Poetry Series

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

- poems -

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A Flight To Catch

I remember that night
it's so terribly clear.
Such wonderous delight
you and me near.

We just held on tight
as though out of fear.
But I had to fight
every single last tear.

And then in the light
saying goodbye to my dear,
I had to catch my flight
and now I wish you were here.

(Itajaí,15 July,2008)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

A Spark [NEW]

You gave me a hope
a glimmer
a spark.
You gave me a light
and blew out the dark.

(Itajaí - 25 May,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

A Waste

and so it creeps back
this unyielding thorn,
when the defenses crack,
and certainty's torn.

to find my way through
not knowing how i started
is harder when the truth
is easily discarded.

to silence the query
and the noises in my head
when i'm nothing but wary
about all that you've said;

is impossible, it seems
when i'm thinking of you
with all of the dreams
and words to undo.

but you're still on my mind
and hanging on strong.
you're all that i find
in every word, thought, and song.

so you came to me
from some place safe
but you came to be
an absolute waste.

(Kuala Lumpur,6 March,2005)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

An Inside Joke

(Written at Kuala Lumpur International Airport Departure Lounge)

I feel the stares, and I see the looks.
Do they know?
Can they guess by just looking
at my face,
lined,
weary
and yet
not the least teary?
Can they see
that I'm thinking of you?
That I can smell
you on my clothes,
that your scent
is what is putting
this silly smile
on my face?

Do you think that's what they're seeing?
Can they hear
my heart pounding
when I remember your words,
and the sweetness of you
that brought me back
without promise
or pretense
but gave me hope
that I had abandoned
and thought had abandoned me?

I think they know, you know.
I think they know
you're here with me,
holding my hand,
making me smile,
and making me
me.

(Kuala Lumpur,26 April,2008)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

An Iota

I know I'll push back
what you push through.
It's just who I am.
It's just what I do.

So there's no need to care
an iota for me.
You'd just waste your time
and I'll always flee.

(Itajai – 24 January 2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Angel of My Soul

The angel in me speaks
of angels long gone and dead.
He speaks of hopelessness
so thick that in me spreads.

The angel of my soul
has nowhere to reside.
He tells me he is homeless
he says there's no more light.

(Itajaí - 06 July,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Angels Have Gone

The angels have gone,
they said they couldn't stay.
They said they were tired
of keeping my demons at bay.

They bade me farewell
with kisses and tears.
They said they'd return, though
in a few years.

'Til then, they said
I'd have to face it alone:
my fears, my unwants
the haunts, the unknown.

Protection, they said
is only for the weak.
'You're strong now, child',
but still angels I seek.

Their spirit, their comfort,
when despair comes to call,
have deserted me now
and I'm afraid I will fall.

'Keep strong', they said,
'And follow your faith'.
But in the end I wonder
if it's just too late.

For I know not how,
I know not why
I've been abandoned again
when hope is all but nigh.

(Curitiba - 06 July,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Angels Smile At Me

I can see the angels
when her eyes sparkle
just before she laughs.

The angels smile at me
through my friend's loving eyes
- they cut my soul in half.

I can see angels again.
Alas, they're not my own.
But my friend can now smile,
and I know she's never alone.

(Curitiba - 06 July,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Ashamed [NEW]

I'm ashamed to admit
what I once had felt.
When I thought I could believe
in all that I'd feared.

I'd feared another heartache
and that was just what I got.
So I'd had reasons to fear, then
- had I not?

The heartache is there
in all the yesterdays
where all the yesteryears
meet for tea.

I've left it behind
there's no room for it here.
There's no room for you, either.
It turns out you're not all that
- not at all what I believed in.

And you decided to disappear
without word and cloaked in silence.
Well, goodnight to you then, kindest sir.
Thank you for proving me right
when I tried to prove myself wrong.

What words can I conjure
to convey the disappointment
that came so soon after
I hardly had words for wonder.

How unfair you have been
to misplace my allegiance.
To misplace all I gave you
when I was so reluctant
to do so in the first place.

I can't yet say
that it was all worth while.
Not yet, anyhow.
Maybe in a few months' time
- and I'll be able to laugh it off,
and say: I had a blast! - No matter how it ended.

But guess what?
To me the story IS how it ends.
And again, you gave me no chance
of a proper farewell.

You fooled me and
you fooled yourself.

We were both fools.
Yet how can I really blame you
for anything at all?
- When it all just comes down
to this simple fact:
I should have bloody well known better!

(Itajaí - 20 September,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Being Phony

I can't seem to resist
the need to push away,
and always desist
when my heart goes astray.

I'm hurtful and mean
and sometimes cold,
even when I am keen,
I fit into this mould.

I pretend I don't care
even if I do.
My heart I won't bare,
so I keep it untrue.

It's sad and it's lonely
but that's how I hide.
I suppose I am phony
when my two worlds collide.

It's hard being me
holding onto the fear.
I want to be free
and always sincere.

I'm losing too much
being this way.
I'm so out of touch
and you never will stay.

(London,2003)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Burden

I know I'm a burden
to those who love me most.
I know I've become someone
resembling a ghost.

I know it's so hard
to hear about trouble
that afflict those you love
when it's so far from subtle.

I know that it's burden
that I have become
it serves them no purpose
and yet it's been done.

So I can face it all
alone if I choose
and those whom I love
their faith they won't lose.

Silence is wise
it's prudent and kind
when pain is to bear
I'll just keep them blind;

To all that is dark
to all I despise
to all that I fear
until it all dies.

(Itajaí,4 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Chapter I

and so as ever now
as ever as before
these fears of mine
seem to be growing even more

with each passing day
each thought of you
i say to myself:
“this can’t be true”

i see it in my eyes
and the glowing in my face
i see and feel it all
all the smiles and all the grace

but how do i go on
in this divided sort of way?
how do i know
if i want this to stay?

i remember your lips
your smell and your touch
the gentle passion
that we liked so much

yet why do i think
i’m better off being free?
free of this thing
this thing that’s haunting me?

explain, please explain
this fear i feel inside
and why i dread the end
when i haven’t even tried?

you must think i’m a fool
so young and yet so old
but don’t you know?
my story’s already been told

that’s why i care so much
my gentle, gentle man
about my fears
of what i won’t do and what i can

so tell me now
before our eyes meet again
how do you want me?
from beginning to end?

or will you take me?
will you greet me and kiss me?

will you hold me and love me?
so that you can leave me and miss me?

