upon us,
I foresee no destiny, no rainbows-
No safe haven and I wonder-
Am I blazing pathway towards the underworld-
Is there mercy for my thoughts misconstrued as they are
Fighting a battle in the midst of terror
Searing my very essence?
A hundred yards behind and
A hundred yards before-
May as well be millimeters as I believe
I am surrounded?
I am surrounded –
By evil intruders who wish to harm me and
By children of hellions –
Upon this pathway I walk
There is nowhere to turn to escape
These enemies of my heart, mind and spirit-
Trees growing tall,
Their branches budding and
Grasses growing while birds chant their morning arias-
Spring is upon us-
I foresee no destiny and as I look towards the horizon and
See the sunrise-
I look towards the right of me,
I glance to lest of me and
Fearfully, behind-
Spring is upon us-
The most picturesquely bountiful time of the year-
In this world I see all humanity
Conniving, evil and threatening-
It has been as an eternity since I have seen a rainbow or

Since I have heard my own laughter enlightening
The path upon which I walk in my life-
I am not safe here- or
At home, all is bleak and ominous-
I am terrified because my sun has disappeared behind the
Mountains in my dark world and
I am surrounded,
I am-

Claudia Krizay

I Am Who I Am

I am who I am.
I am not that piece of clay you could mold into the being-
So like the model statue you purchased to decorate your life.
I am who I am., your one and only.
You wanted three others to
Complete the painting of your ideal life.
I am a tree alone in the woods
That for some unknown reason stopped growing and
Was blown to pieces of bark by a hurricane-
But I am who I am and
You were the hurricane that shattered
Your own dream of the person you wanted me to be-
After my first fall you cried every night,
I was told, and my tears were dry but copious.
Restrained and locked in a room called seclusion, where
Floors were urine stained and paint peeling off the walls-
This place where crazy people were confined,
Alone to scream, cry and pound upon the walls.
My screams, blood curdling as a car smashing into another.
My tears, I wept –could you hear?
Pounding upon the walls-they could have shattered while
More paint chips fell upon the filthy, dusty floors.
I am who I am. A lone person with no facial expression painted
And in a reclining position-in the midst of an incomplete picture
Where three other people were never drawn, because they were never born.
I am who I am- your one and only- and you have been gone for twenty years.
I am a tree alone in the woods that had fallen but was somehow replanted and
Grew to touch the sky. If you could see me now, perhaps
I would more resemble that ideal statue and you may be proud
To see the person I have become. But I shall never know for certain and neither shall you.
I am who I am- a lone figure standing against a plain piece of paper, though
With an expression of thoughtfulness and perhaps even a smile and
Now my tears can be seen because it may not matter that I am your one and only
Because I have grown to be somebody you may be proud to see.
I weep plentiful tears of dismay because you are too far away for me to reach-
I am who I am and there are no paint chips falling and I can see my reflection
Upon the clean and polished floors and some place in the back of my mind
I am hoping you can in your own way, see it also-
I am who I am- not a failure but a strong brave person who is like
A tree in the woods that shall never stop growing until I touch the sky,
Where you are in heaven and there we will meet and you would be proud
Of the person I have grown to become and that I am who I am- your daughter.

Claudia Krizay

I Believe

The sky can lie and betray as any person can invade
The space that is my own and a sunny day so they say
Today would be, although
I believe I felt raindrops touching my naked arms-It is the New Year and
I don't want tears falling from my eyes
As they did the first day of
Last year and every year before me-
I wept because I believed that God had forsaken me,
Brought me into a world which was not safe for me to live in-
I am lost in the woods but not as lost
As I am in the city surrounding-
Upon this sunny and rainy day- the people who
Dwell in this planet earth I do not trust-
These people are walking behind me
Only to steal away my dreams-
I cannot ignore their sinister glances-
Upon the face of a coin it says
"In God we trust" and that is just
One more untruth and I once believed there was a god and
I was a saint- now I am a pauper who is alone
In this world not believing a word that has been spoken-
"I am a believer, " so are the words to a popular song-
I only believe in my own thoughts and the voices
That speak to me from my mind and
I only feel while my own heart beats-
Nobody hears these voices or my heart beating
Out of control- the rain is falling hard now-
I have been deceived and it is a new year again
God wipe away my tears, I don't care to always be the enemy-
I hear birds chanting and wind blowing the leaves upon the trees-
Unwelcome footsteps behind me are closing in-
I have a spirit that dances in the wind, therefore
It hardly matters anymore that I was born into this world that
Is a fraudulent place- I can run marathons and other people's minds
Have become my literature- I have faith in my thoughts and
I can carry on with a tune- "I am a believer"- and as long as
I believe in my own strength and my spirit keeps on dancing,
Knowing someday my dreams shall become alive and the sun?
The sun is hidden in the clouds and the rain just keeps on falling but
It is the rain that gives me water so I will not be thirsty and it is
That rain- that washes my tears away-

Claudia Krizay

I Don't Feel Like It

The sky is blue and a streak of
Magenta hovers beneath the early morning's sun as
It rises over the treetops-
The air is cool, crisp and invigorating,
Blowing as a gentle breeze through the open crack
In my living room window, inviting me to walk outside-
Today I feel no motivation-
Today I fear the outside world
Today I cannot face-
Inside where all I can hear is the ticking of the wall clock and
The sound of eerie silence interrupting
The voices inside of my mind that wish me ill fate-
Today is just another day- I know today is almost magical,
There is so much outside that seems to be summoning- though
Today I cannot venture outward.
I hear the gentle morning breeze rustling the barren branches upon the trees-
I can recall my mother's tearful voice and her frequently spoken words
"I don't feel like it."
Today I don't feel like walking amongst nature's bounty and
As my tears are falling down my flushed cheeks-
I remember my mother and how she didn't care-
She didn't care about whether she lived or died and
She didn't care if the sun was shining or hiding behind clouds of misfortune-
And how I so believed she did not care about me?
The sky is blue in the early morning as
A magenta cloud hovers above the rising sun-
I have been told to try and understand my mother's plight and
To bring her back inside my memory and wish her well-
My mother is dead and gone and
I cannot bring her back in any way – too much time has passed and
The voices inside of my mind keep telling me- she did not care.
I cannot bring her back- even if she were to become an angel in heaven-
No matter if the sky is blue on an inviting winter day-
I cannot venture outside and I cannot forgive my mother-
Some say I need to try and forgive her before the rain takes over and
Washes away even memories of all of good times-
All I can remember are her words as I repeat them-
"I don't feel like it."

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

I Found You- (for my best friend)

Alone in this world,
Not meant for me to live in, I never knew
Why the sun rose and set, why it rained so hard-
My tears, my tears-That fell upon the edge of time-
The three quarter moon last night
I could almost reach with arms outstretched-
So it seemed, so I wondered where in this universe
Is there a place for me? Every morning, every night
Walking the same path hoping to find,
At the end of my journey-
Although only the same valley,
The same trees and the same creek- and
Then I found you.
You, with the sparkling eyes of green,
You with the hair, reddish gold as the sun
That rose and set and
That welcoming, winning smile and
Then I could see that outstretched arms
Could belong to someone else and
How these arms were reaching out to me?
Instantly you became a blossoming daffodil
In the same familiar valley, standing stately
Beneath that same familiar tree, wading in that nearby creek-
Alone as I, you were and we connected as
Two shooting stars meeting in the universe so vast and
The rain stopped, as we circle danced with the
Elegance and mysticism as the rings of Saturn?
As with the wave of the hand of a sorcerer, we became one-
Sharing our delusions of the meaning of life,
Together we found a world of our own- one meant for the
Two of us alone- where the sun rose and set-
Just for you and I, and I know now that no matter how hard it rains and
Even if I never saw the sun rise and set again
My tears- my tears have disappeared because I have found you-
My own sun- that shooting star that has given me light and
I can see to walk down any path and no matter which path I walk-
I shall find you near and shall never be alone, again-
And when we reach the end of any path- we shall circle dance together
Surrounded by the light emitted from our laughter,
Beneath the light of the three quarter moon-
Upon the edge of time, everlasting…

Claudia Krizay

I Hate Schizophrenia

I hate schizophrenia-
Spending months in a locked ward,
Pacing up and down low piled carpeted halls
Between therapy groups, and those nothing to do weekends.
Oh, how I hate schizophrenia.

I hate having schizophrenia,
Having to take at least seven medications
To get me through the day, and to take Ativan
To assure me a normal night's sleep.
I hate having schizophrenia.

I hate this illness I have called schizophrenia.
Taking the Seroquel and Abilfy that make me ravenous so
I feel that I must spend the day vigorously exercising to
Keep my weight at a normal range, and to live on rabbit food.
How I hate this illness called schizophrenia.

I hate my terrible illness, schizophrenia.
If I don't take multiple medications,
I hallucinate, get paranoid and delusional,
Have sleepless nights after nights, and
I have no motivation.

I have schizophrenia and how angry it makes me feel.
Nurses, so called friends and therapists half my age
Treat me as if I were a child.
I am ill so I cannot be trusted.
I have schizophrenia and how angry it makes me feel.

I hate schizophrenia.
It is an illness that has a stigma attached to it, and
It has a grip on me.
It impairs my functioning and
It mars my relationships.
I hate schizophrenia.

I despise and resent having this terrible illness.
All of my relatives are well adjusted and highly functional.
I was born the black sheep; Why am I this way?
It's so unfair!
When I think of it tears stream down my face.
I must have removed my glasses a hundred times today to
Wipe the tears away, yet
They keep on flowing.
I despise and resent having this terrible illness.

I don't like being diagnosed with schizophrenia.
Even in the darkness of the night on heavy medications
Voices haunt me.
I just want people to leave me alone.
I want to run away from the world and

Escape to a world of my own.
I don’t like being diagnosed with schizophrenia.

My name is not “schizophrenia”.
It is the name of this illness I was cursed with.
I am so angry now I could scream and hit the walls.
But the staff would come and grab me and throw me in seclusion, if I did.
Yes, that empty room with a hard mattress in a corner on the floor.
I could destroy myself.
I suppose all of us who have schizophrenia feel this way sometimes.

I suppose what upsets me the most is what
People say about me:
“She is schizophrenic.”
I am not “schizophrenic.”
I am a human being, flesh and blood with an illness.
I am a person, NOT an illness.

It is a constant struggle for all of us who have schizophrenia, to
Be a label, not a person.
That is the biggest problem with people in this world.
They label us, who are ill,
They don’t see us as just people.
And people we are, inside and out, not diseases.

Claudia Krizay

If I Could Fly

Last night I had a dream that I could fly-
To fly above this untrustworthy and cruel world
Would be my utmost desire-
Every place I walk I see threat in people's eyes-
From the day I was born I have always been misunderstood-
And not accepted as the person I was truly meant to be-
Not by my mother, neither by my father, and in all actuality
Not by any of the people who exist around me.
Walking alone on a trail throughout this magical kingdom,
Where branches of trees reach upward to touch the sky-
I see deer running freely through the forest and I see cardinals and robins
Flying about without a care-they don't know the pain in being human or
Certainly not the pain of never having been accepted-
To fly above this world is my fondest desire- even when I am not dreaming-
The sun would be my Mandela- magically so, and never burning me-
As the moon would be my candle guiding me throughout
This magnificent universe at nightfall-
I am a believer that fantasy can become reality.
I am a believer that somewhere in this universe, another world exists
Where I can be myself and I would be respected.-
Somehow my arms have become wings which have been painted gold as are the stars,
I would lift my golden wings and fly
As they take me on an exiting and rewarding adventure
Inside the world of my dreams which has become my only veracity-
The light of the moon reflects in my golden wings that are carrying me away-
Away from, threatening intruders and those who have misapprehended me-
Perhaps I could remain in this world if I could become a bird,
Able to fly so freely about the woodlands and never be slighted or ridiculed-
Nobody would have any expectations of me and my golden wings would take me
Wherever I wished to go and I would be joyful for once in my lifetime-
Never seeing threat in anyone's eyes, neither misfortune or mistrust-and
To perch myself upon a branch of some gorgeous oak tree on a hill,
Without a care in this world- just content to have escaped humanity and
Happy to be alive, singing songs of peace, and never knowing what pain is all about?

Claudia Krizay

If I Die

If I am to die today, listen and please try to understand
I am not to be blamed, as
These woods are adamantly magical, although the sky,
Overcast and gray as it is,
I could envision the rain falling, though
No droplets seem to be touching the ground,
Paved with asphalt it is,
Black as a nightmare it is, and
If I were to have been attacked or strangled by
This strange person whose voice I have heard commanding me to die,
Some horrific humanoid creature that wants me damned, dead and gone,
If I am to die to day, it is to be my fate;
I just cannot persevere,
Not one more moment, neither a second longer, as
My pain has cut me so deeply,
I believe my time has come.
Please do not pick roses for me, neither
Wild flowers whether be wild violets, dandelions or
Let the morning glories open and laugh all they care to, as
I cannot laugh, but neither can I weep,
Though pain cuts deeply into my soul and the very core of me.
No rain has ever fallen from my heart, or laughter from my essence.
Somehow I cannot feel the raindrops no matter how hard they fall
Touch my lashes or braise my skin, and as
I try to collect the few leaves that fall from the maple trees in this forest
In the early summertime,
I hold them in my cupped hands so that
I may forlornly place them upon my gravesite
If I am to die today.
If today is the day that I am to die,
It will only be the obedience of some commanding voice or thought
That so cruelly orders me to take my life –
I know deep inside my core that this lurid command
I must obey.
I am forever on the run with the graceful and lovely deer that rule these woods,
Forever on the run I am from what has been deemed as reality.
If today is the day that I am to die,
It is my plight,
Suicide must be my fate tonight,
But please do not punish me for I am at such a loss,
So confused of what is real and what is not,
I must obey the lurid commands that permeate my mind so many hours of each day and night I am alive,
For if I do not I shall be destined anyways, to burn in hell-
My pain cuts more deeply every single moment that advances on my inner time clock,
So tonight must be the time my life must end.
Please do not pick roses or any wild flowers
To place by my gravesite, just
Let the morning glories' laughter entertain you as you
Walk past my stone and
Accept my apologies for leaving you- my family and the few friends I have on this planet,

I hope I have not hurt you as much as I am hurting at this moment,
But I must bid my fond farewells to everyone,
I have for so long been on the run
From what is real and also all the terrible thoughts, voices and beliefs that others have deemed as false,
I just cannot live this way another day.
So since today is the day that I am to die,
Leave a branch of an evergreen at my site, as
It is the most beautiful tree in all these woods,
And wherever my spirit ends up it will always be on the run
And looking out for the welfare of everyone
Who tried to save me from this dreadful plight,
That I have had to live with every morning, day and every night,
And remember I love you all as much as I am capable of loving anyone,
So I bid you all a fond farewell,
Please do not weep for me but always laugh with the morning glories
Every day when they open their eyes to the rising sun…

Claudia Krizay

If I Had a Dream

I have so often been told to live for today while
The pain of yesterday still haunts me-
Tomorrow seems to be as I shall be fearfully jumping into
A lake of freezing water and perhaps even drowning
While trying to adjust to the cold, never abating?
Today I am looking through a tunnel and truly not seeing what awaits me-
If I had a dream to live for it would be
To find my heaven in this world, where
I would be set free from the fear of being threatened and
Trees would flourish and give me shade from the sun-
So many worship the sun and live for the sunrise, the warmth and
Sunny days are everyone's heaven and glory-
For me the sun shines light upon the demons that threaten me, as it
Brightens up a world I would rather not see-
To find peace at the end of the tunnel I walk through continuously
Would be my utmost desire-
I do not fear darkness that so many apprehend, as when clouds pass over the sun
I can hide from all that is real, and feel the coolness of a gentle breeze,
Though just for one precious moment?
Daffodils are growing, crickets are singing and birds are chanting-
Children are laughing and creeks are rushing over polished stones-
It is the spring of the year and the world indeed is a magical place,
But somehow I am a lost spirit that somehow has never belonged?
If only I could live for today and blissfully dance beneath the sunlight,
If I had a dream it would be to find my heaven-
If I had a wish it would be to fall in love with the splendor of this place
Where seemingly everyone's heart and soul are singing and
Everybody is giving thanks just to be alive?
I have been estranged from this world for so long, and
I am trying to believe that I can dream and I can wish-
Dreams often come true for everyone and I have had so many dreams and
Perhaps my dreams shall someday come true? As roses blossom and
Trees are always growing- yesterday's fallen trees become fertile soil-
I am beginning to believe that the light at the end of my tunnel shall
Shine upon me in a different sort of way from how I once believed,
And not shine upon the demons that I have at times believed have troubled me-
Those demons shall have lost themselves and
Will have been left behind in the darkness of yesterday,
And I shall be outside worshipping the sun that has brightened up my world-
That would be my heaven found- most certainly a dream come true…

Claudia Krizay

Imprisoned

Falling:
Imprisoned, while
Hiding-
Eyes, fixed upon
Mountains of madness-
Chained to the sky,
Yellow hued-
Venus, rising:
Looking;
Shadows,
Reflecting pond-
Angry?
Can you
Believe in
Starlight?
Only when I am
Falling from
Mountains of
Madness
Wishing upon a
Star….

Claudia Krizay

In This Moment

Light is dim
Although in this moment
Light is not a welcome entity-
My mind wants to hide itself
Within the darkness of
This very early summer morning-
In this moment, I foresee no serenity and
I hear voices screaming while
In the fortress of this room
I know I am the only one present.
If only my bed, here where I lay, were a ship, I would journey years backward
To the place I lived in at all times many decades ago-
Now I know that land was non existent, even though
At the time it was my only reality.
In this moment, my only reality is within this room
Where the light is dim and
Outside this window, where the shades are pulled halfway down,
A world surrounds me-a world I cannot call my home.
Here within the place of my thoughts,
There exists a sea cobalt blue in its hue
A sea of tranquility, although it seems as if
All tranquility has just been shattered-
Even though the voices I hear screaming are terrifying and unreal-
The voice of reality is dimmer.
Threatening voices and this bed in which I lie is a boat
Now in the midst of a storm at sea, and although
I can foresee no destiny-here where I lie resting,
All is familiar to me while the real world outside is foreign, and
A threat to my existence.
So here in this moment, I close my eyes to all that I fear and I know that momentarily
I shall drift off to sleep and dream of the past-
Where I lived inside my own world of bliss and harmony-
Here In this very moment where the light of reality is dim,
My eyes are closed and I am sailing upon my magical ship,
Back to the time where fantasy brought me only peace of mind
Unaware of the day I would awaken alive in a planet they call "Earth"
Where my imaginary ship would overturn and I would find myself
Drowning in a sea of madness where there exists no recourse to fear,
In this moment where light has never been dimmer…

Claudia Krizay

In Time

Faces of terror, and
Mountains of madness,
Climbing upward towards oblivion,
I could envision
Saturn dancing in a slate gray sky above me-
I was alone within
My own Garden of Eden, running from
A sky that rained tears that had fallen in time-
Days of peace and coherence,
Moments of harmonious thoughts and
Memories of a life replete with bliss never-ending had
Vanished in the wind and had been carried away-
Climbing that phantasmal ladder,
Hoping to touch the sky-
The sky where some believe angels await-
In these primordial beings,
I am not a believer.
Surrounded by mountains of madness-
Stepping over stones while all eyes are upon me-
Drifting away into some other universe
I would awaken in my own Garden of Eden-
Mountains of madness are cloud covered and
Rain has cleansed these faces of terror-
I have in my own way touched the sky and
Can see the miracle of Saturn's dancing and
Venus rising while the full moon shines light
Brightening my once darkened world-
I had wished upon a star and my dreams have come true-
I am alive and in my solitude, calm and in this moment-
I am a believer…
I am surrounded by trees of oblivion- and we all know
What we do NOT know
Will not harm us and that
Rain has fallen in the stillness of time-

Claudia Krizay

Innerspace

The moon was full last night
Enlightening the midnight sky-
My inner demons were dancing
Fighting ghosts from hell-

I tell myself
"Someday you will find peace of mind and
Someday you shall find yourself-"
I cannot recall the day
I had fallen off that mountain
I was climbing trying to gain control-
I found myself falling, falling and falling-
Into a prison where the floors were tiled,
Walls were white but stained-
I can still hear sirens screaming and the
Pounding upon the walls-

I remember that room
Inside which I was locked and blinded by
The darkness overshadowing-
I begged for help with my heart wide open-
Figuratively bleeding tears of despair- as I heard
Voices threatening to kill me-
Echoing about the chamber of madness
Inside of which I was trapped-

Miles from reality-this place where
Whereas a prisoner inside of my mind, I was climbing that stairway from hell-
With no destination,
Falling, falling and falling-
Into bedlam-

I can only recall
Lying upon a mattress sadly torn,
Springs jutting outward into my back as
My body rocked
Backward and forward
Backward and forward
With monotonous regularity-

The moon was full last night-
It has often been said allegorically that
People lose their sanity dancing beneath
The light of the moon-

Following the path of a comet in some
Figment of my imagination as
My search continues to find out who I am-
As the moon disappears on the horizon

The sun rises over the mountains-
I see the light-
I hear a voice-
All I can do is to keep on dancing-
Dancing as I hope that
My Dionysian spirit
Shall set me free someday…

Claudia Krizay

Insanity

Killer bees swarm as would
A pack of hungry wolves, their
Beady blue eyes fixed upon my countenance,
I escape into frenzy.
My spirit, stolen and carried away by
An evil cyclone
My mind becomes the literature of the public-
-The pilferers of my thoughts.
My fantasies of sainthood,
None but idle reverie,
I climb that golden staircase to heaven
To meet face to face with God,
I hear the pounding of
Heavy footsteps that follow me-
The sun hides its face behind a cloud.
Although
I never believed in the solar eclipse-
Dream on; dream on….
I believe I heard the angels calling…

Claudia Krizay

Internal Reverie

In the darkness on a starlit night
I lay close to the shore of my memory and imagination-
Waves of anger and recollections of personal injury,
Mistrust and betrayal are flooding over me as
A tidal wave would, splashing tears of hurt and doubt
From my eyes as the moon laughs ridiculing
The fear that has me immobilized-
Starlight is dim as any hope left inside,
The light of the moon, figments of my imagination and
Feelings of rage are overwhelming me as
Rain begins to fall and as raindrops hit the ground I feel an upsurge of emotion-
I cannot control as the starlight becomes dimmer
- Inside my mind a clock is ticking rapidly-
Flight of time is terrifying as the waves of resentment
Splash upon the imaginary shore where I lie-
Lost hope and the pain of self harm induce once hidden fears to resurface-
Ships sailing in an ocean without direction, in the darkness of this starlit night
I would board a ship and search for another destination as
I ride the waves, no land in sight- Overcome by bleak darkness as the moon disappears
Behind the clouds and the rain pours down in torrents,
Blinding me- I never believed there was a god or a heaven,
I never believed in angels singing or
Patron saints that would bring me towards some sort of salvation-
Life has been a tragic musical of which I am the star-
Lost inside my own world from which I was snatched away-
I lived in a world where the sun rose in the very early morning and
People never deceived one another and starlight was bright in
The early evening, into the dawn of the next day-
Waves were gentle, washing over a shore of freedom and
Rain never fell, obliterating my horizon-
I ride my ship into the night as the stars and moon have disappeared-
Waves are closing in on me and I am searching for an island of serenity –
I hear for the first time angels singing their most heartrending melodies-
Perhaps it is only a dream- but in my mind dreams are my only reality as
I can see the stars appearing on the horizon as candles would brighten a
Home on a winter's night, I keep on riding that ship still trying to find redemption-
Islands of expectation and trust that may appear in my wildest reverie-
In fate and luck I am a believer whether or not a God exists-therefore
Even though light may be dim, a gentle ocean breeze shall
Perhaps carry me towards that island in my fondest dream where
The sun shall appear from behind those clouds of misfortune, which shall
Become none but lost memories of the past, never to reemerge.

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

It Didn't Matter

It didn’t matter if the moon was full last night, and that I did not count the stars-
Or that the birds were singing upon early morning awakening,
Forty or some odd years ago- or perhaps even before then-
A full moon evoked fantasies of fortune, mystery and desire to know
What existed beyond my own back yard-
Stars were a million light years away and
Brought to mind none but curiosity and fascination-
I never knew why birds sang and hardly cared- as
Their songs were hymns of enchantment,
In tune with love of nature at the rising of the sun -
The dawning of a new day was reason for celebration.
I do not know if the moon was full last night
The sun could rise this morning and
This world could cease to exist-I am lost inside a world of my own
Where I live inside the fortress of my thoughts,
Spoken words echo about my mind and
Inundate with fear, rage and terror-here inside the tenement of my delusions
I have been commanded by voices echoing about the chambers of my mind
To lock the door to actuality, and to toss its key to the wind outside-
The songs of the sparrows have evaded me and
I no longer care to witness the rising of the sun, or
The dawning of a new day, and have become quite a stranger to myself-
It doesn’t matter if the moon was full last night
And not only the stars are a million light years away- as seemingly are
Hopes and dreams for a promising future I had as a child-
I stare upward towards the ceiling counting
The stars that are a figment of my imagination-
Inside the world of my thoughts, dreams and apparitions
I am being inundated by a phantasmal though provocative meteor shower, and
Trapped inside hell’s brushfire that no rainstorm can extinguish;
It has been said that dancing beneath the full moon can bring about loss of sanity-
Hiding inside the safe haven of my fondest dreams
I could be found wishing upon one of those stars
Some millions of light years away-
While I have become a lost soul with no destiny-
Dancing beneath that fickle light of the moon, mistrustful of all intruders, I could be-
Hell’s brushfire has burnt down the bridge that connects veracity to unreality-
Even though it may always remain in question
To whether or not the moon has remained full past midnight as would be hidden behind
Clouds of apprehension, I can still
Wish upon those stars after the day the sun burns out-and perhaps some day
I may find hope, peace of mind and fortune as near as within my own back yard…

Claudia Krizay

It Isn't About...

During the days when the snow was two feet high outside, and
My mother baked bread every Sunday morning-
I became Pocahontas beneath the living room's card table and
I laughed with my father, as I sat upon his knee-
I hadn't a care in the world although
I played for hours in solitude-
However to me solitude was ecstasy and only I knew that
I wasn't truly alone- as
I was surrounded by all of my friends as we played-
Although these people only I could see and,
Their voices only I could hear-
Lost inside this world of my fantasies-
I couldn't have been more content-
Many people were and shall always be mistaken,
Believing that happiness is being born with many gifts about them-
Having everything to own for themselves- and
Having plenty of money and the means to travel all over the world around them.
I so truly believe that this is not what life is all about-
Being popular and rich, surrounded by luxuries,
Having a lot of money to spend and to live beneath a sky that never rains-
I was still quite young when I knew inside of the depths of my soul that
Life is not about money or material treasures- Life isn't about gold and diamonds-
Rain is what makes trees and flowers grow- and
True bliss and happiness comes from inside.
Nearly half a century has passed since
I was just a child playing with my imaginary circle of friends, though
I still hear the voices unheard by others and
I know that I am loved by many others but not by all-
But I have accepted the person I am inside, and
That has brought peace of mind surging from within.
The days of baking bread and sitting upon my father's knees are over and
I am a different sort of Pocahontas now- still hiding and finding
My own place amidst the loveliness and privacy of nature!
Life is not about superficiality of material wealth-
Life is about love of and being able to accept what is to be and
Ability to accept who we truly are inside and although nature is
Part of the world outside- it stimulates pure and natural splendor from
Inside of our spirits and from our souls-I have learned this lesson
From living my own life for more than half of a century now, from letting
Nature and assurance enter that door to my heart and
To inspire that special confidence and strength arising from within-

Claudia Krizay

Itmon

Nobody ever promised me
A patch of lilacs in the wintertime and
Pink clouds never truly rained
A river of tears-
I only promised myself the land of Itmon-
Something akin to a goddess or a saint
I would sit at the right hand of the holy octagon-
Fervently praying for my inner world to come alive-
Locked inside the chambers of madness and
Locked inside the confinement of my bedroom
For days my head would be lost in those pink clouds,
Even sometimes while they were raining
A fine mist of gold upon and before me-
My bed had become the ferryboat guiding me through the bleakness of
My sordid nightmares to
This mesmerizing world deemed as Itmon-
I am alive inside this far away place, though
Truly not so far away-
The voices inside of my mind, commanding-
Giving me orders day in and day out-
My closest companions whose orders
I feel inclined to obey-
Running far away from the voices of my past where
The planet earth has not been kind-
The land of Itmon is none but paradise-
Here I have come to know Kyt, my beloved,
Donning flaxen hair and eyes of
Cyanotic blue-
Hypnotizing me with her glance and
Charming me with her smile-
Taking me by the hand and leading me into
The magical land of Itmon-
This place where nobody feels despair and where
We lose ourselves within our dreams-
Pink clouds turning lavender at night fall-
Snow never falls in this land of my fantasies-
Fantasies have so abruptly transformed to reality-
Hand in hand Kyt and I have abandoned the demons of
Our squalid pasts and we have entered this fairytale place of our
Wildest dreams to remain forever bonded-
Nobody ever promised me inner peace-
Nobody ever sang to me the song of a nightingale-
As an inhabitant of this planet I was so rudely born in
Nobody ever understood or comprehended-
So I mounted my proud unicorn and fled into the sunrise-
Dismounting when I reached that path
Paved before me-
That path paved in platinum, which by nature guided me
Into the magnificent land of Itmon-
I see mountains of many colors-
Before whirlpools of waters of deep cobalt blue-
I stand stalwart besides tall reeds, viridian hued-

I am very much alive in this unique place of my dreams which
Has rapidly become my only reality-
Sing with me, Kyt, the song of a nightingale- for
I hear faint words of alien people saying that
I have lost my sanity and am in a wretched state-
I have never been a happier person alive-
I have lost myself inside the world of my dreams forever-
My dreams are reality and yesterday's reality has vanished and
Looking into those eyes of Kyt's-
Compelling and hypnotic as in my fondest dreams-
Eyes of cerulean blue truly spellbinding as are as always
The voices inside my mind commanding-
I have a home that only I can envision-
I sit on the right side of the holy octagon and
Thank the Goddess that rules this fine land for
Making my dreams come alive,
My fantasies are my only true reality now, as I
Walk that pathway paved in platinum before me
Into lavender skies and whirlpools of my destiny,
Abandoning my past forever-
Only to see ahead and to look forward
Without looking behind me and
Without ever turning back…

Claudia Krizay

Laughter

So many believe that as long as we are laughing
We shall feel no pain. When we are hurting
We count our blessings every day and we make light of our mistakes,
It has been said that if we feel that we are drowning,
A burst of laughter shall keep us buoyant or
We can always just laugh our tears away.

Sitting alone in some faraway place, all that I can do is wonder
Don't people believe that in the moment when
Pain can be a knife twisting inside of our hearts-
Laughter shall only make the agony that tortures us more unbearable?

I tell the god everyone believes shall save us,
I have fallen into a pit so deep I foresee no exit.
I have been told; "just laugh and your laughter
Shall guide you upward and you shall find your dreams."

I awaken in the darkness every morning, even though the sun is rising,
I cannot foresee light on the horizon-
As a child I was estranged from this world and
Others would laugh at me in such a cruel and conniving way
That sent me running looking for comfort and salvation that I could not find?

Yesterday I laughed trying to erase the pain I was feeling as I walked down a dark alley
Searching to find relief from the sorrow and the rage that has imprisoned me-
I have seen laughter as taunting and cruel at times although even when
A dark curtain falls between my eyes and the real world outside
I remember to attempt to count my blessings everyday, although
I still feel like running and hiding from all that harms me-

Standing atop of a mountain looking downward after I had wept unashamedly,
I have been cleansed by my own tears and now I can laugh when the time is right-
As I look upward toward the sky the rain begins to fall,
Making flowers blossom and the leaves on the trees to flourish- I realize that
Through this joy of nature's laughter-perhaps I can find my dream

Claudia Krizay

Life in Fear

Lost in a dream world, far beyond veracity-
Seated cross-legged upon a wooden beamed floor-
I pray to the Goddess, the savior of my spirit
Fabricated in a moment, although lost and forgotten-
Now I speak only to the people who live
Beyond the mountains, purple in their hue-

Dancing beneath the magical rain falling from
The loveliness of crimson clouds-
Melodious voices ring out as they
Enchantingly obliterate the demons of my past and present-
An expressive smile creeps up upon my face-
Finally I have been liberated-

As a ghost-like shadow eradicates the light,
I feel the presence of faltering footsteps
Pounding the floors-
Loudening voices resonate throughout the confinement of this room:
"I am coming to take you away-"
I feel a firm grip of a stranger's hand upon my shoulder as
A metal cuff locks about my wrist-

I feel my body somehow
Disconnected from my mind as I rise to my feet-
Moments later, locked inside the confinement
Of an unfamiliar vehicle-
Blaring sirens exacerbate my fear-
In this moment of terrifying madness
I pray to the goddess, the savior of my spirit-
Crimson clouds transforming to dank, dark fogginess-
I feel a different sort of rain falling-

I have come to realization-
That the demons of my past and present - have returned-
As my soul escapes the confinement of my mind,
Thunder claps while lightening strikes-
There is no magic beyond mountains
No place for dancing and the only voice ringing out now
Vibrant as pounding upon a base drum bellows-
"I have come - to take you away-"

Claudia Krizay

Life In The Land Of The Dead

I live in the land of the dead.
Upon this path I have taken my walk alone.
My feet would hit the ground with hard and steady steps.
I hear cymbals crashing and the tuneful rhythm of the beating of drums.
I have lost myself along the way.
A lost and crying soul I am,
Living in a sea of shattered tranquility,
Only a shadow, I have silently slipped away through
An open crack in the back door of this place,
This place where the carpet is chartreuse and urine stained,
The stench of perspiration reeks here in this room, and
Tiled walls are sallow and filthy-
I sit upon this chair, its upholstery sadly torn,
Foam rubber poking out of every hole-
Old men, zombie like, overmedicated pace up and down the room and
A pasty –faced young woman, wrists bandaged-both of them…
I can hear the piano playing out of tune in the solarium.
My ears are crying out for some peace and some silence-
"Listen, listen, " I whisper hoarsely – a cry for help-
I am a captive in my own world, as I
Climb cumulus clouds in my worm-infested brain,
Cotton filled meninges…
The Italian woman screams and bellows,
Locked in seclusion -
They took me into that room last night,
Kicking and screaming- it is her turn now to suffer.
The bitter taste of liquid Thorazine lingers upon my tongue –
Masked by the saccharine-sweet taste of the glaze on the
Doughnut I was fed for breakfast-
Cow troughs of them, a young girl bitterly weeping,
A middle-aged African woman, dazed, crochets
A pair of green slippers- so it appears-
This is the land of the dead,
I am living in the land of the dead.
I do not eat. I wish to harm myself.
Playing cards and broken chessmen strewn all over the floor.
Scratched records screeching on the phonograph-
I can hear them now.
I hear voices, non-gendered, they want me to die.
No one else hears them- so I am locked in this place.
This is the land of t he dead.
I am living in the land of the dead. Crap-chewing monsters,
Everywhere I look, but at the clock-
It is only one PM-
Bells keep chiming, as that decrepit ping-pong ball rallies on-
I stuff torn sheets of notebook paper hopelessly in my ears,
Trying to muffle the sound, so I can sleep?
I cannot sleep. not in this place-
The land of the dead,
This is the place they brought me to.
No one goes to heaven anymore.
This place is lower than the hell beneath my feet.

