

Classic Poetry Series

Riann Erucolii

- poems -

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Reflection

The light that spills through the crack in the door
Illumines only her face
 And my grandmother smiles
 If only all of life was this easy
 To only be a child forever
 With nothing to care about
 And nothing to lose

Every day in the schoolyard
 There was kickball
 Dodge ball
 Hopscotch
 Friends were many, we were all the same
 And nobody ever cried
 When mothers called us home

Be the best, they told us
 Second place is never good enough
 There is no second chance
 Your life is what you make it
 Make it better than mine
 Make it more
Than you can be, and break your own stars.

The war of nineteen years, is everybody's battle
 Survivors win a sheet of paper that says:
 You are free; you can go;
 Get away; run
And we lose everything you've ever made
 Temporary friends
 Provisional lives

And there were so many choices
 And I didn't know what foot
 To start on
 And what foot would follow
 And where the paths
 Would
 Lead me

I always had a dream
 What if it never happens?
 What if I never find
 Me
Within my frantic
 Ramblings along
 The way

There would be no world left
 If I never fell in love
 What if I never
 Get the chance to see

Them
And love them
And love me

Why do those kisses
Always seem so
Staccato
So ceaseless
And so
Very
Complete

Maybe sometime
I will have a child
Though it is not what
I would call a good time
To shove a watermelon
Through a
Straw

So many things to do
And there is never enough time
And every breath I take is closer
To the final draw
So many places
To leave
My proof of life

What I need?
Security
I can not
Be in wanting
In lacking
In greed
Or lust

I need to give everything I have
To them
My family
My parts of me
It would kill me to not be there
To see them live
The way I have yet to live

I am afraid of change
Everything I do I
Do the same
Every day
Is only
A mirror
Of the last

And every day
 As I grow I learn
 A little more about myself
 And I know I need
More than myself
I must not
 Be alone

I never want to be
 Unable to be me
 My child is still there
Somewhere down inside
If only
 I was me
One last time

The light that spills through the crack in the door
 Illumines only her face
 If only all of life were this easy
Someday she will know
 And I smile
 At my beautiful granddaughter
Fulfilled

Submitted by Chris Adams

Riann Erucolii