

Poetry Series

Patti Williams

- poems -

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Patti Williams (July 4th,1951)

I've been an artist all my life and just recently started writing poetry. I LOVE art of all kinds and love reading! In 1985 a man attacked me, crushing my skull and raped me. I was declared dead upon my arrival at the hospital and was in a coma for awhile, but when I came out of it, I was determined to live life like I'd never lived before! I believe we waste so much of our lives not doing things because of fear... I just plunge into everything head on and have the time of my life... so I really must acknowledge that it had a profound affect on my life, I am LIVING it and participating in it instead of just existing in it and watching it go by. I love contributing to others and enjoy creating and nurturing!

Across Eternity

Searching through the ends of time;
One existence to another.
Watching treads of life unwind,
There is no time to recover.

A bag of water is my world.
The cradle of my existence.
In a fetal ball I am curled.
Oblivious to disturbance.

Exiting that bag of water,
Entering this dry bright world.
I became my parents' daughter.
My little body is unfurled.

Always playing, growing fast.
Mommy saying, 'No no no'
Learning how to walk at last!
Soon I'm running, never slow.

Going down my chosen path.
Living like there's no tomorrow.
Many questions I would ask.
At times feeling only sorrow.

The roller coaster ride of life,
When ridden with great passion,
Makes your world be filled with rife
Always ready for more action.

When the ride is finally over,
When my exit has begun,
Exiting this bag of water,
I know my being here is done.

Embracing my new existence,
Free of physical constraints,
Adjusting to the ambiance,
Beginning a whole new game.

Where I will go from this station,
Is not important today.
I'm living life in all creation,
Across eternity I play.

Patti Williams

ALS, The Quiet Killer

For all who have ALS, commonly known as Lou Gehrig's disease.

No more tender moments.
No more soft caress.
No more sweet surrender.
No more quickened breath.

This body cannot function.
It lays in this cold bed.
Yearning for affection,
Knowing that it's dead.

Cannot try, cannot cry,
Cannot hold you closely.
Cannot live, cannot give.
Cannot love you only.

Watching you, missing you.
Wishing you were nearer.
Loving you, wanting you.
Can't believe you're still here.

We pretend, we deny, we refuse to accept.
This cruel disease has stolen our time.
It's taken my body though I'm still alive.
Trapped inside this empty shell,
Wasting away, in living Hell.

Alone in the dark, I cry secretly.
Waiting for death to come escort me.
Even though I can't breathe on my own,
I know when I die, I'll be all alone.

No more walks, holding hands.
No more ways to love my man.
No more breathing in my ear,
No more whispers for me to hear.

Cannot say how we feel,
Cannot stir those feelings.
We must pretend that we are strong;
Must behave like there's nothing wrong.

Oh, to hold you one more time;
This body is no longer mine.
How can we forget all the dreams we had?
ALS says, 'Just too bad.'

We no longer have forever,
Cannot even be together.
How can we have hope tomorrow,
When all that's left is full of sorrow.

Patti Williams

Be The Cause

Why do we listen when they say it can't be done?
Why do we care when they tell us that the game can't be won?
Nothing's over 'til it's over and of this you can be sure,
So why let go of victory when the desire to win is yours?

No one knows what can happen in this game of life.
You can cause peace to take over whenever there is strife.
You can cause a transformation in how your life occurs.
Possibilities you create can cause a whole world you prefer.

Your whole life can be a source of extraordinary joy.
If something doesn't work the first time, simply redeploy.
Don't be stopped just because someone has said, 'No.'
Grit your teeth, set your jaw, and do it like a pro.

If you come up with reasons why you think you shouldn't try,
Do something different, be UNreasonable, and then reach for the sky.
These things that hold you back, are only in your head,
Let them go into the past, and you go forward instead!

You'll miss out on so much, if you just stay where you are.
Live life in the comfort zone and you'll miss the shooting stars.
Cause your life to happen; just speak and you will see:
Keep on waiting, get more of the same... that I guarantee!

Patti Williams

Born of the Sea

Born of water, salt and wind; seaweed in my hair.
Longing for the ocean's depths, seldom needing air.
Serenity in the moonlit waves, lapping at the shore.
Riding the waves' rise and fall, contents my very core.

Breathing in the salty air, I know a calm and peace.
The waves leave shells at my feet, like gifts from the sea.
The surge of the tide is so strong, it pulls me out to play.
No longer can I stay ashore, the night's turned into day.

Gone from the land, passing time in my watery bliss.
Plunging deep below the surface, surrounded by schools of fish.
'Tis here I'll spend my final hours when that time comes around.
For this is where my soul belongs, not within the ground.