Beat the drums slowly, very slowly.
My time has come.
Everybody dies.
My sprit once young and alive has perished in this place-
Dead, dead, dead, a concept so bittersweet,
I keep walking my solitary walk,
Up and down then up again-and
Down the yellowed linoleum floors,
Thud, thud, and beat the drums slowly-
The gates to hell have opened to let me in.
I sink into the land of eternal fire,
Urine stained and dark as the fear that has wrought my
Dissolving soul,
Doomed to be trapped her forever, I am…
It is five after one, and the time bomb keeps ticking.
I ride upon a suicidal roller coaster, day in and day out-
No one goes to heaven anymore.
I have traveled to the eternal land of the dying,
In this place no one shall ever see the light of day again-
A glimpse of the sun would be a taste of heaven-
I still can only taste the bitterness of liquid Thorazine
Tickling my tongue-god has forsaken me and
Locked me in this place.
I have never seen heaven before and it is only ten past one
My cry for help has been silenced.
I do not speak and only angels sing.
I cannot see beyond these dingy, yellowed walls.
This place is my graveyard, and
Hell has succumbed and taken over me.
There is no room for levity in this dungeon-
I am none but a ghost and only angels sing in heaven-
I hear their voices – the closest I can get to heaven-
And those voices they say aren't even real, so-
I continue my solitary walk up and down these halls-
Here in the land of the evil dead,
I belong, Sadly, I belong…

Claudia Krizay

Life's Purpose

I can hear people singing- beautiful melodies,
Upbeat and tuneful- I sing along-
I sing alone except for the company of
The comrades who live inside
The fortress of my mind.

I can hear raindrops splashing
Rhythmically onto the pavement outside, as
A cool breeze creeps through
An open crack in my bedroom window- I realize that
This is the autumn I have been waiting for.

Foliage on the trees changing color,
Skies are darkening- although it is only 6 PM-
I walked in the woods this morning amongst
Deer, squirrels and mallard ducks- as
The sun was just rising
I believed I was the queen of the forest.

However, right now my heart has become an empty cage,
Darkness will rule in less than an hour, and
Darkness succumbs early within the next six months,
Taking over the sky, as a black cloud
Has just taken over my mind, suddenly as
A gust of wind would do before a storm arrives.

I ask myself- 'What is life's purpose? '
I was born into a desolate world of
A mother who always had a severe death wish and
Was never there for me, and of a father who
Never understood, and tried to ignore
The demons who had taken over my mind at an age so young, and
The voices that plagued my mind as far back as I could remember,
Who still haunt me, although nobody else could hear them calling, and
Nobody else could witness their threats.

I often ask myself 'what do I have to live for? '
Born of parents who abused and misunderstood me, and
I have always been the laughing stock amongst others, if not just feared.
Seemingly in a gust of wind,
My mother and father departed this world some years back,
Leaving me to pick up the pieces of their shattered dreams.

The leaves upon the trees are golden, magenta and orange- some brown-
The air is crisp, cool and refreshing-autumn has always been my favorite season-
I have been left with dreams of my own only I can fulfill,

Although some of these dreams have been lost along the way,
I can see my own sun shining through the clouds and through the early morning's fog.
I feel my strength rising and filling the empty cage that once captured my heart.
My life has been a hurricane of sorts, and I have survived- if there is a god,
I believe I must be one of his chosen.

Beautiful melodies are playing inside of my mind and as I sing along
I am in awe of the magnificence of this wilderness-
I see that this world is a miraculous place and I can also see that in many ways,
The dreams that I have left are being fulfilled- and although in reality
I can never be queen of a forest, inside the world of these dreams I can be, and
As I am alive to be part of this special and extraordinary place,
I can now see that life does have meaning as does each and every moment in time.

Claudia Krizay

Listen

I hear the
Whispering of the ocean’s waves and
The rhythm of the rays of the sun
Striking the pathways upon
Which I walk while
I try to find
Who I am and when
My spirit shall rise from
Memories of the past that
Sear my very soul and
Above the screaming of
My thoughts that echo throughout
The chambers of my madness;
I search for an answer to my silent tears that have
Filled my eyes so that I am blinded and
Cannot see what the future holds-
Past memories of abuse, pain and
Terrifying delusions are fading and disappearing
And carried away within a gentle breeze-
I may never touch the sky or
Find myself a saint or crowned a queen and
I will surely die someday and
Never be remembered-
I am content inside the world of my thoughts,
The changing of the seasons is musical and
Magical to me-
As the sun throws its rays in every direction
And as I feel my spirit rising and escaping from
The depths of past nightmares,
I look up at the sky and see that
All of the clouds have vanished-
Angels are singing each their own arias as
I am grateful and satisfied to be
Hearing the whispering of the ocean’s waves,
As I believe I have found who I am-
The pathway upon which I walk carries me
Towards the new life filled with hope and joy that awaits me-
I may not know what the future holds but in my own way-
I have touched the sky as the ocean’s waves have washed my tears away-
I shall live my life to its fullest as I am rewarded to be here
Just listening to the ocean’s waves whispering as they
Lap against the shore to carry the sadness of past memories away…

Claudia Krizay

Live For Today

Lock the doors that once led to yesterday-
Shut the screen and
Pull the curtains, as
Yesterday has been gone for always.

Open the windows to glance at tomorrow-
So you can foresee
What could be-?
But keep the door closed as
Tomorrow has not yet arrived-
Clouds could disappear and
The sun could reappear on the horizon-
What is to be, we can never be certain.

Open the doors and windows to today-
The world is waiting for us to emerge-
The sun has risen and
Today is a God-given gift given that now belongs to us.

Wipe your tears away
Wept for yesterdays sorrows and
Never fear for what tomorrow could bring-
Yes the sky could darken and rain could pour, but
Angels could paint the sky blue as
A rainbow could form over mountains of hopefulness-

Yesterday has been carried away in a gust of wind, while
What tomorrow shall give us we cannot be sure?
Yesterday and tomorrow belong to God-
And today-
We can feel and we can hear-
It is a gift we can hold in our hands,
A reward we can clearly see.

Claudia Krizay

Locked Inside

I have often marveled at the glory of the sun,
When it rises above the trees in full bloom in the summertime-
Innocently gazing over the magnitude of its mysteriousness-
I could capture each moment within my cupped hands-
Each moment that its rays pirouette, casting its shadows
Upon the grass that is nearly laughing as it sparkles,
While it reflects in its dew each ray at the dawning of every new day-
I am alone every morning when I awaken to welcome
The miracle of each new day-I am alone as I hope and wish that
Someday I can be a part of this gift nature has bestowed upon this world-
Being in motion with the gentle breeze that rustles
The leaves on the oak and maple trees which I can see
For miles and miles until they reach the mountains on the horizon,
Then meeting with the sky-
The sky, cobalt blue in its hue and there, not a cloud to be seen-
I see the trees, the mountains and the splendor of the sun at daybreak-
I can see the dew upon the grass capturing the sunlight, as
Each ray reaches out as would a cherub with her arms outstretched-
I can feel the gentle summertime breeze lightly touching my arms
In an almost sentimental way-
But locked inside the dwelling of my own small world and inside of the
Tenement of what could be none but delusions-
This splendor before me- I can only perceive-
And today I believe I can also see a rainbow coloring the horizon outside-
Robins, cardinals, wild geese and finches flying about as if they have not a care,
If rain were falling, my tears would not be known to any others only because,
They are so copious they would hit the ground with the rhythm of the rain as it falls.
I believe that there are two worlds that exist- one God created and that is the
Magnificence of nature, and the other, being the dark would of my dreams.
I have often surmised that there exists a lock that keeps me barred from all that is real-
While to this lock, I have yet to find a key to unlock and open-
I fantasize that one day I will break free from the inner dwelling of my madness.
I would climb a mountain and touch the sun above the horizon if I could.
I have painted a mural inside of my mind of the vastness and loveliness of this planet-
So many times I have believed I have found that special key that
Unlocks the phantasmal gate that separates me from all that is real, but
It is all within a dream and I t has been said that dreams often don’t come true,
But there are those alive who don’t even have dreams to wish upon, and therefore-
I shall be a wild bird flying above this land, beholding nature’s beauty, until
I reach the sky and even if only in my dreams-
I know I have a soul and won’t give up hope-
And we all know that souls shall never die…

Claudia Krizay

Loss

Snow, sleet turns to rain.
I cannot see the starlight.
Tears, shattered dreams.

Claudia Krizay

Lost Love, Never Found

So many times I have been asked,
"Are you alone on this moonlit night?
Do you live in solitude, never to open your eyes to the world?
Do you know of all those alive
Searching everyday for somebody to love and for
Somebody with whom to fall in love with? "
Someone to give you flowers,
To dine with or to hold in one's arms?
Are you alone on a rainy night, or
By yourself on a lovely spring day,
Taking each step you take in solitude,
With nobody to share your thoughts with-
How many years have you lived alone
With nobody to open your heart up to? "
These are the words and questions of many-
Also asking me how many times I have loved and lost-or
Have you loved and lost before in
Any given moment in time?
All I can do is to respond and say to that world out there continuously wondering is that
I am the queen of my own world; my eyes open to my own thoughts,
Alone in the world of my own imaginings and
Rejoicing every day and night to be
Alone in my own special castle- loving myself and
Being my own best and closest friend-
Solitude is a safe and pleasurable haven for me-
I am alone but never lonely- and if one is to ask me
"Have you ever been in love before and lost?
I can only respond- "I have never lost a love before, because in your eyes,
A love I have never found-but I have learned to be a friend and a loving companion to myself- I trust myself, value my talents and dance, sing and laugh everyday
With myself in solitude- I suppose I have loved before and do love now, as
I have become my own best and closest friend-
I have never loved and lost- because I adore my spirit for some time now and
I haven't had to search further than my own home and yard to find myself, and
It hasn't taken much time for me to come to the realization that
I can find flowers in my own back yard, and
Myself, I shall never lose…

Claudia Krizay

Lost Spirit

I hardly know who I am anymore
On this day when my spirit
Seems to be lost in the clouds-
The sun is trying to show its face as
The moon retreats behind the mountains-
It was forty three years ago when I lost myself-
Lost myself inside the world of my delusions-
When fate opened the door and let me into
This world of madness, where
Expressionless faces appeared and
Raised their voices- these voices only I could hear?
Now everyone is circle dancing about the sun and
As I would walk toward with my arms outstretched
Trying to become a part of this group of strangers, gracefully pirouetting,
While singing a tuneful melody about
Love, bliss, and gracefulness -feelings foreign to me-
Foreign to me from birth-
It is as if their grasps upon one another are locked,
Locked and keyed so that I cannot enter-
I have always been labeled as different-
Not uniquely blessed but different in
Some sort of maudlin and bizarre sort of way?
I hardly know who I am anymore-
I suppose I never knew, but as of now
I wish the sun would set below the mountaintops so that
The moon could rise above with the stars,
All of the people in the world would disappear and
I would be left alone, dancing to my own tune-
My tune about my once lost spirit being found-
Although the voices only I can hear are threatening,
At least have become familiar- but now I hear the thunder clapping,
Lightening brightening the now darkened sky as my spirit
Has become a night bird flying aimlessly about-
Some have said that birds have no souls and
Now as the rain falls in torrents I feel as if
My spirit has been lost forever atop the wings of this night bird,
Who has flown into the blackness of this mysterious night-?
Life is indeed a mystery to me because of my lost spirit
That once could have become queen of the forest and everyone has vanished,
I have found the solitude I have once longed for so often but it hardly matters now,
Because my spirit has gone astray, and
I hardly know who I am anymore?

Claudia Krizay

Love Song

Your eyes sparkle in the darkness as green as Venus glancing.
I can envision your stance, stately as
Jonquils standing erectly near the coming of the spring equinox-
I would give to you the gift of a yellow peace rose in full bloom, or
Pick for you some wild violets that grow amongst the grass beneath my feet-
You are my iridescent passionflower, crimson red as
The sun could be at dawn,
Your gentle hands I would warm in mine amidst the snow,
Unspoiled, freshly fallen…
With you I could dance upon a star-lit evening, to catch in hand
A ray that exudes from the full moon rising,
That I would gladly give to warm your soul and spirit, and
To chase away your tears that fall as a
Summer storm approaches would be in my fondest reverie.
Morning glories that awaken at the dawning of the day,
Open to let the warmth of the sun and your winning smile to
Cheer me as I walk-
I shall walk with you amongst the wild violets that blossom before my feet, and
Capture in my hands some dandelions that seem to grow eternally.
A zephyr breeze at the break of day shall carry their thistles towards the sky.
You are the whirlwind of my thoughts,
The chorus of the song of the nightingale,
And the tallest evergreen in all of the forest-
I would give to you a garland adorned with lilacs and forget-me-nots,
If not just to behold your jade-like eyes envelop mine as
They open at the break of day.
Love is an unfamiliar feeling that has stricken every chamber of
My pounding heart, and
Your eyes reflect the clarity of the dewdrops that moisten the grass.
You have built a palace out of cumulus clouds,
A place that could well be heaven-
The envy of angels and all of the patron saints, you are, and
Until the day the universe ceases to expand,
I shall forever be giving you flowers as I walk-
Even if I walk alone-
You would not invade my beloved solitude,
My glorious passionflower whose eyes sparkle refracting against the dew-
As unfamiliar as love can a feeling be,
It is one to treasure forever until the day I die,
Although I truly believe we shall live forever,
Forever in that palace built of cumulus clouds,
Even past the night that all the stars in our galaxy burn out and dissipate, and
Fall as copper-hued dust to settle and mingle with the
Dewdrops that cover the grounds that we shall forever together
Walk upon as we climb that ladder towards our home,
That palace erected for you and I only, as we become lost inside of our dreams,
As we, always together dwell, in rhythm with the changing of each season in time…

Claudia Krizay

Lover of Nature

As the sun rises over the mountainside,
A fascination with all that is innate,
Here within the depth of the woodlands
I have been drawn closer to nature,
Blossoming wild flowers,
Trees scraping the cumulus clouds above and
Deer gallivanting about the trail-
Only the songs of locusts singing has
Interrupted the enchanting silence,
As I suddenly but unobtrusively fall into a deeply thoughtful mode-
In all suddenness I find myself content and delighted
To be alone with my own thoughts and
Rewardingly close to the glory of
This scenery, so picturesque and inspiring
In a most unique, mesmerizing way-
Far away from the loudness of city life,
Cars rushing up and down hectic highways, and
People never pausing to see what exists beyond
Their daily routines,
I call myself fortunate to be blessed with solitude and with
This quiet though in some ways musically compelling environment,
As I have escaped all there is to dread-
Kneeling beneath the shade of a maple tree,
I can nearly see my face reflected within
The clarity of the crystalline creek before me-
I believe I have found my true home here as
I have discovered, becoming pensive and delighted to be alone in this place,
I am content to call my own private world, as
I feel myself happily growing, here where I am safe, joyful to have discovered this
Magical kingdom, where rain never seems to fall upon my horizon,
Leaving me with nothing to fear …

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Magic

Fear, anger, mistrust and nearly
Half a century of
Living in a world unfamiliar
To all but myself-
Has left me in dismay and in solitude-
Tomorrow is another day where
My morning shall be
Walking in the darkness, although
Moments away from sunrise and
Knowing that within a few hours
As I sleep- my mind shall become aware-
As if lightening has struck in some
Magical way-Fear, anger and
Mistrust shall disappear in a moment's notice-
A different sort of sun shall rise
For me alone, shining light upon my kaleidoscopic world-
Black skies transform to cobalt blue as
A hurricane of sorts shall blow the sinister clouds away-
I shall see a rainbow rise from
Behind mountains of madness and
As the moon in its fullness disappears behind
Blossoming trees and I regain my sanity and hope,
Those alien voices shall be silenced-
Fear, anger and mistrust are hiding deep inside of a phantasmal river,
Rapidly receding and it shall only be days before
That river overflows and washes over me,
I can see those dismal clouds returning-
And all I can do is to remember words of wisdom telling me to
Grasp firmly onto those fleeting feelings of peace, hope and
Focus on the clarity of the skies above-
Feelings are so like thunderclouds- and
Finding one's rainbow is a rarity- when lightening has struck your mind-
When feelings of fear and rage are inborn-
One never knows when the rain shall begin to fall again-
Voices that I hear are not real, and all I can do is dream
While the rain is falling until lightening strikes again-
Skies clear and although skies of cobalt blue so magnificent
Are in passing as is that phantasmal river before it overflows-
Perhaps in a different light it shall wash my tears away and hope shall remain, that
That magical sun shall someday rise for me alone and never set…

Claudia Krizay

Mask

My thoughts are hidden behind a
Stone – like mask, once unsmiling, but never weeping- as
I began my solitary walk into the darkness.
I remember the day that
I built a moat around my castle walls
Morning transformed into night and it was
On that starless night
The sun barely set and in all of its fullness, the moon never rose,
At daybreak, fog overshadowed the sun, and
It could have been because
On the same dank and sultry day
My lifelong summer came to an end.
The sun rose in the west and the earth stood still.
Torrential rain poured out
From the depths of me, and
It was upon that last day ever that
I let the world surrounding me see the storm through my startled eyes.
The screaming of the locusts, the sounds of cars racing down the highway,
The hammering of the hail upon the pavement and
The heavy footsteps of people walking outside
Could not surpass my silent though desperate cries…
The early morning fog descended
And settled around my castle walls- jet black as the
Tempest that raged behind those walls,
In which I became both the queen and the prisoner
Although-
No one would have known because
I had firmly pasted a frozen smile
Upon that stone-like mask that I donned night and day-
Everyone was too busy
Reading about the wars in the far-east and the plight of the homeless-
Nobody could see or hear the war that was rampant inside of me-
I have no home in this world; I walk alone.
Above the calling of the wild geese,
The rush hour traffic, the spattering of the rain upon the rooftops outside-
No one listens to the sound of shattering dreams because
That frozen smile-
Was just too beautiful…

Claudia Krizay

Meaningless

Today I awakened and
I ran and ran and ran-
Headed towards no place
In particular –
I pleaded for help, but
Nobody came so
I stood up and ran and ran and ran-
Toward nowhere but knowing that
There is no such thing as nowhere-
Every place is some place, even
If it has no name-
Even if its name defines it as it
Not being a place-
There must be someplace that awaits me-
Today I am destined to go and
I don’t know where to but I must keep on believing
That there exists a place just for me-
I picked flowers along the way and
I cried hard yesterday- in this moment
My life has no meaning and
That is why I call my destiny nowhere –
I shall run and run and run until
The day I die-
I may not find my home until that day and
No one knows where people go
After they die-
But believe me-
Everyone goes somewhere
Even if nobody knows where- and
I can still pick flowers on the way- as
My cry for help has been silenced.

Claudia Krizay

Memories

I remember my father’s garden
Roses grew in full bloom behind the maple tree
That has always been there, in my memory,
Its trunk seemed golden
Beneath the light of the moon and stars in the evening and
At dawn, it would capture the rays of the sun,
Turning copper beneath the shadows cast by the mountains;
I have always adored the nighttime hours-
The stars seemed magical to me, glistening within the darkness and
The moon brings me peace of mind, quietly sleeping,
As its gentle rays illuminated the sky, giving just enough light
So I could see the roses, trees and wildflowers that decorated my father’s garden.
My father passed away twenty years ago and
I can recall his love for nature and his passion for the silence of the evening hours-
So much like mine-so many memories have escaped me but
I can still hear his laughter ringing throughout the valley near our home,
And every time I look upward toward the moon at twilight,
I can nearly see his smile shining through its muted light-
As a gentle breeze would blow, rustling the leaves upon the trees-
It would remind me that my father’s soul is still alive-
I see his face in every rose and his hands grasping the branches on the trees-
And I have always believed that even though people die and
Though their bodies may never be seen again,
The love and recollection of their spirits remain
In the places that they so loved-
My father’s home was in his garden amongst the maple trees, roses and wildflowers, and
In my innermost thoughts, it is there where he remains- and
Every day and every night, when I walk amongst the trees and flowers
I can hear his voice calling my name and in my heart I know
He can still hear my voice and see my face, as in the light of the moon and stars-
We shall be bonded in spirit for an eternity.

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Miracle

When the sky turns deep purple in color and the mountains appear
An unfathomable shade of magenta-
I see the sunlight sparkling upon the shadows in the creek below.
Sunlight would reflect against crystalline stones and the
Grass is greener than the eyes of a goddess-
There is not a sound to be heard in this moment except for a
Gentle breeze singing a tunefully angelic aria-
When there is not a single person within miles of
This magical place where I have found my spirit dancing-
I know I have nothing to fear.
Looking up into this lavender-hued sky I can see a bird
Soaring above the mountains- its wings shaded a mesmerizing essence of blue and
The feathers on its tail, yellow as sunlight upon a sandy beach-
My utmost and only desire is to be that bird,
Flapping my wings in a gentle gust of wind and looking down upon
This magical world below- I have always been a dreamer.
I hear voices singing songs of freedom and of the mysticism of nature-
I see blossoming flowers of a variety of colors and
I hear voices whispering to me of the miracles of this moment-
I know within my heart and my mind that I am alone and
These voices that I hear are emanating from the depths of my own mind, when
Solitude has never appeared so amazingly striking.
I see that bird flying high up in the sky above and within moments
I have become that bird- flapping my own wings and
Gazing at this vibrant world below me,
For a moment I am the queen of the world and in the next moment,
A deity of the entire universe- Veracity is seemingly thousands of miles away.
I have heard voices of my past telling me I am none but a pauper in a wretched state or
None but a fool who has lost her sanity-in these words I have never believed.
As I continue this tour of this phantasmal space about me,
I know I have found myself a home and the world beyond can attempt to
Tear my soul apart but I know deep inside that this is my reality-
Perhaps others do not hear and see the sounds and the sights that I envision-
However as long as I believe in all that I hear and see within my own thoughts,
What even millions of other people believe does not matter- for it is these people
Whom I believe are in a wretched state, and are still trying to find themselves-
I am queen of my world and have locked the gate to that world's threatening dismay-
I follow my shadow into that deep purple sky and I know that
The shadow of my spirit shall live on forever. I shall keep on moving
Further into the land of my dreams, only to look forward and never turning back.

Claudia Krizay

My Destiny

Once I alleged there would be a
Destiny for me and
I would think of a tree bearing leaves
Unfolding in the springtime that would
Only touch the sky if clouds were dense as
Thunderclouds, perhaps-
Dark as fear and ominous- If fate would allow
I would reach upward on a solitary walk
At the dawning of each day and touch the sky
Before the sun came out from hiding from behind cragged mountains-
At daybreak a few stars still being visible-
I would wish upon one remaining star- My destiny being to
Find a safe place for myself in this world? Clouds so dense and dark-
As deceiving as promises made by those I once believed in
Before lightening would strike and thunder would clap
Would deceive me and their ghostly spirits still haunt me as
Wind would blow down that tree
That never touched the sky because this wind had blown and
Lightening struck it down?
If I could I would be a tree that
In the event of never touching the sky and being the victim of a storm
It would not matter because a tree
Cannot feel the pain of deception, fear and mistrust?
I would live my life as a tree blossoming every spring,
Leaves unfolding and then changing colors in the autumn-
Always beautiful to see but
Not knowing the depth of sorrow felt or the
Agony of loss even after having fallen-
Only because God did not give it a soul?
The sun shall rise over the mountains as the full moon
Bids the night farewell- before light succumbs the darkness,
I shall wish upon a star and if the stars are obliterated by clouds so dark and ominous-
I shall try to be thankful for my soul that was God-given- that
I can feel love and appreciation of all that is beautiful-
Even if all the people in this world slight, hurt and betray me-
I can appreciate the glory of the rising sun and adore the splendor of nature-
I still have myself and even if lightening were to strike me dead,
My soul shall live on forever….

Claudia Krizay

My Dream

Populated by a swarm of
Warrior ants,
Life can be a dangerous ride,
Hailstones are thrown from the
Messiah's inner- fury as
Fire is rekindled beneath my feet, ignited by the demons of my past.
Gazing from the eyes of an abandoned child,
Masked by tears of frustration,
And the apprehension of what the future could bring,
I perceive this world to be an unwelcome place.
I would venture one step outside the
Realm of disillusionment,
Although only to follow a path of a different and
Brighter star, and hopefully this path would be,
Though narrow,
More smoothly paved.
To discover mountains in the shadows of skies,
Magenta in their hues and
Rivers of scintillating topaz-blue
Would be my fondest and utmost desire,
With the hope that I would no longer have to
Cross bridges leading to places I cannot walk without stumbling, or
Where I could not dwell in peace and solitude-
Waters illuminated by a light from a different source
That would wash away those painful recollections of my past,
In my dreams I would hope to find.
Fields of wild violets and yellow peace-rose gardens
So enchanting would be to discover,
Free from obstacles as they could be.
Every step I take is one in trepidation, and
Peace and serenity becomes overpowered by an excess of cacophony,
Swarms of threatening people and that
Never abating death fear.
My song though dolorous, is none but melodious,
For it is a part of me and would never harm me, or
Touch another's soul in a dangerous way, as
On this planet, here, I walk alone.
On my solitary walk through life
My shadow is cast behind me, and
I hope to drown any remaining tears in a tributary of disenchantment,
That in all of my hopes and dreams
Would be washed into a sea of composure-
Life, love, serenity and the mystery of God's gifts to humanity,
If they could only quench the
Anger that torments my very essence would be my lifelong aspiration.
I would
Climb those majestic mountains, magenta hued,
And swim that river topaz in its crystalline clarity-and
They would drown every menacing hailstone that
Falls from above,
Life may cease to be a peril and a threat, and to
Follow a path blazed by the illumination of a different star,

I could find who that abandoned child inside me truly is and
This light would dry those tears of frustration and
Perhaps I would find a future for myself,
Even if I never reach that mountaintop or have to
Swim across that river-
I would find my home with saints and angels and
Abandon the demons of my past and even the few remaining in my present - forever,
As I walk that narrow but smoothly paved path ahead.
Although I stand beneath the shade of a tree of apprehension
In my hand I hold a candle illuminated by the flame of hope, and as
I watch my reflection drift about in that river,
I see it slowly disappear, as the river flows into a sea of optimism and tranquility…

Claudia Krizay

My Father's Garden

I remember my father as being a warm person-
A strong man in many ways always working hard so that
My mother and I could have the very best-
He passed so many years ago but
I can still hear his laughter, and recall his gentleness-
As he was always there for me-
I still can see him working in his garden
At the time we lived close to the shores of Carmel –
I can still hear the leaves upon the trees rustling in the wind,
And the peaceful rocking of the ocean waves
Soothing me as they were lapping upon the shore close by-
I will never forget the joy the flowers he had planted
Brought to him, my mother and I,
As he seemed to be lost inside a world of his own,
Transforming a yard where at one time only high grasses grew
Into a kingdom of color and beauty for everyone to perceive-
I shall never forget the rose bushes-
Yellow, pink and red blossoms in their colorful hues
Enlightening to everyone’s eyes, as they were, and fragrant as well,
In all of their delicacy;
My father passed years ago- - a terminal illness snatched away
This wonderful being – tears still come to my eyes in past memories- as
I cannot comprehend that if a god exists-
How could he have snatched life away so quickly from
A person who had such a zest for life?
I shall never forget the moment he died, how my uncle
Sat upon a chair in the bathroom with his head in his hands weeping
When my father fell to the floor at his death-
Although he has parted from this world forever, fond memories continue-
People always die but flowers keep growing and live on.
Yesterday I cut a pink rose from a bush in the yard and
Placed it in a small vase upon the end table by my bed side and
As I drifted off to sleep this delicate and lovely flower carried me
Into the world of my fantasies- where my father is still with me always, and
I still feel his loving arms embracing me; I can still hear the rustling of
Leaves upon the trees outside, and I still hear the waves lapping upon the shore
And even though in flesh he is gone-
Departed from this world, he has left valuable reminiscences for me to treasure;
Whenever I stand in his garden I can still feel his presence, as in my
Heart and spirit, he shall always be very much alive….

Claudia Krizay

My Fondest Dream

It has always been my desire,
To be alone amongst hundreds of trees, deer and
In solitude beneath the sun as it would shine through the trees in the woodlands,
Casting shadows upon the creek that meanders throughout-
I remember a story my mother used to read to me
When I was none but a child of three years old,
A story about living alone in a little cabin in the woods-
And to this day I believe that that story was written for me-
I can almost envision that cabin built from branches of fallen trees,
Where I would make my home,
Far from the millions of people in this world,
But not far at all from the deer, birds and all of nature-
It is my belief that there are different ways of being lonely.
Alone, far from threatening people who dwell amid this planet, as
When I am amongst these people, I am truly lonely and misunderstood,
While inside the place of my dreams I have escaped these billions of people,
Made a home in the cabin from my storybook, and
Am living amongst the wonders of nature and the world of my own thoughts-
Never alone, never lonely until I awaken and find myself
Rudely thrown back to reality-
Now I know that if I want to escape
What is true loneliness to me, all I have to do is to close my eyes and
To lose myself inside the world of my fondest dreams.
Standing beneath the shadows cast by the tallest trees,
Watching the deer running freely- and listening to the wild geese calling-
Looking upward toward the sky here at nightfall, I wish upon a star,
That my dream will someday come true- because
What I dream shall never harm me- and in my thoughts,
Being misapprehended by a multitude of strangers is
What loneliness truly can be? Being alone with my familiar thoughts,
Amongst the magic of nature is peace, happiness and never being lost-
And being the star of my childhood storybook-living in that cabin in the woods,
Perhaps alone there, but never lonely…

Claudia Krizay

My Journey Home

I am hearing some voices,
But these are coming from the outside-
I just saw someone walk past me-
But it is a real person-
I believe I am awakening from
A journey to a different time-
But so far removed from reality
In this very moment, I remember nothing.
I am beginning to recall drifting off into
Another space in time-breathing deeply in and out
Until darkness overcame-
As if I were rapidly leaving this world
Or was I simply falling into a deep and sound sleep?
It feels as if I am awakening from a peaceful slumber and
I find myself sitting in a chair-in a room where
I can recall visiting some hour's past-
Now I realize what has happened.
I hear a voice telling me 'It is over now"
A bolt of lightening went through my brain
While I was seemingly millions of miles away-
Now I sit here alone, welcoming myself back to reality and
I foresee blue skies and the sun is high at noon,
Autumn leaves upon the trees outside are falling-
I can close my eyes and see the world as a beautiful place-
And when my eyes open I glance outside of the window
To see a gentle breeze rustling the leaves still on the trees
Orange, red, yellow and golden-
I have awakened from a tranquil voyage
A voyage that I know shall give me a special gift at
Another chance at life- walking on the trail near my home
Where deer roam freely and trees grow tall until they touch the sky-
Voices I heard that came from the inside shall take their rest and
Give me peace of mind while my heart bursts into song-
I believe that a magical current has brought me home to a better place-
Nights shall come and when the moon is full I shall wish upon a star-
To enlighten my pathway through veracity for always and
Every time that special bolt of lightening strikes it shall bring me closer to
Seeing this world as a safe and wondrous place. As I continue to walk forward-
Enchantment shall follow with every step I take – and I shall read hope
Into every falling leaf, that I have arrived home to the place of my fondest dreams.

Claudia Krizay

My Journey Towards Salvation

If I were one of the robins- many which I have beheld or
A fawn in the wild-
I would fly above the towering trees or
Freely run across the trail
I walk every day and I run or fly
Only because my soul has been
Betrayed and my spirit, terrorized-
Up high above in the trees
I would touch the sky before the rain
Began to fall upon the essence of time and
My hope would be for the rain to wash away my fears,
Drowning them in the abyss of nature-
To realize I am none but a wounded spirit,
Who can only walk this path and at the spur of
A fleeting moment break into a run- as
I search beneath fallen branches and as
I adore the flowers- daffodils donning their
Golden attire and roses with their delicate fragrances-
I would search for what some have deemed deadly silence but from
A glance from my ebony-hued eyes, never deadly but
From the heart of life's treasures-
Some peace of mind and blessed solitude-
This path I walk is mine alone and those who follow behind or
Walk slowly before me have robbed me of my feeling of
Wellbeing as I have called myself often a solitary princess,
Robed in my phantasmal armor-
Somehow the voices of others threaten as they whisper callously or
Laugh ruthlessly - the voices only I can hear have often been
Accusatory or commanding but do not evoke the rage that
Evolves from my inner core of the space invaders, so toxic to my vicinity –
As I approach civilization, I can hear children screaming and
My utmost fantasy would be to aim a gun and fire-
It would joyfully mean the end of all humanity and I would be left alone-
Alone in my world, my safe space, revolving about a sun that shines
It's light upon my once darkening world- if there is a God I pray for
Salvation from the pain that I feel so profoundly, the madness
That separates me from reality and to see this world and its inhabitants
In a different light would be a blessing in many ways-
But now I can only become an eagle of mercy calling upon myself to
Lift my imaginary wings and to soar away from veracity until the day
The rain stops falling and there will be no clouds to hide beneath-
Voices of others shall become welcome, kind and inviting, although
In a non menacing way- or as a robin flying above the treetops
Looking down at the grassy fields below- innocent and not afraid-
I sit alone in my home, the doors chained but the curtains open- I see that
Rain is falling hard- I am a wounded sprit with some hope for alleviation
From all of the pain, despair and trepidation –
Meanwhile I still love the flowers, their beauty and delicate fragrances and
When the sun rises above the skyline I will walk slowly towards rejuvenation-
With hope to find a path to safely walk upon-
That courageous and hopeful part of my being believes that
One day I shall walk that path towards deliverance and serenity

In some other lifetime before another storm approaches-

Claudia Krizay

My Lament

Lightening has stricken at the wrong place and at the
Wrong time- inducing flames that are rising in all directions,
Capturing my tormented spirit as I lose my grasp on reality-
As my sanity escapes, my thoughts sink into bedlam.
Snakes constrict my mutilated soul which gasps for breath, terrified,
Though this could all be none but a night terror, I silently scream-

My tears, are cried for all of this time that this world has been a
Liar to me, although copious, cannot extinguish the flames,
Though phantasmal as the world that has trapped me inside,
Are burning down the pillar of strength-
Once rock-solid giving me the strength to persevere-

Lightening, ill fated as the storm that consumes me
Has stricken once again-
I cannot pursue my destination, as I have no place on this planet,
This world where people climb mountains to complete
Their journeys of fortune, fame and success-
I ride bareback upon a comet in some imagined universe, as
I escape to that world of my dreams.