answer me this
and i'll be satisfied
either i'll just keep remembering
or i'll leave my fears aside

(London – 13 July,1997)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Chapter II

and yet, after all that i've been through
after all that i've felt
do you think for just one second
these fears would ever melt?

in pursuit of the unknown
on these endless dark roads
this blindness takes me within
to where the night-time unloads

and all the stars that used to weep for me
now just laugh in shame
but after all, i've tried
so am i really to blame?

can these fears ever unfold
and somehow set me free?
will i ever someday
be able to be just me?

and when i look to the stars
so bewildered and blind
i ask for very little:
for my own peace of mind

because with these foolish words
i give myself away
if you knew the coward in me
tell me, would you stay?

with the disdain of what i am
i manage to carry on
and i never know what to say
when you tell me i'm withdrawn

it's hard for me
yet no one understands why
to be able to let go
even when i cry

maybe i'm not the only one
who feels abnormal and out of place
maybe i'm not the only one
who hides the fears behind my face

yet why do i feel so alone
and so tired of all the playing?
why can't i say what i'm feeling
instead of not meaning what i'm saying?

and so it goes, and so it goes
with all these words now said

and night carries on
and takes with it this heart of lead

yet it feels and it breaks
but the stars just don’t see
that that’s why this fear
has become a part of me

i know they’ll respect me
perhaps when i’ve grown old
because there’s still that little chance
my heart will become gold.

(London – 12 August,1997)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Circles

The thoughts have gone
the words have stayed.
I've heard it all
and am still afraid.
And when it starts
it starts to end
the bitter smile
from friend to friend.
The countless circles
I tend to draw.
The mirror images
- did I really see what I saw?
Round and round
the spinning wheels
of endless weakness
- that's how I feel.
The thoughts have gone
they've gone astray.
And what is left?
The rain has washed
the ink away.

(London,15 February,2001)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Come and Go

You can come and go
- I have no wish to stop you.

You can turn yourself
on and off and on again.
You can do as you wish.

You can decide the
when and where.
I'll allow you that.

You can be the manly man
who shows himself so strong.
You can be and do all you want
but it won't be for very long.

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Could I Learn To Believe?

Could I learn to believe
that some things are true?

Could I learn to believe
how I feel when I'm with you?

Could I learn to trust
the echoes in my mind?

And how would I know
I wouldn't become blind?

(Itajai - 20 January 2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Cradle [NEW]

You cradled me whole,
you enveloped my soul.
You claimed what I had,
and I'm not even sad.

(Itajaí - 24 May,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Darkness

The darkness can creep back
and catch me unaware
it can melt all the smiles
and my senses impair.

I can feel disbelief again
and find myself falling.
Hopelessness is back
and darkness keeps calling.

I can't find my way again
back to where I reached.
Where there was evidence
of life, light that breached;

the darkness I had,
the darkness returned,
the darkness so thick
the darkness I spurned.

(Itajaí,15 June 2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Death At My Side

Death was at my side
as I arose from my bed.
He was anxiously waiting
to make me be dead.

Death was at my side
as I arose from my bed.
He was anxiously waiting
for what I most dread.

Death was at my side
as I arose from my bed.
He was anxiously waiting
to take my friend instead.

(Curitiba,1996)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Decision [NEW]

So I've decided to set free
the fears I'd bottled up
and all those things that made me un-be.

So I've plunged into living
with trepidation but determined
to ensure there's a part of me that I'm giving.

(Itajaí - 19 June,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Despair Comes Knocking

When despair comes knocking
There’s no one home
Gone out shopping
And not alone

Despair comes knocking
Every damn week
I try not to care
But he still leaves me weak

But despair comes knocking
Every single day
I keep shooing him off
And sending him away

Despair comes knocking
But what does he want?
Is he here to stay?
Or just here to taunt?

(Itajaí - 27 February,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Determined

I'm so determined
I have no idea how,
but I need to leave this place -
it has to be now.

Impatience grows
with every single tear.
But I'm so very determined
to conquer my fear.

I don't want to stay
where pain is rampant.
Determination comes in though
when nothing else can't.

It just needs to leave me
this agonising rage.
I'm determined, however,
to start a new page;

with no one to need
and just me alone.
I'm determined, I am,
to be alone on my own.

(Itajaí,5 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Discarded

It's as if you got hold of my heart,
and squeezed it of all I had left in it.
You might've drunk my soul's nectar.
You might've held my heart;
if only to discard it, stomp on it,
kick it, and walk away.

(Itajaí,15 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Don't Care Much

I don't care much about caring
for all things unknown.
I try to keep away
I try to stay alone;

from feelings that crop up
- emerge from the pit
I run from them all
from feelings I quit.

I believe I am right
when they all say I'm wrong,
but they don't understand
that when I'm right I am strong.

And it's strong that I need
when feelings grow near,
to keep them away
- make them disappear.

I just don't care at all
about feeling and caring,
at least not for now
and strong I'll be baring.

(Itajaí,15 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Doubly Broken

I thought it was you
who would heal all the pieces
of my heart still weak and unhealed.

But you broke me -
and now I'm doubly broken.

And I'm afraid and relieved
that my heart may be
forever sealed.

(Itajaí,12 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Doubtless

So if my words seem endless,
and my words untrue,
remind yourself
of who I am,
and who I was with you.
Therein lies it all
and no room
for any doubt.

(Curitiba,19 May,2008)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Elimination

Elimination of all
that makes me 'un-me'
is all that I crave
I want to be free.

(Itajaí,5 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Ephemeral Nights

The fickleness of nights
incomplete and stunted.

The fickleness of kisses
that will remain uncounted.

The fickleness of those
who choose to be this way;

is because of idle minds,
idle hearts that never pray.

The fickleness of hands
held in such pretense;

how laughable the moment
without time or any sense.

Ephemeral are the nights
when fickle I choose to be.

But fickleness it is
when you are here with me.

(Itajaí - 08 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Every Day

I do still think of you
every day.
I can't understand, though,
when my heart still frays.

You left me alone,
all this I know.
So it all becomes worse,
and unbearably so.

I know that I am
rational and clear,
of all that has happened,
with you all but sincere.

Yet you're still on my mind,
every single day,
it's hard to forsake
what won't go away.

I keep holding on,
I think that's the case.
But to what I don't know,
and the truth I can't face.

You did what you couldn't,
such a coward you were.
And yet you're still here,
in all of these words.

To forget is too easy,
I could block it all out,
but punishment it is,
when all is in doubt.