My father is the mighty ocean, fearless, wild and free.
He pummels all who'd harness him, or children of the sea.
I'm safe within his arms, whether it be by day or night.
I was born to be in this watery deep, it is my place by right.

Patti Williams

By The Fire

She's sitting by a fire watching sparks swirling by,
Feeling so alone, trying hard not to cry.
Remembering her husband who's been dead 3 years now,
How he used to sit beside her by the fire and lay her down.
His hands would stroke her face and hair, he'd whisper in her ear,
His arms would hold her oh so close and calm away her fears.
His voice would reassure her, everything would be alright,
By the fire they would lie, in each other's arms all through the night.

Suddenly she's jolted from her silent reverie;
Some lonely wraith comes through the flames to keep her company.
She barely knows he's there at first, he's only just an essence...
Her senses tell her something's there, something like a presence.
She listens for a sound, watches for a motion, feels a tingling in her spine;
The wraith is reaching out, touching her emotions, entering her mind.
She feels herself engulfed in love and knows that it's alright,
By the fire they will lie in each other's arms all through the night.

Patti Williams

Lou Gehrig's Bat

For those suffering with ALS or Lou Gehrig's Disease

Lou Gehrig was a baseball player,
Hitting baseballs hard and true!
Received kudos from the mayor,
The crowds loved him too!

One day he dropped his baseball cap,
It slipped right out of his hand.
When Lou Gehrig stepped up to bat,
He found he could barely stand.

Most people call it Lou Gehrig's disease,
Some call it A L S.
It has no borders, no sympathies,
It kills whom it decides to caress.

It's caused its share of pain and suffering,
Leaving everyone in the dark.
It's time to pick up Lou Gehrig's old bat,
And knock ALS out of the park!

Patti Williams

Mother's Plight

Survival

Walking through the ice and snow,
Moonlight casting a blue/white glow,
Like sparkling crystals all around,
This magical blanket covers the ground.

My breath materializes before my eyes,
Moisture turns in mid air to ice.
The frosty bite of winter's air
Pricks my nose which is laid bare.

There is no sound but the North wind,
No movement except for tree limbs.
A gust of wind drops snow like powder
The cold increases by the hour.

The doe was hidden in the brush,
Now spooked and bolts into a rush,
I see the panic in her eyes
She sees me and nearly flies.

She had been nursing her newborn fawn,
Thought they were safe until the dawn.
She could not flee into the night
She had to save her deerling's life.

Though drawn to the beauty that I saw,
I turned and walked away in awe.
A simple creature of the wild
So treasured the life of its child.

I walked on through the ice and snow,
I braced myself for the wind to blow.
Swirling sheets of white surround me
This wonderland of life astounds me.

Patti Williams

Skipping Across the Moon

Her hair lifting on the wind
Sent sprays of fragrance all around.
She sensed the message being sent
Though she never heard a sound.

She was born to love the stars and space-
Her playground was the moon.
Skipping along on Jupiter's rings
She sang a forgotten tune.

She never gave a second thought
To staying on the Earth.
All her days and nights on Mars
Were spent on her re-birth.

She gathered all the strength she had;
Grabbed hold of a shooting star.
Dropped by the Orion Nebula,
Capturing pure light in a jar.

Her journey far from over,
She squealed in sheer delight.
Knowing forever was in her hands
And the treasure was her life.

Patti Williams

Spirits in Flight

My first flight in a glider plane!

There you were... in the air.
You flew beside me - touched my hair!
Climbing, climbing, together we flew...
Through the clouds, as one, we two.

Climbing, dropping, leveling off...
When there in a pocket, we were caught!
As lovers enthralled, we wanted to stay...
Travelers through time, lingering to play.

Ne'er to earth we wanted to fall...
'Fly through the heavens! ' we heard one call.
Fly on the wind, climb in the air...
Soaring, soaring, without a care.

As earth pulled us down, those bonds we severed...
To ride the wind in the sky forever.

Patti Williams

Take A Chance

Some of us live our lives inside a shell
Like crabs, retreating to our cell.
Picking away at what washes ashore,
Throw some out and pick through some more.
We do this on a daily basis,
Unknowingly stuck in mental stasis.
Programmed to repeat our sorting out,
And left wondering what life's all about.
Some venture from familiar boundaries,
Stumbling upon treasures astounding.
Finding life to be exciting,
Going further even more inviting!
New experiences, excitement bringing,
Leaving behind the empty seeking.
We learn that life is what we make,
That all stems from a chance we take.
What we say is what will be,
Say you'll take a chance with me.
We'll see what lies beyond the shore,
And take a chance there's even more.

Patti Williams

The Name of The Game

Be a leader who inspires others to lead!