Even here inside the only place I have once deemed a safe haven
I can still see lightening strike upon the horizon-
I have come to the realization, as a torrent of rain begins to fall,
That I must hold onto all of my dreams as
These dreams could be all I have left to
Keep me from drowning in the abyss of veracity…

Lightening has stricken once again and it hardly matters this time, as
I have finally escaped to that world of my own- for an eternity-
As flames rise in a distance, I laugh…
Safe and alone, here- lost although in an innocuous manner in a world of my own
Happy to be alive in some imagined universe, above the storm clouds
Having escaped reality before the rain begins to fall-

Claudia Krizay

My Mother's Keeper

Drowning in the abyss of depression
Profound beyond comprehension-
Alone in her plight
As a barren tree alone in the forest
Fallen by the wind on a stormy summer’s night.

There she lay upon her bed
Frighteningly silent and still
Her sobs were vigilantly quiet,
Though I could hear her tears screaming
Echoing within the confinement of my mind.

She lay still, her mouth open,
Though she didn’t speak-
Although the expression on her face
Spoke to me as terrifying and hopeless-
Upon the queen-sized bed
Her spirit, dying, her soul tortured and evaded-
There lay my mother.

Ordered not to leave this room,
And to follow her if she rose from her suicidal state
To stop her if she made any attempt to take her life-
I was her nurse and assigned to be her keeper-

On a beautiful afternoon in early May
I could hear the chorus of a nightingale outside the window,
If I were to turn to look out this window just to see
Cherry trees blossoming on this spring like day-
If my mother were to die if I were to leave this room or simply
Turn my head to admire the mystical beauty of the spring-
I would be held responsible-

I feel not only my mother’s agony, But my own as well,
Tears are welling up inside of my eyes-
Reddened and bloodshot from last night’s sobbing-
Life has been unfair to my mother but
I feel also that God has slighted me-
For I was assigned by my own father to be my mother’s keeper-
I felt a fatefully horrific pain nearly strangling me-
Truth and fear being beyond belief, as
I was only twelve years old.

Claudia Krizay

My Mother's Nightmare

I heard you crying in the night,
I heard father’s comforting words
Sounds they were- Indistinguishable.
The hall was dark, I sat by the stairs,
My right hand clutching the banister.
A clap of thunder had awakened me,
Which so many have called the wrath of God?
Although moments later,
The voices inside of my mind were screaming
Threatening words that were deafening-
But that anger emanating from the sky and those voices
No longer unfamiliar- did not disturb me
As did the sound of your tears, never silent, or beyond my control-
On this stunning summer night I can hear the trees rocking and dancing
In a mid June’s breeze-
That breeze that whispers through an open window
Meant to calm me, comfort me, although
The pathos of your crying could have turned that breeze
To a gust of wind that would carry away the splendor of this early summer’s magic.
I heard you crying in the night- Yesterday I found your letter upon your desk
That letter that threatened suicide- All hope within a prayer has disappeared.
You are my mother; you gave birth to me-
How could you leave me alone? I being your only child- not being enough to
Stop you from abandoning me-
At this time of year when everything is renewed,
When the air is fresh and there is a rainbow visible on the horizon?
I heard you crying in the night; life can be so cruel.
Hope within a prayer is rapidly fading- if a God exists,
Why does he make people suffer so, when neither you or myself
Have betrayed anyone or shattered the dreams of anyone?
Shattered dreams have turned to nightmares.
One day you shall be dead and gone-perhaps even tomorrow?
As I rise to my feet, I walk away down this dark hall, away from the stairs.
I need to grasp my own hand, follow my own pathway,
The one I must create for myself, as I hold on tightly to all of my strength-
It is only myself I can depend on, if that gust of wind carries you away,
Hopefully towards a peaceful heaven- I must continue my journey in this life
Without that banister to hold onto, without you- my mother,
I shall live for the loveliness of the season and of the trees outside,
Rocking and dancing in this summer’s breeze- after all trees never weep,
Never hurt and betray us- they keep on growing, always giving us shade and
Best of all, shall always be present- strong and looking beautiful.

Claudia Krizay

My Own Special Heaven

Beyond the treetops
Beyond clouds and the sun
Beyond my most vivid dreams-
I once believed in heaven- while
Deeper than grassy fields,
Deeper than the tumultuous sea, and
Deeper than the ground upon which every step I had taken
I believed there was a hell beneath.

I fervently prayed to the god who lived in that safe and magnificent heaven
That appeared in all of my fondest dreams and
Who existed in the fortress of my most profound imagination-?
Between God and myself, I believed there was a uniquely exquisite bond-
I could sense a calling from that God so close to my heart, soul and spirit
To save the souls of the desperate. I could hear the voice of God
Speaking to me – I was one of the chosen.

Nightmares began one night, obliterating my dreams-
Voices from heaven were outnumbered by angry voices from hell-
People had become threatening enemies-
I became a lost spirit trapped inside the depths of a delusional world.
I recall the day when I was taken away and was locked inside
A sterile and empty chamber, screaming for help and for release
From madness and confusion- I myself had become a desperate soul.
With no hope for salvation.

Today, after many years of climbing an uphill path, still trying to regain my sanity,
I would search for closeness to nature's gifts- wildflowers, trees and birds singing-
The song the birds sang, though dolorous at times- brought me some peace of mind.
If I could I would climb a ladder to the top of the tallest tree in the woodlands
With hope to find that heaven I once had so strongly believed in-
God would grant me salvation from the anguish that still tortures me deep inside-
But I know now that heaven is only a dream and dreams often never become reality-
Beyond highest treetops, the clouds, the sun and
The longest roads I could ever walk upon,
What awaits me I shall never know-?

I still hear voices from heaven but I have
Awakened from a lengthy sleep, and see further than that profound imagination-
I have heard a calling of a different sort- from a voice of my own spirit inside, to
To keep walking that longest road- to continue my journey down the path
No matter how long, but with hope at the end of this road there shall be
A gate I may unlock with a special key.

There I would open my eyes to see more trees, and wildflowers
Perhaps, but with the strength
To abandon past memories as I will have found my own special heaven-
The one that shall begin to exist inside the fortress of my own mind, soul and spirit-
With deliverance from the hell of madness, and the realization that
Dreams can tell a story, but those dreams don't always come true.

Claudia Krizay

My Question

I can see my reflection
In my bedroom mirror-
My pupils are spinning madly about -never abating-
In the dimness of the light I have always believed that
I am being persecuted-
Death fear plagues me everyday- dreams I had as a child,
Deadly as a snake
Constricting my wrist-
Life is such a mystery, and
Death is even more mysterious-
People following me close behind and
I am being watched-
Others have said it is my imagination-
Others blame it on the moon-
This morning I was running
Running from all that I fear-
Just ordinary people to others, while to me-
Menacing and threatening-
I just keep running until
I am home, the doors locked and chained and
I am alone at peace with
The voices speaking to me inside of my mind-and
I can see my reflection in my bedroom mirror-
My pupils spinning about-
Will my thoughts ever silence?
Life is a mystery to me and perhaps more to others-
Others who watch me- day in and day out-
I can still see my reflection wherever I go-
The light gets dimmer and I find myself in the midst of the darkness, although
In the confinement of my home- so I am now at peace-
Even in bleak darkness because I am alone-
Inside the world of my thoughts I am running-
Running away from my reflection until the day I die and
While death is a mystery, one never knows when it shall happen-
I continue my solitary walk towards home- and in utmost reality-
Nobody- really knows where their home truly resides-
At the same time I question where reality resides.

Claudia Krizay

My Safe Place

Drawings of seventy three people,
A map of the place where they all live,
I am amongst these people, and
I can hear them in conversation,
Although nobody who lives outside of this room can-
I have given this place a name- a self-fabricated name-
I have found happiness here
Within this world I call my own.
This is my safe place-
This place where skies are touched with clouds of pink and gray,
This place where all is quiet, except for the rushing sound
Of the clear water in the creek that runs through.
Here in this place where nobody cares
What time of day people go to sleep or what hour that they awaken-
This is the place where nobody ever gets angry or slights one another-
Here where we dance when it rains and
Where we laugh when the sun is shining over that creek,
But the sun never burns us.
I have locked the silver gate that exits to the world outside,
So that untrustworthy and belligerent people cannot enter-
This is what I have called my safe place, although
Some say it is dangerous in some sort of way.
Some say that it is dangerous to deny what is real, and
To live in a self formulated world,
Ignoring the lives of three billion people,
Feeling no empathy for those in pain and those fighting in wars out there-
While listening to voices that only I can hear or those I care to hear.
I feel that that world has not been kind to me and
There is so much out there that I fear and it is with great irony
That people are so fearful of my own unfamiliarity- although
To me people who live in this great earth outside of my safe place
Are just as foreign to me as I am to them- I must say that
If I were to continuously wear the key to that silver gate about my neck-
Keeping myself safe here amongst my made up community, I can
Live in my world and others live in theirs and we won't have to fear one another- as
Unfamiliarity is synonymous with danger to so many people.
The sun shall shine upon both places and everyone shall be safe, and
Nobody- not myself, my own special friends or
Those living in the world outside of here
Shall ever get burned…

Claudia Krizay

My Shadow

Things I have left behind
Within an effort to move forward,
Counting every minute, every second-
Reliving my life through every hour, day and year-
The night time sky is falling before my own eyes
Blocking the pathway before me, blinding me-
I cannot foresee a future-The rain that fell every time
I tried to venture outward,
Rain that transformed to tears
When all hope had ostensibly disappeared.
Things I have left behind-
Places where I had been locked inside,
Having lost grounds with all that is real-
Perhaps a few roses in a cracked vase by my bedside,
A mother that did not care and a father that did not believe-
When through my own eyes my world had fallen to pieces.
I left behind many people-
People I did not trust and it was then that I knew
I had to rebuild my foundation,
To build a future for myself that would be mine and mine alone-
Things I have left behind are now
Gone and gone forever-all that is left is time-
Time to move on and to bury the past in my back yard and
Search for hope, a purpose and a new reality.
These things I have left behind are sinking into the ground-
Now I can foresee a future- the flame on my candle is burning
Guiding me as I run forward into a garden of blossoming trees and
A paved pathway upon which to run forward- and a cloudless sky
Where I can lift my wings, once broken and are healing, and fly-
Fly high above looking down below at my newfound veracity-
I know if I were to take a look behind-
All I could see would be a shadow upon a sidewalk-
A shadow of my past and everybody knows that shadows don't last forever, and
All else that I have left behind is gone forever,
Looking forward at the allure of the springtime and
I see clearly now- there is no more rain and as I look above me
I can see trees seemingly touching the sun against a deep blue sky-
I can see clearly now because my eyes are open wide and
There are no tears to cry today and when I glance behind me-
All I see is a shadow- that shadow of my past, vanishing in the late spring's breeze-

Claudia Krizay

My Soul, Afire

The rising sun sets my soul afire
At the dawning of every new day-
I see life as a new beginning-
Cardinals, robins, blue jays and finches
Carry on with their tune as the
Orchestra of a gentle spring like breeze
Rustles the newly unfolded leaves upon every tree-
Alone to enjoy the mystery of the woodlands-
The sun's rays shining through the
Branches of the maple trees-
Dogwood blossoms both crimson pink and white
Against a sky of cerulean blue
Evoke a chorus from my spirit-
A hymn of freedom and ecstasy, as
My spirit and soul have been reborn.
As the day progresses
I am overcome by fear and
At the noon of the day the sun rises above the mountains
The world comes out from hiding-
This is the time when strangers become invasive,
Clouds overtake the light and
The rain begins to fall.
Thunder would clap and rain would pour downward in a
Spitefully intrusive manner
Quenching the magical flames
That had my spirit and soul dancing to the
Early morning symphony that the world has
Maliciously taken aback-
When the night takes over
I see the full moon ascend over the horizon and the
Stars are bright-
The stars are bright and Mars is a brilliant red while
Venus winks at me with its eyes of green-
Stars and planets are gratifyingly beautiful in their own way, though
Light years away-
If I listen vigilantly-
I can hear ancient music imminent from
The stars and planets in the vastness of the universe as
The moon appears above the treetops-
It shines its light upon me and sets my spirit dancing and once again-
Sets my soul afire-

Claudia Krizay

My Spirit

I have often felt alone and foreign
Within this place or world everyone calls home-
Perhaps a part of me had died many years back- although
My spirit lives on and looks upward towards the sky, past midnight
Perhaps to awaken in some other realm- Alive and unafraid,

I see the stars brightly shining against the midnight sky,
Far away but close to me in a unique way-
The rings of Saturn intrigue me and inside of the world of my dreams,
I have become as a dove, lifting my wings
To fly as I continue my fight to
Find a place in this world, as my spirit attentively watches over me-

It has been said that everyone is born with a spirit inside-
I was born with a mind, confused, frightened and divided- although
I was born with a spirit that is strong, brave and wise-
I lift my wings and fly, following the direction my spirit, as
My spirit is my only hope- My hope to find a life for myself.
Free from the apparition of the nightmares of my past-

Inside of my mind I know that if I follow the direction that
My spirit takes- enlightened by the sun, the moon and the stars-
Perhaps in the fondest of dreams, I will reawaken and fly away from my fears, and
Find a place in this world-After all, the stars, the moon and other planets
Are far away, in another realm, and unreachable.

The beauty of a spirit is that it never dies, and as my friend it will always be there,
Watching over me protecting me from harm as
I awaken in rebirth from the horrors of my past and from a distance in thought
I can still follow the mystical beauty
Of the moon and the stars in the midnight sky above me
And I know now that when clouds cover the sky and darkness prevails-
The sun shall always rise, I have found peace of mind, and my spirit lives on…

Claudia Krizay

My Story

The water in the creek is clear in the summertime and
Rises to the flowers that grow about the tree trunks after a rainstorm.
I could hear the thunder late last night- I thought of my father's rage.
I could see the lightening that stuck above
Mountains of desolation and I could clearly remember
My mother's fear that she so often was feeling
When my outbursts would strike as would that lightening
Within my moments of extreme madness-
As blown down and carried away as would by force of a whirlwind
My mother and father were taken away from this life and this world-
With a minimal amount of warning, so young they were when
Fate snatched them from the time they had that might have been precious,
Leaving me alone, frightened and without aspiration-
I could feel their deepened concern I know they felt for my future
Hovering about as would a fallen foundation from that figurative storm that seized them;
Today I walk for miles everyday along the trail that runs behind
The place I once called home and I can blatantly see
My reflection in the creek before me-
I could see myself as a stem of a wildflower that seemingly yesterday could hardly
Stand strongly against a gentle spring breeze- though now in the likeliness of a tree
Firmly planted in the ground no longer fearing the forces of nature-
I have survived the death of my family- twenty one years have passed
Seemingly as quickly as that storm of nature that took them away from me.
The water in the creek is clear in the summertime.
There are no clouds in the sky on this day,
Though in the summer storms can arrive almost without warning-
I have built a new foundation for myself-On this day I do not fear the dark clouds
Which appear and disappear on the horizon?
I can see the crystalline clarity of the creek as it carries on
To where it reaches mountains of hope- I can see a future for myself now-
I have abandoned obstacles and shattered dreams-as
I have become as a stunning Monarch butterfly emerging from its cocoon
In the midst of a cyclone, though as always a lover of nature- confident
I will have found a home for myself in this world when the sun rises tomorrow,

Claudia Krizay

My Vibrant World

When I locked the door to the world last night
Inside of my room is where I resided-
I painted a picture there within my thoughts, where
I somehow got lost amongst these vibrant colors-
The sky, being a deep shade of cerulean blue,
The grass there, emerald green reflecting the sunlight-
Tree trunks there are purple and nearly touching the sky,
Those magical trees adorned with leaves of dusty rose-
I believe I saw a white dove soar above the magenta mountaintops-
My room had become a globe that revolved about
A different sun at a different time,
Where I listen to voices speaking to me and to me, only-
Last night someone broke the lock that had kept me safe and
Took me away to another far away place-
A place where trees do not grow and I see no sky and no sun-
Floors are tiled and never green as the grass I had created
Inside the world of my imagination-
I still hear the voices echoing about the fortress of my mind,
Rudely interrupted by loudening and high pitched screaming-
I am waiting for a white dove to soar past me, as I would lie in peace
Beneath the shade of those leaves of dusty rose-
However, I am locked yet once more inside of some other world-
A world so dismal and so barren-
My eyes searching desperately for that sun shining brightly
Over magenta mountaintops-
Now as I close my eyes- I realize that white doves and skies of cerulean blue
Had never truly existed except within that place of my dreams and
Only inside the world of my dreams can I paint pictures with vibrant colors
Of far away places in which to dwell-
Nevertheless I can always be content and calm because if I wish to escape
The vast and frightening world outside,
I can just close my eyes and let my spirit on wings carry me far away from here-
Where the sun rising above magenta mountaintops has never appeared so magnificent,
Though only within the world of my fondest imagination-
I shall have been set free once more.

Claudia Krizay

Nature's Gift

Being the only flower bearing yellow petals
Growing tall in the center of nature’s garden
Reflecting the sunlight and dancing in
The gentle early springtime breeze-
My stem would bend perhaps and
Perhaps touch the thorns of pink and red roses-
Though only for the moment-
Roses being the most popular blossoms,
People would come and cut them down,
Place them in a vase where they would
Fragrantly and aesthetically decorate their home-
For just a few days before they wither and die-
Being a wildflower, no one cares to cut me down-
Today all of the other flowers have seemingly disappeared,
Either removed by residents of nearby homes or
Their petals blown away by an occasional gust of wind-
I remain alone amongst grasses and forever growing weeds.
Being the only flower amongst grasses, weeds, shrubs and trees,
I am content to be present – enchanted when the rain falls and
Having the space for my petals to spread and open-
So different from the roses, though beautiful to see-
Shall be robbed of their glory, cut and a few days later
They shall perish and be thrown away.
Being beautiful and loved by people has always been
Nearly everybody’s greatest dream, but for me-
Perhaps not as fragrant and lovely to look at-
Being none but an ordinary wild flower, though
I am delighted to be part of nature’s bounty- and
I believe that a longer life,
Being here to experience continued growth, and
Basking in the sunlight day by day and then
Sometimes feeling refreshed by the moisture of the rain-
Is more meaningful and is more rewarding than
Beauty, popularity and fragrance that often
Terminates even before we see the season end..

Claudia Krizay

Nature's Laughter

Today the fog hovered densely over the horizon, and as
I gazed upwards towards the sky at dawn upon awakening,
I could only begin to wonder
If that sky had expression as upon
The face of a lost soul,
It would be contorted with
Pain and hopelessness,
Dark as fear, dismay and utmost misery as it can be-
In any given moment
It would weep bitterly,
Its tears pouring from
Those make believe eyes, although
A heavy heart and despair is
Never make believe-
I could laugh or cry,
But as gray and overcast a day it is,
I can only laugh only because
Life is just too short to
Take clouds too seriously as
Just like sadness and tears,
Clouds disappear in time
And the sun always comes out again,
Rain, as do tears- stops falling-
I believe I just saw a glimmer of sunlight and as the
Clouds disappear,
I hear laughter,
Not only my own,
But a gentle breeze just rustled the leaves on the trees-
That peaceful and lovely breeze-
Nature’s laughter…

Claudia Krizay

Night and Day

Night is bleak and my bed is warm.
Dark is dismal and my home is safe.
Today was torture and happily, I live alone.
The day has ended and I yawn.
The day has ended, but I am holding on.
Today everything went wrong- as it did
Yesterday and the day before.
Nights are dismal and my bed is inviting.
The day is over- I am tired.
I am tired but am trying to keep my eyes open.
I am fighting sleep although
Today was hell on earth.
I can hear voices inside my head saying
"Tomorrow is another day."
Nighttime is dreary and today was
A fight to stay alive.
Today is over, and I yawn and keep my eyes open.
If tomorrow is another day and
Night is bleak, dark and relentless-
What am I holding onto?
No matter how dismal is the night and
How filled with pain today was-
I cannot let myself fall asleep and awaken, then
Find myself in hell's brushfire only to
Begin another day…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Nightingale

A nightingale dropped a letter
Upon my door last eve.
Such a lovely bird of paradise, she raised my spirit-
Tormented and remorseful, and carried it to heaven.

She left a branch of goldenrod- Peace flowers, before my feet.
After one fortnight and one month, I believed
I never again would be blessed to hear her sing,

If only I could feel the softness of her supple, downy feathers
Brush against my heart again,
And to see her green and soulful eyes gaze adoringly into mine,
I would capture her in both my hands,
And kiss her wounded wings.
I would steal away the pain that traumatized her mind and soul.
I'd send it to vanish within the early autumn breeze.

The song she sings is discordant, sad and dolorous.
Her spirit, fragile raw and vulnerable.
Her plumage, so delicate and frail has softened my hardened heart.

The tune she carries is bittersweet and mournful.
As I watch her soar into the heavens,
And disappear behind the rising moon,
I begin to weep dry tears inside,
Over the loss of almost-love.

I bid farewell to the only one whoever made my spirit dance-
That enchanting nightingale,
Who shall always dwell within the very core of me,
My loving tender bird of paradise.

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Nightmare

As I awaken from a
Restless sleep,
I hear a sudden shattering
Upon this tempestuous night,
As I rise, cryptically glancing
Outside my bedroom window,
Darkness fades as
Disjointed shards of glass
Are dropping, seemingly from the sky
Black as burning cinders, and
Helplessly as would
 Dead crows,
Onto the frozen cement,
Into a foul, fetid heap,
Defining wrath and bitterness, it would be
 As breaking into smithereens-
The cracking of ice, and
If could be heard,
Lightening opening the vastness of the blackening sky,
A fissure in the imaginary voices that only I can hear, and
As these
 Sounds are muted, and as muffled by a winter's squall-
 My tears are dispersed in the wind.
Within each and every piece of broken glass,
I can see the mirrored image of anger blazing in my eyes, and
As fog descends over the horizon,
And as life continues without change,
Ironically,
My reflection would tell a story of
What the future holds…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Ode to a Deer

Do not run away and please do not fear me.
Although if you did fear me, I would comprehend-
Whether is it the force of evil that sears the soul of every human-
The loud and strident words that emanate from the moral fiber inside of us?
I was born under a different star- the steps I take are muted-
You are standing still; I can still see you nearby-I am a loner within a crowded world, and
Solitude is my way of life- to some, a forlorn existence, but to me a blessing-
Your silky coat and your antlers, tall and so delicate, and
Your legs are brawny yet graceful-
Are your soulful eyes now fixed upon my countenance, or
Are you now looking about the forest, your home, your place of birth?
I have abandoned crowds, tall buildings and cars rushing up and down highways,
I am seeking refuge here amongst nature and all of its mysterious glory-
Somewhere along my course of life,
I have tripped, fallen and somehow never grew to be part of the
Populated world to which nearly everyone awakens?
I say, "Do not fear me"- I am different from those who dwell in that madding crowd-
I am more like you than you could imagine-
Frightened of loud and unfamiliar noises and
Feeling more at home amongst trees, mountains, grass and wildflowers,
My wish is to become a deer as you are, although
I am human in my appearance, inside, God created me differently-
Losing myself inside the world of my thoughts and fantasies,
I shall approach you and we can dash through the forest together,
Never to see cars, or people fighting, and
Never to hear sirens, shouting or any city noises-
Let us run further and further away together, running until we find a place-
That place where silence rules except for the sounds of an autumn breeze
Rustling the leaves upon the trees and water rushing up and down a nearby creek-
Do not fear, we shall be safe, my heart beats with love of nature, not with rage-although
I still ask myself- what has this world outside of here come to?
Someplace in this course of life-something went astray - I shall never understand-
But it will not matter if we gallop lightly together and make our escape-
We have the woodlands, all of their magical splendor and
I have turned an imaginary key and locked the doors of misfortune behind us-
What matters is what exists inside our minds, souls and thoughts,
As we shall have one another,
Let the car engines roar and let millions of people jabber and shout-
I cannot hear them and I no longer fear them- I wish upon the stars above-
My world shall be what I make it, despite where I was born-
I sing with the birds and in my own way I fly with them-joyfully because
After much searching and wishing upon those stars- I have found a home…

Claudia Krizay

On a Sunlit Night

Tonight I walk outside alone,
Hoping for autonomy from the world's intruders-
The sky appears as dark as night can be but
Tonight the moon is hiding and I believe I see pink and purple clouds
Tip-toeing out from the darkness, as the stars are disappearing,
Are fading behind these clouds,
I believe I see the sun- as its rays are fighting their way
Through the clouds, and pushing the darkness aside-
It is only an hour past midnight and
The trees are tall and golden, some are touching the sky.
I hear wild geese calling and I can feel the gentle late spring breeze, as it
Rustles the silken blue-green leaves upon the trees-
While I rejoice being safe in my solitude.
I am alone on a sunlit night, on a trail leading toward
That phantasmal land of my utmost dreams-
Branches upon the trees, golden or copper shaded
Are sparkling with dew as would be polished diamonds-
I sing songs of peace with the cicadas- releasing my fears to the wind.
As I behold the splendor of the sun against magenta-pink clouds, as it
Rises above the mountains, purple in their hue, I can see
A rainbow on the horizon, and the creek nearby sparkling and reflecting the light.
I am wondering if I have lost touch with all that is real, for
I have never seen pink clouds, purple mountains or a rainbow,
While the sun shines upon this world in the dead of night-
I am enraptured with the magnificence of this sunlit night, and
I have found freedom from the war my thoughts continually carry on,
The voices inside of mind are presently not cruelly commanding, but
Carrying on miraculously beautiful tunes from far away places-
I may have escaped reality or perhaps I am only dreaming, although
I feel as if I have abandoned my plight, and whatever the reason for
This amazing journey I am on, whether real or imagined -the reason hardly matters as
I have found all of the pleasure, placidity and freedom from pain and anguish.
Even if I were to awaken from this reverie, the fond memory shall always remain,
I shall close my eyes and will be able to relive
My phenomenal journey beneath pink and purple clouds of fortune, and
That special rainbow on the horizon illuminating the sky on that astonishing sunlit night.

Claudia Krizay

One Day at a Time

Yesterday the sky was clear and the sun
Was visible behind the barren trees-
In the early morning the snow was falling and
The path upon which I walked led me to nowhere-
In this life I have no destination, Yesterday wild geese were calling
High in the sky, I followed their lead-
I do not know what my future holds-
My family, being amongst the departed-
As snow falls lightly upon my horizon,
My future is clouded.
I live one day at a time,
Yesterday the sky was clear and today-
Overcast, clouded and dismal- although
I can still see the wild geese flying above and
I believe I saw a young deer
Lying amongst the trees, near where I am walking-
I have no destination and my future is
Darkened by clouds of uncertainty- although
Wild geese, deer and a lone cardinal-
Have become my best friends today as I walk and as I
Continue my journey-In all suddenness it hardly matters- in actuality-
That I do not know what my future holds or
That I do not know my destination in this life-
Today I own the forest, and the mystery of it all
Has given me strength to persevere-
Living one day at a time has removed the clouds as would an eraser to a chalkboard-
Enveloping inside of my mind the glory of my surroundings as
The voices inside of my mind accompany me-
I shall let the magnificence of these woodlands very well be my destiny-
I believe I see a ray of light shining through the bleakness of the sky,
Though phantasmal, it is still there to guide me for this moment-
Yesterday the sky was clear but my life was an empty cage-
Today I have become the queen of the woodlands,
I live one day at a time and as I hear the wild geese calling and
In their own way beckoning me- as a herd of deer gallop by- I realize
I shall never be alone as I hear voices speaking to me
That only I can hear-the deer, the wild geese are close by and
I see the beauty of the snow blanketing the trail as I walk-
Living one day at a time, I need not think of tomorrow
Because today has just become too beautiful-

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Only In My Dreams

Only in my dreams
There exists such a place
Where there lives someone who dwells in this unique terrain
Defined as the heavens,
In whosever's wakefulness
Paints the sky robin's-egg blue, and as
Clouds, silver lined may
Never be permitted to
Obliterate the sun-
A special tree there grows
Holding in its keepsake
Many fond memories
Bearing flowers of a different kind than
We can see on this hellish planet earth,
The place I have named
The land of the delusive,
Fire burning in this torment,
Searing the flesh of my soul.
Voices personify madness,
Never defining safety of
Hellions following behind me
With their heavy footsteps, though
Only in my dreams
Exists there a place
Where I sit by the creek side watching as
It crawls over weathered stones that
Glisten in magical sunlight
Golden in its rarity,
I would pick a flower from that tree that
Generously gives me more than shade,
Donning more than colorful blooms
More than God's gift of nature has
Me mesmerized, and as I step further away
From the trials of abuse, fear and self-harm,
It would seem as if I were walking into a photograph or an
Impressionistic painting,
I find myself
Falling into a state of oblivion and
When life just no longer matters, I see myself
Holding in my hand an empty stem and
Can see it beginning to blossom-
Only in my dreams I believe I can hear
The whippoorwill's song or envision my persona rising
Upon the wing of a nightingale,
Only in my dreams
There could be some hope for me,
That life can be worth living and
I can sing hymns of praise and
Lullabies of peace of mind as
I listen to the water rushing about tall reeds that
Grow beneath my feet as I watch dewdrops glisten in the grass below,
The voices in my head have finally silenced and

There is nothing in this place to fear,
Eternal solitude and
No reason for apprehension about the future,
The pain of past memories buried have
Given me the faith and courage to persevere, though
Only here in this paradise, where the sun never sets, until
Stars and the moon would
Find me a rainbow so I can
Laugh, let go and let God- though
Only in my dreams…only
In
My
Dreams…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Outside My Picture Window

It has been said that there is a world outside my picture window and
Beyond the trees I see everyday and the sky, sometimes overcast and
Other days, when the sun rises early- I can see the sky and have often wondered if
There exists another world within our universe- I know that
There exists a world inside of my mind and
My pupils are the windows into which
People would look if I were to venture outward?
Beyond the sky, and beyond the sun-
Beyond that world inside my mind,
I would never know where there exists a place for me-
Last night outside of my window
I could see the stars- stars mean different things to different people as
Does the sun, the trees and this whole world outside-
The world inside my mind revolves about
The sun that shines upon my own horizon and
As for this world outside, all I can do is look- and to
See a tree, perhaps a single cloud and the grass that grows-
I have shut my mind to the people who live beyond
The trees, clouds and the grass that I can see-
That window opens to the world inside of my thoughts-
I have just shut and pulled the curtain to discourage all intruders-
I am lying by my window in total darkness now as I place my hand over my eyes,
Shutting out reality and now I can see mountains, flowering trees and
A creek flowing in which I can see my reflection and
I am running upon the grass that grows beneath my feet-
I believe I heard music playing inside the fortress of my mind-
It has been said there is a world outside and I have pulled the curtain
To the window once opened to veracity-
Darkness has never looked as beautiful as I am safe here in my solitude-
Even when the stars are shining and the sky is such a magnificent sight to see-
No place is as exquisite as the creek that runs through my inner space and
The sun inside the world of my thoughts that shines upon my horizon?
The stars are far away and all that is real, though just outside my picture window
I perceive as too far away for me to reach- I would touch the stars and I could be a dove
That can lift my wings and fly away from all that threatens, but only inside my dreams-
Children sing songs and read fairy tales and they believe and I believe that
The sun shines light upon their worlds and
Someday their dreams shall blossom as has mine and shall become their homes-
Home is the safe place inside a person's mind, not within the madding crowd that
Exists outside my picture window- even if the stars are always there- and
That unique and special sun shall just keep on shining upon the world of my dreams….

Claudia Krizay

Overwhelmed

It wasn’t the wind, this morning,
Or the ominous sky
Colored dark gray, before the approaching storm-
That made the world appear as a dangerous place-
Yesterday there was sunlight on the horizon,
At the break of the day-however
Something took away my peace of mind last night, and
I can still hear my thoughts speaking to me aloud-
Threatening and as angry as I am feeling inside-
Some mysterious being has invaded my mind, and taken over-
I have lost contact with all that was once reality.
The wind is rustling the leaves upon the trees,
Some of the branches, are even falling to the ground-
The sky is dark gray and the clouds are almost blackening-
But in all actuality I would find it more bearable to be outdoors
Fighting nature’s approaching storm that to wage this war
That is tearing me apart inside of the world of my thoughts-
This early morning, the world outside is not a safe place to be-
I just saw lightening strike and brighten up this sky for the moment-
I recall last night, when the moon was full-
I would scream at those voices inside of my mind, as
They threatened to take my life- my spirit was once lost, but never found-
My spirit once young and alive has perished and the wind continues to bluster,
The rain begins to fall as thunder claps-as I pray for a ray of imagined sunlight to
Illuminate my mind- and even if storms outside would continue and never cease,
If I could regain my grasp on veracity and some gentle music would soothe
The pain that is tearing my heart to pieces, as that
Imaginary sunlight would open my eyes
To see the world inside of my mind as a safe place- that phantasmal sun would
Give me the courage to venture outdoors and the dark clouds
Would not seem so menacing, the wind would seem to be a cooling breeze, because
I know and believe that true happiness begins from the inside-
If I was content the rain could pour for an eternity and
I would not have to weep tears of frustration because that frustration would be gone-
And I could see that storms are magical because they clear the air and
Make this world a serene place to be while I would meet with my spirit once again
I believed was lost everlastingly- that spirit would return as that ray of light that
Shines hope and satisfaction upon eternity, for evermore.

