

Poetry Series

Stephanie A. Geyer

- poems -

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Stephanie A. Geyer

My appreciation for all forms of art (music, writing, painting, etc.) developed at an early age.

However, it wasn't until the late 1980's that my love for writing developed when I had to write poems and short stories for an English class... For the first time, I was able to share my dreams, emotions, ideas, life experience, and visions with others on paper - It was the most amazing feeling. To this day, I continue to write.

The poems I have submitted are part of my collection entitled: 'wigirl: The Stories Never Told'. My poems are a part of me. They are my dreams, emotions, ideas, life experiences, and visions.

My hope is that you, the reader enjoy my poems as much as I have enjoyed writing them through the years and putting them together in this collection.

Bookstore, The

I go into the bookstore-
A place where dreams come true.
So much to choose from...
If only I could choose a book.
Where to go, what to see...
Or better yet - who to be!
I think I'll go to Europe...
Or maybe Africa.
I'll see the buildings...
Or maybe the animals.
I'll be the hero-
Maybe not.
Better yet-
I'll be the villain...
And live a life of lies.
And all I have to do is choose a book-
For once the book is opened...
My adventure will begin.

(2000)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Commercials

The program breaks-
Its commercial time.
Name the product,
it is advertised.
One...
Two...
Three... minutes.
How much longer more?
Loud and mindless,
time to hit the 'mute'.
Four...
Five...
Six... minutes.
How much longer more?
Time to channel surf.
Flip...
Flip...
Flip...
Time to check again.
The program comes back on.

(2006)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Confusion

What is my problem?
I do not know
I am so confused-
I do not know why.
I am so scared.
I do not know why.
I guess I'm just loney-
I do not know why.
I have so many friends.

(1993)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Dance, The

Close your eyes...
And take my hand.
Put your problems far behind...
And concentrate-
While we dance up in the sky.
Step one...
Step two...
Step three..
Step four...
Feel the passion-
Feel the rhythm.
Let the music set you free.
Now-
Release my hand
and look at me...
As life moves forward
problem free.

(2000)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Dancing Queen, The

Only eighteen years old
working for little money.
She is the dancing queen.
Growing up poor,
with abusive parents.
She is the dancing queen.
Smoking pot,
and drinking a lot.
She is the dancing queen.
Wearing fancy clothes on stage,
she is the dancing queen.
Men adore the dancing queen
and use her for cheap thrills.
Will she ever have a real life?
No, because...
she is the dancing queen.

(1996)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Dream a Little Dream

Dream a little dream...
Way above the clouds-
A world that's all your own.
Dream a little dream...
Where people are unique-
In a world of acceptance,
far, far away.
Dream a little dream...
In which people live freely
in a peaceful world.
Dream a little dream.

(2007)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Dream, The

I once had a dream...
Like I was running in mid air.
I was running from a lion...
Chasing me like I was a caribou.
Of course, when I went to sleep...
I was laying under a tree,
on the nice green grass.
All of the sudden,
I saw the big beady eyes.
Then I saw him...
Hiding in the grass.
At first I thought it was just a dream...
But then-
He lunged forward.
And I began to run...
With the lion on my tail.
And then -
I woke up...
With my legs running in the air.

(1990)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Dreaming (aka: Falling)

Here I am...
Trying to sleep.
Slowly my eyes drift shut.
I find myself falling-
One, two, three...
What is happening to me?
I fall again-
Four, five, six...
Why do I deserve this?
I fall again-
Seven, eight, nine...
What am I tangled up in?
I fall again-
Ten, eleven, twelve...
Is this the end of me?
I fall once more-
Thirteen...
KERPLUNK!
The alarm is blaring...
I open my eyes.
I am on the floor-
How did I get here?

(2002)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Final Farewell

Farewell my friend.
It's time to go.
And leave me far behind.
But not to fear-
Our paths will cross...
Someday, somewhere, somehow.
When? I do not know.
Just go, my friend.
I will not cry.
For your time has come.
Yes, you will travel far away-
With a part of me.
Farewell, my friend.
Good luck to you.
Until we meet again.