I do still think of you,
every day.
You so don't deserve me,
yet I wish you would stay.

(Itajaí - 11 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Fall

'They love me and leave me',
says the old cliché.
Why does it happen?
Why don't they stay?

Sometimes I feel
I'm some kind of freak.
Is it because I'm hard
and don't show that I'm weak?

They love me and leave me
at times they don't love at all.
And so I've promised myself
it's safest never to fall.

(Itajaí,6 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Familiarity

I'm not back where I started,
but I'm back in a familiar zone
with familiar feelings of rejection.
I'm back with my old friend:
Love Unrequited,
but this time I'm not falling apart.
There is a strange sense of belonging here,
as if any other place would
be unreal
unfathomable.

I know my way around here,
I know what the road signs mean,
I know where the exit ramp is,
no matter how long it takes
me to get there.

I'm on the expected path
- how could I have thought
there could have been another?

(Itajaí,5 January,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Fleeting Happiness

Happiness is fleeting
but you make me happy.
Happiness leaves
and Happy is sapping;

hopes I might have
with anyone at all.
Because Happy likes to go
every time I fall.

Happiness is fleeting
this we all know.
But happiness still leaves
so it's my turn to go.

(Itajaí - 10 July,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

For Hilary

In death we can see
All of her glory
That was masked by mortal veils.
We can see now when
She succeeds and when she fails.

The sadness pours through
To those whom she knew,
But with strength, love and smiles
We can carry on forth,
Knowing her soul stretched on for miles.

Not so easily pleased
Yet pleasant when teased,
She could talk on for hours,
With my hanging on to every word,
For in all of her experience, oh such venerable powers.

She oozed her own style
She'd had her feminine wiles.
Just the things that she would say
About this, that or nothing,
And you just knew she'd done it all her own way!

She showed when she cared
Without her feelings bared.
She had her own 'self', she had her own grace
She could be displeased, yet
It all was there, in the corners of her face.

I'm not sure formidable is just one word I'd use
There are so many aspects to her, so many views.
But one view I know is never unswaying:
The battle horse she was, her triumphs and existence
We can easily respect, honour, and doing so praying;

For the woman who she was:
The mother, grand, and great-grand,
The widowed wife,
Who never gave in;
Who searched for answers
(and found them!)
Until the very end;
For this lady, Hilary,
so tough and true,
Oh, how proud am I
to have known you!

RIP

(Itajaí,12 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Friends

The darkness has gone
for now, so it seems.
I'm myself once again.
I can feel the sun's beams.

I can feel all the warmth
that comes from my friends.
I can be a whole person
- there's no need to pretend.

My dearest and bravest
who just never gave in,
my sweetest and kindest,
with you I re-begin.

And even though I'll have
darkness always looming,
I know you'll be there truly
when it becomes dooming.

You're the light that shone through,
you showed me I'm me.
You showed that you care,
and now look! - I am free!

(Itajai - 05 October,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Glue

The rain falls;
the sun shines;
I fall down;
I get up.
The winter freezes;
the summer heats.
You break my heart;
I glue it back.

(Cairo,11 September,1990 - aged 14)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Good Riddance

'Good riddance! ' I say.
Promise me, please promise
that you'll stay away.

You're no longer a part
of things that I need.
Go on, go - and make your start.

You are worthless to me,
empty are your words.
So just go on now, and leave me be.

(Itajaí,06 July,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Goodbye [NEW]

It's time to say goodbye now.
There's nowhere else to go.
We've had it all.
We've had it good,
a love I'll always know.

But it's time to say farewell,
for there's no future I can see.
Just lonely pangs
and lonely thoughts
just a pitiful way to be.

So it's time to say goodbye
to all that we have had.
The tender times.
The wondrous days.
-And I promise to not be sad.

(Itajaí - 07 June,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Hand On My Heart

Put a hand on my heart
and ease the pain.
Tell me I'll start
to heal again.

Whisper so softly
and tell me it's fine.
Hold me so gently
and tell me you're mine.

I know I'm insane,
my head in the air.
Sometimes I'm drained,
full of despair.

That's why I need
your hand on my heart,
Because when I bleed
I won't fall apart.

And say to me
with your honey-eyes
What I can't see,
and in me dies.

Put a hand on my heart
and yet we'll remain
Too far apart
to ever explain.

(London, August 2002)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Happiness Scares Me

I think happiness scares me
more than I know.
I don't want it to visit me
and then up and go.

I think I have tried
to keep it away.
I think I have tried
to not let it stay;

for more than a moment
- a moment is safe.
Then no expectations
will I need to face.

I fear more than happiness
- I fear it will go;
just when I want it
- just when I know;

how elation feels,
and how to be loved,
how to be me,
and how to feel free.

I think happiness scares me
with its promises undue.
I think happiness scares me
whenever I think of you.

(Itajaí - 12 July,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Haven

A Haven I thought
I had finally found.
A Haven I yearned for
with unshakeable ground.

I thought that I would
arrive to an embrace,
to arms outstretched,
to worries effaced.

The Haven I'd hoped for
is not what I've found.
The Haven I counted on
is nowhere around.

(Itajaí - 20 July,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

He Came To Me

He came to me
when I needed him most.
He came to me
and found a mere ghost.

He held my hand
he didn't know how to see.
He held my hand
yet he knew that I was me.

He showed me warmth
I didn't know I could feel.
He gave me warmth
he knew he could heal.

He stayed with me
I still don't know why.
He stayed with me
until our final goodbye.

You never forgot
those moments that revealed.
I never forgot
how my darkness you healed.

You had to go
something that I'd known.
You had to go
I didn't think I'd feel alone.

We shared ourselves
with so little said.
We shared ourselves
not knowing where it led.

We seemed to be
at peace with it all.
We seemed to think
we never would fall.

The years have passed
and we still stop to wonder.
The years have passed
was it all just some blunder?

How sure are we
to be put to the test?
How sure are we
that remembering is best?

How can we say
that we should try to meet?

How can we say
we'll still have our heat?

To be sure
is to be folly.
We're too old
to believe it.

Yet I recall
all these later years:
Your hands
Your warmth
Your body
Your soul
all lying beside me.
Yet further I still recall:
Your goodbyes
Your distance
Your restraint
and my tears.

(Itajaí - 15 March,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

He Gave Me What He Could

He gave me what he could,
And I didn’t know how to ask.
He did what he would
And I still held my mask.

I wanted to share
What fear didn’t allow.
I would not dare,
I didn’t know how.