Claudia Krizay

Palace in the Sky

Forever lost inside my own world-never to come out of hiding
I am building palaces in the sky though I can only see the stars.
I can only see the stars, and
The quarter moon's light shining dimly upon the horizon
Casting its shadows upon the places of my dreams-
How I wish to escape the misfortunes of life upon this planet and
Make my home inside a palace somewhere in the sky.
I had built a million palaces, so it seems-
Every day and every night, I find myself rapidly losing my grasp upon
What is real and what is not- I am running a marathon toward someplace
Between the land where grasses and flowers grow and the
Trees, from the ground reaching upward to touch the clouds,
I can feel the gentleness of the late spring's breeze
Blowing against my cheeks, damp from tears that have I have cried, as
This world has not been kind to me.
People are heartless, and only laugh when I am weeping,
Looking into my eyes reading my thoughts, and
Ridiculing me as I converse with the voices inside of my mind,
Which have become my only consoling realities while inside this world of my fantasies,
I have become a dove with broken wings-which with deep gratefulness can still fly.
Lost inside some sort of trance, I am building palaces in the sky.
Placid breezes rustle the leaves upon the trees, almost making music-
Creating tunes about nature, peace of mind and are never threatening-
However, I know that one day these trees will all be cut down to fabricate homes
For thousands of people- people who have no heart or no spirit of patience or kindness
So I know that I must continue building my palaces in the sky.
Summer storms shall rip across the sky and I know I must use all my strength
To stay alive so I may lift my broken wings to find a palace which I have built-
The quarter moon is casting its light upon the world and about the sky-
I am glancing repeatedly towards the sky searching for my palace, my home-
Flying bravely about to the best of my ability, on
My endless search for freedom and safety, praying to a God I am not certain that exists-
My hope is to see my golden palace glistening beneath the light of the quarter moon,
All I can see are the stars- what lurks behind those stars I may never know,
But I shall continue to fight the clouds and build my palaces, my castles.
May the stars illuminate the darkness and guide me towards some redeeming veracity,
Even if I never find my palace- in the meantime I shall keep on
Looking upward and forward and even if my dreams never do come true-
I know I can always continue to travel about the sky and I know that
I shall forever behold the splendor of the moon and always count upon the stars
To elucidate the direction upon which I travel and for always be my guiding lights…

Claudia Krizay

Paradise Found

I am lost inside
A world of my own,
A world that I painted inside of my thoughts
Within a figment of my imagination-
I have taken myself on a journey to a place
I call paradise-
Inside this place I call paradise
I am lost,
Inside this place I call paradise,
I am alone-
Surrounded by trees and mountains,
Violet in hue – wildflowers would grow and
Grass grows high, caressing my ankles
In an almost loving way-
Inside the world of my thoughts
I step inside this paradise I have found and as I
Lose myself within a dream,
In less than a moment's time,
My imagination has succumbed
To this magical land of my delusions-
Towards this place where I shall forever remain-
I am lost, I am alone but here in this place I call paradise,
Surrounded by trees and mountains,
Violet in hue and where wildflowers grow and
Grass grows high-
In a strange sort of way, I am not really alone-
I have my thoughts, my dreams and my fantasies and
The voices only I can hear are my constant companions-
Birds, trees and forget-me- knots are truly my friends-
In all actuality, I am no longer lost as
I was in that world outside of my dreams
Within that world into which I was born-
In that world where people have always hurt, betrayed and lied to me-
It was inside that world I was truly lost and alone-
I shall never return to that world.
I have lost myself within a dream and in truth,
I have finally found who I truly am and as I listen to the singing
Of the nightingale, the water rushing in the creek below,
A gentle breeze rustling the leaves upon the trees and
As I watch the sun ascend over the mountains,
The deer running freely and
I begin to sing a song of freedom and peace of mind-
Now I know the true meaning of loss and loneliness-
That is being trapped inside a world laden with myriads of people
Who have and shall always hurt and betray one another, as
Every moment in time rapidly advances too fast to control-
As I glance upward towards this sky of azure-blue,
I lock that phantasmal door that separates fantasy from reality-
Delighted to say that this fantasy has become my new reality and
I have found myself within the world of my dreams,
Surrounded by trees and mountains, violet in hue and
Where wildflowers grow plentifully and

When the sun descends behind the mountains and darkness overcomes
Here in my paradise- I can begin to count the stars and
Dance with the moon on the horizon- to the tune of
The singing of the nightingale-alive in my very own heaven and paradise,
Not lost but found and never again alone-
Here inside the world of my fantasies,
Where I have been reborn, within this magical land of my dreams,
Where I shall always sing a song of freedom as I joyfully wish upon a star-

Claudia Krizay

Paranoia

When the rain falls hard, I see, I see,
Not too far before my eyes
Further behind me
Everyone is talking; I have disappeared
As the elevator doors slide shut,
Silently, unobtrusively, and
Without justifiable warning
Above the sound of the percussion of the spattering deluge
As tap dancers upon a tin roof,
Or before me
I witness through the pouring rain
Appearing as some corrugated transparency
Round shouldered, hunchbacked septuagenarians
Analyzing my thoughts, as written behind my eyes,
Some sort of literature,
Perhaps a mystery novel
Indecipherable?
Through the drumming of the raindrops' symphony
I can still hear them talking,
As I walk around the corner, and hardly passed the second door
In the corridor,
Out of their line of vision, to them
I am no longer present- yet- They are still talking,
Their conniving expressions, I regard.
In all of this moment of disharmony
this moment of cacophony, arrested:
The downpour has suddenly ceased.
For just a split second, quiet rules.
I could be the last person alive on this planet.
My thoughts are contained inside of a safe,
Locked and keyed, A calm before the storm,
The pulsation of the heavy rain has resumed,
Tap dancers upon a tin roof,
Everybody is talking again,
They have taken the key, and
Unlocked that box, inside of which is that mystery novel.
Nosy old women donning rain bonnets
In shelter from the storm
Huddle around to read.
But I take no heed, as I laugh, much less aloud for
In my fondest dreams, I am the last person alive on this planet…

Claudia Krizay

Paranoid Schizophrenia

I am looking ahead as so many are following behind me
Everyone's hands reaching out to hurt me somehow-
I feel are manipulating my thoughts-
People looking ahead and so many following behind me
On this mesmerizing spring-like day- I wonder why this world is
Out to menace and persecute me? A gentle breeze blows and dogwood is blossoming,
Daffodil stems rocking gently within a gentle gust of wind-
While the sky is cloudless and I can feel the warmth of the sun brightly shining, and as
Its rays are gently caressing my shoulders; all I can do is weep-
I am looking ahead as so many are following closer and closer behind me-
Though it couldn't be a more picturesque and
Amazingly beautiful day- This world is not a safe place to live in-
This world is replete with wicked, conniving souls
Who wish me none but harm and desire to only betray me-?
Walking before me everyone looks into my eyes as
My mind has become literature to the public-Solitude to me is the only safe key to
My existence in this cruel and threatening world, of which
I was born to be a sole survivor and
Three billion people wish me nothing but harm-
Looking ahead I see people glaring at me through their eyes
In the back of my head and I have nowhere to turn to find safety as
So many are following directly behind- Within a gentle gust of wind, I shall be gone-
A bird with a broken wing that is still able to fly-
I shall fly to the top of a maple tree and hide from the inhabitants
Of this planet that has done nothing but to ridicule me and
Invade my personal space-lack of trust and heightening fear has
Taken away any place I might have had in this world-
The warmth of the sun gently caresses my shoulders and
I am thankful that inside the world of my thoughts
I have become this bird who can fly away from this cruel world-
This cruel world that has taken me and locked me away-
This cruel world that has made it so I can only survive
Alone in an empty room, screaming and crying, begging for
Some freedom from pain and solace from anger?
Looking ahead and looking behind-waiting for a bomb to dropp upon
The world I have created for myself and as I listen to voices only I can hear-
I try to shut the world out- this world that is reading my thoughts through my eyes,
And following me wherever I go- being a bird with a broken wing,
I am grateful to be able to fly into the cloudless sky where no one can
Read my thoughts and follow me-
Within a gentle gust of wind I shall be gone, forever.

Claudia Krizay

Parts Of Me

There is one part of me that
Feels safe sometimes, that part of me
That doesn't go outside of my front door and
Just stays home and listens to music playing and
Sings along softly to the tunes while
I paint my life's story in vivid colors or
Write my testimony over and over again, though in different words every time-
My dream being that someday I shall be discovered
As the person I truly am-
That person who wants the world to know
That the path I have walked has been
Scattered with stones and branches of fallen trees-
And how I have bent over to collect those stones and
How I have kicked the branches aside- That person I truly am who
Is like a bird with broken wings but has found a way to fly-
Perhaps not high in the sky but flying, just the same or
Maybe as a deer with a broken leg who still can run,
Perhaps not at a galloping speed but running just the same-
There is a part of me that is terrified and has always been-
Terrified of the people in this world so vast and so threatening-
I have found myself a cave inside of which to hide and
Here I can sing, dance or just merely talk- I have pulled the curtains shut and as I
Whisper words as incoherent as they may be-
It hardly matters because no one is here to
Slight me or to interrupt my performance-
So many have often said how lonely I must be-
Living alone inside my shelter, though a safe place for me to hide-
Safe with the curtains drawn, windows shut and doors locked and chained-
This one part of me is none but victorious as
I call myself a survivor, having collected all of the stones and
Having kicked all of the branches on the paths I walk aside-
Happy to be here at home- singing and dancing-
I can laugh and run about here and sometimes when I step outside my sanctuary
If only for a moment and I could tell any passerby –
I am never alone, never lonely because
The whole world could disappear within a gust of wind- and
I am not alone in this world or never lonely only because-
Even if every person in this world would vanish, I shall always have myself-
The tunes I carry- the canvas upon which I majestically paint my life's story-
And most of all- my dreams-

Claudia Krizay

People Who Died

Oak trees are tall and
Reach for the sky,
Blossoming dogwood
Can be pink or white and irises, yellow
Evergreens gently sway in a summer breeze,
As I look towards the sky, cloud covered or
Sometimes a deep shade of blue-
I feel alive and lost inside a world of my imaginings-
I am alone in a world where many loved ones have passed-
My father, warm, and strong and had a zest for life,
My mother sometimes happy, more often sad,
My grandmother, eccentric and funny and my aunt-
In my eyes, special and like a mother to me-
Oak trees are tall and reach for the sky,
Blossoming dogwood and irises, yellow-
It is the springtime of the year and I wonder
Where to have my loved ones departed?
Beneath the ground, near the roots of blossoming flowers, or
Up in the sky, towards where tall oak trees are reaching?
I see a rainbow on the horizon, and
The sun, golden, rising above the mountains-
Clouds giving way to a sky, cobalt blue in its hue-
Where and if people have souls or spirits,
Some do not know for certain, but I know, I am never alone,
Although my loved ones are amongst the departed-
Oak trees, tall, dogwoods blossoming in the early spring this year and
Evergreens shall be present for always-
Inside of my mind, my loved ones have never died,
I can still hear their voices in deep conversation-
I can almost feel their warm embraces- I am never alone-
I am never alone because I believe in spirits and carry them inside
My heart and my mind everywhere I go-
I see their faces in every blossoming flower,
Their voices echoing in every breeze-and one day
We shall dance together on the horizon, because I believe that
People really do not die as fond memories shall carry their spirits home-
And home is wherever I walk, what I see and in the beauty of nature, while
The rainbow on the horizon reflects that everlasting love in our souls…

Claudia Krizay

Pink Clouds Never Rain

I have never see a pink cloud rain before.
I have only seen a magenta bolt of lightening try to strike my heart, and
Aqua tears trickling from my dazzled misty eyes, down my
Flushed and lonesome cheek, though
I have never see a pink cloud rain before.

I have never seen a pink cloud rain before.
I have seen spotted purple snakes crawling up my bedroom walls, and
Transparent bubbles filled with dreams floating before my very eyes, though,
I have never seen a pink cloud rain before.

I have never seen a pink cloud rain before, though
I have seen a reddish sun cast shadows down upon a tortuous, rippling river;
I have seen tears cascading down a sloping hill, and
Gulls flapping their gentle, feathered wings atop some cragged cliffs, although
I have never seen a pink cloud rain before.

I have never seen a pink cloud rain before, although
I have heard eerie and commanding thoughts and voices
That no one else could hear.
I have had disturbing, stabbing thoughts that have injured me inside, though
I have never seen a pink cloud rain before.

I have never seen a pink cloud rain before, although
I have slid down an icy mountainside on a very sunny night.
I have wept a sea of deep blue and purple tears, though
I have never seen a pink cloud rain before.

I have never heard thunder clap behind a rosy cloud, or seen
Tears fall from heaven or have heard angels singing.
I have had morbid thoughts of loss, death and suicide,
While thunder clapped, and
These pink clouds could not rain.

Perhaps someday I shall see a pink cloud rain upon a
Magnificent world, which I have created for myself,
Where tall green and golden reeds are surrounded by swirling water pools, and
A hallucinogenic sun sets behind high and mighty mountains-
And there, people would be trustworthy and true to heart.

No, I have never seen a pink cloud rain before, although,
I have seen almost everything there is to see-
Some good sights and some bad-
I have heard some screaming voices echo in my mind, although,
Some quiet ones as well.
I have seen some orange and, pinkish sunsets, and mirages in
The fortress of my own mind, however-
I have never seen a pink cloud rain before, and
I have never seen a pink cloud weep before….

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Pink Rose

Somewhere
Upon my doorstep
A pink rose
Lay dying,
Although I never meant to hurt anyone,
All I could do was to pluck it from its branch
Not to give it to you –
Or to anyone,
Moreover,
Though-
It now lies haphazardly, and awkwardly
Alone in the grass in a graveyard
Withering –
All of its life has been usurped,
And-
All that is left alive is one thorn
Upon its stem,
Sticking into my side.
I cry out in pain,
But death never makes me weep, only laugh-
I know your father died some year's ago-
Pink roses were laid upon his gravesite-
Everyone mourned, except for myself;
I placed my hand over may mouth and giggled.
I pick flowers, most often roses,
Wherever I walk,
Knowing they cannot live, when broken form their branches.
I laughed at your father's funeral last year,
And picked a hundred pink roses form his rose garden,
I believe,
I am so sorry,
I was just being me,
I never meant to hurt anyone.

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Prolixin

Today I heard voices upon awakening-
They were screaming 'I want to kill you'
In this moment of madness I turned my head, and found myself alone.
I thought I had heard footsteps and believed that
These voices were coming from hell-

But again I came to realize they
Were all originating from inside of that tortured world of my thoughts?
I wept as I begged these voices to silence, but I
Tried to mask the rage I felt toward the threatening footsteps,
Always close behind me wishing me none but harm.

I would escape the horrors of my mind's eye
If I only could, but the only place I could run to
Was to a sterile room to receive an injection,
That would hopefully rescue me from my plight.

Being strong enough to knock out malicious intruders,
In flight of my imagination, I could murder a billion people, and
In reality, perhaps in a moment of resentment, as many as a hundred.

I remember three weeks past, while feeling under attack,
I hit a young man, whom I deemed a space invader, fiercely below the belt-
I hit him hard with all of my might and as rapidly as I could,
I ran, fearfully only to seek refuge from retaliation-

Coming back to reality and realizing what I had done,
I entered my home hurriedly and locked the world out.
Sheltered inside until the next morning, I counted the minutes until
Once again finding myself lying upon a cold metal table,
Having an IV started in the crook of my left arm, and as
I closed my eyes to my surroundings, I drifted off to sleep.

As they induced electric shock to my brain-
I was brought back to sanity for a only a fortnight after which
I quickly returned to hell on earth only to be persecuted once again
By the demons inhabiting my mind and with hope and prayers
I would with all of my strength again
Await that routine rescue from the nightmares that rule my life,
Every day and every night...

Claudia Krizay

Protagonist

Tears had once fallen from inside
Every part of me-
A breeze rustles the barren branches on the trees
In the midwinter, here where
Fear, anger and mistrust have for so long been the enemy.
I can envision something magical about every bough upon every tree, while
The sound of the wind calms me.
I watch the branches upon the surrounding trees move about
As ballerinas dancing-
A symphony is playing inside of my mind-
Every thought transforming fear toward enchantment-
I also am dancing to the melody of the wind.
As snow begins to fall,
I can clearly see a pathway blazing before me now.
I am in union with nature as the deer running wild,
Trees scraping the sky and the uniqueness of every snowflake
Has obliterated the anguish and suddenly all that once tormented me
Has been lost behind me now as I keep stepping forward, into the
Glory of the wilderness-
My only care now is what the future holds-
As I leave the past behind me, buried beneath feet of snow-
This prospect has become a stage before me filled with hope where
The protagonist could be me, courageously fighting my fears, as
A symphony continues to play inside of my mind, music being nature’s bounty-
I have searched and found my safe haven here where
I have become a winner in the theatrical game of life.

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Psychosis

Falling from the heavens I can only envision
My hemorrhaging heart and my thinking
Are running overtime… I try as always and
None but consecutively to reach for t he sky
Blood is cascading, I cannot arrest-
My eyes are kaleidoscopic and spiraling
Downward then upward
My lips blacken as my tongue forks outward hot as grease, spattering…
Serpentine, as is chartreuse as its mottled skin,
Tighter than a drum, gently tapping,
Sound accelerates then pounding erratically
Louder the decibels heightening
Eyes are spinning in a vicious circle around and around
Where they stop, nobody could even begin to imagine?
It hardly matters because even if my arm could
Reach out from the top of my head,
Grasping at eyes, those eyes-
Bloodshot as the irises, magenta as their pupils
Spinning with out stopping, arrested in space, spinthariscopic-
Whirling dervishes, I cannot reach, as mesmerizing as the day I perished inside, as
Electrons spliced in time, abbreviated: less than a nanosecond-perhaps-
A bleeding heart and a brain
Sizzling out of control,
Rainbows have disintegrated, no hope for the weary,
I am less than surviving upon a very slow joyride,
Drowning and sinking, hissing and smoldering, and
Nothing matters any more because after all-
Aren't we all just drifters and
Going no place, merely existing in
This theatrical sea of life,
Never ending, never abating?
Louder, louder, louder, louder -I can no longer persevere…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Purple Sun

I would often imagine the sun was purple and there existed another solar system
In some far off distance in this never ending universe-
If the sun did not shine upon our horizon and the moon was always nearby?
Clouds could be none but smoke emanating from our planet earth,
Having been caught on fire-
Fire from the hell beneath our feet,
Flames rising from this hell we have never seen?
I have been asked "Do you believe in heaven and
Is there a god who radiates goodness and answers all of our prayers?
Then I would ask "What made the sun turn purple? "
I hear a voice saying 'The sun has never been purple-
Your delusions have cast shadows upon the horizon and
You are lost inside of a trance-
A trance where the world is burning and the moon is fading behind the clouds-"
I would wonder if I could only awaken from this frightening reverie and
I hear a siren loudening as a vehicle approaches me -all I can do is to glance upward-
I hear voices saying "We are coming to take you away-"
I feel metal clasping about my wrists as I look up into the sky-
Rain is falling now but will not quench the flames and I ask "Why? "
I hear a voice respond "Because you have escaped reality-"
Voices are calling me, voices are threatening and which are real and which are not
I cannot distinguish- What is truly burning are the tears falling from my eyes and I find
My spirit escaping to that other solar system in this never ending universe-
In this never ending universe, inside of the world of my fondest dreams,
In this place where the sun is purple and the moon is always nearby,
Rising above golden mountaintops, where there is no hell beneath my feet-
I hear the slamming of metal doors as sirens louden-
But all fear has abandoned me because in a moment I can lose my spirit inside
The world of my fantasies-
My spirit becomes a bird that can fly away to that place where
The sun shall be forever purple- never burning- perhaps my body shall burn in hell, but
My spirit shall dance amongst the clouds, singing songs of joy and freedom,
Because I believe in heaven and perhaps there is a god radiating goodness,
Answering my prayers and pouring rain down to quench those flames from hell-so
Perhaps that is why everybody is laughing, -
I am laughing and that laughter has set me and everybody free,
The moon and the clouds disappear behind the mountaintops and as another day begins,
The purple sun of my dreams appears on the horizon…

Claudia Krizay

Purpose

Tall trees touch the sun,
As the moon follows behind,
Lost inside of a rainbow.
The sun's rays fail to dispel the darkness,
Although
It may be very early morning.
Leaves on the trees are
Small cupped hands, which
Cling to branches of unreality.
They hold dewdrops,
Tears of naiads
Lost in the storm of their
Abject misery,
Destined as they were
To reach heaven someday
Too far to travel from
Their homes amongst the woodlands.
One could have been myself,
Rising early, at daybreak
Each and every morning,
I would venture outward to
Walk the same rugged pathway
Uphill and down,
Winding about myriads of trees,
Some that would scrape the sky and others
Fallen by many a windstorm-
In my dream I would board a small jet plane,
Fluorescent in its color,
Headed towards the heavens, as it
Would travel through the forest at dawn-
Perhaps, I thought at one time,
This could be a different kind of a journey-
Now I know,
I am none but a lost soul,
With no purpose in life,
Awakening every single day
Only to voyage outward,
To follow the sun…
I may capture each moment in time,
Loving every tree and being mesmerized by
The sight of young deer grazing and then leaping
Through the brush, and
Although so in love with nature,
My life is none but static-
Listening to the same lullaby
Day and night, though soothing as it may be, and
Seeing the world through the eyes of a dreamer,
This phantasmal life is without change or purpose-
Perhaps I should be grateful that the sun
Does not hide its face and
Someday I may lose myself inside the clouds that decorate the sky,
Follow the moon towards midnight's passage, hide

Inside that rainbow captured and
Lose myself in a
Different realm of time…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Random Thoughts

I chant my melody as I glance upwards towards the sky,
Though the words I do not fathom.
Rain inundates my dreamscape.

The trees hear my every heartbeat, comforting me.
They give me shade and a shelter from the world when
Hail is falling hard….
They speak to me when the wind blows rustling leaves…

Yesterday, I walked into the afternoon sun- as it
Rose high above the treetops-
The sky appears ominous, as
Dark thunderclouds have formed on the horizon
Today it has begun to storm.
.
I walk into the woods on this sultry evening, as
The remaining sunlight fights the clouds.
Darkness overcomes.

Trees have souls and, branches that embrace,
Opening to hear my silent cries-

I whisper my tune to the wind-although
The words are unintelligible-

Thunder is the pounding of my heart –
Lightening, my silent cries.
The wind captures my every emotion, and
Carries away in song…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Reaching

Looking upward toward the sky
I cannot envision the sun
On this day that I foresee no destiny-
Branches of trees overshadow and
In spite of the clouds and these branches that
Block my view of the morning's sky-
I can feel that I am being watched-

Looking toward the sky, I wonder if it is
God's eyes that are upon me-
Even though I have never believed in a deity-
I can feel power of threatening glances.
Every move I make, every word I speak-
In spite of the splendor and magnificence others have deemed this world to be
I still foresee no destiny-

Reaching toward the sky,
I feel as if I am walking a pathway without an end-
Listening to voices rising from nowhere-or are they coming from inside of my mind?
As the rain has begun to fall, I wonder, shall it wash away any hopes I once had-
Hopes for a brighter future?

In a moment of contemplation I recall my mother joyfully singing in the rain, while
I now foresee a silver gate opening before me-although opening to an unfamiliar place-
I also recall my mother saying "Your life is what you make of it"
Therefore I begin to see that the whole world ahead is my destiny-

I begin singing in the rain myself of the magnificence of these woodlands, and of
The choices I have begun to see that this world has in store for me-
I still cannot envision the sun but I feel an upsurge of hope break open from within and
Hope is the torch that shall enlighten my path towards freedom- as
The sun creeps up on the horizon as it rises above mountains of clarity….

Claudia Krizay

Realization

You heard me screaming-
I could not hear
Your silent tears, and
You read my despair and
Hopelessness in the
Avid darkness
As you glanced, though
Cryptically into
My ebony eyes –
A soul wracked with pain, and
A heart sinking with
Concern and the
Love I could never see until
A few days before you passed-
It was only when you were dying that
I became aware of your profound love for me-
Trees stark against a lead hued sky, and
A mixture of sleet, snow and rain
Would fall from the dark and ominous clouds.
Fog descended over the
Buildings that surrounded ours- while
Cars skated down and up the
Highway outside-
People ambled aimlessly
Along the damp and filthy city sidewalks,
While days just passed slowly and quickly
Simultaneously-
As in a slow motion picture
You would exit the bathroom,
Towels hung in disarray on the towel bars and
Sheets on the bed lay rumpled,
Where none but a shadow of where you had slept remained-
Though only a few hours,
Interrupted by the pain, anguish and desolation
That was so obviously eminent behind
Your pallid face, from which
All expression and life had been erased –
Today I am still screaming though the sounds have been muted by
My efforts to conceal the
War that still wages inside my befuddled mind-
I once believed that you were my enemy and my
Reluctant caretaker until I read the letter
Inscribed on that scrap torn from that yellow legal pad-
Your pen spoke honestly and frankly of
Your love and devotion to me,
That I did not see- until that final moment when
The snow began to fall hard and the wind
Would rattle the storm windows,
That had never been cleaned-
Looking outside those windows now
I can still see the cars racing up and down the street,
People walking in a stupor

Perhaps wishing the winter would end-
And this is a winter that I would never forget-
Only because I finally realized that
You were the only mother I ever had and that
I was your one and only child-
You gave birth to me and
Gave me a beautiful name-
At this very moment
I love you as much as I have finally realized that
I was none but precious to you- although
Our lives together had been a nightmare.
Sleet, snow and freezing rain
Are rudely hitting the windowpanes and
I remember that day I lost my sanity,
It was also on a cold January day-
Hope was blinded by a snowstorm and
Tears were falling like sleet would
Hard upon the pavement-
I look up into the steel-hued sky and
Whisper none but a prayer and
Three words "I love you, " and to myself,
"Can you hear me? " and
I know the answer inside my breaking heart, as I
Walk away while
Darkness descends over the city on this bleak and dreary winter's night…

Claudia Krizay

Recollections

I am standing beneath the light of the moon
On a radiant starry night,
Seemingly in a different place than
The shelter of the brilliant sun,
Where I stood two days past-
I am a wildflower on this evening collecting dewdrops hourly as
The night progresses, as my stem sways
Ever so gently in the late summer's breeze-
My leaves and petals, young and vibrant,
Glisten beneath the light of the stars.
The breeze shall transform to wind as the night progresses-
Though happy to be a lone blossom, as
I call myself queen of the forest,
By daybreak I could be gone,
Leaves, petals and dewdrops all, shall vanish, and
It shall be as if I have never been, though I myself may not be aware.
The sounds of rustling leaves upon maple trees and branches of holly,
Accompanied with the harmony of my own leaves rustling in the wind,
Shall be come a concerto of nature, as wild geese soaring above call and
The solo of a songbird echoes about the world-That world that
Has always existed inside of my imagination?
Shooting stars and the Milky Way illuminate
The essence of my thoughts- and even though I know
I am none but human, in my dream world
I shall always be that wildflower, queen of the forest and
The illumination of my fantasies-
If a storm should come I know I shall never be destroyed as
I could be as human, stricken by a bolt of lightening-
But if I close my eyes to the horrors of reality and recall
That amazingly radiant starry night, I know that my dreams,
As would a boat with billowed sails, shall carry me far away from there.
May I never awaken from this magnificent reverie, and if I do someday awaken,
Dewdrops upon my petals shall still sparkle in the sunlight as
I stand as a flower steadfast against the wind that does not know loss, threat or
The pain that people fear- being part of the loveliness of nature-
Nature shall never truly harm me.

Claudia Krizay

Red, Blue, Green and Gold

Silence somehow has entered this room where
This morning laughter had filled, I hardly know what to say but
I can hear my own tears screaming aloud- even though
I cannot see them falling- Red, blue, green and gold- Just about any color I can
See decorating the four walls that enclose me- All I can do is look and
All I can do is to try and remember yesterday as being close to God-
Now the doors have been locked- the doors to those dreams that kept my spirit alive-
That window into a once vivid imagination- and now a curtain has fallen and
I have lost the key to that door that has become a wall that separates-
I have been in love with silence- Devoured solitude as if
It was the food that kept me alive-
I danced amongst carnations and yellow peace roses
Every moment I looked into the world of my hallucinations?
Yesterday was another day as will be tomorrow-
I am trying to live one day at a time- I once rode a bus towards eternity-
That has come to a roadblock I cannot bypass-
Red, blue, green and gold- only colors but all I have left-
Decorating the walls inside which I find myself imprisoned-
Listening to the music of my spirit, then collapsing as I
Once again fall into that cesspool of insanity that had once before contained me?
Fighting the memories of lying upon a urine stained carpet inside
A room so rudely called "seclusion? "
Or walking about some nowhere land as I have wept tears and
Have abandoned faith, hope and a will to stay alive?
Locked doors and broken windows, clouds obstructing the sun-
I cannot find the right words to say- my heart has been buried and
I find myself lying still- drifting away into another world-
Trying to escape from such a place that has been deemed by others as reality?
No hope, but a prayer, moments lost have turned to years of
Never ending frustration and truth to me as I lose myself into
That world everyone identifies as delusive?
Voices that tell me they want me to die and now rain turns to ice as I
Slip and fall into never abating madness?
Red, blue, green and gold- vibrant colors that kept my soul alive?
Red, blue, green, and gold- have become none but futile and
Colors of that rainbow that is part of somebody else's world-
Yesterday is another day as is tomorrow- and today-
Today I ride a bus that is speeding down a highway to nowhere-
Has just crashed and here I lie- staring at the ceiling
Breathing oxygen from a rubber mask counting from one to ten and -
Red, blue, green and gold – have become none but elements of my dreams-
As I lose myself in some other place and time has become none but an illusion?

Claudia Krizay

Rejection

The fear of rejection-
Despite the sunshine
And
California, dreams-
This place where snow never falls, and
The ocean exists just outside my back door-
This fear and aloneness
Not even a prayer would
Alleviate,
Although one day I met you
Walking barefooted in
The sunlight's shadows –
A child of God you said you were and
That we are all God's children-
Your hand outstretched
Reaching for mine- although
With some trepidation
I walked the path towards heaven
By your side as the rain fell-
Laughter was infectious,
I could feel my bare feet sinking into the
Muddy water, as we grew closer
Sharing the secrets of our wounded hearts,
Life, laughter and these peace filled moments had
Me believing I had found a friend in you-
It hardly mattered that the rain was falling hard
In this place where it hardly ever rained-
I would never be alone again…
Inside my small cracker box home
I would wait for your arrival, though
My thoughts, abruptly interrupted by
The harsh ringing of the telephone-
Life, laughter and peace-filled moments
Transformed to shattered hopes and phony expectations-
The God you had told me that answered everybody's prayers-
Had different plans for you and I-
The hand that had so gratefully reached out to touch your soul
Took the wound of rejection, anger and deep disappointment -
The profuse bleeding was not the bleeding
From nails pounded into the hands of Christ crucified –
This God that you claimed had made so many promises, but
Was the bleeding of my wounded heart and wrist-
From that day on, I would never again repeat the words
"In God we trust" as
I had been betrayed by your false promises and
Forsaken by the God who walked with you-
I see blood in a puddle upon the
Kitchen floor,
Red contrasting rudely with the tile, stark white-
Hardly diluted by the tears of rejection
I had wept so copiously-
The rain has ceased to fall now and

The sun is shining again upon this land but
Not upon my inner space-
Here in my sanctuary, alone,
I cannot see the light of day-
California dreams have
Transformed to nightmares-
We are all God's children,
As you had so faithfully said, but
I am a child of God who
Walks alone in the darkness
Towards the rising moon- and
They say only crazy people dance in the dark
When the moon is full-
The rain may have washed my tears away but inside of me
Lives an untrustworthy soul that
Will never reach heaven's gates because
The God you walk with and in which you have
Placed your faith, in my mind does not exist-
Blinded by the bright sunlight, and
So angry at this world
I choose not to live in, I shall
Walk outside my back door towards the ocean,
Find a seashell and hold it to my ear to listen
To the waves roaring as
I walk barefooted in the sand alone-
Alone, being the only way I can exist-
You, God and the sun have not been true, and
Darkness had never seemed so beautiful as
I dance beneath the full moon during the midnight hours, as I
Converse with the voices that echo throughout my mind,
Locked behind the doors to my inner space forever,
Hidden behind the moonlight's shadows
Perhaps a lost soul, though always dreaming…

Claudia Krizay

Reminiscence

A rose reminiscent of my father's garden
I found growing by a pathway outside my home- as well as
Another just lying upon the sidewalk-
I collected them and brought them home and
Placed them in a vase my mother always loved.
My mother and father always loved the springtime and
On this rainy Saturday afternoon,
I find it hard to believe they have been gone for twenty years.
My mother's spirit was as delicate as the petals on these roses-
My father's, as strong as their thorny stems that upheld them and
My own spirit, by them, always misunderstood.
Flowers are blossoming everywhere-
Daffodils and wild violets growing every place I look and
Cherry blossoms and dogwood seemly decorating the trees-
Bring back the fonder memories of my mother and my father-while
The rain and the sky so gray and overcast
Bring back memories of the sadness of being misunderstood.
It has been nearly forty years that
I had made my own special world in which to live and
In this world flowers grew not only just in the springtime months-
But all year around and in every place.
The real world was then, to me, a place I never lived in or comprehended, and
As long as I kept my mind alive inside the world of my imagination-
At that time, I believed that I had not a thing to fear.
Roses reminiscent of my father's garden,
Placed in the vase my mother so loved-
Upon this rainy Saturday day in March, evokes a few tears in my eyes and
Just for the moment I think of the laughter and good times we had together-
These thoughts are interrupted by memories of all of the anger, sadness,
Mistrust and disbelief that now overshadow memories of
These few pleasurable moments we not so often shared, and
I take these roses from the vase that sits alone upon the table,
Open my picture window and throw them to the rain, and
As my tears cease to fall and dry away- I say goodbye to all unhappy memories-and
As thoughts of my self-made world disappear,
I am thankful that I have a life in this world here alive, and while
I watch the rose petals flutter about in a gentle spring like breeze-
I leave thoughts of discontented past times behind me and
I realize that I have just been set free.