Never before could I have seen
In what direction things would lean.
Being a fighter and warrior at heart
Frustrated my efforts in taking part.
I never wanted to be a leader,
Thought I was better at being a greeter.
Leading from death to life is great,
On this I began to meditate.
Seeing from a different point of view,
My world I found was all of YOU.
I am you and you are me,
Nothing here but equality.
We are the same, we are all ONE
Time for us to have some fun!
Will you follow me or stay the same,
As MISSION IMPOSSIBLE becomes our game?

Patti Williams

The Sea

I have seen the splendor of the moonlight on the waves.
The brilliance of the sun sparkling playfully in the day.
I have seen the glory of life being spawned at sea...
I have seen many things; I have seen the sea.

I have heard the call to dinner of gulls upon the beach.
The songs of the great whales as they begin to breach.
I have heard the crash of mighty waves all around me.
I have heard many things; I have heard the sea.

I have smelled the salty water as it sprayed into the air.
The fish that swim beside me sometimes nipping at my hair.
I have smelled the scent of mermaids as they swim wild and free.
I have smelled many things; I have smelled the sea.

I have touched the face of stingrays as they swam in the shallows.
The tiny seahorses, shells and starfish curiously mellow.
I have touched the belly of the dolphins playfully,
I have touched many things; I have touched the sea.

I have tasted all the tropic's fare when dining with my love.
Coconuts, pineapples, seaweed too, and rain from above.
I have tasted the sweetness of the flowers in the breeze.
I have tasted many things; I have tasted the sea.

I have been to all the shores that line the continents.
I've built all the reefs on earth and fed all its inhabitants.
I've taken sailors around the world, wherever they wish to be.
I have been everything... I AM THE SEA.

Patti Williams

Threads of Dreams

Weaving these golden threads of my dreams
Into my life when I awaken.
Making my world somewhere between
Reality and fantasy oftimes mistaken.
Seeing the world through colored glasses,
Manipulating whatever I wish-
Not giving in to the pressure of the masses,
Their approval I do not miss.
Dreaming in swirls of sparkling wonder,
Being inspired to create,
With a streak of lightening and clap of thunder,
I make and seal my fate.
I am not a helpless victim
Being tossed about by circumstance.
I dream my dreams and recreate them,
And through my life enjoy the dance.
As strange as all of it may seem,
True life comes from giving.
These threads of gold and silver dreams
Make all my life worth living.

Patti Williams

Timeless

The universe draws two spirits together-
Two spirits unite, are one forever.
Searching through time and space they see
How love carries them on through eternity.
The winds of change will blow their way,
Those spirits will fly, but together they stay.
Their bodies become dust, water and air-
Their spirits go on- though no evidence there.
Evidence you look for, but stop I'd say...
Close your eyes, then open again-
Their spirits you'll see- there on the wind.
The universe draws two spirits together-
Two spirits unite as one forever.

Patti Williams

Unknown World

This is dedicated to my sister Phyllis who died battling Lou Gehrig's disease for 2 years.

As I approach this crossing, my eyes straight ahead.
I feel the unknown calling, a twinge of doubt is fed.
Nowhere to turn, nowhere to run, I walk straight on instead.
There is no turning back for me, nothing left but dread.

This world's light has grown dim for me, my time is running out.
I see another distant shore, beyond my loudest shout,
I understand, it's there I'm headed, it's all I think about.
When I reach the other side, there'll be no backing out.

What of this world I'm leaving, will I find my way back home?
Will I find a better place, as I was always told?
Or is my fate to wander, in a strange land, unknown?
Ever the abandoned waif, existing all alone?

Patti Williams

We Become What We Resist

To those of us who will NEVER be like someone else!

Seeing hypocrites everyday,
We shake our heads and turn away.
'I'll never be like that, ' we declare,
Make sure we tell everyone, everywhere.
So adamant are we to remain unsullied,
We bend over backwards avoiding the bullies.
We end up judging everyone else,
Can't see the hypocrite in ourselves.
All we see is what THEY'RE doing,
Take no note of where WE'RE going!
As we fight against the thing we hate,
We never stop to contemplate.
It's not what we're doing, but how we're BEING,
We never notice when we start leaning.
As we resist, we begin to take shape,
The very form of what we so hate.
As we speak loudly of other's faults,
More and more like them we become.
Who is the hypocrite, I ask you now?
They who say they're good and bow?
Or do you wish to fool yourself,
And never see you're in a cell.
That cell came from your own creating
Your comfort zone where you are waiting.
Make sure you do such good acts,
Covering over all the facts.
No one cares what you have done.
We're all the same, we are all one.
Other's ways you cannot change
No matter what you rearrange.
Your rigid stance will firmly hold you
In the darkness that will mold you.
Bend like grass within a storm
Don't take on that nasty form.
For you can BE however you wish,
But bitterness is a poisonous dish.

Patti Williams