I doubt that he knew
What I wanted to say,
Nor what would ensue
If I had wanted to stay.

I kept the wall high,
All bricks in place.
Until his goodbye
And his warm embrace.

I slowly returned
To the table and cried
About my heart that was burned,
And the light that had died.

(London – 2003)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Hello, Soul?

Where are you, Soul,
when I need you most?

You've gone somewhere
and left me your ghost.

(Itajaí - 21 April,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Hollowness

the hollowness i feel
isn't quite hollow

sometimes it fills
with loss, grief, and sorrow.

i quench my tears
but i don't know why;

i'm too fragile inside
yet i must stay alive;

to tread on the footprints
i've left behind;

to walk into the past
with something to find;

to gain some control
of whom i've become;

to get out of myself
and not be so glum;

to expunge all the fears
and the scabs still unhealed;

to discover my power
and with it to wield

over myself, and myself alone,
and all my sins forever atone.

(Itajaí,21 April,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Home [NEW]

You brought me home;
myself away from me.
You care enough to know
about the me I want to be.

You took me home;
and just set me free.
You remember who I am
- you're my soothing cup of tea.

(Itajaí - 24 May,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Hope I Don't Want

Hope I don't want,
just to be fooled.
In the end that's what happens,
when senses have cooled.

Hope comes along
when you're feeling your best.
But it makes you believe,
you're put through the test.

Hope doesn't care
if you're willing or not.
It takes your mind over,
and conquers your thoughts.

But hope I don't want,
and the illusions too.
I want my own self,
and nothing to rue.

(Itajaí,11 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

I Shall Think of You [NEW]

I shall think of you always
with a glow and a smile.
You'll be there in my depths
you'll be there for a while.

I shall think of you smiling
and pulling me close.
You'll be there where I find
the feelings I love most.

(Itajaí - 25 May,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

I Wonder, Wonder

I wonder if I left you
A part of me behind.
I wonder if you knew
Exactly what I'd find.

I wonder if you wonder
What I think about.
I wonder if you care at all
That you're my biggest doubt.

I wonder if you know me
And want to know me more.
I wonder if you would, though
Knowing what's in store.

I wonder if you'd tell me
What I want to hear.
I wonder if you'd listen
About my deepest fear.

I wonder if you think about
The little time we had.
I wonder if it matters
that I came back sad.

I wonder if you wonder
About anything at all.
I wonder if I'm anything to you
However big or small.

I wonder if I changed you
In the slightest way.
I wonder if you'd ever
Want for me to stay.

I wonder and I wonder
Will there be no end?
I wonder and I wonder
Am I even a friend?

(London,14 August,2002)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

If I Must Mourn You

If I must mourn you,
let it be with smiles and tears,
without regret in the shadows.

Let me rejoice in the past
without our sentimentality
and non-existent promises.

Let me love you
for what you were
and how you were
with me.

But let me mourn you
if that is what
will set me free.

(Curitiba,18 May,2008)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

If You Really Cared

If you really cared,
then why did you leave me;
with doubts and bouts
of confusion and rage?

Who is the man
who once I knew?
I'm afraid, really,
that you never were true.

For truth is unbending
when it is real.
It stays and supports
and with truth you can feel.

But now I'm unsure
of what it all meant.
You've chosen your ghost
and now memories are bent.

Twisted and distorted
is what it's become.
You've betrayed and deluded,
and now I am numb.

Was truth a deception?
Was it mere hope?
Did I want to believe
in a much larger scope?
-To what I had seen before there was you;
-To what I unfelt but with it be through.

(Curitiba,20 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

If You're Game

I don't like to say it,
but you're all the same.

So come prove me wrong
- that is if you're game!

(Itajaí - 07 July,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

In Time

I want to in time
to be able to rhyme
about love that I gain
and not unrelenting pain.

(Itajaí,12 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Inertia

The inertia of feeling
weighs on me so.
It sends my head reeling
and my heart a sudden blow.

But the inertia is unreal -
it just has to be.
With all the pieces that I feel
tears and breaks are what I see.

I'm so worn out
and the inertia kicks in.
But there's really no doubt
about who's going to win.

(Itajaí,12 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Intimacy Isn't Free

I know I won't let it happen.
I'll push the hope away.

Intimacy isn't free;
I'd pay with tears and fears.

And in the end,
what's the point?

I know that love
ain't here to stay.

(Itajai - 20 January,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Laughability

How laughable
to find myself here,
wondering all over again,
trying to supress
a laugh
with hints
of hysteria.

Wonderings
come rushing back
to me.
memory is at
its best
and I'm out of its
control.

Though some comfort
can be taken
from this sudden
familiarity.
I still wish I
weren't here
with questions
still unanswered
and frustration
seeping through
the seams.

Forbidding myself
from any
semblance
of feeling
sadness,
I plough through
these fields
of uncertainty
with my head
held high,
perhaps in acknowledgement
of the woman
I am
the woman
I've become
and became
in times such as these,
when lessons
were learned
and power taken
from my own
powerlessness;
always knowing
that survival is

paramount
and not impossible.

I refuse the tears,
the ordinary tears
one would shed.
I banish them
from my new reality.
So many have I shed
in futility's
exercise.
I can't reduce this,
you,
to another
ordinary
futile
existence.

I close my eyes
and always
see you.
But surely
that will pass.
It has before,
and I won't let
the pain in,
because there
isn't any,
and he hasn't
come knocking
and won't.

I'm not the woman
I was when
I met you.
Perhaps there
is gratitude
somewhere
between the lines,
but none
I'd care to share
with you.

I've been here before,
remember?
But never as I am now:
stronger than
I ever was,
I feel a certain
invincibility
of heart
I recognise as

an element of
my own personal
triumph.
One no one can
erase.
Not even you.

(Curitiba,19 May,2008)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Lesson Learned?

I have this ache
that won't go away.
It's also cuttingly sharp
and I fear it's here to stay.

Is it punishment, I wonder
for letting him see me?
Am I learning again
that I'm my own company?

For the very few times
I've allowed me to bare
I'm left aching and stinging
in rage and despair.

Have I learned my lesson,
now that it's clear?
To no one be vulnerable
and my soul no one to sear.

(Itajaí,12 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Light, Bright & Sane

He made me feel again.
How I've longed for that.
It's still too scary, though.
Too hard, and too abstract.

But I felt those moments,
silent ones at best,
when my heart smiled,
and my brain was at rest.

So peaceful that place,
so surprisingly safe.
I guess that's what gets us there,
and won't let us escape.