Claudia Krizay

Reverie

There exists a place within my most vivid dreams where suspicion is unheard of-
Where lack of trust had never shown its evil countenance-
I follow this meandering river beyond
This territory illuminated by daytime stars- without the sun
Shining its orange-hued light upon the path my spirit follows-
The moon, stars, the gilded pond-
Seemingly violet in hue when reflecting the light of the moon at midnight-
I am walking alongside the river of my imaginings
Serpentine and deep in some ways as the
Ubiquitous thoughts and voices only I can hear inside my mind-
This realm of meandering rays of light
I follow and nobody follows me
Safe within my solitude, I am-
Only seraphs paint the sky a pale shade of cerulean-blue
As certain as the flowers are growing alongside the path beside me-
Although today-I am not afraid-
Flowers are non- threatening as they have no souls- and
Those who have no souls can do no harm-
Alive in this land where trees grow upward to reach the sky-
I do not fear:
Yellow blossoms dance in
An early spring zephyr and the trees bow gently
Within a gentle gust of wind-
The light of the moon is dim but magical
Unlike the garish rays of the sun-
Alone inside this place of my reverie, I am-
I see my reflection in the crystal clarity of
A pond of azure-blue reflecting the starlight-
Safe inside the world of my delusiveness-
Separate from humanity, I have escaped far beyond the mountains rising behind me as
The cloud cover bars me from reality-
Here inside my own small world protected by the ramparts of nature-
I am alive and jovial- I am not afraid-
Just happy to be singing my own songs and to be speaking my own voice-
With nothing to fear- alone, and content to be alive inside this land of my dreams-
Just to be watching the sun set behind the mountains as darkness overshadows-
I am not afraid…

Claudia Krizay

Right Unilateral

In the midst of this room
I lie still as they put the IV into the crook of my arm- I wince.
A rolled up towel is placed beneath my neck, and
A sheet to cover my legs-
I see flies hovering about the overhead light-
As I breathe oxygen from a rubber mask-
The last thing I recall is
Drifting off into another place in time-
Moments later, so it seems
I am sitting in a chair by the window beside,
Overlooking trees dancing to the tune of
A nightingale's song,
A late spring's balmy and gentle wind,
Footsteps softly ambling up and down the hall behind me,
Rudely contradicted by the sound cars rushing down the boulevard outside,
The screaming of sirens and people conversing in the room next door-
These voices that could be real or emanating from my mind- although
It is too soon, after the shock that was induced to my brain
To distinguish reality from unreality-
I clearly remember the spoken words
"Right unilateral" and so it seemed that
Mistrust of the world about me and
Conversations echoing and reverberating throughout my mind as
Emanating from some other place in time-
Would tip toe away from the spirit raging war inside my mind-
Trees dancing and birds carrying on with their soprano tune,
That late spring's breeze being a chorus of some far away lullaby –
Footsteps following closely behind,
And cars rushing down the boulevard outside-
Have now become my only reality as
I have finally awakened from a peaceful slumber,
Returning to earth from my journey to some other realm-
I have regained my sanity-
Walking away from the magnificent view from the picture window before me only to
Return to the familiarity of every day life and as dove would peacefully do,
I lift my wings, though imaginary
Only to soar above the treetops outside
Leaving my tears behind this time to vanish in that river of despair that
I have known for so long as I flee and abandon the tempest of fear this time-
Forever-

Claudia Krizay

Rose

My mother planted roses and seemingly,
They never blossomed.
And twenty years after her death
Amidst grasses, weeds and wildflowers
Grew a white rose,
I am a white rose alone that
My mother never saw or would see-although perhaps
If she went to heaven she
Could possibly look down and
See a white flower blossoming but
Likely, she would not know it was a rose in bloom.
I am that rose that blossomed after
All of the other roses died-
An unexpected ice storm had killed them.
Weeds and wildflowers, were strong enough toSurvive the cold.
Roses are beautiful but delicate-Withering beneath inches of snow.
Amongst every group of living beings
Possibly killed by inclement weather or
Being treated badly and not properly raised or cared for-
Dying with no one trying to save their lives, remains a survivor.
I have been called the white rose, the survivor
Amongst the roses my mother planted,
That had sadly perished-
Today somebody picked me and placed me in a vase upon a table inside their home.
In a few days, my petals shall fall and
I shall be dead, gone, and disposed of.
I am or was a survivor but now I shall perish just as
The other roses in the garden outside-
This only goes to show that nothing lasts forever because of
The spitefulness of others in this cruel world where
Even the strongest and bravest living beings shall
Have their lives snatched away by some malicious other-
Jealousy, thoughtlessness or simply ignorance rules, so that
No matter how strong- nothing or nobody can live forever-
Everybody’s time comes to be amongst the ill- fated departed-
Gone and forever forgotten as a dying rose, its petals wilted and
Scattered in the wind-

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Safe Place

There exists someplace a mountain, golden hued and a forest of
Trees, their branches sturdy and long-
Trying to reach the heavens where
Stars dance in the moonlit hours and
Gulls fly, their bodies casting shadows
Against the topaz-blue creek below-
Beautiful in their innocence-
Here gentle breezes would rustle tall grasses, and
Rain never falls upon this magical kingdom of nature-
I feel as if I can almost touch the rising sun that shines
Brightly over fields of dew-kissed grass upon
This blissful, faraway place where
I am alone and omnipotent at the end of my journey to
Escape the pain of veracity-
Having found a safe empire in my solitude-
Far from the nightmares of reality-
Though sadly- only in my fondest reverie;
There exists a mountain golden hued where
I can, along with the trees, their branches sturdy and long-
Reach the heavens during moonlit hours and
Dance with the stars in this blissful, far away place-
Here, in my dream state I have hitched a ride upon the tail of a shooting star, and
Looking down upon the topaz-blue creek below-
My tears would fall as would raindrops making flowers and grass grow tall-
I would weep tears of dismay because I find that I cannot escape what is real-
I have found the world to be a dangerous place and as the sun rises
All that I can do is to watch the gulls soar across the sky
Amazingly spectacular in their flight for freedom, as they
Journey further into the sky until they disappear behind clouds of misfortune-
When the sun sets, my spirit awakens,
Finding myself standing atop that same golden hued mountain alone while
The moon rises above the trees and I can imagine safe places
In the universe beyond the stars with hope that before the sun rises at
The dawning of another day, once again my fantasies shall carry me away to where
I can once again hear the gulls calling amidst a gentle breeze and
There are no more tears left for me to cry-
I have escaped reality forever, though only within a dream?

Claudia Krizay

Saturn's Dance

Upon this clear and mystical night
I have so often dreamt of Saturn gracefully dancing
Within an ocean in the sky- while the
Nighttime is gloriously illuminated by
Starlight and the essence of my delusiveness-

As I build flamboyant castles that
Scrape the atmosphere on a summer’s eve
Enlightened by my inner song-
The rings of Saturn spin
Blissfully and peaceably about and
I weep tears of amazement and delight.

Astounded by the phenomenal beauty of the evening
If I could touch the stars and
Make my home within a castle in the sky-
I would-

Upon awakening from this phantasmal trance
I have found myself detached from what is not truly real and
Weep sorrowfully-
Standing upon the highest mountain-
With the realization that my castles are
None but flight of the imagination-
Thunder claps as rain begins to fall in torrents-

I still can see the starlight bursting through dense thunderclouds,
The light of the full moon still is visible and
Saturn continues its revolution as is
It continues to be the most stunning planet in the universe-

Tears would transform to laughter as
The dawning of my realization comes to life-
Veracity can be as truly magnificent and as
Promising as stars and planets themselves-
The universe is a never ending miracle and
Actuality can be as strikingly beautiful as my dreams….

Claudia Krizay

Schizophrenia

As I close the door and
Pull the curtains taut-
I open the door to my thoughts-
"Speak to me your non threatening words, " I say
As I pull the sheets and blankets over my eyes
To shut the real world out.

Today I shall walk that uphill pathway
Leading me towards that same nowhere every time,
That place where treetops scrape the sky and grass grows high-
I have eyes in the back of my head
Like radar, tell me I am being followed by
Unfamiliar intruders.

Listening to blue jays call as
Crickets seemingly play their magical instruments,
My thoughts drift to another realm and
I can hear voices inside of my mind
Singing hymns of nature's bounty-
Creating a tuneful symphony that
Momentarily soothes the constant fear that plagues me
Whenever I exit the door that leads to veracity.

Oh, the rhythm of invasive footsteps-
How they interrupt the melodious tunes of nature's music-
They bring out the rage that tears me apart inside,
Sometimes dormant but still heartfelt-
I ask myself- why was I born to be persecuted
While the rest of the world dances in serene vigilance?

Reentering that door to safety inside that I attempt to exit daily,
Hoping that one day I shall find a safe place out amongst humanity-
Alas, for the present all I can do is close my eyes as
I step outward through the door to my imagination,
Listening to the voices that speak to me only-
The voices of the people who dwell inside the fortress of my thoughts-
Grateful that I am never estranged from fantasy, never lonely and
That I have been able to create miraculous castles of ecstasy inside of my mind
That are free from threatening and demonic intruders –
I lock the door to the world outside with that familiar phantasmal key
That I wear about my neck on an invisible chain, as it was a jeweled pendant-
So that I may close my eyes as I dream-

Claudia Krizay

Searching

The sky is raining teardrops-
Although the sky is a deep shade of cerulean blue-
The mountains reflect the color of the sky, and as
The sun is trying to rise above mountains of uncertainty-
I walk a never ending pathway leading to nowhere,

I fear the world that the sky rains upon and
These teardrops falling from the sky
Intermesh with the tears emanating from my heart that bleeds
Pain, confusion and terrifying madness
I feel as someone's hand is reaching out from the sky to taunt me, as
Eyes are seemingly staring from the creek that runs beside me-

Although dread is tearing my body and mind apart,
Robbing me of my flagging grasp on reality, -
I keep walking steadily upon that pathway, though seemingly void of direction.

The sky is raining teardrops-
Teardrops that could be falling from the depths of my soul-
I fear the world, inside which I could soon be drowning in a river of tears,
But I keep walking that pathway that I fear could be leading to nowhere.

I can see people walking before me-
People nobody else can see, and
I listen to voices calling my name-
Voices that only I can hear, and
That hand that reaches from the sky that taunts me,
Most likely, only I can feel.

As frightening as these intruding contacts can be-
They are my close and familiar friends, especially
When this world is spinning out of control,
The sun has risen above mountains of madness and
Is burning my spirit, inside and outside-

The path I walk is blocked by fallen branches of barren trees and while
I stumble over rocks- I shall keep walking this pathway,
Although I do not know where it leads to-
Teardrops fall from my eyes and from the cotton-like clouds that decorate the sky,
My life is a struggle day in and day out-In this life I have yet to find my destination-

I could end my life drowning in a river of abyss, however
I shall keep on walking this mysterious pathway until
I find my place in this world- this world of vast and endless possibilities-
The sun beats down upon me searing my flesh and my spirit, as
I weep tears of frustration and anger-
Somewhere though I believe there is a place for me and
I shall continue walking this pathway-even though I foresee no end or direction
I shall keep walking as I look upward toward the sky of cobalt blue and
Those magnificent cotton-like clouds, giving me hope and direction
Until I discover my own dream, as far away as it may be.

Claudia Krizay

Seascape

Hues of cyanotic blue,
Intermeshing, as
Reds mutate into oranges and yellows,
Deep rose would become a sea of tranquility-
If I could rock myself to an eternal sleep, I could
Listen to the ocean's waves as they lap against the sand, as
  Small diamonds would scintillate in the sunlight.
Variations of greens and yellows would blend with one another, as
Water snakes and anemones would mingle with the
Flora of the sea-
I could hear the roaring of the ocean's waves on
Moonlit days before sunrise upon awakening, as
I had lost myself within a sea of dreams-
Hues of cyanotic blues,
Deep rose as a tranquil sea could be, coral –red,
Sea grass, viridian in hue,
Sways with the rhythm of the rising tide,
Lost, I am in this myriad of dreams,
Reaching out trying to grasp that moment in reality
That has just slipped through my fingertips,
I would ride bare back upon a sea horse,
Destined to live forever…
The ocean expands parallel to the universe, never ending.
As a storm at sea abates,
I have found some peace of mind in this reflective moment.
Reds mutate to shades of orange to a dusty rose,
Lost in thoughts and reverie, I am
Carried away by the ocean's waves.
Stardust has settled gently over the horizon- as far as
I can see, and
Upon this very tranquil night,
I see this world through a kaleidoscope;
Chips of broken glass reflecting greens and yellows,
Mauves and violets-
Enveloping all I can for miles and miles where the
 Forever expanding ocean would finally meet with the sky-
I would want to live forever on this never abating journey-
Where I have finally escaped reality.

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Seclusion

This is a dark night
Within the garden of the deceased-
In this place where only
Wounded spirits who have lost their sanity
Are banned from the world outside.
In this desolate place where
Nobody sees the light of day,
I am alone in this room where the walls are barren and
The floors have yellowed-
Urine stained and tiles are cracked-
I stare at the ceiling through a curtain of tears falling from bloodshot eyes-
I cannot escape terrifying past memories-
As in a scene from a tragic film, I have become the infamous star,
I hear the ticking of the wall clock outside
Rhythmically in time with hellions screaming inside the fortress of my mind-
My dissolving soul is robed in a sallow gown and
I can feel serpents twisted about my calves-
This is a dark night-
This is a dark night where I have lost my grasp on veracity-
This is a dark night where I have been separated from the outside world-
This is the garden of the deceased, where
Phantasmal gravestones surround my dissolving soul-
My mind is in a wretched state and my thoughts are bellowing lunacy-
My cries for help have been silenced, as
My worm infested brain is decaying-
I can only hear above the screaming stillness
The ticking of the wall clock outside, and
Threatening voices emanating from inside of my mind-
Putrid scents of rotting corpses infiltrate this cell and
I vociferate madness as the dirges that
echo about my mind attempt to deafen me
Neither moonlight nor sunlight can penetrate this windowless chamber-
This garden of the deceased where my spirit has just perished-
This is a dark night and I have been banned from the world outside-
In desperation my outstretched arms attempt
to reach towards heaven as I can feel
My spirit sinking through the cracks in the
decrepit linoleum tiles below while
The wall clock outside ticks on, on and on…

Claudia Krizay

Self Portrait

I can see this world in a different way- from this world I hid for many years.
Riding a ship towards some other galaxy,
Though only inside of my mind-
The rain would pour down upon the real world, and
In the mid winter the snow would fall, but
Lost in some other place in time, I only saw the sun.

I was a rare bird whose wings would carry me
High above the treetops, the mountains and
Even above the highest clouds,
Traveling far away from everybody and everything that was real.
Rain, sleet and hail would fall, though all I could see was a rainbow,
Glistening within the sky, high above the mountains-
I placed no trust in the people who walked upon the ground below,
Although it hardly mattered- I could always converse with those people
Who lived within the kingdom inside of my mind.

I would board a ship, its full sails to the wind,
Carrying me towards the world of my dreams-
Today I see the world in a different way-Now I see reality,
I see reality- hunger, war and people who threaten, and
All I can do is place my hands over my eyes, hoping to shut this cruel world out.

The ship I rode to some other place has been lost somewhere in the sky and
A rare bird, whose wings are now broken, I now see the world under a different light.
Somebody took me and locked me away last night and I have become
A prisoner inside of my own mind-upon that ship with fallen sails
I feel as if I am on a pathway headed towards nowhere-

I place my hands over my eyes. Attempting to hide from all that is real,
Unable to find peace of mind, unable to find my rainbow.
I find myself alone inside of an empty room, with no windows and a door that is locked-
I converse with the voices that speak to me inside of my mind-as
These, nobody can take them away from me and
They are all that is left of my dreams…

Claudia Krizay

Severance

It was in
The late afternoon
On this sultry day in late summer, that
I heard
The sirens
Screaming,
At that time
I heard
A voice
Call from afar.
Not one sound was present, except
For the singing of crickets
And the sighing of maple trees;
Late summer, it was the time
Of the rising of the dead,
The falling of the leaves,
Stark, green, and envious,
Though shamelessly transforming into a
Putrid, mottled brown mass
Falling haphazardly into a heap onto the
Yellowing grass below.
Hiding beneath were the sparrows,
Playing their flutist's music,
As wild violets wafting in the gentle breeze
Sang their tune in accordance.
The screams of the sirens were shrill and high pitched.
Closer and closer
They became, though they did not muffle the voices
I could still hear from afar-
Quiescence was shattered, as
Flutist's music intensified,
Church bells sounded at vespers-Almost cacophonously,
Nearly off-key, they were, in their sound.
Crickets carried their tune,
Leaves –sea green and as damp as new moss
Metamorphosis into gold and red,
Not regal, though, daunting
As insects skated across the nearby creek,
Elusive as they could be, they lived without a care.
In that nearby churchyard, I stood, where
I could hear my calling,
A voice invoked my name, - my mission…
Sirens, shrill, were still shrieking,
Closer they came, as
Summer turned to autumn,
I was surrounded by the
Dancing of high reeds intertwining and
Towering fir trees.
Within this late summer's squall
I was to be swept away.
I could still hear voices calling from afar,
No one was present- although

Always obedient, I was to their lurid commands.
Stark, green and never envious
Was the foliage upon the trees
Where I would hide in solitude behind a thicket,
Listening to the sparrows' flutist's music of the
First born.
Thunder would clap and obliterate the sound
Of the approaching sirens, no matter how close,
I could always hear that voice calling from afar,
Church bells were ringing.
Somewhere in that churchyard
I would hide- at vespers praying for severance
From fear, at that hour,
I heard my calling,
At that moment they had come to
Carry me home…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Shadow

I am a shadow;
I dance in rhythm with the changing of the seasons.
As the rain falls, I weep.
I become sky lightening as a storm approaches.
I fight with thunder in an approaching squall.
I rage war with the fury of the wind-
With the locusts, I scream.
The creek's water rushes over its banks, and
As torrential rains inundate its surface,
I am the shadow that is reflected in the pond, into where the
Creek empties, then sighs- as the
Storm subsides.
I am that shadow, motionless, but angry.
I am a shadow lost in the wild-
I follow the deer-
They do not fear me-
I am silent and cautious but wrathful.
No one can envision the flame that sears my soul- as
My rage smolders.
My shadow is the inner child living within me that
Plays a game with the brushfire that blazes in the forest,
That shadow that blends with the darkness as the
Sun sets, and with the rising of the moon,
I am its shadow that reappears, coming into its power.
I chant with the rustling of the trees and the singing of the nightingale, as the
Late summer's breeze carries me.
I glance with grace and dignity at the treetops,
Lost and confused, I am searching for life's meaning,
A home for myself, and an escape from reality-
I am the shadow of my dreams,
I have no future in this world;
I am only a shadow,
Lost in the woodlands,
Blending with the trees, and fading into the night-
As shy as the deer, but invisible-
I scream with the locusts,
I dance,
I chant.
Invisible to this world, here I am powerless and fearful, though as
I disappear into the horizon,
Hidden inside a mountain of clouds, I return to my power.
I have found here another place in time where
No one can harm me.
I am my own person, strong, brave and angry-
Lost somewhere in these clouds,
I have found a safe haven.
I dissolve into nothingness, and follow my dreams.
Whether it be in a dream or in reality,
I shall be found and never lost.
There will always be shadows dancing with the rhythm of the
Changing of time…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Shadow of my Spirit

Shadows appear and disappear-
Faces behind trees are looking and I never knew,
I never believed in closeness being safe and
Eyes opened towards the sky were said to
Perhaps be taking in the beauty of the cherry blossoms or
Following the pathway of the wild geese in flight-
That is what they say and I would never ask because
Eyes opened to the sky are only open momentarily until
They are cast downward, downward ogling the pathway of my footsteps?
Shadows appear and disappear and faces I don't know
Are none but a threat as the pathway of their eyes
Follow the direction that I walk and I never knew, and
I never believed in closeness being safe-
My eyes are opened towards the sky
Only taking in the spirit of my soul
Dancing someplace in the heavens hoping
That this pathway I walk is a safe place to be?
Shadows appear and disappear and
Even when shadows disappear-
I still believe that all eyes are upon me-
Wild geese in flight and blossoming flowers
Can be beautiful to see but they have no souls-
My soul, my spirit lives deep inside my inner core and
It never felt safe and still to this day
Feels like a raging animal locked inside of a cage
Unable to escape? Unable to escape a body on the run-
On the run from a world that only wishes me harm-
My dream has always been to set my spirit free and to
Become a bird and lift my wings to fly high above
In the sky, journeying through the clouds and to touch the sun,
Then find a safe place where no one could take my thoughts away-but
As a bird I find myself with broken wings, and my own shadow is cast upon the ground
Pilfered by evil people who capture my thoughts within their sinister grasps and
This world is not my home-shadows appear and disappear- my own included-
I can see it upon the gravel pathway lying still- I wait until it disappears and
I find myself alone-alone and safe- a bird with broken wings who has lost her shadow but
I am safe in my solitude and when all shadows disappear, I finally have nothing to fear-
My eyes are opened to the sky watching the wild geese in flight-
They have nothing to fear, soaring high up in the sky and they can escape reality as
Their wings are not broken and blossoming flowers may be beautiful and they remain safe because God did not give them spirits to feel the fear?

Claudia Krizay

Shattered Dream

I can grasp your pain and helplessness as I
Gaze into your eyes,
Round as globes, though always tear-filled,
Masking the green,
Turning hazel in the sunlight's shadows…
Hidden behind mountains of despair,
That façade you often don -
Friendly and with that smile,
Broad and beautiful as a river, meandering -
Often a lead-hued cloud would pass between our glances-
I have often tried with my hand, outstretched
To touch your spirit, lithe and vulnerable as it can be-
Your strength that comes from your love and faith in God, although
Fragile as the dance of a yearling it may be-
I had never known love until the day that you
Pulled the blinds - though slightly, to
Let me touch your heart.
Light has always scintillated within your pupils as
Mine- blackened with fear and suspicion of the rest of t he world -
You I never feared.
I was none but a young fawn alive in the wild
Leaping away from a world that still terrifies me-
I lived alone in a world I had erected for myself and had
Built out of my fondest reverie as
I had long ago lost my flagging grasp on reality.
This planet was spinning too quickly for us-
We opened windows and doors to allow love to enter, and
With trepidation, we would close them again.
Your kiss was mesmerizing as your petal-soft lips would
Brush against mine in such a cherished and non-threatening way-
I recall, though sadly, the night that cloud darkened and
Thunder had clapped between us.
You chained the door behind you and left me standing, terrified.
I can still hear the screaming of your tears echoing throughout the room-
I kept my stance as a stone never weathered, as
I held within glaciers of tears, never cried.
I recall the sight of your coffee-colored tresses
Falling around your naiad- like countenance -
So lovely and feminine in all of your ways-
You are still the passing comet that enlightens my universe- as confined as it may be-
I had tried and tried to push stones aside to make a home for us.
I held in my cupped hands petals of a carnation,
Red as the rage that tears me apart inside, always present in my own pain-
You are more than a carnation to me, but a peace-rose,
Swaying gracefully in a spring zephyr…
I shall never open my gateway to let amity enter again.
Falling hailstones are keeping me safe inside my own phantasmal world where
I can converse with the voices inhabiting my mind.
Disillusioned, I gaze outside my window as I watch snowflakes
Falling and melting before they touch the ground and
The very thought of your presence shall always make my
Tormented heart keeps on beating though in a bittersweet and remorseful way.

Solitude has never felt so safe since I have locked myself in
My own small world forever, as it spins madly about my eternal star.
I hope that when I die I shall leave behind me all of the
Nightmarish memories of my delusive world-
You are still my star, though from some different galaxy.
Face to face we met and hand in hand we were joined and it felt so right but became so wrong, and often I have wondered how love and pain so miserably clashing
Never moved me to tears until this day…
I hold agony, wrath and guilt pent up inside my breaking heart-
How these feelings have wronged us?
My nightingale, my beautiful wild rose,
A part of me shall always cherish you, my brightly blazing comet always present -
Somewhere in the back of my mind sheds a little light upon my inner space.
I have taken each and every moment in time to turn back the clock and to
Collect the fallen foundation we once stood upon, though unstable,
Our eyes were blinded by fate and hope for a future we both desired.
My soul shall remain padlocked inside my mind where the only life I can envision is to
Live in my own small world as it rapidly spins revolutions around my own bright star-
Light as dim as a votive candle with the hope that I may continue my solitary walk
Through the darkness after that flame burns out, and that
Dreams, memories and hope for both of us shall always persevere-
Our worlds, so complicated and so very different s they may be-
Light, love and prayer- Oh, such beautiful and promising words, they are…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Snake

I am a snake-
Some call me a venomous rattler.
Seething with anguish,
I slither in the sand.

There is no water in this tepid desert.
I foresee no oasis.
There is no liquid to quench
My insatiable thirst.
A mirage has become a liar to me.

I am a venomous rattling snake.
I squirm beneath the torridity of
This desert's noon sun.

Fearful of all who encounter me,
I am a frightening source to others.

I am a snake – terrified, and defensive.
I lash out to all who approach me.

I am a rattler, who dwells in the Kalahari,
Amongst the natives known as
The" no kneed Bushmen"-who pay games of
Catch with the rising and the setting sun.

Hunted down,
A poisonous arrow spears me.
Slithering more and more slowly within the brush,
I know that I am on the descent towards hell.

My heart weakens, and ceases to beat.
As life slowly escapes me,
My spirit evades me,
As I writhe in emotional agony.

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Sometimes

Sometimes I hear the sound of a bolt of lightening
Strike any tree, and
As I walk through the darkness of day,
I only can envision
A glimpse of hidden sunshine,
A gray cloud covering the tips of the treetops, and
A spotted green snake slithering through the grass that
Blankets the tortuous path I walk every day…
Sometimes I hear the thunder crash, as if
Some lost and troubled angel
Hovering about the black sky above me has
Expressed her inexplicable rage, or
God has angrily snapped his fingers-
Sometimes I see clouds circulating beneath my feet, or
I see hell rising above my head, and
Many times, as I walk along this wooded trail,
The whole world follows me,
Laughing at my thoughts-
An evil eye from heaven focuses on my every move, and
Sometimes I feel myself hanging with a noose about my neck,
Ironically from the most magnificent and statuesque tree
In all of the forest-
When fear overcomes and apprehension about
Tomorrow rolling over the mountains invades my baffled mind,
I try to hide behind the ominously approaching thunderclouds-
God never promised me that I would find a rainbow and
The demons that live inside my mind
Have never promised that they would stop their
Incessant vociferations-
The whole world follows me as tomorrow
Blatantly turns to today-
I stand, but never alone beneath a maple tree,
Capturing each moment as it falls encased inside a
Single raindropp that could have been a tear
Cried for yesterday's sorrows-
Sometimes when that bolt of lightening strikes,
I quietly whistle a happy tune-
It has been said that music calms the troubled soul, and as
I hide from this frightening world
Beneath the clouds below my feet,
I pray for a touch of heaven to chase
This terrifying world away-
Though God never promised me a
Rainbow or a prayer,
Just a ray of light would be a welcome sight,
To dispel the darkness of this world
That terrorizes me –
Light, love and fear-
What truth-filled words they are…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Song For Life

I never believed that
I would see the rain fall again
At this moment in time-
I upheld the moon in my hands
On the darkest night of the year-
Today the day is at the spring and
The wind is carrying
Dandelion thistles
Through every moment in time-
I believe I see a cardinal
Perched upon the branch of a
Cherry tree alone-
Singing a song of hope and love-
All I can do is weep only because
I know tomorrow
Rain will come down in a deluge and
My tears will only follow…
I remember the day we met- my true love and I - the rain was
Falling hard and I would
Capture the raindrops in my cupped hands and
Wondering if my tears would fall
In this moment in time-
I would uphold the sun in my hands on
The darkest day of my life-
Never let it loose from my grasp because
I believe that love is tenuous as is
A day with sunshine or
A night when the moon is full-
Cardinal, I say,
Sing me an aria about love that
I shall never forget and
Watch me dance in the rain as my tears fall
Into the pond in the midst of the forest-
Love is none but tenuous and
I have lost my love once more and that is why I weep-
Rainy days are plentiful and so like the loss of amity-
Sing with me and perhaps tomorrow the sun shall rise over the mountains and
My love shall return and rain shall never fall again
And my love will never again abandon me-
Sunlight, moonlight and love-fickle as they may be-
Here we are at the spring and everything is blossoming-
My hope, my life and my tears- never ending-
And my song and my new life has just begun-
In my hand I hold a bouquet of dandelions and as their
Thistles are blown about,
I give my tears away-
I never believed I would see rain fall
Again, in this moment in time-
Of course there is so much I never believed would be true and
As I let the elusive sun from my grasp
Disappear behind mountains of madness-
A rainbow on the horizon,

As beautiful as it may be
Is all the hope that tomorrow may bring-
It is the only hope I have for a future so
I continue my journey and my search for
None but sanity and grace to be bestowed upon me-
Nothing is more tenuous than life-
Not love, not sunshine or moonlight-
So I shall hold on to every element of life-
For without a firm grasp upon life-
Love, light and feelings
Could never exist for a moment in time so
Be thankful to be alive and
Dance in the rain and sing in the darkness and
Be thankful for every moment that
You are alive and never let go-
Not for one moment in time-

Claudia Krizay

Souls and Spirits

In one corner, I see light, and
In another, a fallen tree-
Looking from the corner of your eye-
I know you still see me and
Even with the splendor of
That place where flowers are growing,
I never believed in you.
I never believed you truly cared,
Even when you brought me flowers, it was only
In a make-believe sense-
Their petals would fall and
The wind would carry them away.
In one corner, I see light-
Your candle that was supposed to guide me, but
That tree fell between us., and
You are now, gone forever,
Even though the light still shines and
Figuratively, you still see the pain that
You put me through and now- that you are gone,
You are gone in body but in spirit
You shall always be there looking into my eyes,
Threatening me, wishing me none but harm.
I shall keep on walking, walking away
From your spirit and now I know and
Now I believe that it isn't bodies-flesh and blood that haunt-
In flesh and blood a person can be gone for a hundred years,
Never to return but if a person was cruel and conniving in spirit-
That spirit shall never be forgotten and that person's soul
Shall forever irk until the day that I pass away and leave this world
In flesh, mind and spirit forever although fearfully I know
All spirits whether good or evil, shall never die.

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Spring's Rebirth

This is the time of year being that everything is awakening – once again-
Flowers are blooming everywhere-
Crocuses, daffodils and Cherry blossoms- and
Dogwood, both white and pink
Adorn nature's window-
The time it is when my father passed away-
And many years ago I became a woman
At the beginning of spring's equinox-
When everything is becoming
Emerald green and supple as every leaf unfolds on every tree-
I have found bluebirds' nests upon branches while
Monarch butterflies gently flutter about grasses and perch upon dandelion's petals-
For many this is the time of year
Tears and wrathfulness have been left behind and
At dawn birds sing a chorus to welcome a new day-
I would laugh if I had no care and
Sing if a tune would only awaken my spirit although
My soul once did a graveyard dance as
My father's stone brought back multitudes of memories and
I see the ocean though only in my thoughts and recall
That my mother's ashes were scattered at sea-
It has been nearly twenty years since we were a family-
Tears were hardly shed over the loss only because
In my family's eyes I could do no right-
As lovely and fragrant as my father's rose garden could be,
It is long gone and just as
Spring is a time of rebirth for trees, flowers and
A time for celebration-
Travels, longer days and evening thunderstorms-
For me and the essence of my existence this is a time
Long walks in the woods and early morning awakening-
Having abandoned sadness of past memories,
Freedom from being unfairly misunderstood-
And growth within myself in many ways-
Spring is a time for rebirth for trees, flowers and
Creeks are seemingly overflowing as I can hear the gentle breeze
Rustling the newborn leaves upon every tree-
Spring rains shall wash away and drown past remembrances as
I too- in spirit, mind and soul have also been reborn-

Claudia Krizay

Stars, Stripes and Paper Dolls

Stars, stripes and paper dolls
Sometimes most prominent inside
My troubled mind,
That sordid spirit had
Locked the door to humanity-
I was none but a child-
Too many dreams
Snakes at my bedside-
My delusional world
Alive last night,
This morning and at
Noon, every night-
Walking the tightrope day by day
Some child lashing out at me, spit in my face-
None but a child myself-it frightened me-
I became a prisoner inside the world of my dreams-
Locked inside with a platinum key-
Fell one day down the elevator slats-
Closed the door on humanity, I did-
Stars, stripes and paper dolls-
Each had a name-
Intruders from a different galaxy, or perhaps
Some other universe-
I never saw that child again- I had shut the whole world out-
A snake wrapped about my mother's severed hand-
It hardly mattered; she was close by, protecting me-
Locked inside a world I had
Fabricated for my self alone-
Sitting cross legged on the carpet, staring at the ceiling-
They threatened to take me away last night-
Today, tomorrow, noon and at night-
Stars, stripes and paper dolls-
I played as a child of fourteen-
It didn't matter- they knew the truth, but I didn't, so
I cried no tears- I hear rain falling outside my window-
My door is unlocked momentarily-
I ride my proud stallion into the night-
Losing insight and finding my dreams-
Stars, stripes and paper dolls- always there for me-
Today, tomorrow and at night- and
I never found the key.

