Poetry Series

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Bomb

He remained on his knees,
Brought there by the chaos of the preceeding moments
And the horror that befell him.
There he knelt,
Just by the bomb-blasted breach
Now bearing a body.
He didn't need to see the face,
For he knew that it could only be one person
Lying in th gaping hole before him.
The moment he realized it,
He stuck his arms out from his sides
And screamed, and screamed, and screamed.
He heard no noise,
Amidst the chaos he felt no pain,
Only the agony of his entire world being torn apart.
Eyes shut,
He looked upwards as if solace might be found there,
But all he found was more torture.
Loss was by no means foreign,
But amongst the horrors he witnessed daily,
A loss so close seemed alien.
Collapsing over his knees,
He wept into the harsh desert landscape,
Pounding his fists in anger.
For an eternity,
He stayed there
Doubled over on the rocks.
As always,
He picked himself up and walked away,
And his life moved on.

Paloma Castaneda

Hours

They sit in silence now
After an exhausting night of empty words
Mere minutes pass, but they are hours
He feels it fall apart
He feels her slip away
They turn.
For the first time, they look at each other
He is suffocated in her terrible gaze
Suddenly the iris tightens
The bond shatters
Her lie is revealed
Twenty years undone in one moment
He falls, grasps a some reality
She turns.

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My Little Brother

I had a little brother who played with me in the rain,
I had a little brother who cried with me when I had pain,
I had a little brother who'd sing me funny lullabys,
I had a little brother who'd cry to me and love me.

I had a little brother who got very sick,
I told him I loved him with all my heart
But he didn't make it,
And now I have a little brother who watches over me everyday,
He smiles at me when I know he's there,
And he tells me that I'll be ok.

Paloma Castaneda

Selfish Desires

I want nothing more than love
I want nothing more than happiness
The two most seemingly simple things in life
are actually the most complicated
Is it really possible to let go?
Can I free myself from my own mind?
Without thoughts though
We're nothing.
I'm constantly racing backward
Trying to recreate the perfection of the past
But once it's gone
It's not real
Life is one big paradox
We all want to create memories
But at the attempt to recreate them, we
deteriorate the present
Maybe we find joy when we don't measure it
against other things
when past experiences and future consequences
don't matter
but who really knows?
I want nothing more than love
I want nothing more than happiness

Paloma Castaneda

The Falling

Falling through the dark, empty holes in the sky
His hand drifts closer, his arms extend to mine
What is the purpose for innocence to die?
His smile holds secrets, a deviant shine
Clouds keep building beneath, only to dissipate
Nostalgic warm feelings, of faith and love
Falling through the sky, feeling my conscience suffocate
His fingers follow to reach, and then shove
Deafening thunder clapse like metal on stone
His scarred skin touches mine, the fire lights
My heart will always be the one to loan
He will stay here through both daylights and nights
Falling ceases to prevail, the bitter thoughts fade
Oh treachery! Oh love! What a game I have played

Paloma Castaneda

The Warrior (an excerpt)

The pale girl gripped the nurse's hand
for a brief moment, clutching at the
soft skin. It was an impulsive move,
and normally the girl would berate herself for
not being herself - he fiercely, independent
self. The monitor sped up as her gaze raked over
the medicine lying on the cold, silver tray.
The girl's mother should be there to comfort
her, to hold her, at least to sit by her as the ago-
nizing medicine runs through her veins and the
convulsions rock her thin body. But she was not
there - she was anywhere but there, so the girl
gripped the nurse's hand instead, caught, for a
moment, in terror.
The girl stared into her eyes. There in the
gentle green pooled sympathy, of course, but
detachment, too. Who could blame the nurse?
God knows how many pale girls she had seen
come and go, all with the same hopes, the same
fears, the same fate.
She let go.
The nurse, clothed in sterile, white clothes,
set the tray down on the medical table. The in-
struments rattled. It sent a cold chill down the
girl's back, which in turn made her wince.
Today was big. This day had been on the
girl's mind for a while - it was sort of infamous
around there; something that everyone had to
go through sometime or another.
The girl braced herself.

Paloma Castaneda

Theme for English B

The instructor said,
Go home and write
a page tonight.
And let that page come out of you -
Then, it will be true.

I don't even know who I am, so why should
you?
I'm fourteen, my first year of high school, stressed
beyond words
I tend to be accident prone, testing gravity
often...Yep, it still works.
Born and raised in a some what traditional family
I guess I'm 'like totally' typical
A little directionally challenged,
I don't really have a sense of where I am
usually.
But I know that all roads lead to home
through the door, back out to my yard, where
I lay out a mat,
enjoy the fresh air, and write this page.

Being ADHD, how hard can it be?
It's like getting a picture of the world-
but you're the one that's out of focus
Constantly moving, fidgeting, being
unconnected
You get used to it, as well as the idea of
spending 5 hours 25 minutes
in a quiet room, taking a test that decides my currently uncertain future.

But I shouldn't define my future that way, like
I shouldn't define myself by my ADHD
So how should I define myself?
Do I let my clothes define me to you?
Living in t-shirts and jeans doesn't do me
justice.
I'm in a state of perpetual stress, freaking out
over something
that will certainly be no big deal in a few
short moments,
But that isn't quite accurate either.
My music tastes are really great
which is closer to a proper definition.
Should it be my slight tendency to spread
myself too thin?
Or the fact I'm almost always injured or sick?
Not a single one of these details gives you the
whole story of who I am
And definitely not a picture of who I strive to
be.
I always wish I could be more:

More organized, more confident, more focused.
That's American, but thats not me.
One mild identity crisis later, and I end up
just where I started
With no idea who I am, but a bunch of
scattered bits of information,
All written together on the same disheveled
page.

This is my page for English B

Paloma Castaneda

To You

I will never understand why you had to leave.
Still, I try to puzzle pieces together, hoping
to find an answer; yet somehow, I am always
unsuccessful. Maybe ou were needed somewhere
else. Maybe some other little girl needed you. I hear
stories and see pictures, but none of the memories
seem to register. It is a shame that I never got the
chance to know the real you, only through the words
of others. I close my eyes and try to imagine what
you look like, but all I come up with is a face of gray.
It just isn't fair, how you could be torn away from
me with a snap of their fingers, but then again, life
is never fair. Not a day goes by that I don't dream
about what it would be like, with you in my life. I
know it would be better.

Paloma Castaneda

Underneath the Water

I'm underneath the water
so cold yet my emottions grow hotter
I helplessly sink
losing the ability to think
my surroundings tighten
the losses, they heighten
my soul ripped without thought
meaningless for what I sought
a ripple was all you could see
no one truly know the thoughts of insanity
I sigh with acceptance
and let go of my insistence
the water pulls me with such great
strength
I tried to avoid this at such great
lengths
I struggle with one last gasp
my whole life out of grasp
I'm engulfed in such confusion
was this simply all an illusion?
you see the lake still as the dead
no notice of the tears that were shed
I leave without a word
no one truly ever heard

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