But I broke free,
and came back to my own.
I'm better now,
than being in the unknown.

That's precisely my point
after such analytical scrawl:
just stick to your own,
when illusion comes to call.

He did make me feel again:
Light, Bright, and Sane;
but how long would it take him
to bring me the pain?

I'd imagine not long,
an effort would hardly be made,
to strangle my strength
until I obeyed.

He did make me feel again:
Light, Bright, and Sane,
but I'll stick to my own,
and never, ever, complain.

(London,16 February,2001)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Mother

A mother thinks
she knows your heart;
She thinks she
knows you well.

I have news for you
sweet Mummy mine,
there are things
you just can't tell;

from the way I was
and now I am,
from what has passed
from what I ran.

The child you knew
the teenager too,
are but distant strangers,
through and through.

The woman I am,
yes, a woman I've become,
still treads softly,
still needs her mum.

For even if mother doesn't
always know best,
my heart, I know,
she carries in her breast.

For my mother, who thinks she knows me well.
Uncanny, though, sometimes she does.
But all in all, with her know-it-all ways,
It's always to her that everything I tell.

(Itajaí,08 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

My Blindness & Warts

I saw in your eyes
A kindness of sorts.
Just be advised
Of my blindness and warts.

(Itajai – 24 January 2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

My Cat That Pretends

My cat walks
all over me.
I'm just a mere
doormat.
If you have a cat too,
well, surely you
can believe that.
She literally
climbs onto me
as I am resting.
Metaphorically too,
- believe me,
I'm not jesting.
She's as cute as
a button
and such a dear friend.
But good gracious,
she's just a cat!
- Or does she pretend?

(Itajaí - 15 July,2008)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

My Constant

Hands that aren't held,
but are felt.
Hands that comfort me
in my sorrow.

The distance makes
an empty seat
of the one by my side.
But I feel your tears
as if they were mine.

You show me my way,
without even being here.
You show me you care
during my angst and despair.

You are my constant
my one certainty.
You have shown me that
and now I believe.

You're the wall I lean against,
when I'm gasping for air;
the one who takes me home
after too many beers!

You're the one who watches over
every little step I take,
and without being present,
you're still always here.

This heart of yours
I feel is mine,
that radiates love
and all that is yours.
All the little quirks
that make you you.
How is it that the whole
world can't see what I do?

I may be selfish
in having this thought,
but there's more left for me,
then, is there not?

Your friendly face.
Your spritely grace.
Your beauty throughout,
there's nothing to doubt.

You're my unwaivering light.
You give me respite.

You're my friend through and through.
Oh, thank you God,
for bringing me you.

(In dedication to true friendship, and to my true friend, who knows who she is.)

(Itajaí,07 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

My Dark Side

My Dark Side
I try to shield.

To Darkness, though,
I'll never yield.

How tiring it is
to keep things cool,

when all I can think is:
'God, I'm a fool! '.

Who would want to see
the dark side of me?

To them would it be fair?
And come on, who would really care?

(Itajaí,21 April,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

My Hand In His

It was just the way he held my hand.
That was enough for me.
There was something about my hand in his.
There still is.
There was something in that moment,
when a blanket covered my heart
- that was my hand.
It was special.
It still is.

(Warsaw,29 October,2005)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

My Mask

He gave me what he could,
And I didn't know how to ask.
He did what he would
And I still held my mask.

I wanted to share
What fear didn't allow.
I would not dare,
I didn't know how.

I doubt that he knew
What I wanted to say,
Nor what would ensue
If I wanted to stay.

I kept the wall high,
All bricks in place.
Until his goodbye
And his warm embrace.

I slowly returned
To the table and cried
About my heart that was burned,
And the light that had died.

(London – 2003)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

My Truths

I don't know where I'm going.
I don't know what I'm doing.
I keep going on
with my life unfulfilling.

In me I try
to find out my truths
I try to stay sane
but my quest just seems moot.

Who have I become
after all of my years?
How can I discover
my path and not fear?

My truths seem eluding
when I keep trying to find
who I'm meant to be
and what I hide behind.

My eyes are aching
my heart is weak.
My soul I know,
but its depths I seek.

Where do I go,
and what do I do?
How do I succeed
in finding my cue?

Love I dare not.
- Its power I shun.
I have loved before,
so now I am done.

Love I don't need
from people untrue.
Have been there before
with more than a few.

To love who I am,
how can I now?
With nothing to show,
and not knowing how.

So really, where am I going,
and what am I doing?
The echo is empty,
the answers eluding.

(Itajaí,21 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

My Waves

Trying to find answers
when questions are lost.
The circles continue
my life has been paused.

I cry with the waves -
appropriate, it seems.
The tide's coming near
and with heartache it teems.

So lost in my world
I'm not sure I have.
The ocean placates me
- it's all that I've had.

So I cry into the sand,
my bed full of woes.
It unites with the waves
to bury my sorrows;

so my tears won't be shed
when they are not near,
the comfort they give me
is all that is here.

I travel the waves,
I follow the tides,
to where I don't know,
but in them I confide;

all that I've lost
and have tried to forget,
all that is missing,
and all who have left.

For who can abide
these tears in the sand?
When answers aren't found
who will understand?

(Itajaí,20 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Need

I don't want to need
just to end up bleeding.

I don't want to rely
and find myself crying.

I don't want to care
to have my heart tearing.

I don't want to believe
because there's no seeing

with eyes so blind
a soul so hard
and hurt that just gets in the way.

(Itajaí,1 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

No Anger [NEW]

No anger you'll find
in me inside;
no anger to speak of
- my unlove has died.

(Itajaí - 25 May,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

No One There

dark thoughts that
no one shares
i look the same so
no one cares.

i try to hide from
fears with tears
but no one sees
and no one hears.

(London,15 January,2004)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

No Reason for Pain [NEW]

I can make it go away
- the pain I won't let in.
It won't find room to stay
- I'll never let it win.

There's no reason for pain
to come knocking at my door.
These emotions will all wane
when I don't need them anymore.

(Itajaí - 25 May,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

No Room

Love is so elusive
and I can't even
see myself.

'What's the point, I ask? '
and somewhere there's
a 'none'.

Love is for those
who can see, feel, and be.
There's no room here, Love.
You're just not for me.

(Itajaí,26 April,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Perfection [NEW]

Perfection was great
and I'll remember it all;
In the depth of my breast
and at will just recall;

when I was just me
and relishing delight,
when I was in your arms
night after night.