Claudia Krizay

Stream Of Thought

Today is an
Idle sort of day
Autumn-like-
Almost
The foliage upon the trees outside is
Somewhat bashful yet, although
It was the summer that
I have always adored
It was a day like this day, that
I was taken away.
I am starting to remember now, that
During my favorite time of year- as
I am locked inside this tiny L-shaped room-
White walled and barren as I feel inside
Impassively staring out the window.
My thoughts are elsewhere-
Thinking back forty years, upon
The day I lost myself.
Screaming in terror and bewilderment on
The very day the world first fell out from under me-
I escaped to another place and time,
Thunderclouds, black as the fear raging in my gut,
Dark and dismal as that night my world caved in.
Lost, alone and screaming with fright…
Disconnected wires in my brain,
Cotton filled and twisted out of form
It was last night I believe
They took me away and brought me to this place.
In spite of the deluge and the devil's voices in my head
I wish I were outside dancing in the rain barefooted,
With my long auburn hair
Tossed about by the wind
Crying and laughing at the same time
At the absurdity of it all,
And if lightning were to strike me dead
It would be the demon's voices that brought me to this place,
Running scared, screaming out in fear
As fiendish voices commanded me to die.
It is a sultry, idle sort of day
But just like any other day
Something happened that made me forget where the flowers grew.
Shock was induced to
Those disconnected wires in my brain
That set my soul afire
Screaming out in terror and in pain
A kind of pain that I never will forget,
As if a cinder block wall was erected between the world, and myself
Even if I were dancing in the rain barefooted,
My long auburn hair
Tossed about in the wind,
It would be in some other realm
That only I could see or hear-

And on an idle sort of day
But in some other space and time
Autumn like perhaps
Imprisoned between these concrete white walls and a Plexiglas window
There were so many things I do not recall, but I shall always remember
What a delight summer could be
And as I lie upon this hard blue mattress just thinking of myself
Dancing in the rain
With the trees swaying in the wind on
The other side of that cinderblock wall,
Where the foliage upon the trees
Was somewhat bashful yet, and
On this idle sort of day,
I might even remember
Where the flowers used to grow…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Streets I have Walked

As I walk the streets of
Ill-fated expectations-
I have often crossed
Over to the other side
Of that street that leads to
Misfortune, and at best
Oblivion-
The streets I have walked before have always
Lead to nowhere-
I hear the sound of footsteps behind me and
Voices speaking in some foreign tongue-
My eyes meet with those of strangers-
Unsmiling and threatening –
I lose myself inside the world of my dreams-
Inside this world I deny access by intruders-
This place I carry with me with each and every step-
I hear thunder and the sound of beating drums
Resonating inside of my mind-
Fearful and suspicious- I break into a run.
In my time I have walked many streets and
Have never found my place in this world
Madly spinning about my own bright star-
As the sun sets, I realize that light is shining hope and peace
Over the street I once believed lead to
Misfortune and oblivion-
In this life I have walked many streets before
Not knowing in which direction or
Where these streets have lead to-
I find myself in the midst of nowhere,
But there is no turning back, as I have
Already crossed over to the other side-
All that I have left is that one bright star to guide me-
Lost inside this world of my thoughts, I wish upon that star
With hope that I may find myself someday-
So I shall keep walking the streets paved before me until
I find the one that reaches my destination-
My guiding light is my inner strength-I now realize and
That light is brighter than the sun or any star and shines with
Every step I walk- and on the day the sun burns out and stars
Cease to exist- this strength I carry within shall forever be the torch that
Guides me-

Claudia Krizay

Suicide Watch

If I were to look out of this bedroom window,
It would be the only way I would know
Summer has arrived-
After the storm has abated
The leaves on the trees have never
Appeared as green, and
The asphalt paved path encircling our Japanese garden
Has been moistened by the rain-
The sun creeps out unobtrusively from behind the
Ascending cumulus clouds-
Rain has been the tears of naiads
Thunder could even be the messiah's fury
Sky lightening has never seemed so bittersweet.
Your tears are so silent I can hear them screaming,
So copious they could have filled the fishpond, which adorned
The happy little park down the street, but in truth
They have filled this room with misery and despair,
You lie so still beneath the dusty rose colored sheets that cover you
I can almost envision you knocking at death's door
I would weep if I could find the tears that I know
Are flooding my heart with fear and sadness,
I have never felt so alone as I do in this moment-
It is truly summer outside-
I hear children laughing as they play hopscotch on the sidewalk outside our home,
Our swimming pool would seem inviting, as would
Long walks in the woods behind the nearby churchyard –
But in all honesty I could never leave this room, even if I were allowed.
I know we both are crying inside.
Summer has always been my favorite season,
Though, every time I turn my head towards the window
A tear falls, and I ask myself
Why has god been so cruel to hurt someone I depend on and love so dearly?
You are my mother, and I have been assigned to be your keeper,
Just a child myself, I am-
We are all God's children, but what has happened here
Could never be God's work,
I have never thought of God as spiteful-
I am learning at an early age that life is unfair and for you
Not even worth living and here I sit like
A prisoner's guard quiet as a wisp of a spring like breeze
Watching over you
As if you were my child and
I would be the concerned mother
Life has not been fair to either one of us.
Here I have been sitting on the blue-gray love seat –
A gift from grandmother when you and father were wed,
For nearly four hours now,
You have not moved.
Your ghost-like appearance I find terrifying,
If I didn't' know I would think you had departed t his world already, and
In a sense I suppose you have.
I wonder if our family will ever be a family again,

I would give you my own sight since God has robbed you of yours
If only to see you open you eyes or just to see you smile wanly at me
For one fleeting moment-
I can only think of the vial of pills sitting on the bathroom vanity,
Or the knife rudely resting upon the kitchen counter-
I was ordered to not let you near, but in all honesty
If you were to die
There would be no more summer storms,
And I wouldn't hear the screaming in your silent tears again-
Life has been cruel to you, may God be punished himself
For this tragic mistake-
If you took your life mine would never be the same again-
A surge of anger overwhelms me now-
I should be riding my bike or swimming,
Feeding ducks in the park down the street,
Going shopping with my best friend-
Watching movies or enjoying a summer at camp-
Instead I have become an adult overnight, a parent and a nurse-
And in this moment I wish I could die with you.
This is a storm that shall never end, a summer
I shall remember, as I would recognize an infamous person-
God has forsaken this family,
Our lives will never be the same again,
I would sit and pray in church every single day if it would only bring you back to me
Heaven forbid, you would take your life while I left your side, I would be to blame.
The sun has come out from hiding now and you haven't moved-
I think of the pills and the knife especially –I would take both of our lives
We are both good people and would go to heaven together-
We would be angels together and angels never suffer-
They just stand by God's side looking beautiful
Gathering everybody's tears and making them go away-and
Summer would once again be my favorite time of year…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Sun

The sun is a woman made of clay.
She stands above the mountain- tops
Against a red velvet sky at dawn.

Her skin tone, earthy-hued, radiates from afar.
Though chipped around the edges, she is still my friend.
Nothing or no one can be flawless;
Her smile is crooked, but sweet,
And her eyes, when wide open, are always filled with awe, wonder and surprise,

A woman molded from clay
Has skin tone- mahogany hued.
Chipped around the edges,
She is rugged, forever fighting through dense fog at dawn.

When days and nights are dreary,
I cast my eyes about the sky
I search for the sun, that awesome woman, made of clay

Her warm earth tones are calming
And the joy that she exudes is always comforting.

It is when the full moon rises that I lose my grounds,
And hear spoken words that others do not hear.
Sometimes- I see horrific sights that others do not see.

While the white of the moon is stark,
The sun's earth tones are not garish.

I wander outward, daily,
And search for this clay-toned woman
Who is called "The Sun"
She smiles her crooked smile at me,
In thanks that I am her worshipper.

Forever, my friend, the sun will not be as fickle as the moon,
Waxing and waning past midnight
Bringing out in me thoughts that are not truly real.

In the darkness, I run from all.
I live in fear.

I live in fear,
But when the sun looks down upon me with her loving eyes,
And when that same crooked smile appears upon her face-
I am so enticed with her pulchritude-
Those disturbing thoughts are just whisked away
Within the early April morning's breeze.

Claudia Krizay

Terminal

Don’t tell me
I never did
It wasn’t the sky or the stars-
Jut too many moons ago
Not ever after
I tried to find myself
And all you did was to
Take my thoughts into your wretched hands and
As if they were malleable metal
You twisted them as they were like wire
Somewhere lost along the way and
Tossed about in an ice storm-
Life, love and war-
All incompatible as
Rain under fire
Burning in hell’s incinerator as
I would take children and
Cut them into tiny pieces and
Grind them up in my broken down
Garbage disposal-
Too dysfunctional was
My lifestyle, lost memories of the not too
Faraway past and the
Never ending battle that rages in the
Firing zone in the back of my mind,
Lest everywhere I look all I can see
Is more mistrust of the people who live in this
Crazy mixed up world,
Somewhere along the way
I lost myself
Only yesterday, I believe
I had found myself
On that pathway out of the confusion,
So I thought at least,
But even hours later than the event
I find myself
Tearing my heart out,
Wanting to injure myself and
Everyone else- so
Please don’t tell me that
I never did-
I never meant to
Harm anyone not even myself and
Now that the stars are falling and the moon
Is hidden behind a mass of fog, clouds and billows of smoke
Coming out of nowhere-
I never did,
I only told them that I had,
Too many moons ago and
Now I am counting the stars
One by one as they fall
Upon the rood of time and

I cannot capture any given moment
Only because this world has
Been none but a liar to me-
So set fire to your soul in hell’s incinerator-
That is where every one belongs-
Except for myself-
I did nothing wrong and
God is certainly not infallible although
So many believe-
I never did-
I only told them,
It was all a lie
A misfortune, and a
Fallen star,
Coming out of nowhere and
Damned to an afterlife that
Is not attuned to the reality of a prayer or
Death by fate of a
Never ending incurable disease- although-
Self-harm is the only way out of this turmoil-
Loudening thoughts in my head have ordered me to
Find relief in a knife to my wrist and
They told me that I never did but
I will as
I count each star only after
Time has
Fallen…

Claudia Krizay

The Circle

I cannot forget the circle – that small enclosure where I had always lived my dreams
I cannot forget the moments when I could see outside of that circle,
Although I rarely stepped outside - there was a whole world out there.
When I took my first step outside upon that day I recall so well-
The creek that seemed to crawl upward toward mountains of bewilderment,
And in that creek, amidst sparkling ripples in the water, seemingly ignited by sunlight-
It could have been scenic to another, but to me all I remember was
Seeing my reflection which I could hardly accept as true- that face I saw,
Eyes like daggers that could have killed the strangers who owned the world out there and
The tears that fell from those eyes as rain from an early storm- "Why, "
I asked myself "did I ever step out of my own confinement where
Voices sang sweet and soft tunes and spoke to me with all of their gentleness,
In a soft, non-threatening monotone, and I knew for certain, as I knew I was
Not destined to be born into that world out there- I was the one who could
Hear the voices of seraphs, those who spoke only to me?
Skies darkened within that storm, thunder roared and lightening seized my
Baffled, destitute spirit, I felt as if I was drowning in the rain that
Blinded me in its intensity when the hellish strangers, as would
The wind of a cyclone- came and took me away?
I cannot forget my circle, that small enclosure where I lived my dreams,
My fantasy world, my own private space where I felt safe-
The day I ventured forward, to take a step outside, I was robbed of
My phantasmal kingdom where I was free to sing, never hesitating to speak
To my companions who shared my territory, though it may have been imagined?
Now I find myself trapped inside a different sort of circle where others
Come through and exit through its door with monotonous regularity?
I hear no angels singing here, and here I cannot sing or speak- as
I cannot trust these intrusive strangers who I feel have robbed me of my sanity?
I always think of the creek outside my circle where I could see my reflection,
But more often I think of the safety of the walls about my circle that protected me- and
Finally I believe I understand now that I can carry my fortress toward wherever I walk
As this fortress is none but imagined- and I thank those magical seraphs everyday for
Giving me the gift of my dreams, all I have to do is close my eyes and
I am boarding an imaginary ship that carries me away and now I begin to sing once more
With gratitude that my own special circle surrounds me, no matter which path I take.

Claudia Krizay

The Connection

There exists an ethereal connection
Between you and I and in actuality,
There has always been,
Although perhaps it was not openly visible and before
There was any awareness-
Day after day you and I would
Walk past one another, and
I always thought of you s being a gentle soul,
Never invasive, never threatening-
I may have been as gentle, though more
Fearful and elusive,
As sand would slip between my fingers-
Out worlds so similar, never clashing, but
Then I could not foresee-
We both hid within the places of our madness,
Locking doors and hiding for safety-
I would pass by your door where you were none but a
Prisoner inside your delusional world, and
I could hear your tears screaming,
Sometimes late at night or in the
Very early morning-
You may have passed by my door as well, although
My tears were silent as
A dove would whisper- but somehow my pain
Was never hidden as if you had always known
That dove had a broken wing-
It was the two of us- eighteen years ago and today,
It is you and I in the present -
But sometimes desperate moments would blind our fate and
Sand no longer falls between my fingers but held firmly as from which
I build a castle in which
I can now live comfortably-
Your hand holds mine, often figuratively and the bond between us is constant-
I finally opened the door at first none but a crack, and
I let you inside, opening my heart and between my arms,
To a warm embrace-
At this moment in flesh you are a few miles away, although
I feel the closeness intensifying within each given moment and an
Upsurge of joy of having a friendship and knowing that
It shall last for ever- I feel your hand in mine and
Your arm, about my waist, and that feeling is constant as a
Moonlit night, not garish as the light exuded by the sun-
The caress of your mesmerizing and beautiful spirit is always nearby,
Behind me and before me- and on that and blustery winter’s day-
It is and was you and I together…
Eighteen years have past and it is still you and I together walking
Amidst wild violets blossoming on a warm summer’s day-
It is you and I sharing hope and love as well as
Each others' pain-
Our tears would mingle and inter mesh, then vanish within
A late spring’s zephyr-
You and I had shared misfortune and despair as we

Would lose ourselves to other worlds.
We have collected our fallen foundations, taken them and
Rebuilt our lives into promising futures-
I can hear music emanating from the sky as
I watch the sun dancing where the horizon begins and ends-
These are indeed God’s gifts, as is
The unique gift of our friendship-
I look up towards the sky and thank God for this
Irreplaceable gift-
That gift of you and I
Walking along that pathway of trust and a promising future of healing-
That bond of friendship between us-
You and I, together-
For always-

Claudia Krizay

The Darkness That I See

Outside of my bedroom window early this morning
I could see children walking to school,
People hurriedly driving their cars to work,
Tall evergreen trees were swaying in the wind along the sidewalks close to my home-
At night, all I can see is darkness illuminated by the moon,
Stars that are shining brightly, so mysteriously and magnificently,
Though far away from my home.

At noon today I peer outside of my window,
I see cars rushing up and down the boulevard,
A few people walking, enjoying the wonders of nature and of
The evergreens swaying in the wind
Along the sidewalks close to my home.
At night I know all I will see is darkness illuminated by the moon
Stars that are shining brightly, so mysteriously and magnificently,
Though light years away from my home.

At dusk, the sun is shining on the horizon,
And slowly descending behind the mountains,
I see people driving home from a busy day at work and
Tall evergreens are swaying in a gentle evening breeze
Along the sidewalks close to my home.
Soon darkness shall take over, illuminated by the moon,
Stars shall be shining brightly, so mysteriously and magnificently-
At a vast distance away from my home.

There was a time I would look forward to the dawning of a new day,
The sun rising above mountains on the horizon,
Seeing the evergreens along the sidewalk as well as the other wonders of nature-
Days were everybody's reality, from the early dawning to the day's end,
But somehow this world had become a threatening and dangerous place for me-
Now when darkness takes over I marvel at the moon's rising in the night,
Those brilliant stars, light years away and I wonder if there is life
On other planets in the vastness of the universe?

I stand alone by my window every night marveling at the sight of Venus' rising-
Stars sparkling in the milky way of both my dreams and of my reality,
I have always been intrigued by the rings about Saturn and
I wonder if there are other planets billions of miles away from earth
Where life of some sort exists? I board my phantasmal spaceship after sundown
Traveling at the speed of light - it has been said that many dreams do come true,
As far from home and as removed from veracity as they may be.

Claudia Krizay

The Dawning

Only at dawn
Do I believe that a higher being may be
Looking down upon me through the rays of light emanating from the rising sun as
The full moon descends behind the mountaintops,
This morning I could envision a ladder from the creek side
Reaching toward the heavens-
The sky, being a rare shade of cerulean blue and
Pale lavender lightly coloring cumulus clouds,
Only at the dawning of each new day
Is the time I feel hopeful and undaunted?
I live within a world that has not been kind to me-
Though at the dawning of another day
Walking through the woodlands I know that I am safe in my solitude,
For that higher being is always looking down upon me
Watching over me, protecting me from all harm?
Voices I hear in the night have callously threatened me but
At the break of the day, I hear the voices of angels
Soothing my troubled soul and gently comforting me while
In my moments of madness I could have lost myself forever.
My spirit is now dancing to the tune of
An aria of peace, sung by those seraphs
Inside of my mind, greeting me
And chasing away the demons that
Had threatened me only the night before-
As those seraphs join a chorus of angels from above
Singing amorous tunes only to console me- if I could
I would climb that phantasmal ladder towards the sky, to escape reality;
Lost inside an instant of madness,
A moment so brief, an encounter with the surreal
Has given me reason to persevere-
Only at dawn, as the sun journeys above the hilltops
Can I hear voices of angels- and I do suppose, and
I only believe that there is hope and tranquility
To be found, in some distant star, illuminating the sky
As the sun rises and as the moon descends beyond the horizon,
I have lost myself inside of a dream that could be heaven
Where I am safe in my solitude, as my thoughts are lost in some other realm-
Within my fondest dream, for them never to be found would be my utmost desire,
Climbing that ladder towards the sky,
Abandoning the threatening voices that wished me harm,
Leaving the nightmares of veracity behind,
As I open my eyes to the dawning and behold that forever rainbow in the sky-

Claudia Krizay

The Doors Are Locked

From inside of this room
I shall not exit
I have locked the doors
To the world outside.
It does not matter to me what is happening outside, because
Behind these locked doors
Is the world that I live in,
This land of my dreams that
I have fabricated for myself alone.
I recall my father recently reading me a story-
Of a woman who created a world within her dreams-
There she lived and locked herself
Inside of the doors that
Barred her from all that is real.
My father's hope was that
I would find my way out from
This place he called the land of my delusions.
This place which he calls the land of my delusions has become
My only veracity.
From the inside of this room
I shall not exit-it is here I safely converse with
The voices inside of my mind.
The doors to this room are locked, but
I can still hear my mother weeping, and
I hear my mother cry out from the midst of her tears-
What has become of my only child?
Inside of this room, I have constructed a world.
The doors are locked and
I have shut reality out-
The doors to my room are locked and
I have lost the key.
My mother is still weeping as her one and only
Has lost the key that would open the doors
To the world outside-
My mother is sobbing; the key is lost and alas-
Her only child's sanity has also been lost.

Claudia Krizay

The Dreamer

I would dream of a place where trees and flowers were vibrant colors,
A path for me to walk upon, free from human intruders-
I would fantasize of being in be in command of of my destiny, and
In control of who could cross the pathway upon which I would walk-
Never lonely, would I be as I am my own best friend and
Never threatened because I am queen of these woodlands-
The sun would cast its shadows upon that pathway,
Forming silhouette-like images before every step I would take-
Perhaps a rainbow would appear in the distance and even
A young fawn or a songbird would carry on with its tuneful aria-
I have always been a dreamer; I have always painted my own world
With the gracefulness of my thoughts- I wear the phantasmal key
To my kingdom hanging from an imaginary but elegant band about my neck-
I recall the taunting words that others would say to me
Comparing me to a person who has lost one's sanity and has escaped reality-
And though I hold inside of my mind
Some fond memories of the real world into which I was born,
Memories sometimes fade away as would
The colors of a rainbow would after a storm-
I grasp hold of that special key
I carry about my neck that belongs to me and only to me-
I shall keep walking until I have escaped the reality of a world that
Was not meant for me to live in and when I reach my destination
I shall sing along with the voices only I can hear- delightful songs
I have been writing in my solitude for so long and as I cast my eyes
Upon the horizon I shall watch the sun rise over the mountains,
I watch that rainbow reappear on the horizon as clouds fade away-
I can clearly, more than ever see the gifts that
Life has given to me though in an unusual sort of way,
Even though mostly inside of the fortress of my mind, in a way that only I can see-
True happiness, I believe originates from inside.

Claudia Krizay

The Edge Of Time

Rain never falls upon the edge of time.
Yesterday was a nightmare for me; I would awaken in hell's brushfire
Every morning and
In the evening you sing before flames around a campfire-
I would sing songs of death and persecution and
You would sing cheering folk songs-
Tomorrow you would play with
The stones and sticks you found
By the creek side-
You are and always have been the blissful one while
I feel the tears day and night-
Once happy, forever content-
You were born under a different sign-
You never believed in signs or games we would play but
They were all I had to depend on for hope-
You grew tall and made it in this world and
I retreated into a world of my own, fabricated
For me alone- reality to me and to you, none but a delusion?
I remember rain falling upon the edge of time-
I am standing on the edge about to jump-
If you would spread your wings you would fly proudly above
The world and all of its pain and misfortune-
I would fall, being a bird with broken wings-
I remember nothing- I am burning into
None but a cinder- you have made it and have won the battle
That battle that I have lost- what is it?
It is none but fate- some people make it in this lifetime and others fail,
And their spirits die- it hardly matters how hard you try-
Some people, born to find fortune no matter how hard they fight the battles-
Others give their all and become outcasts. I am an outcast and
Rain has fallen upon my horizon-drowning me-
There is no time for salvation, I have reached the end and foresee no future-
Perhaps in another lifetime, rain in my dreams with some hope shall
Make beautiful flowers grow….

Claudia Krizay

The Essence of my Dreams

Losing myself in flight on an early summer's morning-
In flight, unaware of the direction-
Unaware of the time of day, I know that
I don't believe in heaven anymore-
In flight above deep blue mountains-
But not weary of the sun's rays attacking me-
Never touching the sun and
Never finding my rainbow,
A myriad of colors are painting the sky-
Though only inside the world of my imagination.
Losing myself in flight and wondering-
If I will ever find safety and peace of mind here in the sky,
Amongst the scattered clouds that surround me-
I could hide behind a cloud to escape reality-
Reality that has become none but a threat to my existence.
Within the figment of my imagination-
I have wings that carry me high above the mountains,
Above the treetops and the ocean turning green as
Its waves lap against the shore-
A multitude of colors are decorating the land below-
Trees are never green but violet in their hue and
That ocean- green but never blue as are the mountains-
In flight I am losing myself in so many different ways-
Separating myself from the world into which I was born-
My mind is creating visions of far away places and
Inside the fortress of my mind, God has given me wings to fly with,
Although I do not believe in heaven-
Within moments I find myself lying upon the ground-
The sky, cloud covered as rain begins to pour down upon me-
I am a lost, lone, and confused spirit-
Threatened by sounds of cars speeding up and down the road behind me-
And people shouting while thunder claps and lightening strikes.
Voices inside of mind are commanding me
To lift my wings and take flight once again-
However I am trapped, being unable to fly, my wings having been phantasmal-
Though inside my dreams I can swim the ocean, searching for safety and familiarity-
Perhaps I shall find myself an island amongst the sea-
But alas only in my dreams-
And perhaps the rain shall stop falling and a rainbow shall rise above the mountains-
Inside the world of my thoughts I shall paint the sky blue and cloudless,
Lift my wings and soar back into the sky and look down-
Down at this world where I have always wished to escape from-
Happiness shall be found within the world of my imagination-
Violet hued trees - their branches swaying in the wind
May someday give me shade as I close my eyes and dream,
Then I shall burst into song, in chorus with the voices inside my mind-
I have peace of mind now knowing I can be anyplace I can fathom-
Because I am a person who though never believed in heaven-
Strongly believes in the essence of my dreams…

Claudia Krizay

The Eyes In Back Of My Head

Early this morning I am outside walking along the trail-
The wind blows my hair about-
Covering THE EYES IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD-
I cannot see for the moment but I can feel-
I can feel the vibrations of heavy footsteps
Pounding against my brain in another gust of wind
Blowing my hair about- giving way to the
EYES IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD-
I recognize the intruders who wish me harm.
Early this morning
I walk along the trail- I am in danger-people are following me
One, two and three-I count the footsteps-
Four five six- I see the people-
Evil conniving and threatening- behind me and
Seven, eight, nine more slowly walking in front of me-
My anger overwhelms me and the bitter cold wind
Only exacerbates my homicidal impulses-
I am dressed to kill these people who
Walk slowly ahead of me- space invaders
Whose footsteps are retaliating and
THE EYES IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD-
Envision the whole world behind me-
Early this morning- I think of the gun shop I walked by downtown yesterday-
Ready to murder, I am- seething with rage-
Early this morning, I am walking along the trail-
I do not feel safe- I have lost my destination and
My sanity is precarious- people are all around me and
I am dressed to kill the entire multitude-
I have EYES IN BACK OF MY HEAD- I believe, and
As I count the people before me and behind me, and
As the cold wind blows my hair about- I know that
THE EYES IN BACK OF MY HEAD are protecting me and
Perhaps are keeping me safe and now I know that it is
THE EYES IN BACK OF MY HEAD whom are my saviors -
Bringing back memories of nightmarish delusions of
Threatening people in my past being God- I have no destination and
THE EYES IN BACK OF MY HEAD are my friends- and
My delusions, as others call them- are my saving grace.

Claudia Krizay

The Game of Life

Games people perform in this life-
Playing Chopin's waltz on the baby grand piano- I am a believer.
My father stood still- whip in hand.
A big black cat carrying a crimson red trunk entered my room past the midnight hour
Dumping live boa constrictors atop my bed- although I only saw soap bubbles emerge before from the gates of heaven's past.
In my mind I still can hear Chopin's waltz playing on our baby grand piano-
I listen to voices that aren't even real-
My father giving orders- he was once a soldier.
My mother's negligence screams and
Stabs me with her cruel and toxic words-
My father passed in the springtime.
Roses and wild violets grow freely- in the back of my mind.
I never promised anybody flowers- only music-
Games that people play are what life is all about-
My thoughts are spinning out of control-as are Saturn's rings.
Our baby grand piano is out of tune-
I do not care- I sing an opera solo-off key though gently-
The wind is blowing outside at hurricane strength-
The power just went out.
I am in the dark- as I dream, and I dream-
My hands are still playing the baby grand piano-
Out of tune as it may be-
The back door to my mind's prison is locked-
Life is a gamble- my thoughts have spun out of control-
I dance the tango in the woodlands where
Oak trees and evergreens have fallen-
But I foresee no moonlight-
I gave my father no flowers;
I play him Chopin's waltz on the baby grand piano-
I know he can hear as souls never die-
I can listen to my dreams –
I hear my father's orders and my mother's wrathful vengeance-
I never promised them flowers and
They never promised me the world- I was invisible-in the eyes of millions-
I hear angry voices echo about- nature's bounty-
Life is a venture, but
My soul shall reap its reward
Before hell's brush fire is extinguished-
Can you hear the music playing and
The lonesome screaming of the deceased?
I can only hear a neighboring car alarm sounding as too many days have passed since the doorbell sounded and fog has lifted-
Rain is falling into a bloodbath. –
Where extraterrestrials are inclined to exist-
I am a believer…my soul shall live on.
Can you hear the calling of the wilderness?
Only where mountains meet with the horizon and
I keep on searching for rainbows in a fleeting moment?

Claudia Krizay

The Great Escape

Although the songs the birds sing are
Melodious and benign and
Locusts joyfully repeat their summer's tune-
Leaves upon the trees are emerald and their limbs reach for the sky-
The grass has never been greener- and
Clouds contrast with the oceanic blueness of the sky- Even though
Summer would be the favorite time of year for so many people,
At this time this world has become a foreign and terrifying place to me.
My mind has been lost in the clouds,
Not within the fair clouds that decorate the sky, but
Within the ashen and sallow clouds of hell-
From the window of the vault that contains me
I can see people seemingly worshiping the sun,
However, to me the rays of the sun are somewhat blinding, if not otherwise
Brightening all that is terrifying to see-
Cars racing raucously down the streets without a care- and shining upon
All of the people who would wish me none but harm-
If I were to step outside in this moment-
The sun would sear my flesh and its rays would invade my mind in
A devastating and intrusive sort of way-
People would follow behind me mocking me and
Attempting to rob me of my thoughts as their eyes penetrate mine in
A criminal and invasive manner-
The songs the birds sing are indeed benign and sweetly melodious as
Locusts continue to hum their tune- these sounds are placating as
Are the sight of the grass, trees and the cobalt blue sky-
But somewhere along my journey through this life,
I was robbed of my own place in this world, as well as some have told me
I was deprived of my sanity-
If I could become one of these birds and lift my wings to fly away
High above to lose myself inside the beautiful clouds in the sky and to
Abandon the ashen clouds of hell- perhaps in the sky I would find another world there-
A world suited for me alone- I could still hear the birds and the locusts-
Chanting their tunes with the angels, unaware of the world below -as
My eyes would be blinded to people looking upward toward the sky.
The loss of my sanity would become a blessing because it would mean
I have finally found a place devoid of all harm and infringement because
When I lose myself inside the world of my thoughts and dreams,
The real world which is filled with evil, lack of compassion and cruelty
Totally disappears and I can be content as I have finally found freedom from fear…

Claudia Krizay

The Hands of Time

If I could turn back the hands of time, I could recall those days when
I had locked the doors to the outside world. I had closed my eyes to reality and had
Fabricated a world where I had become the queen of a land where
The skies were cerulean blue at the beginning every new day,
Mountains of madness were not to be seen,
I never cried a river of tears, there was nothing to fear and
People were trustworthy and I was never misunderstood-
Proudly walking beneath the subtle light of the moon's shadow,
I could always envision before me a rainbow enlightening my horizon-
This was my home and my home was my castle,
Silence ruled, with the exception perhaps of
Light symphonies of music that would settle as would
Dewdrops upon grass never greener reflecting the light
Of the sun at the dawning of every new day-
At the dawning of each new day I would watch the sun as it would playfully
Chase away the dim light of the stars as flames upon candles being snuffed out.
Every moment would progressively seem brighter and I would ask myself
Was this magic that had carried me away from the
Populated, threatening and terrifying world outside and
Lead me towards this magnificent safe haven?
I find myself wondering where I had placed the key
That would somehow unlock the door to this place of my dreams?
I have called myself a terrified soul, stricken by a meteor of insanity-
No longer knowing which direction in which to turn?
If I could turn back time to those days, I would, when I had that key
Tucked safely inside the world of my imaginings and had
Escaped those mountains of madness, on the run from the horrors of veracity-
I had painted with vibrant colors inside of my mind a world where
There was nothing to fear and I could hide beneath the shadow of the moon,
Watch the stars fade into the darkness as the sun rose, its brilliant light
Reflecting in a river of crystalline clear water where I could see my mirror image-
Always laughing and never weeping-guided by that rainbow on the horizon-
Today I call myself a spirit misguided by the misfortunes of the vast world outside,
Trying to find my way back towards those days where I was queen of a world
Where there was nothing to fear. Now I am crying that river of tears of dismay
Hoping this river shall transform to that crystalline clarity of days gone by
Where I can unmistakably see my reflection?
Here I would board a ship that shall carry me home to the land where
I can walk beneath the shadow of the moon, until the sun rises for me alone, so that
I can turn back the hands of time towards fortune, as
I unlock that door to freedom once more, leaving my fears behind

Claudia Krizay

The Keyhole

Silence reigns interrupted by my screaming-
I only weep for a moment. Standing alone by a window and a double bed,
I can see my reflection in the polished tiled floor, -through the keyhole of this locked door
I can see my whole world caving in on this dark winter's night-
The hallway is illuminated by fluorescent lights,
A few sleepy-eyed people slowly walk up and down the gray carpeted hallway,
I can almost read their minds through the fogginess of their pupils-
My arms are still aching from the tense grasp of the attendant's hands-
As devil's advocates, trying to calm me, while they
Shoved me through the doorway of this sterile isolated room-
I can hear the turning of the key locking the door above my own desperate shouting,
Though only for a fleeting moment-
Now that one keyhole is my only connection to the outside world-
The sky is as dark as my fear- out of the window all I can see
Is the moon, the stars and that bleak darkness could be hell-nearly fifty years have passed
Since my sanity was robbed, swept away by a tornado of terror and bewilderment-
My reflection is fading into that polished tiled floor as I peer through that keyhole,
I recall the sounds of the sirens, sleet spattering upon the roof above and
The slamming of the doors to this prison behind me-
All I could see through the barriers of my tears was bleak darkness.
Voices intimidating me that only I could hear, threatening to take my life away,
Robbing me of my flagging grasp upon reality-
People with their hostile glances and wicked laughter have driven me to utmost terror as
I became a criminal animal howling in despair - now I am locked inside
This hellhole, dimly lit- that reflection in this polished tile floor is moving
In every direction as I pound my fists against the stark white painted walls.
Praying for some refuge I peer through the keyhole trying to get a glimpse of familiarity.
My mind has become a rocket ship that has been
Launched above and away from the world outside-
Listening to the deathly silence, that keyhole has become a tunnel, too narrow and small
Through which I cannot escape- the window is a portrait of bleakness illuminated by
The dim light of the moon- I close my eyes and lose myself into
A world of my imaginings- I lock a phantasmal door with my own special key into
The keyhole of my fantasies, through which I can see the light of my dream scape-
My eyes are now closed to that menacing reflection on the polished tiled floor below-
The moon's shadow rocks me to sleep as
I lose myself once more into the world of my delusions that had brought me here today-
Though sleet is falling and noisily tapping upon the rooftop above, silence reigns in the
World of my thoughts, while light shines brilliantly through the keyhole of my dreams…

Claudia Krizay

The Life I Live

It has been said that blue is the color of the sky although others may say
Blue is an emotion when someone is close to tears-
Sad, melancholy and disheartened-
I look upwards toward the sky on a sunny day when
I don’t feel sad and blue.
Green is the color of the leaves upon the trees, although
I have heard others say they are jealous- green or envious-
I enjoy the trees, especially in the summertime,
Blown about in a gentle and cooling breeze-
The same leaves turn yellow, gold and orange in the autumn and
Fire blazes a bright red in color-
It is the fire of my spirit that burns
When anger plagues my troubled mind-
Rain falls and puts out the fires but
The rage inside of me is a shade of red that will not be tamed.
I look upward towards the sky on a sunny day,
As the leaves upon the trees rustle in the wind-
I pray for the rain to fall to quench the fury that burns my soul-
I don’t feel melancholy blue or jealous-green-
I have days when I enjoy the colors of the autumn foliage-
But the color red of rage defines the life I live.
Today I glance upward toward the blue sky and the leaves upon the trees-
Today I feel sad and blue and close to tears because
Of the pain that the fire inside of me that is always burning-
If the sun and the trees could laugh and send me good vibrations perhaps
They would cheer me and I could capture the colors blue, green, orange and yellow-
And perhaps even red as being bold and beautiful-
And with these colors I could paint a rainbow upon my horizon and
There would be no reason for anger to smolder my heart again-
I could laugh with the sun at the splendor of the rainbow against the sky of cobalt blue- And glad to say that raging fire of resentment
Is behind me now and I never feel sad and blue because
I have repainted my world with colors of joy, happiness and eagerness
To live my new life beneath that rainbow of contentment.-

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

The Magical Land of My Dreams

A silver key has locked me inside my own world, where I have
Lost myself inside the shadows of my dreams-
As would a thundercloud, my tears are like the rain that falls-
The sky would clear and as the sun would re-emerge,
Perhaps there is some levity inside this place of my reverie-
Having lost my soul and my spirit following close behind as a
Fledgling bird may have flown by within a moments notice,
I hear the ticking of a clock rhythmically keeping time to
The motion of my steps slowly walking away from
The confusion, fear, and destitution of veracity-
I am none but a silhouette slipping through a crack in the door
Leading to this place of my flight of the imagination-
I have lost myself along the way I once believed was paved for me alone,
Though only lead me towards madness
And to a world so vast, frightening and unfamiliar-
Running backward down that very same path until I arrived at
That mystifying door that was open for me alone,
That door only I could enter with that magical silver key,
I could hear the songs of angels singing tunes of love, peace and faith-
Stepping with caution over the threshold of that door,
As I closed it gently but firmly behind me-
Here inside this place where there are no hills and trees grow
With leaves of silver and a creek runs through in all of its crystalline clarity-
The sun here is just bright enough to guide me down a
Path of hope- and the people in this place are not threatening and
Are true to their word, innocuous, caring and promising that
Here tears are golden and only shed for joy-
No room for sadness, disappointment and fear in this miraculous land,
This magnificent place where I have been reborn-
I own a silver key and a special paintbrush with which I have painted
A rainbow across a sky of cerulean blue- along with phantasmal seraphs
With unyielding strength I have pushed all clouds away.
I listen to the joyous tunes of cherubs' singing- I can see the reflection of
Peace flowers dancing in a cool breeze before the sapphire-hued pond-
My spirit and soul I once believed lost has been found here-
I have locked the door between myself and what so many have deemed as reality
With that phantasmal silver key and thrown it to the wind.
So many have believed that painted rainbows, crystalline creeks and ponds of sapphire-
Songs of angels and trees bearing leaves of silver
Are none but figments of my imagination- I have in a sense lost myself
Inside a world of my delusions but having abandoned fear, sadness and dismay-
This new found peace of mind has become my new reality –as that silver key is
Blowing about in the wind somewhere, some place a long distance upward in the sky-
I know I am safe here inside the shadows of my dreams- knowing that
All clouds have disappeared, my tears
Which have fallen with the rain of past days, are forever gone…

Claudia Krizay

The Magical World of My Dreams

A silver key has locked me inside my own world, where I have
Lost myself inside the shadows of my dreams-
As would a thundercloud, my tears are like the rain that falls-
The sky would clear and as the sun would re-emerge,
Perhaps there is some levity inside this place of my reverie-
Having lost my soul and my spirit following close behind as a
Fledgling bird may have flown by within a moments notice,
I hear the ticking of a clock rhythmically keeping time to
The motion of my steps slowly walking away from
The confusion, fear, and destitution of veracity-
I am none but a silhouette slipping through a crack in the door
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Blowing about in the wind somewhere, some place a long distance upward in the sky-
I know I am safe here inside the shadows of my dreams- knowing that
All clouds have disappeared, my tears
Which have fallen with the rain of past days, are forever gone…

Claudia Krizay

The Party

Laughter filled the room;
Streamers decorated the ceiling-
My fourth birthday,
I knew I was beautiful in
My favorite party dress-
Lights dimmed as
I blew out the candles
On my cake-
Cherry frosting upon
Angel food,
My very favorite-
Inside I was
Echoing my mother's smile-
I was a different star,
Though bright and
Beaming with happiness –
I loved myself-
A different star,
Though too young to fathom
Life's meaning,
Too naïve to
Read the pain behind my mother's smile-
Trees would shed illumination upon
My inner space,
Surrounding our New England mansion and
Their branches tossed about in the
Late January wind-
One day that star's light would burn out,
That I could not then foresee-
Lying on a hard blue mattress in a seclusion room,
Only ten years later,
My life would transform to
The land of the dead-
Rain would inundate my inner space,
As my mother would lie motionless in her bed,
Covers rumpled and nobody cared-
Nobody cared that I was screaming inside, and
Cut off from reality-
Streamers adorned the ceiling in a different place-
My 15th birthday spent listening to records
On a scratched phonograph in a hospital solarium,
The foul stench of urine permeating the room as
I, lost in another time and space,
Blew out the candle on the stale Hostess cupcake as
Other patients sang "Happy birthday"
Each in their own key-
I hardly remembered
My favorite party dress, or the cherry frosting because
The anger and pain I felt
Were just to overpowering-
The late January wind
Rattled the cracked window in the seclusion room-

“Happy birthday” became the saddest song-
I was hardly beautiful in
That seersucker hospital gown,
The hatred I felt towards myself
Was becoming as overwhelming as
The rage I felt towards my mother-
For giving birth to me-
This institution was a far cry from
That New England mansion and
I was weeping inside bitter tears of despair-
The lights were dimming, and I didn’t care-
Because my world had become so dark already that
I could not distinguish reality from unreality, and
My mother’s smile was
None but a shadow, which has
Vanished in the cruel late January wind...