But I know it will stay
in my memories alone.
Where else should it be?
It's only mine to be known.

(Itajaí - 25 May,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Pitfalls

the pitfalls of sanity
are all that i find.

there's no time for goodbye
i just leave it all behind.

i know i leave traces,
breadcrumbs of sorts,

but no one i know
has time for my sports.

i indulge myself so,
much as Alice did,

but i share her confusion,
just like a kid.

i'm hoping to track back
the path that i've tread,

but i always seem to find
myself only ready for bed.

(Itajaí,21 April,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Princess [NEW]

A princess in your arms
was what I became.
I bathed in your warmth
- I'll never be the same.

Your princess I was
in a fairytale week.
It was wonder and magic
with no room for bleak.

Fantasy-reality
- We did have it all.
Brief it may have been,
but I was your princess at your ball.

(Itajaí - 24 May,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Questions On End

I don't understand.
Is it ok not to?
This need I've always had
to know and understand
is ebbing.
But should it?

I haven't a clue.
Don't know what he wants.
Is it alright to just ponder
and wait a little longer?
Is it wise?

I'm at my wit's end.
And here I pretend,
with questions on end;
And doubts that I fend
with questions on end.

(Itajaí,12 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Questions Vain

I resign from myself
It’s been overdue.
I envelope it now
I stand by my truth.

I’ve searched all around
Places, people, souls.
I’ve looked into depths
That wouldn’t keep me whole.

My question-filled quest
Began early, I know.
It began when I realised
I had nowhere to go.

I’ve searched, pried and delved
I’ve done all that I could.
I’ve looked inwards too
I’ve done all that I should.

And it is with peaceful resilience
That I now myself resign.
I can’t search any further
I’ll remain with what is mine.

I’ll trudge paths no longer,
Asking questions vain.
I’ll stay here where I am
And just endure the pain.

(Itajaí – 28 Jul.09)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Reciprocity?

I may think of you
all the time,
but it doesn't mean
I need you.

You were a part of my life
I never thought I'd have,
so I guess it's OK to miss you.

I know reciprocity
is in doubt,
but why should
it matter now?

You were there,
I know you were.
You were where
I hid away.

But now you have
brought me out
into the open,
and you're not
here to stay.

(Itajaí,07 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Relief [NEW]

You brought me light
when I didn't believe.
You gave me my sight
and my numbness relieve.

(Itajaí - 24 May,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Respite

Where is my respite
from myself and from me?
And why do I write
when I don't want to see -

What makes me hurt
What makes me cry
What makes me want
to curl up and die?

(Itajaí - 12 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Rhetoric

Does it ever leave you,
the panic and despair?
Do you survive somehow
when hope just isn't there?

What do you hold on to
when the clouds are all you see?
How do you find your way
and ultimately be free?

How do you drown
the negativity inside?
How do you stay
and not run away and hide?

Rhetoric is moot.
There's no one there;
No one to call;
I just wouldn't dare.

(Itajaí,26 April,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Rolling The Dice [NEW]

What on earth made me think
that I could feel and not pay the price?
Did I think that I could hope
for the best and then roll the dice?

(Itajaí - 20 September,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Scar

What is the truth
when you don't know
who you are?

How can you be real
and not show him
your scar?

(Itajaí,12 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Set Free [NEW]

You managed to set free
the fears that I kept.
You erased all the nights
that for heartache I wept.

(Itajaí - 25 May,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Shoo!

Shoo! Scat! Scram!
This is not who I am.
I don't open doors
to love on all fours.

Even if you cared
even if you dared,
I'd just send you away
and bid you 'good day'.

(Itajai - 20 January,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Silence [NEW]

Is this goodbye, then?
Is this the end?
Will silence pervade
what we cannot mend?

Is this goodbye, then?
Is this how it goes?
With no words to be spoken
and a door that we close.

(Itajaí - 25 June,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Sincerity Is Vague

You can't get near me,
there's no way how.
There's something you'd want,
which I wouldn't allow.

You'd ask for my kiss,
such a simple request.
You'd be fooling yourself
- You know I know best.

Sincerity is vague
and fleeting to boot.
I don't want you to want me,
so I guess it's all moot.

(Itajai - 20 January,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Sitting Here

I'm sitting here
in tears and in pain
wondering if all of it
is merely in vain.

(Itajai - 23 November,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

So Much For

So much for the light.
- It doesn't want to stay.

So much for tomorrow.
- It's just another day.

(Itajaí - 15 July,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Something Amiss

the silence, the aching,
the numbness, the pain.

the wonder, the lightness
I try to regain.

they tell me I'm nice
I'm warm and I'm kind,

but there's something amiss
when I can't seem to find

that place within me
where calm resides,

where my heart is open
and not where it hides.

it'll allow me to hope
to love and to be,

at one with myself
and totally free

from the silence, the numbness,
the aching, the pain,

and all I don't want
my soul to contain.

(London,29 May,2003)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Stay Away, Angels

Stay away, Angels,
I don't deserve you.
I know you mean well,
but there's no more to do.

Hopelessness has drowned me,
I just trudge along.
I remember you, Angels,
like a fading song.

I couldn't bear to disappoint
those Angels I adore,
when choices I have
and they'll suffer no more.

(Joinville - 06 July,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Stone

I can do it alone,
I know I can.
I can face it all
and be 'a man'.

For no one wants
such a fragile soul
around them at all
they want you whole.

So I can face my fears
and hide my tears,
I can be alone
and turn to stone.

(Itajaí,4 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Suffering's End

Time to let go now -
the goodbyes have stopped.
Such futile words
that easily bend.
I'm figuring out how
after all hopes have dropped
there finally needs
to be my suffering's end.

(Itajaí,21 January,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Sustenance

And when the lights
go dim,
and all I see are
shadows,
how will I sustain
the effervescence
brewing inside?

(London,24 September,2003)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Take Me

So come and take me
away somewhere;
where I can escape
from myself and be;

with warmth inside
with hands being held
where I can save
what hasn't yet died.

So come and take me,
set me free from me.
Let me see myself
and be who I want to be.

(Itajaí,26 April,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Temptation Comes

Temptation comes,
As dawn, as time.
It comes and goes,
It stays and grows.

To yield I can’t,
It’s wrong, unblessed.
But only if it were
To give me a rest!

(Itajaì - 09 November,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Constant Battle

The possibility of proximity
So vague and so unreal
Begs for my attention
It doesn't matter what I feel.