Claudia Krizay

The Path I Walk

I walk this pathway everyday and can see
Tall trees that scrape this lavender- mauve hued sky-
I am alone with my thoughts, as
I have called this trail the passageway toward my world-
I am queen of this forest at the break of this day.
This place, so mystifying and striking has become my sanctuary-.

It has been said that what I do not know
Shall never harm me, though in truth
What I do not know frightens me.
But I still walk this pathway everyday. I call it my home, my private world,
The sky is illuminated by the rising sun.
This is the place where I can escape to the uniqueness of
Pink clouds in the violet-hued sky that shall always
Make my world a stunning and intriguing place, to see.

At times my mind slips backward to the days when
The sky was forever darkening gray and I could not see the sun's light on the horizon-
What I do not and did not know is harming me, frightening me.
However, when I look up toward the sky- pink clouds pass over the sun
The tops of the trees touch the sky at daybreak-
Though the colors are dazzling and even foreign in their shade
The sky has never appeared more magnificent-

I close my eyes and
In a fleeting moment I have become a dove
Lifting my wings and flying higher until I reach the sky-
I have walked this same pathway everyday-
As the sun casts its shadow wherever I walk,
My thoughts rescue me from intruders-

When I look upward toward the sky in this special moment -mauve-lavender in its hue
Decorated with rose-pink clouds and contrasting with the leaves upon the treetops-
Dewdrops are like sparkling diamonds scattered over those leaves of velvet-green.
I shall have lost myself inside the world of my dreams- though
In truth I believe I have found myself upon awakening-
Somehow magically guided towards my own special heaven
When I walk this pathway-
Every day…

Claudia Krizay

The People in My Head

Rain is falling although
I can see the sun creeping out and trying to chase the dark clouds away-
I would venture outward- the foliage on trees, the grass and
Black-eyed Susan's are inviting- and
The view from my window is stunning-
The heat of the summer is at its high point, and
The outside scenery seems to be summoning me,
Calling me to come and join nature's gifts to the world.
My tears today are copious and perhaps more so than raindrops- as
Living in fear has captured me and it is the world outside that I see as threatening.
There has always been a world inside of my mind to which I can escape-
When the cruelty and vengeance of veracity is keeping me prisoner-
I hear voices others do not hear and I converse with people who in reality do not exist.
Sometimes we sing in harmony
Songs of love, peace and that ever so welcoming melody which
Sings of the magic of the gift of my dreams-
The rain may still be falling or the clouds could have disappeared,
However I have lost myself inside of the world of my fantasies-and
Have become blind to the world outside-
Inside my world I see roses, and daffodils blossoming everyplace I walk-
I see birds flying about and I see deer that do not fear me and look into my eyes-
Those eyes that are crying no more tears-
Because I have safely found my home, that is
My home which is far away from people who wish me harm, and
Where people would never hurt, lie to me or betray me-
These I have deemed the people inside of my mind.
I believe that nature shall always summon me to exit, as has been called,
The world of my delusions- if I could break through these walls that hold me prisoner,
From facing what is real and what could possibly harm me, and
Steal my fantasies and thoughts away, I would venture outward.
I would pick a black eyed Susan and tuck it behind my ear, greet the people
Who walk past me and before me, and abandon the fear in which
I have lived in for so many years.
If I had to walk that path in solitude I would, as I am a friend to myself-
And as long as there existed a pathway and a gateway to the place of my delusions
To which I could return when the rain- and my tears begin to fall
Perhaps I could find my safety- and in spite of how fearful I become I must believe
There shall be a day when I realize that flowers of many kinds are growing everywhere
That I walk- whether imagined or true to life- and no matter where I make my journey,
I shall no longer be afraid, as the reality of nature is indeed a miracle

Claudia Krizay

The Place Of My Dreams

Nobody ever walked this path before
-before trees grew here nearly touching the sky,
I am alone safely inside a world of my own-
A world where only deer roam and birds fly about-
Cardinals, robins and sometimes
I believed I saw angels-
Angels singing in harmony with bird songs-
The wind would rustle the leaves upon the trees and
In the early summertime, cicadas would sing incessantly-
Incessantly and melodiously-
Only one day I heard a different sound-
The sounds of footsteps and children screaming,
Following closely behind me-
I would hide behind a tall oak tree and I would almost weep as
My solitude has been interrupted and
I am no longer safe as my private world had been invaded-
Nobody ever walked this path before until this day and
My dream has been transformed to a nightmare-
I am not safe in a world destroyed by the presence of strangers-
Cardinals, robins and cicadas are my friends and
Other people are my enemies whom I do not trust-
Following in my footsteps and trying to make eye contact,
To read the verses of the songs my mind composes?
I know I have seen angels and heard them singing, and
Birds chanting along with the gentle winds
Rustling the leaves upon the trees-
But now other people have discovered the path,
upon which I have walked alone,
And my secure space has become a public tenement-
I once believed nobody ever walked this path before,
This path to which I could escape reality and lose myself inside
The magnificent world of my delusions-now they have come to take me away and
To lock me inside this prison which I cannot escape?
I cannot hear the angels singing here and birds are seemingly far away-
Here I have lost myself inside my own world,
one so different and so frightening?
There are people here, so close to me, yet I feel so alone-
Although alone in a dangerous way- I am singing my own song,
Hoping that the angels can hear me and one day I shall be back in unison with nature,
Far away from intruders and singing in harmony with nightingales –
And once again, alone safely,
as I shall have abandoned the nightmare of reality,
Touching the sky in my dreams, dancing with angels as I listen to the cicadas chanting
Happily as they are lost inside the world of their fantasies, just as I wish to be…

Claudia Krizay

The Quiet Room

By a thread, I hang, as the knell tolls.
Moribund and cacophonous,
Surrounded by angels of death, I am.
They chortle and laugh at me, as
The tragic side show carries on.
I am amongst the persecuted,
Caught in a sinister grasp-
With the clapping of thunder,
My flailing limbs, caught in a vice.
Crouched in a corner, I have lost my battle with life.
My hair, frazzled, as that of a madman.
Blackened ice paves the floors through the doors of death.
Kicking and screaming, I find myself surrounded by
Yellowed walls, caught in a cyclone as
Veracity slips through my open palms.
None but a glimmer of light,
Hope without a prayer has been snuffed out as
I am a prisoner trapped within this iron vault.
The foul stench of urine permeates as the
Walls spin in an emotional typhoon.
Voices are loudening,
Blood-curdling, then muffled,
My chapped lips crack as I vociferate madness,
Bellowing and shouting
I cower in a corner then thrash about.
The knell continues to toll as thunder keeps clapping.
Lightening ignites my sordid spirit.
I am a hellion sailing the rapid river towards bedlam.
My fists pound upon the paint-stained concrete,
Black as fear, blood gushes from the ceiling.
Leaded paint chips cascade downward,
Hitting the ground in staccato rhythm.
The knell tolls “Abide with me” as
I lie outstretched upon the glacier-cold floor.
As I gasp for a breath of air
I count backwards.
A ghost-like silence has settled as dry snow would,
Blanketing the room-
I close my eyes and a wooden smile
Creeps up upon my face and as I listen with caution,
The people in my head begin to converse with me once more…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

The Refracting

I could reach out with one hand,
Mauve-hued in dusk's shadows, and
Grasp the moon with my fingertips.
If I could reach beyond a rainbow, if
One could be found,
Perhaps I could even capture some ethereal star.
If I am to remain a part of this world,
Or some sort of its messenger, I must
Keep myself safe in hiding, for
The earth has been shattered where my feet were once
Steadfast- edifices are crumbling, and
Falling, falling and falling into a bloodbath.
Seared flesh of carrion and ogling eyes of the living dead
Surround burning tenements destroyed by
Earthquakes emanating from meteors afire-
Destitute and homeless I stand drenched, soaked and demolished,
By the pounding drizzle of acid rain.
My inner child is searching and groping for love, comfort and humility-
Perhaps if I could somehow find my way beyond a rainbow, and
Touch its glass-like surface, inside, my pent up rage
Would be tamed by the aura that surrounds the moon, and I would
Meet face to face with the person I know that
I was never meant to be-
Downtrodden and oppressed, or as bitter as blood exuded
By its mother fruit, although steadfast forever upon this earth.
As reeking tenements shatter and fall in a curtain before my eyes,
They shall always penetrate through the rubble.
That ethereal star I am, owning light beams that
Refract against the prismatic horizon.
This is the hour of the day when the rainbow's reflection
Can be seen shining through the countenance of saints,
And through the tears flowing from the glazed eyes of sinners' fury,
If you believe,
If you only would believe,
Perhaps you could plant your feet within the remains of
Shattered edifices, and weep only for the loss of your existence,
Grasp for the moon with your fingertips, and
Make contact always, with the eyes of saints and angels, and
With those of that inner child you own inside,
In yourself you would believe, you would believe….

Claudia Krizay

The SUn is Calling

The sun is
Calling me- I do not hear- though
Only the flapping of the wings of the
Canadian wild geese and the
Far away footsteps of
The intruders who follow me-
I can faintly hear the
Rays of the sun in the distance screaming their doleful cries,
Masked by the motion of the branches of the wild oak and cedar trees
As they shiver in the early morning's draft-
Water rushes down the creek that adorns the trail
Beside which I walk-
Robins and cardinals chant their early morning litany-
Deer stand stalwart close to the path ahead of me-
I hear footsteps behind me as I turn my head although
All I can see is the sky-
Inside of my mind I have built a sanctuary, and
A small cabin in which to hide-
As I walk deeper into the thicket,
I begin to lose myself into another place in time-
Thee sun is calling me- I do not hear-
I have closed my eyes to the world around me and
Have lost myself inside of the world of my dreams
This world where I am omnipotent and no one is
Allowed to enter-
Somehow I find I cannot escape the grip that
This planet has made upon me-
The grip of ill fate and of mistrust-
It is the intruders who follow me
That clash with the beauty of the sun,
The loveliness of the song of the wild, and
With the mystery of the woodlands-
I would fly close to the sun with the
Canadian wild geese if I only had the wings to
Lift me off of the ground and
Carry myself to some other universe where
I could in reality be omnipotent and not afraid to sing-
To carry the tunes that keep my spirit alive as I abandon
The fear that has so deeply injured my soul-
The rays of the sun are screaming and a lone nightingale
Sings its soprano solo-
I break into a run carrying with me inside the safe haven of my thoughts,
The refuge of my delusions- and my flagging grasp on reality-
The sun is calling me-
This time I hear, as I feel the strength of my character evolving-
I look upward and see more than the sky, but
That could-be heaven and the faces of angels, as
They look down upon me in awe and admiration- I realize that
I have nothing to fear-
As nobody can rob me of my thoughts or of my imaginings and
I have come to the realization that I have found that other universe, if only in
The sanctuary of my dreams…

Claudia Krizay

The Threat

Somebody locked the door last night, while
Veracity and unreality had been
In that moment indistinguishable-
In the past as a young and innocent child,
Overwhelmed by
Spoken words nobody else could hear-
Sights nobody else could see- and
Insects crawling up and down my limbs-
Lost inside the world of my delusiveness
Nobody believed my plight and
Rain could fall upon my foundation as invisible to
The rest of the world-
There was no recourse to the fear- or the
Thoughts unbound and windswept by a tornado
As they could be-
There was no recourse to the fear-
Somebody locked the door last night-
When all hope had been pilfered I believed that
My soul had been set afire-
My wishes were none but pipe dreams where there was
No place to run, no place to hide from
Fear, suspicion and rage that
Damaged the very heart, mind and spirit of me-
A prisoner inside this space of life-
This is the box they put me in,
With no recourse to the pain-
Dreams they had for me-
High hopes for a life of fame and fortune-
Though only in their eyes-
I never grew to become a princess, but
None but a prisoner of war-
That is, the war that raged inside of me-
A battle lost and shattered dreams-
Rain, snow, sleet and hail are falling upon
My foundation, weakened and drowning in the midst of
The world of my thoughts in conglomeration
Of commanding voices, and feelings out of control,
Irrational in the eyes of others-
Incoherent even in the eyes of God-
God has forsaken me, my prayers in despair unanswered-
This is the box they put me in.
Unrelenting rage- I am counting every second-
Grasping for hope, reaching for a star to wish upon-
Chained to a wall and behind iron bars, though phantasmal-
The feeling of confinement and helplessness-
Painfully incomprehensible-
There is no recourse to the fear.
There is no recourse to the darkness and
I am blinded by a mask of never ending terror-
I have searched for an exit from this tenement of bleakness-though
The walls are insurmountable-
With no recourse to this battle I have fought every day of my life and

This is the box they put me in- which
Somebody has locked the door to and
Thrown away the key.

-

Claudia Krizay

The Truth About Schizophrenia

Lying here awakening
While the rest of the world is sleeping,
I can hear strangers speaking-
For more than a moment in passing,
Their voices are soft but ominous-
As would be a breeze whispering
In the dawn of the early springtime-although becoming
As fierce as the strength of a hurricane
Or as destructive just in the moment
As a tornado that approaches without warning.
I attempt to ward them away.
They would never cease their threats, as would
Menacing insects- they are not afraid, as they seemingly hover about me.
Here at my bedside, it is an early winter's morning-
I lie in total darkness- not only amidst the darkness of the sky
Outside my picture window, but amidst the darkness of my trepidation-
The voices come alive inside the world of my delusions-
Shadows cast upon the wall before me are
Seemingly dancing to the dirge that repeats inside
The fortress of my mind.
Bells ring and people scream relentlessly - ghosts and hellions-
At all times the enemies, are commanding and threatening-
I am always the victim- I live in fear.
Lying here awake,
While the rest of the world sleeps-
I converse with my shadow that appears upon the ceiling.
It speaks to me, it's conniving words, until
It disappears with the rising of the sun.
The day begins for everyone at sunrise, however
My days have no beginning or no end-
My life is an uphill journey-
A pathway never ending.

Claudia Krizay

The Unknown Star

I was born of an unknown star, of a mother who did not know herself-
From the very beginning I was a canary that could not sing and who
Would fall to the ground every time I lifted my wings to fly-
Trapped inside a cage of my own delusions,
I was alone looking upward towards that clouded sky, searching for that unknown star,
Where by chance I could find a place where I would belong-

My mother wept a wide stream of tears
Not to be consoled from the deep pain that tore at her heart-
The day I lost myself to another world, she abandoned me as agony wrenched her soul-
A phantasmal canary lying still at the bottom of my cage-
Hiding behind a rainbow looking for rays of hope,
Trying to deafen the voices only I could hear,

Searching for that unknown star,
I would dance in the rain beneath the faint light of the moon at night
Seeking for myself, that person I could not find, however
All I could find was a shadow upon the wall-

A shadow upon the wall I hardly recognized as myself,
A reflection within a pond which was that stream of my mother's tears-
Dancing in the rain trying to become somebody,
Somebody famous or a perhaps an angel or a saint,
Trapped inside a cage of my own apparition where dense cloud cover barred me from
That unknown star where I might feel at home-

Looking about me at hillsides I might have tried to climb-all I could see was my shadow.
A shadow upon a hillside or inside, a shadow upon the wall,
A vague reflection within a pool of tears- Seemingly eyes of a ghost staring into mine,
Reading the demonic thoughts that raced inside of my mind-
Born of an unknown star, I had never found a home and
Born of an unknown star, I had never found myself-
Searching inside and outside all I could ever see was
A dark shadow of a lost person with no destiny or direction-

That canary that could not sing or fly, or perhaps a being who
Tried to come to life dancing in the rain beneath the faint moonlight- I became
A shadow dancing beneath the light of that unknown star I could not reach-
Hoping someday I would save the souls of those who despair and expectantly
Someday I would become that canary, but lifting my wings to fly and bursting into song,
Joyfully watching the sunrise as the moon would vanish
Behind disappearing dark clouds of despair.

Claudia Krizay

The World Outside My WIndow

There exists a big world outside-
It rained last night. - Puddles of water reflect the sun rising from
Behind cumulus clouds- A break in the storm-
A cease-fire of the thunder- Lightening strikes my heart with its
Unyielding pain and untamed rage-
I am locked inside a world of my own-
I bravely step over the threshold that
Defines my madness- hoping for a
Break in the clouds and for the sun to shed some light
Upon the darkness that consumes me- People are talking-
Inside my mind without interruption-
If I were to sing, it would be an elegy-
Leave no flowers to adorn my gravesite-
In this war I fight from day to day
Out in the world beyond my front doorstep
An army of three billion soldiers has been declared the enemy-
I am the victim- safety has evaded me- Locked inside the firing zone-
I am captive of intruders who wish to harm me-
Inside my mind, people are dressed to kill.
If I could swim an ocean towards safety,
An island of serenity- I would most likely drown before
I reached the shore of my destiny.
Lightening shall brighten skies blackened with terror,
Though only for a brief moment and then
I am locked back inside that penitentiary of despair-
Inside my mind voices scream and tell me that
They want me dead and if I believed they
Could hear me singing that elegy and were to come to life,
They would leave a bouquet of roses upon my gravesite –
Yellow roses as had grown in my deceased father’s garden-
It rained last night- it is raining now and tomorrow,
Is another day- it is summer and leaves on the trees are greener and
Grasses grow high-I can see from my picture window-
This big world exists outside my front door.
I sing my elegy and hold on to that bouquet of yellow roses-
They bring back so many fond memories and I weep as I
Await another lightening bold to give me- if none but a split second of
Brightens to guide me, as I once more attempt to swim that ocean towards
My destiny, although the rain just keeps on falling-

Claudia Krizay

They Live Here

There have often been times when I have shut the world out-
But never fear, for I carry a key on a string inside of my mind-
A key that unlocks that door to madness, as
Threatening people have often wondered
What goes on inside that chamber of lunacy?
What is happening inside of the mind of
This person we cannot reach?
This miraculous key I shall never lose,
For when I unlock this door I enter
This world of my spectacular fantasies or often called by others, delusions-
I have heard the voices of angels and
Voices of sorcerers' nightmares-
But also, the words of my favorite songs and
I have reached that palace in the sky where
I can converse with the people who live
Inside the fortress of my mind-
Surrounded by a world of people I do not trust,
I often shut that world out and as I take that key
That hangs off of the string of my imagination
And I unlock that magical door that leads to
The community of friends who dwell inside of my mind-
That supernatural land that belongs to me alone-
And I am never alone because I carry my dream world with me
Every place that I travel, whether I travel near or far away,
I can always converse with these people who listen to me
And respond to their intimate conversation-
Softly intriguing and sometimes heart rendering -
I am the queen of this place I have created for myself,
Canonized a saint of my own salvation-
Other people in the surrounding outside world
May laugh, ridicule or simply not understand
Why I have escaped reality- and why I do not weep
Or do not seem destitute in my solitude- they do not own that extraordinary key
That unlocks the gate that leads to the land of my dreams-
And all that they can hear are cars dashing down the boulevard day and night,
And other everyday sounds on a typical day in their world of veracity-
Their tears may fall with the rain that never falls upon my world, and
In spite of what they believe-the meaning of the voices inside my mind,
They shall never know…

Claudia Krizay

Thought Broadcasting

Silence is a silver ship
Traveling at the speed of the darkness,
Black holes are the edifices in which I
Build my thoughts-
Word by word,
Each and every syllable forms upon my lips,
And then broadcasted, aloud-
Thoughts are killers- thoughts can harm-
My thoughts can be heard from afar.
Within this room I write my thoughts
With a pen that is void of ink, or a pencil
That has no lead,
Invisible they are, but somehow,
These thoughts are broadcasted aloud.
Thoughts are killers thoughts control-
My thoughts can be heard from afar.
A silver ship with its sail to the wind,
A wild horse that canters across vast terrain, or
Pebbles that roll off of my fingertips,
That splash into the creek, one by one,
You can see, you can hear, as
My thoughts, broadcasted aloud.
My thoughts can be heard from afar.
My thoughts are a flame that only I can quench.
I am in control of what comes into my mind,
As my hands build the world from
The bricks of Time,
My thoughts control the world.
My thinking destroys those, whom I abhor,
My thoughts control the downtrodden.
Silence is a silver ship, or
The dome beneath which I dwell-
I build my edifice beneath this dome.
No one dares to enter, as
I have broadcasted a message to the world,
My eyes order the world away;
My thoughts are broadcasted aloud,
A bad thought can destroy, as good ones
Create and control,
My thoughts control the world…

Claudia Krizay

Thought Swings

Yesterday was bright, yesterday,
Laughter, peace of mind, love defined
Every hour, no rain fell
A few snow flurries, always magical
Dusting the trees, the grass, the sidewalk
Towards heaven, if I believed, I could
Go places in this world-stable ground without
Natural disasters, earthquakes, no place swept away
By force of a tornado-today snow melts, freezing rain, temperature drops
Thirty degrees, water freezes to icy grounds,
I do not feel safe; in God I place no trust,
In humanity I do not believe- threatening as a meteor afire
Dropping atop the shelter, always mine, shattering the rooftop
Of my existence-what ever became of yesterday,
Not terribly cold but flurries dusted seemingly painting
The grounds white- laughter rang in the air, from the voices of just a few
Familiar people? Today is hell burning, I could take my life and
Disappear someplace in the universe, far away- life on some other planet
In another far off solar system- I hear the wind, hurricane strength coming to
Blow away what is left of my sanity- this planet is not a safe place,
Fire from hell burns me at the stake, no escape; I can feel the pain of burning ember
About every ounce of my existence? Yesterday I danced upon the ceiling and
Sang songs of love, hope, faith and joy, my peace of mind has vanished, I can almost
see it blow up in smoke as I look into the sky- Venus is rising as the sun sets behind
mountains of madness and sparks fly from firecrackers exploding, brightening
The pathway before me-feeling threatened by the force of nature but
As I hide beneath a tall oak tree- dismissing yesterday because yesterday is a day
gone by- today I suffer from dismay and distress- good days come and disappear but
Death fear, sadness, and mistrust always become days gone by- a rainbow can appear
on anyone's horizon and we bid a sad farewell to yesterday and we plow through
today's
Distress, pain and fear as we become our own forceful tornadoes, carrying misfortune
toward another realm-I believe that yesterday has disappeared somewhere in the
Magnificence of the deep blue sea and today shall become tonight in a few hours
passing?
I believe, I believe that I can peer over the horizon, today shall reach its finality and
There shall always be a tomorrow-

Claudia Krizay

Through My Eyes

I believe-
I believe my thoughts are being broadcasted
I believe you can see my world through my eyes-
When your eyes are closed, I believe that you can hear my thoughts
My thoughts that speak of persecution and threat
These thoughts, as directed towards the rest of the world.
I place my hands over my eyes so that
What is inside of mind does not become
The literature of other people-
Even though my thoughts are silent
When your eyes make contact with mine,
All that I am thinking screams out to you and
I know you wish to harm me.
I believe-
I believe I am being threatened
Being threatened by those who follow my path,
Walking behind me, and somehow
Knowing my destination-
The leaves upon the trees have fallen in autumn and
Now the trees are barren, and I have no place to hide.
This whole world has become the enemy.
I believe my thoughts are broadcasted as I walk,
Kicking aside stones and the leaves that have fallen-
Snow has fallen upon the edge of time and
I stand upon the edge of time, counting the minutes-
Counting every second before the whole world knows of
The anger, hurt and my thoughts misconstrued,
That are torturing me every day and every night-
All I can do is to keep on walking and hope
That one day this mistrust of the world shall
Heal inside my troubled mind and somebody's eyes
Will make contact with mine and say
"it doesn't matter to me what you are thinking because
You are a person with a heart and a soul like everyone else and
I believe we all have faults-" I look towards the sky searching for an increment of hope
A world exists inside of me- a beautiful world I hope someday will not matter
If I let somebody inside to see- to know my destination and
I won't need to hide anymore- when spring comes flowers shall blossom and
Leaves shall grow in the summer- and in the autumn leaves shall turn colors and fall-
I shall continue my journey towards the day I can learn to trust the world around me,
As I kick aside the stones and the fallen leaves as I walk-
With my eyes open to the world, my spirit, unafraid.

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Time is Running Out

Pale as a sheet of ice upon the wooded trail
Early in the morning on a winter's day at sunrise
You are lying lifeless, your eyes closed to the world around you;
If you were to come to life you would be
Looking into my eyes wide open,
My mind being your tragic literature-
The sun rests low behind the mountains,
The grass is greener than a polished emerald
Reflecting light so frighteningly bright that
It has become a mirror in which I can see my own eyes
Stunningly terrified echoed in the dewdrops-
Time is running out for me-
I believe that the end is near-
Time is running out as my tears hit the ground
In staccato rhythm as I am trying to figure
Why life has been a catastrophic musical - once hope gave me reason to persevere-
The imaginary clock only I can see tells me it is early morning and
All I can see is bleeding flesh through a multitude of tears-
My time is running out and the cold wind blows
The leaves upon the trees surrounding-
God's eyes are upon me and all I can do is ask
Will I go to heaven when my heart
Makes its final beat and will my shadow remain by my side?
Hell is here on earth and I have lived a life of persecution,
Terror and dismay as I am constantly standing upon a cliff
On the brink of disaster- I am none but a lost soul and I still see my reflection
Through my tears as I cry out in fear- if I were a bird I would
Spread my wings and fly away from this planet earth to
A safer haven if one exists- I realize now that the lifeless figure before me is
None but an image of the angry, suspicious person I truly am-
The sun shows its face above the mountaintops as the trees shiver in the wind-
Time is running out and I am at death's door-
Time is running out for me and I have been robbed of my spirit-
Hope has been snuffed out and time is running out-
As I listen to the voices only I can hear and as I look into the eyes of a ghost-
I see the hands upon that phantasmal clock spinning out of control-
Time is running out today but I can still see the sun-
Time is running out, and the sun will fall behind the mountains when dusk sets in
Leaving me in the darkness- time shall run out but tomorrow-well-
Tomorrow is another day…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Time Passes

Time is passing while I am waiting
For true life to have some meaning-
Time is passing and I blindly
Count to ten upon my fingers-
Not knowing and not even able to distinguish
What is real from what is not?
One, two, three and the voices inside me won't stop commanding-
Four, five and six-
All I see are snakes within the bleakness and confinement of this room-
Seven, eight, and nine, and even through this dim light I believe I am being watched-
I count aloud to ten upon my fingers and
Time is passing and all that is all that I hear for the moment-
All that I see, I reach out to touch or to open my eyes to see-
Time has passed and everything is silent, without a trace of
Ever being near and once more I count,
Starting at seven, eight and then nine- watching the second hand on the wall clock and
Ten? Ten more hours to be locked inside of this empty, room where
The walls are barren and I am alone with my thoughts-
Time is passing and I would be running away, but there is nowhere to run to, except to
Places inside of my mind and one, two three and all that I see is
The walls of this empty room and a locked door-
I could count from one to a thousand and
Inside of this room I would remain- I could count to one million and
I would die before I even got there- so I count from one to three over and over because
Everything is seemingly easier when I am lost inside the world of my fantasies and
I realize now what is not truly real and threatening shall never harm me and
Time is passing and as I count, I am blissfully losing myself inside the world
I have made here inside of my mind for myself, alone…
This way time may pass even before the sun rises tomorrow, and then-and then?
My life perhaps shall have some meaning-

Claudia Krizay

To Marjjorie and I

(This poem was originally written with
My non-dominate hand.)

She upheld the rising sun with the inner strength,
She felt so proudly in her heart, mind and soul.

The late summer breeze carried her spirit.

There was so much love in her heart,
She could generously give to the ones she trusted, and cared for,
But so sadly, masked by the purplish thunderclouds,
A storm, obviously eminent,
Turned her heart upside-down,
Her innate sorrow, exacerbated.

She ran from the migrating wild geese.
She feared so deeply anything that could harm her-
Whether a sudden bolt of lightening striking,
Or simply being under a constant watch.

Her spirit adoringly danced with the change of seasons,
As fairy dust scattered from the sky above.

She ran with the morning wind,
Down the path by the creek beside,
Hoping to find love, harmony and peace of mind forever.

A smile crept up upon her face,
As she felt a chill in the air.
The change of season had just begun.