It doesn't matter what is true
Or in the end what is right
My mind can only think
About holding you so tight.

The logic is still there
The reason absolute
But how do I survive
Without being mute?

The caginess around
The endless tempts of fate
Is always a reminder
of how long I have to wait.

And when I think of you
Where you are and I am not
I only come to know
That I am what you forgot.

And so I wage that constant battle
So stupid and so unswaying
But my longing is still there
While my hopes are just decaying.

(London,23 August,2002)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Dawn Awaits

The dawn awaits
with little breaths.
It shows me colours
of other depths.

My eyes I open
Trembling so.
I’m afraid to look back
- Where do I go?

The storms I see.
I’m used to them.
Then lightness came.
I don’t know when.

The dawn awaits
me and my light.
It wants me to know
that now I’m alright.

(Itajai – 24 January 2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Echoes Take Hold [NEW]

To organise my thoughts
to make sense of it all;
to know how I feel
and not hit a brick wall.

The questions are different,
the answers the same.
They vary at will
and then I hear your name.

It thuds and resounds
gently in my head.
It's just always there
long after I'm in bed.

The echoes take hold
and to them I resign.
Until I am me again
in just a short time.

(Itajaí - 24 May,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Light That I Find

I'm exhausted and weary
but you're on my mind.
So goodbye dreary
you're the light that I find.

Can't sleep with you near me
nor when you are not.
Can't even think clearly
but I'm not distraught.

How funny to feel so
I'm actually glowing.
Don't know what's next though
but no fun in knowing.

The memories are so few
I wish there were more.
If only we knew
how to open the door.

I sit here and wait
to be called by sleep.
Don't want to debate
if we'll again meet.

Switch yourself off, dear
it is lullabye time.
Tomorrow grows near
and again you'll be mine.

(Itajaí,15 July,2008)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Price Is High

Why did I allow
for hope to creep
back in?

How did I permit
softness to permeate
through my hardness?

Why, oh why?
- When the price
is just too high.

(Itajai - 20 January,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Question

i'm lonely
but i don't know why
i miss you
but i don't know who you are

my soul disintegrates
and yet i hold back tears
while loneliness cedes
after all these years

but this is not who i am
one who breaks and falls
and yet won't reach out
a hand to ask for help

what kind of fortress have i built
that i can't even see who i am?
and why should i think that
anyone would give a damn?

Itajaí,26 March,2009

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Reaches of Love

I know that I'll shine through all of the pain,
some day quite soon when I am sane.

I know that you will somehow explain
that happy and sad are one and the same.

I know that you will see me one day attain
the reaches of love I have yet to regain.

(Itajai – 24 January 2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Softness Inside

The softness wavers
that is deep inside.
It teeters and wobbles
it just wants to hide;

From moments like these
when hardness breaks,
when a shard slips through
and softness awakes.

And then hope's shard
with all its might,
could just forge through
and show me light.

(Itajai - 24 January,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Spirit I Hide

The spirit I hide
From you and from me
Is hopeless, I know
But you just can’t see.

I’m afraid I am broken
Not easily fixed.
I’m afraid I don’t have
All the right tricks.

The spirit I have
That I know is strong
Wants to come home now
- It wants to belong.

(Itajai – 24 January 2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Streak of Light

The lightning came
so dark and so blue.
Nothing's the same,
nothing so true.

The feelings that are
the ones that remain,
nest in the scar
too new to contain;

The lightness of seeing
the wonder of light,
Contentment of being
in the shadow of night.

To see things so clear
so out of the norm,
But then pain and fear
started to form.

Then came the haze,
which I'm still in;
An emotional maze,
where do I begin?

At the start, I suspect,
through tumult to wade,
My feelings protect
what time cannot fade.

And so with the streak
of light; blue yet dark,
I'm no longer weak
and you've left me your mark.

(London, August 2002)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Undead

with memories alive
of the undead,

how can i cope
with myself instead?

the haunting and teasing
are too much to bear,

why can't i just send them
far away somewhere?

i'm tired of thinking
of how to go on,

i'm drained from believing
in life's marathon.

'keep searching for peace'
is all that i say,

when the undead haunt
and won't go away.

(Itajaí,21 April,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Unlikeliest Pair [NEW]

You're not mine at all
no matter how much I care;
and I'm not even yours
- we're the unlikeliest pair.

(Itajaí - 5 June,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Waiting Has Ceased [NEW]

The waiting has ceased
anxiety released
there's nowhere to go now.

So accept what it is
it is what you feel
and you alone choose
what you want to reveal.

(Mid-Atlantic - 08 May 2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

The Winds That Blow

These feelings rose
from the pit of the storm.
There's nowhere to go now
and yet I'm still warm.

The wind still blows through
the empty places inside.
Sometimes they touch upon
the ones that have died.

You gave me no hope,
no promises, no choice.
Yet I'm filled with your warmth
and the echo of your voice.

You already have the one
who holds you whole.
Yet I took away
the picture of your soul.

To a land far off
and to you still unknown.
Where I remain free
from the winds you have blown.

(London,14 August,2002)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

There Might

I know that there might
be one who'll break through,
I know that there might
be one who'll reach deep inside.

So it's wiser, is it not,
to run away and hide?

(Itajaí,15 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Thinking [NEW]

I’m thinking of all the men who've hurt me
And it makes me feel a little sad.
Then I think of all the men who’ll never get that chance
- and I swear it’s the brightest smile I’ve had!

(Itajai - 17 November,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Tingling

The tingling,
the feeling
of fingers through
my hair.

The tingling,
the butterflies
that weren't
always there.

The tingling,
the tingling
my senses
awake.

The tingling,
the tingling,
just one huge
mistake.

(Itajaí,09 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

To Believe

To believe might seem nice.
- It's just an educated guess.

But when belief is defrauded,
what happens with the rest?

(Itajai - 20 January,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Too Many Goodbyes

The earth that supports
the path where I tread.
The smiles and the laughter
and you in my head.

The moments gone by,
the loss and the pain.
The power I have,
and the strength I regain.

I still hold the fear
so close to my heart,
and I am still quite aware
of what it imparts.

But to reason is foolish,
and not what I need.
There are holes in my heart
that I need to feed.

I know I can't blame you
for what you don't know,
but one thing is certain:
you shouldnt've let me go.

The smiles and the laughter
were never quite there.
I wanted you near me,
I wanted you to care.

I say to myself that
you're the only one.
But how true is that,
after all that wasn't done?

I carry this image
of your heart in mine.
I long for you, I weep
I get angry and pine.