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

To Reach The Sky

I may have found my paradise, and
If I could only reach the sky,
I would know I will have arrived at the home of my desire;
When I was very young, I was a child without direction,
I was lost and hardly knew which street I walked, though every day,
Terrified of the nighttime hours, I was and
Fearful of the world outside, from the moment that
The sun rose in the valley I could envision outside of my bedroom window?
I could sing angelic hymns concerning the loveliness of this world,
I could sing but my spirit was on the run from veracity and
I hardly believed or understood the words I sung-
It was none but a harmonious tune echoing inside my mind,
Dismembered in many ways, as my thinking was out of touch-
Whenever the rain would fall I would sing and dance outside but
Inside the world of my delusions, locked and keyed from the real world,
That unfamiliar place, perhaps too familiar in many ways, that
It had become the fortress of my intrusive enemies?
Rain is falling hard at this moment, and I cannot reach the sky-
Rain is falling in torrents and my paradise is hidden behind the ominous gray clouds-
My paradise I have never seen as I cannot see beyond the
Fabricated world I have created inside the confinement of my bedroom?
Fairy tales of magical places existing beyond the sky were told to me
From the inside of storybooks and at night I would dream of
Sailing a phantasmal boat beyond the sun, searching for some
Sorcery that would find me a safer haven inside of which to live my life-
A life free from threatening trespassers, cold and gusty winds and
A world of people that could not rob me of my thoughts as well as those
Who could not follow close behind me and terrorize my mind-
Awakening every morning in the darkness, I find myself trapped inside of
A nightmare of horrors I cannot seem to escape from-
If I could only climb that miraculous ladder towards the sky,
To visit the moon at twilight and to ride upon the tail of a shooting star
That would possibly take me to the planet of my dreams?
My paradise, my paradise, where are you now, I ask in thought, and
Why was I born, tell me, why I was born a misfit of society,
Different from all others, these others that attempt to
Read my mind but cannot comprehend as if my thoughts were
Written in some foreign script completely unintelligible?
One day I shall die and when I die I shall be set free
To climb that wondrous ladder built just for me to ascend-
To climb to my paradise in the sky and that
Melodic tune inside my mind shall come alive and I shall pirouette
With the cherubs and the saints although others
here say they are not truly real-
Although inside the community of my thoughts, everything seems real and
To others, things that cannot be seen clash with veracity-
But to me what I cannot touch in this life
is what I believe shall save my very soul-
I carry my paradise inside of my mind and one day I shall abandon
Pain and misfortune and inside mind and body
I shall in all finality reach the sky,
Dance amongst the stars and sing my own hymns of joy and triumph-

I shall plant my own tree of life, and its branches shall give me shade and
A place beneath which to rest, sleep and to
dream of all the goodness that awaits me, and
When the victorious music begins to louden and deafen the nightmares of my past,
I shall finally be set free…

Claudia Krizay

Today

Once many walked behind me on
The same path while
Nobody has ever walked before me-
Every time I look behind
Someone is approaching me-
I could see my reflection in a pond nearby or perhaps, in a mirror-
Yesterday is gone and
Nobody knows what tomorrow shall bring-
I tell myself that
Whatever lurks behind is none but a
Memory of yesterday and
I must not look behind because
All that happened yesterday is none but a threat to me.
I shall keep looking at my reflection
Whether it be in a pond, a mirror or
Perhaps I may see none but a shadow-
But these are all the same.as
I have learned to believe in myself,
And to live only for today-
Yesterday shall soon be forgotten-
Shadows always disappear but
I shall always be true to my reflection-
Only because my reflection always reveals the present moment-
I have lost many a shadow along the paths I have walked and
I can only fantasize of how I would like tomorrow to be;
Some memories of yesterday
Are entertaining but beyond my ability to grasp-
Today I call a branch upon a tree-
Which I can always hold onto and perceive, while
My shadow has once again slipped through my fingertips-
That path before me is never ending-
I can only dream of what tomorrow may bring, but
Today is a blossoming flower or a rainbow on the horizon-
Today I have nothing to fear as
My reflection belongs to me alone and nobody can ever take away
What I can clearly see before me-

Claudia Krizay

Torn Paper Thoughts

I live within a castle, towering,
Knit from spun glass, my mother’s yarn

Rattling within an arctic squall, torn paper feeds the fire.

Dry ice chills the ocean waves,
As sea foam laps onto the shore.

My wrath is heated metal,
Running hot,
Then turning cold.

My rage,
An untamed stallion, is corralled, and then contained.

I reach out for solace.
Blinded by smoke
That rises and smolders,
I do not see through the density of my castle’s wall.

I feel, but I fear to weep.
I can laugh when loved ones die..

Torn paper thoughts are blown about in disarray, scattering;
Schizophrenia:
My heart falls and knocks upon its cage,
Barred from the world outside.

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Transformation

On this quiet summer's night
The quarter moon seemingly upholds a
Shooting star against
A background sky of royal blue-
Through the mystifying darkness
I would follow the pathway of the wind,
That wind that can almost be seen-
That wind that is frighteningly stark white within
My mind's eye, so powerfully blowing,
Though I have been told by the magical voices inside of my mind,
Not in an angry or threatening way-
To me everything in this vast and complex world
In which I live is ominous and intimidating-
I would stand in awe upon a mountaintop, of
The sky that is part of this universe so vast and mysterious-always looking
In the direction of the wind with hope that
Someday it shall subside and the barren tree
That stands by the lonesome creek in its solitude
Shall bear leaves and give me shade and some comfort, as I am left alone to dream.
One evening there shall be thousands of stars illuminating the sky so that
I can journey without trepidation into the distant and perplexing universe
At the dawning of a new day without ever looking behind-
Within my utmost imagination, I shall embrace the mysticism of the sun as it
Ascends over the horizon and I will have found some peace-
It shall not matter the time or place because
I shall have only moved forward in this life,
When I find myself standing on the same mountaintop on another balmy summer's eve,
I shall behold the moon and stars, brilliant against the darkening sky,
My heart shall burst into a joyful song as all that I fear
Will have been carried away by the wind- and contentment and peace of mind
Shall be written in the stars above, changing my life forever.

Claudia Krizay

Trapped

Today the sky is blue as far as I can see-
Except perhaps for one cloud
Dancing within the shadows of time.
Today I am locked inside of a metal box-
A metal box with one small hole
From which I can look out and see the sky-
But only the sky.
A gentle breeze blows through this hole, and
Slightly cools the fire searing inside of me-
That fire of anger that rages as would a forest bonfire,
That shall not be quenched.
Flames rise and smolder inside of my heart, for
There exists a small door inside of this box
To which I have the key to its lock-
A key that dangles from a string which hangs around my neck.
All I can see is the sky but I know inside of my thoughts
There are tall and beautiful trees outside,
Which that cool breeze rustles-
There is a trail where deer gracefully run wild,
Cardinals fly about and cicadas sing.
Then there are the enemies that follow me wherever I walk and
Stare into the pupils of my eyes and steal my thoughts away-and
When my rage scorches my heart and I threaten- they laugh and
Call me a lunatic. That key is dangling about my neck, and
My hand aches to grasp hold of it and to unlock the door to this metal cage
That confines me. I can feel the water in the creek that runs through the trail
Caressing my ankles as my spirit dances to the tune of the
Song played by the beating of the wings of the cicadas, while
My hair is blown about in the subtle wind-
Tears begin to fall as from hail in a summer storm-
I am trapped inside this empty metal cage-like box, as
I am confined inside the violent frenzy of my own fantasies-
Those fantasies that ensnare me and separate me from the world outside.
The world outside I have been told is a strikingly amazing place but inside of my mind
Demons lie to me and strangle me with the string that holds the key to reality
About my neck. I scream so loudly it blows the top off of the box, and
I find myself lying in the grass as thunder claps and the rain pours down upon me-
But I can still feel the fire burning my heart and my mind, as
I am doomed to be trapped inside this outrageous world of my thoughts-forever.

Claudia Krizay

True Believer

I trust that everything happens for a reason, as in that,
I am a true believer,
Even if that means you both, my loved ones have passed away
At the time I was a wounded spirit who did not know myself-
I was a lost soul, who climbed many a ladder but always fell,
Forcefully hitting concrete ground.
I loved you both with all true devotion, although
I so often felt misunderstood by you and
I hid from the world within a garden of budding roses,
With hope that I too would someday blossom and flourish-
I stood beneath an oak tree, hiding,
Feeling persecuted and terrified of all that was real and
Having made my home in an inexplicable world of fantasy,
Even called by some a world of my own delusions,
One day a brutal storm approached and
Lightening struck and both that oak tree and
This distant star that brightened up my dark and ominous world-
Came crashing down upon me.
I have wept violent tidal waves of tears
Flooding any hopes for a future with the all of the strength of a hurricane,
I can still see your faces through dark clouds, intangible, and nearly blinding me.
My life seems to be losing all of its meaning but somewhere inside
I shall always believe that everything happens for a reason.
I bravely continued my journey through forests of trees in every season-
Through rain, wind, extreme heat and cold-
Today I am finding shelter beneath clouds of fortune and
I have made a new home; I am building a life for myself,
And am finding daffodils blossoming in the very early springtime
Walking along pathways where I can now climb over rocks without stumbling-
I know now that lost spirits can find themselves and
As the sun casts its shadows upon every pathway that I walk before,
And although alone I have the courage now to persevere-
I foresee a time when I will be able to survive as I am gaining strength day by day,
I believe roses shall blossom in the summertime just for me.
I am stronger now and my spirit is singing hymns of peace and joy.
I can still lose myself in flight of imagination but can always find my way out,
Because all that has happened to me has happened for those reasons and in that-
I am a true believer.

Claudia Krizay

Two Worlds

Today is overcast- they say it will rain,
They said it would rain last night-
I was lost in thought when the thunder clapped-
Lightening brightened up the sky, though only for a moment-
Then darkness overtook the entire universe-
I am alone in my own world- that is my choice-
I see people everyday- outside of the world I was born in.
These people are strangers speaking a language I understand although
When words are put together in sentences- I cannot relate.
I am speaking of two worlds- one where millions live,
That unsafe, threatening place- and the world of my thoughts that I live in
Nearly all of the time- the one into which I surely believe
Is the one into which I was born, at the time, safe and sound.
Today is overcast- they say it shall rain-
They said it would rain last night, but when the raindrops
Splashed upon the edge of time, I was lost inside of that world of my own.
In that world of my own, where rain never falls,
In that world of my own, children are never born into.
Somebody stole me and brought me here- into the cruel and threatening place
Where millions of deranged and crazy people live-
Somehow, inside that world, I never fit in and
I feel I never belonged.
I would dance in the rain - the rain that they predicted-
I would dance and sing in this cruel world trying to cope until the sky would fall and
I would find myself in that sky, searching for the world into which I was born?
I am searching for always for that magical place that
Presently only exists inside the world of my thoughts.
Some years ago they took me and locked me inside a room they called 'Seclusion'-
A room dreaded by many to be locked inside-but I found peace of mind there,
If such a thing exists and in this room I could build my fantasies and dreams-
Until they released me back into that world that had not been kind to me.
Let it rain and let lightening strike-let the rain wash my tears away-
I guess I will keep dancing and singing in the rain until the sky falls or until
They take me away again and lock me in that room once more and there
I can lose myself into the world I created and listen to the rain fall as the sky falls-
While thunder claps- a beautiful sound that drowns out angry voices and
Lightening strikes, brightening a pathway where some day I dream,
I will find peace of mind without ever having to turn back time.

Claudia Krizay

Universe

Often I have wondered,
Watching the full moon rise over the mountains
At dusk- if some day I could
Travel along its pathway as it
Revolves about the earth, and perhaps even find myself
Riding bareback on a comet- and landing,
To build a home there on the moon-
I know I could never plant a tree there,
That there are no rivers there
To walk along, or no highways to drive upon
That would lead me to that eternal paradise of my fantasies-
Wherever it may be?
If I could find myself alone,
Standing upon a magical mountain above
One of the moon's phenomenal craters-
In my solitude I could let my imagination
Carry me to other places in the universe
Towards where I could escape the
Wars, famine and destitution of the earth-
Towards Venus I would fly if I could, or
Towards Mars while becoming a nightingale in my wildest dream-
The rings of Saturn I have always found intriguing and
Almost striking in their splendor-
Inside the fortress of my wildest dreams I know that
The sun has given us light here for countless centuries,
And most likely- shall be present countless more-
And as magnificent and mystifying as the planets are-
They are beyond my reach- except within my fondest reverie-
In a dream, no matter day or night- however, I can
Let my phantasmal spirit carry me light years away,
Happy to be soaring across the universe through that sky of
Cerulean blue- without my dreams, I would have no destination,
Often I have wondered – as I look upwards towards the stars
In the midnight sky- if it truly matters how far away they are- as
They were born and created eons past to add some splendor and enchantment
To the billions of people here on this planet earth - as well as
The thrill and sorcery of wondering what we do not know-

Claudia Krizay

Us

I once stood alone, then,
I followed your lead.
I slipped through your grasp, and
Fell into oblivion.
It was just you and I together,
Gazing into each other's eyes,
Just you and I …dazzling they were, those eyes,
Piercing and lingering were our glances-
Our smiles, frozen, and
Your countenance, pallid, but
Not lacking expression-
That was the day I tried to
Pick up the pieces of our nightmare, after
Too much hail had come down.
We had both slipped and fallen, and while I rose to my feet,
You lay quietly and motionless.
I walked into the twilight sky, as
The sun was setting, and simultaneously
The full moon was mounting over the horizon…
You stood and walked slowly, following in my footsteps, as
The sky blackened-
The man- in- the- moon laughed and laughed as
You followed my lead, and in that moment
I broke into a run. You tiptoed slowly behind me, until
I looked over my shoulder and saw that
You had disappeared somewhere inside the hovering fog.
I may have picked a bouquet of wilted dandelions for you and
Handed them to you, if I were to hear you calling my name, and in turn,
You would pick for me wild violets and forget- me –knots,
Though I never would have surmised-
I can still hear your tears
Splashing, one by one onto the pond where
We used to meet.
I stand here alone, never again to follow your lead, although
I f I could I would
Give to you every flower I could pick, and together
We would walk into the starlit night,
I can now feel your pain, cry your tears and look up towards the sky, as
The man- in-the- moon would grin wryly and just
Keep on laughing and laughing…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Waiting

Some moments it feels like a lifetime
I have been waiting
For this rage, suspicion and mistrust of others
To take flight and disappear for an eternity-
Never to return, and vanish in the wind while
I find the courage to step outside my front door?
Danger is lurking, I can almost envision as
I am sitting still, gazing out of my bedroom window, or
As I listen to the threatening voices that only I can hear-
It is early autumn and the foliage is golden, red and brown,
The air is cool as a gentle breeze is blowing the leaves about-
To be walking outside would be a blessing indeed-
To be free from intruding strangers who wish me harm-
Half a century seems like a lifetime as I close my eyes
And look backward inside the fortress of my mind-
I have always been the victim, always been afraid-
Fearful of everybody who walks behind me or as I am
Terrorized by approaching strangers-
I am trapped inside of a vault, from which there is no exit,
My mind is a cage inside of which trepidation reigns-
Was it God's will for me to be born with a mind that trusts nobody-?
Every night I pray in desperation for God to unlock the door
Towards a space of sanity to a lock which I cannot find the key alone-
I have always loved nature, especially trees, and the mountains on the horizon
That I can see from my window, and perhaps even a rainbow-
The sun shall rise and set every day and the moon at times
Is full in the darkness of the night- but I see no light to guide me
Through that pathway towards freedom from the anguish
That has colored my world with darkness-
If a God exists, as so many believe, why does he not cut the rope that binds me?
Uncertainty baffles my troubled mind day and night but I shall always pray,
As perhaps some faith will someday unlock the door to the madness that contains me-
The sun shall always rise and set and I shall keep on waiting-perhaps
One day I shall find hope beyond that magical rainbow that could appear,
Even though I have never seen a rainbow on the horizon,
There is always hope, it has been said, in what we do not know.

Claudia Krizay

Walk

Upon the path I walk every morn,
Hell rises beneath my feet.

Watchful eyes glare with utmost antipathy
Into my masked lunacy, as
My never abating suspiciousness-
With defiance- sears my soul.

Rainbows are continuously lying.
Sunlight surpasses rage-
I am being followed, I fear-
My thoughts, being trespassed by intruders…

Thoughts are silver, though
Emotions, invisible,
Except for that vehement anger,
Always so blatantly obvious…

Someday, in my farthest dreams,
My surroundings shall be incinerated by
Hell's flames, rising and burning-
Leaving me in my solitude,
Where that deadly silence is screaming-

Quiet voices play tunes in my mind
That vociferate madness-
Funeral dirges, driving me to my grave-

The fires of hell continue to blaze and smolder
As I hide behind
Reflections of those never ending
Moments in time…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Walking

Trees are decorating the trail and I am contented and blessed
To see their leaves changing colors in the autumn and
To see branches as would silhouettes be
Barren and majestic against a deep blue sky at the arrival of winter-
Snow would paint the trees in an aesthetically pleasing way,
And would blanket the hilltops- as if
The world were a canvas or a museum of snow covered sculptures-
To hear robins singing in chorus in the early spring,
To see crocuses and daffodils peeking through the
Grass so green, as they blossom to greet the season's change-
To behold the early morning sunrise along with the chanting of the locusts-
While jets would be soaring through the sky, above
Cars would be speeding down the road outside and
People shall be riding their bicycles rapidly along the trail-
I would rather be carefree and walking alone, taking in the magnificence of
Nature's miracles –casting my eyes about, to witness deer and to see colorful birds-
I would be listening to the rushing brooks, and those birds
Singing in harmony to announce the approaching of the summer-
As I continue walking-Autumn shall arrive and, I shall hear the rustling of fallen leaves
In every step that I take and at the onset of winter,
I will behold my reflection in the frozen creek-witnessing my own laughter,
Delighted to be a onlooker amongst the reward of nature's bounty-
But the greatest gift of all would be the gift of my legs that can carry me
In the direction of my choice and for any distance I could walk-as I would ask,
Could I enjoy the surrounding scenery, or could I hear the birds and crickets singing
Their tuneful songs in the spring and the summer and
Could I feel the gentle breezes caressing my cheeks in the autumn and the winter
If I were none but a statue or a passenger flying in a plane above the clouds?
I shall continue walking as far as my legs would carry me and with each and every step,
I shall capture with my eyes every tree, and every flower
Granted with the gift that I am able to walk as to be able to walk, is the greatest reward-
As are my eyes that can see the sun rise and set with the changing of the seasons, and
Even when the rain begins to fall, I know that it shall help the flowers to blossom and
The trees to grow-appearing as glorious as ever and when the sun reappears
On the horizon, I shall continue walking along on this God given journey,
This never ending journey, this never ending place in time-

Claudia Krizay

Waves

The setting sun appears golden on the horizon, and I know tonight
The full moon shall rise above the ocean- as
Angels painted stars in the twilight sky-
Calmness would settle over the world upon this mid winter's night.

Upon this mid winter's night the sky is colored magenta, and orange- copper-hued.
I can hear the rustling of the ocean's waves as
They reach the shore and gently recede.
The sand gives an illusion of finely crushed diamonds-reflecting the light,
And just for the moment I believe
I am a captive of some other world.

I can see the ocean waves rise and fall-
I can hear the seagulls cry, though peacefully
Just for the moment I feel as if I have been set free-
Of t he anguish that overcame me when
I was born into this place and time many years ago.

Waves continue to rise; fall, then recede and I know they shall do so for always-
But I am feeling a wave of a different sort-a flourish of fear, mistrust and rage
Overcome me fiercely as in the strength of a tidal wave-
Over which I have no control, as it would
Wash over me in a moment of madness drowning me.

Upon this mid winter's night moments of calmness can be soothing
Whether by the seashore or high above the mountains-
I look upward at the sky and as the full moon wanes as the
Darkness settles in- I would wish upon a star
Amongst many that have been painted by angels in the night.

I would wish for a day when I could be reborn into a world where
I could walk along the seashore without a care and liberated from all I that I fear,
Free from distress- letting the ocean's waves wash away
All of the sorrows and trepidation that have exacerbated my thoughts-
Those which have forever been unable to cope with all that is true to life-

But for now all I can do to find that serenity I so desire, is to
Look upward towards the sky on this mid winter's night and delight in
The mysteriousness of the stars in the sky as the full moon glows brightly-
I believe the angels in the sky had painted that star I wished upon and that
It shall someday set me free as a seagull flying above in the twilight sky,
As the sun rises magically over the ocean at the beginning of a new day.

Claudia Krizay

What's Inside

What’s Inside?

From the outside one would never look twice-
Except when I am smiling-
My heart is golden and
My mind is silver-
On one day, though perhaps recently
Someone painted my portrait-
Seemingly dancing colors of many kinds decorated my wan expression-
Framed – it may have been beautiful.
Today I pick no roses and today, I cry no tears.
Sometimes when I smile
Good feelings would penetrate
The core of my existence, although
Yesterday, only to mask the tears-
Tears of frustration, and anger emanating from mistrust of
A world that has not been kind to me.
Today I am picking roses and a few wild violets as
I follow the deer in the woodlands- Happiness is skin deep and
My heart is golden and my thoughts, not dangerously misconstrued-
One may look once, then again and again-
Intensely about my countenance,
But there is a part of me that no one ever sees-
Everybody knows that painted portraits are none but masks-
And as long as I am picking roses, wild violets and even a few daffodils-
The world shall be blinded to the tears that are originating from my child parts;
I have locked the doors to my existence as I keep on picking flowers of many colors, and
These colors just keep on lying to that world outside that nobody sees beyond…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

When I Lost Myself

There are those who are forever searching and
After many decades have passed lose themselves to another world-
Although with much certainty and disillusionment
I can hardly remember living much of a life in
This world where people walk with confidence and self-assurance everyday-
Memories of nights as a child so young
Hearing voices others did not hear and
Seeing frightening sights others did not see-
Feeling alone although in the midst of myriads of others, afraid to speak,
Fearful to walk the streets others took for granted-
I was only six years old when voices threatened to kill
Would invade my already troubled mind and
I found myself an outcast for reasons I hardly understood-
The purple tree with golden flowers that grew inside of my bedroom-
As strikingly stunning as it was,
I fell to the floor when I tried to climb,
Because it only existed in the fortress of my mind-
My journey to find myself began when I learned to walk-
I learned to scream before I learned to speak-
Decades have passed and memories are evading me-
Walking the same path day by day-
While others are looking for a place in a world I feel I am not a part of,
My journey to find myself continues-
I walk upon a different path and have climbed many mountains
Seeking purple trees and my own garden of Eden-
Or merely for others that would accept and just remotely understand
The person I am and the world I have lost myself to-
Although my spirit at times evades me,
In the back of my mind I know in reality there must be a place for me and
Although at times my only wish is to climb that phantasmal purple tree
Until I reach the sky and disappear within only a moment's notice
I will not give up the fight- I was born into this world so there must be a place for me-
Many decades have passed and today I see the sunlight peering through the clouds,
Though an outcast, I have a heart, a mind and feelings as does everybody else-
I continue to walk the streets everyday and my visions of purple trees, and
My dogged determination are what makes me unique- and someday people shall
Respect the person that I am and understand that flowers grow on every tree and
Every flower is unique, has its own special scent and every flower is
In its own way- magnificent and beautiful…

Claudia Krizay

Where Darkness Prevails

Outside my window- only darkness prevails and inside my bedroom
Shadows flutter about the walls-
Light has evaded every corner, the floors, and the ceiling and I know that
Even though my thoughts, misconstrued inside my own mind and
Yesterday seems as an eternity passed-
I never have been able to perceive what tomorrow may bring-
As I lie here in bleak darkness I hold onto the present moment
As it was a string to a kite
Ready to escape and disappear into the heavens-
Voices I can hear are none but a figment of my imagination and
Shadows have become ghosts that are threats to my existence-
It seemed as if none but a few hours ago- My spirit, lithe and free,
Had much hope for what tomorrow would bring and
Somehow that hope has vanished in the darkness-
Leaving me alone, terrified and trusting none but
The thoughts that run rampant inside of me-
Life is a mystery to me and how
The sun, a rainbow and laughter can turn to
Rain pouring from the darkest clouds in the universe,
And inside of my mind
That feeling of freedom and happiness has transformed to
Mistrust, anger and my grasp onto reality, flagging?
If I could only find a star in this prevailing darkness
That lurks outside my window I could wish upon that star for
Rejuvenation of peace and hope for a future –I would-
But now I hear torrents of rain falling outside that could just as well be
Tears from angel's fury and betrayal?
The moon is full on this night and inside the world of my reflections
As old tales have declared- if I were to dance outside
Beneath the moon on this night, my sanity would be lost
In a gust of wind and my sprit would be reborn in another world,
Lithe and free as could be- in some other dimension, place and time
There would be a sun that would rise for me alone-
Time has evaded me and I believe I am holding onto that kite's string
Soaring upward in the sky living for none but the present moment
Ready to escape and disappear into the heavens- where
Darkness has become none but a delusion?

Claudia Krizay

Whoever Said

Whoever said that life is a gift and
Everyone should be thankful for
Each day they are alive, and
Whoever said that this world is a safe place and
Most people do not mean any harm, and
Whoever believes that bystanders are innocent, not threatening and
Not dressed to kill? And that most people are
Well meaning and I never believed a single word as
Inside the fortress of my mind I know that
People are ill-intended and one must be weary of strangers,
Self centered, self-serving and would not care if
A bomb fell in their neighbor's vicinity, and
Surrounding people's bodies shall be blown to pieces-
All I can say is that time is running out, time is running out and
My anger is escalating and I am dressed to kill-
Whoever said that I have nothing to fear when
This whole world is a threat to my existence-
I never believed, I never believed in heaven and
I can fathom the hell beneath me- I can fathom the hell beneath me and
I can feel the presence of the hell about me-
I am falling from the state of oblivion,
Crap chewing monsters follow me- those who walk behind me
Approach me and I make no eye contact because of their
Evil eyes reading my foremost thoughts?
My thoughts are my own and not to be read by
Threatening strangers dressed to kill by making my mind their literature?
Whoever said life is beautiful and whoever said the sun shall rise
Tomorrow and I believe the sun shall burn out soon,
Leaving me in the midst of darkness and despair-
Once I believed I had a calling to save the souls of the desperate-
And they took me and locked me inside of a room called seclusion?
There was no sun in that room and I lay in the darkness screaming and
Fighting for my sanity? All I can do is to lose myself inside
The world of my thoughts and hope that the rain shall fall and
Quench the fire that roars in my gut and all I can say is
Whoever said life is fair and whoever said rain falls upon the edge of time-
Time is running out and I am lost in hell's brushfire, a threat to my existence?
I never believed, I never believed and my dreams have been transformed to nightmares-
The clock upon the wall has just fallen-glass has shattered
Whoever said I should believe in heaven when hell has succumbed,
Crazy people are dancing beneath the full moon and time means more
Than a broken clock and my time? Well, my time has just run out?

Claudia Krizay

Wildflower

Amongst grass and tall weeds-
You show your face alone-
Petals violet as the eyes of a goddess-
Dancing in gentle motion in
The quiet breeze of late summer-
You could have been human but
You are far too exquisite – as
Lovely as a shining star, although less elusive-
Bowing shyly to the passers by,
You grow in solitude.

Uniquely bashful as my own persona
Fearful of the world surrounding-
Isolated form other flora- you stand with apparent pride.
I have often wondered if
You are as heartrendingly frightened and as
Lonely as I had been many seemingly eons ago-
Casting your shadows upon the earth…

As far as I can envision
Are flowers and more flowers and so many trees-
Evergreens, maple trees venturing with branches
Outstretched towards the heavens
In all of their glory attempting with utmost delight to
Touch the sun, or
Hiding from the world in abject sorrow,
As the branches of a weeping willow tree might do-

I could shed my own tears in desperation,
If I had petals they would wither and fall to the ground,
Leaving none but a stem to perish as the cool autumn air may
Wrathfully demolish me as
My own delusions have nearly destroyed the essence of my being-
I am none but a barren stem myself, once as young and striking as you can be.

In this subtle moment-
I can feel the pain of my anguish as I glance up towards the sky as
You lift your fine, but deceptive countenance upward as
Night sets in and when that full moon rises and
Stars commence to scintillate,
You shall become as invisible to this world as I have become-
Apathetic people shall walk and pass you by,
As they have often done to myself when I was crying out for help and was suffering-

Now I am so like you because I am void of all emotion-
None but a wild flower I am myself-
Pleasing to the open eyes of humans but so angry at those who follow me as
I walk this path alone-
Someday I will die and it will be as if I had never been-
I may see you when you also leave this planet-
Hopefully chanting melodies of joy and relief to be void of all contact

With other living beings and
Fighting not to burn in the hell beneath us-

Raging a continuous battle is what life is really all about-
I can see a uniquely brave and charming air about you-
Keep on growing as long as you are able-
You are far too lovely to be an entity of this putrid and untrustworthy culture-

If you have any heart-
Fall in love with yourself as I have done-
I tell you in all honesty it is the only way to survive in these lurid and
Disdainful surroundings-
Let your petals flutter in the wind and
Never feel shame-
Never weep-
Laugh and sing in the balmy late summer air.

Someday may we meet in another world
Fabricated for the two of us alone-
Both our hearts shall beat with utmost happiness, and relief to be
Living in isolation,
For to love and fend for ourselves is
The only way to carry on-

When night sets in and stars scintillate-
Let your stamen glow in the glory of the moon- if at all possible-
My delicate and most precious wildflower-
So much like myself-
In unity with nature as we both can be- and
As heart wrenching as living in this place may be-
Keep growing until you touch the sun-
May we never fade away-
As our destiny is far too mysterious…

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

Winter's Dream

Snowflakes braise my flushed cheeks-
That turn a purplish hue-
I shiver,
Locked inside my thoughts.
My fears, rarely alleviated,
I venture outward with caution-
Amity, life and pain
Have touched my essence with the tips of their fingers in a
Truly amazing but erroneous way-
In the distance I can see a lone figure,
A thief of my thoughts, and a
Plunderer of my soul, perhaps…
I recall yesterday
I gave back the night only to invade
The blackness of the past midnight hours-
My spirit had eloped and has now escaped me-
I listen but never speak.
I am the keeper of a chamber
Filled with fear, anger,
And maybe some traces of ardor,
Lost from years passed,
Snowflakes are falling rhythmically-
My eyes penetrate this storm with utmost care, although- ten feet before me,
My world ends.
My thoughts dissolve and inter mesh with the
Sleet that is commencing to fall, now melting as
It touches the ground…
Through the eyes of a lost and forgotten child,
I can blindly foresee the future.
Flowers, budding trees, clear skies, and-
More and more flowers.
In this instant,
If I could escape veracity I would and
Build my home here deep in these woods, and
Perhaps snow would continue to fall.
In some other universe,
The world would revolve around some other sun, and
I shall pick every wildflower
To decorate my castle,
Lock the doors to humanity, open the windows to
Let nature enter to only become my
Most prized possession.
When the sun would cast its shadows upon
My most beloved nightmare, and
In my fondest fantasy, where I would
Own and treasure the winter’s moon and a
Twilight’s star, and
Escape to the mystery of such thoughts,
A few precious moments would be my keepsake,
Although-
Life’s meaning shall always remain questionable, and
My dreams, nightmares and visions shall someday

Become my only reality…

Claudia Krizay

Word Salad

A dying princess;
Beads scattered upon a card table
Dribbled on the floor,
Like a Salvador Dali painting;
Floral print frock
Falls to my ankles;
The clock strikes half past twelve.
Lint eternally ground into the carpet,
No dirt devil.
Read ancient food, " poetry''
Passing thoughts of self- harm:
No afterlife?
Mother is gone.
I was not allowed to cry.
Passing thoughts of self- harm;
Burning in Hell,
Afterlife.
Dirty, stained carpet,
Tablecloth, paper towel,
Rectangular container of Seroquel salad.
Lime juice, sour soy milk
Sits upon the counter.
No cats allowed.
Box with doors.
I am in a box on the second shelf.
Light flickers.
Passing thoughts of self- harm:
Its getting late,
I am not in bed-
God, rescue me.

Claudia Krizay

Claudia Krizay

You Are So Far Away

You are so far away, I say,
My life is an empty cage
Inside which they put me into last night-
An empty room, an empty space,
An empty heart and a forbidden soul-
Grabbed by my limbs, Kicking and screaming?
All I could hear were the tears my own despair,
It only matters that they brought me to this prison last night- and
The only light I see is creeping through the crack
Of a locked door and reflecting against the
Aluminum strap of my restraints- You are so far away-
You, my family deceased as of nineteen years,
You, my home in my solitude-
You, what was left of my sanity? I scream to be set free,
I beg to be let out of this tenement of my suffering-
Nobody hears my cries- Silent or loud and desperate,
I call myself a wild animal, fearful of human assassins,
None but a helpless child not knowing right from wrong.
The key to this door that I am locked behind,
Within my state of terror and the indifference of this
Cruel and mindless world,
I am a child who has never known her mother's love and
Who never learned to run from the confinement of the hell into which I was born?
I stand upon the peak of a phantasmal mountain
Looking down upon a river in which I could drown
If I were to jump-inside the world of my dreams
I would like to jump and swim the length of this river below
Until I return to the solitary universe I had once created for myself-
And the people I have created inside my own mind and right now
I speak to you, these people- 'You are so far away, ' and
I have begun to realize that my life has been none but a glorified delusion-
Please set me free from this suicidal prison- set me free from
These devilish beings tampering with my mind,
Has the horrific day now come to lock me away forever?
No one can hear my desperate cries,
I am a lost spirit on the verge of emotional death-
Who is to be snatched away from all that is real-?
I have never been heard because in so many misunderstood ways,
I have been deemed to be none but a wounded soul whose thoughts are so far away
From anything real and only I can only live inside the world of my dreams which is to
Everyone else is too far away to reach? And my voice-too far away to be heard?

Claudia Krizay

You Told Me

I remember you reading me about
Places beyond the mountains,
Above the trees and behind rainbows-
You told me that skies turned gray here sometimes
And the sound of thunder would
Resonate throughout -
The places I used to run and hide from and
Those places where the skies would at times turn red in hue
Where the light of the sun would bear down
Upon that paranormal pond I so often spoke of-
I had told you about the world I lived in where
Few people lived and cats ran wild while
Trees grew tall to scrape the clouds as
Pink and silver as they reflected in
The course of a running stream that lead
Towards a safe place where I could hide from
That world I so feared where cars ran vicariously-
Clocks ran from nine to five in that world where
Three billion people were known to live-
That world where I had never felt safe at home.
To retreat to the land beyond the mountains and
Behind rainbows-
I told you in those rare moments when I was afraid to speak and
Fearful of everything you deemed as "real"-
I know the world in which you live is real to you and
Although this land of purity, and through my eyes
I saw as safe and majestic-
You told me this was none but a delusion-
I remember living for a short while
In your world, where guns fired, thunder clapped, cars would rush
Carelessly down boulevards and skyscrapers were built
To barely withstand rain, sleet and snow-
In desperation I spread the wings you told me did not exist-
Lifted my body and flew beyond the mountains and the rainbows and far away from
This world so overwhelming and so threatening-
You were the one who read me tales about lands beyond the mountains
And in my mind I found a place behind a rainbow-
And it didn't matter if it was none but a delusion because-
Through my own eyes, what feels like home,
No matter where the place may be-
Is truly home to me- no matter where its destiny-
You told me the thunder would sound soon and the lightening would strike-
I told you "Never in my world" and if some day I also saw it as a "delusion"
It would not matter because I have found my safe haven here-
Alive and content in this place where I can call myself
Settled and secure,
I would never turn my head to see the rain falling upon
Skyscrapers and cars breaking down on the highway
Early in the morning-
Whether my dream world is real to you or
Just a figment of my imagination in your mind,
It is true to life to me-

That is what matters and
If some day you wish to see what living blissfully encounters-
Climb over that mountain and beyond a rainbow
After a storm-
You shall find me there to
Welcome you and perhaps you also-
Shall never see any turning back, as
What is veracity and what is phantasmal-
Is as has been said-
Is in the eyes of the beholder-

Claudia Krizay