Your image was false,
an imprint of lies.
I never quite knew you;
too many goodbyes.

There's still one more left,
that I couldn't tell.
But I have all my strength now,
and I bid you farewell.

(London,14 May,2003)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Un-alone

I don't think I can
be un-alone.
I don't think I can
open my soul.
I've tried,
I know I have.
But I don't think I can
face it all again.
The echoes still resound
of lost promises and hopes.
But my mind and my soul
never will cope.
With echoes again,
untruth and unlove,
after dreams that are shared
and my soul that is bared.

(Itajaí,12 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Uncertainty Compounded

uncertainty compounded
into rejection most certain
is not what i hoped for
for the final curtain.

pushed into a corner
with no place to go
you forced me to silence
it's all that i know.

i wanted your comfort
and someone to hold
i wanted to know you
and stories untold.

i wanted to see you
just one last time
to put things right
with reason and rhyme.

it wasn't to happen
with games we were playing;
how easier, it seems
to know you're not staying.

i won't have to wonder,
to ponder, and doubt
i won't have to wonder
what you're about.

yet again i'm being left
alone and with whys.
this pattern annoys me
so many goodbyes.

i feel i can't move
i'm frozen in space,
don't know what to do
- not sure what i face.

so silly, it seems,
speculation galore.
i want answers now
i want nothing more.

the answers won't come
i know that now
i'll cope and get over it
i'll figure out how.

you walked into my life,
i'm happy you did.

you restored my hope
and feelings i hid.

(Kuala Lumpur,19 March,2005)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Uncoiling

why can't i let go
of what isn't me?

what would be left?
who would i be?

i try, i really do,
to uncoil the shadows

that wrap all around
my soul, myself, my heart.

(Itajaí,21 April,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Unreal Thoughts

Go away unreal thoughts!
Up and leave me be!
You wield no power
on one who is free.

Temptation to unreality
is inane when it comes to me.
You may knowck on my door,
but 'goodbye', I'll say
- You're no match for me.

(Itajai - 20 January,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Unsinkable

Don’t try to drown me in your ignorance
because I have learned to breathe.
In the depths of anguish
Gills have grown from my vulnerability.
I can swim now.
The hands that used to touch you are fins.
I am the unsinkable and undrownable
mistake you have made.
You will drown, and alone
in your own regret.

(Curitiba – 25 October,1994)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Unsure

I know I'm unsure
but that's ok for now.
I'm learning the ways
of not knowing how;

to handle the feelings
I hate to admit,
and lessen the fear
and never commit.

I know I'm unsure
in all this un-knowing,
and fear I still do
that emotions are growing.

Without wanting them to
I know they're in there,
and abhorrence I feel
- I don't want to care.

I know I'm unsure
of all that's to be,
unsureness is fine
but not about me.

I want to stay strong
and always be sure
of all that I want, need
and feelings deter.

I know I'm unsure
of life that appears,
but I know deep inside
I'm sure of my fears.

(Itajaí,15 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Untenable

I have it in my hands
the invisible sense of being.
I know it's there,
I feel it there.
And yet, I can't see it.
The untenable soul
of who I am is still
unattainable.
Sitting in my hands,
weaving through my fingers,
tickling my yearnings and longings.
I know I have it all in my hands,
hoping that some day soon
invisibility will become reality,
the intangible will become tangible,
and myself will be returned to me.

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Vestiges

vestiges
of whom I ought to be.
vestiges
of whom I've had to be.

slowly, so slowly
I waken to the dawn.
and there I find
all that I do wrong.

(Itajaí - 07 July,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Vows

My heart skips
a beat again,
when all I wanted
was that it wouldn't.

The tender touches
I was reluctant to feel
have been embedded
in my senses.

All that I vowed
and swore I would shun
came back in a flash
- alas, it's begun.

(Itajai - 20 January,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Warmth [NEW]

With warmth inside
I hear your voice
and smile.

A little tear
trickles down my cheek
- I won't be seeing you for a while.

(Itajaí - 27 May,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Who?

Who do you go to
when there's no one there?
Where is the shoulder
when you're in despair?

How do you muster
strength you don't have?
Who will you be then
when when you have gone mad?

Who will stand you
when you're not yourself?
Who will care in the end
when you're alone without help?

How will you go somehow
from death and then to life?
How can you believe
when your life is a knife?

Who will show you
the edge that is dull?
Who will go to you
when death at you pulls?

The answers've become
so limpidly clear;
it's just up to me,
myself and my fears.

Because who really cares
about what you have to share?
And who will be there
with your cross to bear?

(Itajaí,04 May,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

With My Pen [New]

And with my pen
I try to send you away
- away from my thoughts
of you everyday.

With my pen I do try
to make it all fade
- away with the hopes
and the love that we made.

(Itajaí - 5 June,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Without Temptation

Without temptation
Without its woes.
Without its aching
And longing throes.

Wouldn’t life be simpler,
Complication-free?
Dull it would also be though,
Oh, so dull for you and me.

(Itajaì - 09 November,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

Words Unsaid

The words unsaid are those which I feel when I look right into you.
When I look right into your eyes.
But the uncertainty lies when I can’t read the words you want to say, if they are to be said.
So many words my eyes want to say.
My lips have been possessed by the cowardly power of fear.
Read me.
Read my eyes.
There shall be no doubt.
- Only that which your eyes keep within;
and which your lips shall never utter.

(Curitiba – 21 January,1995)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

You Came Along

You came along
unexpected, yet true.
I beheld what I craved,
I beheld what was you.

You proved me so wrong
in all I had thought.
'Too good to be true',
but true I had sought.

You were what I craved
in tempestuous ways,
my heart did its flips,
it relished the craze.

The torturous song came
long after the maze,
long after you shielded
me with your haze.

For two nights I was yours
so entirely pure,
little did I know
what I'd have to endure.

The promises unspoken,
but still always there,
I always believed
and I thought you were fair.

But the sun brought light
the haze had gone,
and all that was left
was how I was wrong.

To follow my heart
seemed always absurd,
and yet there I was,
believing every word.

I denied me myself
what I always believed,
I gave you it all,
and me you deceived.

I guess I can take
the lesson I've learned,
just believe what I am
and never get burned.

(Itajaí,11 June,2009)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker

You Kissed My Soul [NEW]

You kissed my soul
and now I'm alone;
not having what I can't
and wishing I were whole.

(Itajaí - 5 June,2010)

Melanie Walendowsky Baker