(1996)

Stephanie A. Geyer

From a Distance

I see the world from a distance-
People want their freedom:
Expression, Speech, Religion, etc.
From a distance...
Poor people walk the streets-
With no food, shelter or clothing.
From a distance...
People seek acceptance.
From a distance...
People of ethnic races
Fight for equal rights.
From a distance...
The world is seen as a whole.
Up close...
People only see what they want to see.
OPEN YOUR EYES...
AND SEE THE WORLD!

(1998)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Hands to Heaven

Raise your hands to heaven.
Pray...
Pray for one another.
Raise your hands to heaven.
Pray...
Pray for guidance and support.
Raise your hands to heaven.
Pray...
Pray for survival.
Raise your hands to heaven.
Pray...
Pray for peace.
Raise your hands to heaven.
Pray to be one with God.
Raise your hands to heaven-
And pray.

(2007)

Stephanie A. Geyer

I Remember

I Remember when the sun shined as if it were a million light bulbs shining all at once. I remember my grandmother who once had hair as light as the big gray sky. I remember when the big, bright sun used to shine upon us with its long, white rays. I remember now that the big gray sky is only over me, and that the sun will never shine again for me. (1988)

Stephanie A. Geyer

I Walk Alone

I walk alone-
In this lonely world.
My world's my mind-
My solitude...
A place where I can go.
My dreams are dreams
of memories...
Not far left behind.
You and I-
And what once was...
Now shattered into pieces-
Deep inside my head.
I walk alone-
In this lonely world.

(2007)

Stephanie A. Geyer

I Want to be Free

I want to be free...
I want to be myself,
and leave my mask behind.
But I cannot-
People will not accept me,
I want to be unique.
Everyone else is normal.
They are all the same.
I am an individual.
I want to be myself-
And not a 'wannabe'.
I want to be free.

(1997)

Stephanie A. Geyer

In a Willow Tree

Here I sit.
All alone, way up high.
Free as I can be.
Wind is blowing back my hair...
As I see the cars drive by.
The trees are dancing in the wind...
Along with every blade of grass.
The smell of a rainstorm
is coming near.
The clouds block out the sun.
I need to now climb down...
For it has begun to drizzle.

(1988)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Lonely, Lonely

* This poem was written in memory of my cousin who died of AIDS *

Lonely, lonely...
I am here.
Me, myself and I.
Lonely, lonely...
I sit and cry-
For I must die.
Lonely, lonely...
I must fly.
High in the great big sky.

(1995)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Mask, The

It seems I wear a mask.
My friends do not accept me-
I cannot be myself.
I am here and I am not.
I am no where's near.
People tell me-
Be yourself and you will have success.
I look at them...
And then respond...
My mask does not remove.

(1996)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Me, Myself and I

Here I sit.
All alone...
Me, myself and I.
Who are my friends?
I do not know.
Except...
Me, myself and I.
No one really cares about...
Me, myself and I.
For no one really knows -
Me, myself and I.

(1990)

Stephanie A. Geyer

No Longer Quiet

Quickly-
Umbrellas pop open.
Instantly the rain comes
Especially where dark clouds loom.
Thunder is heard in the distance.
No longer quiet.

(2007)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Normal

What is normal in this humble world?
No one really knows.
Normal sounds boring...
Therefore it's something I do
not wish to be.
But what is abnormal?
No one really knows.
It is impossible for someone
to be abnormal.
What is normal?

(1991)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Party, A

A party from seven to ten.
Come one, come all if you can.
The music was loud-
The mess was immense.
What fun it was to come.

(1989)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Peaceful Swamp, The

There is a swamp - a peaceful swamp...
That man cannot destroy.
In this swamp - the peaceful swamp...
Animals tend to live.
And in this swamp - the peaceful swamp...
There is a trail where people walk-
To see the beauty that man cannot destroy.
For no one knows,
just what they'll see...
In the peaceful swamp.

(1997)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Penny Lane

Penny Lane is a site to see.
The entire lane is pennies.
Pennies that shine all day,
pennies that shine all night.
Penny Lane is a site to see.

(1988)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Psychedelic Colors (aka: Dance Club)

Psychedelic colors...
Swirling from outside.
Psychedelic colors...
Swirling high above.
Psychedelic colors...
Swirling on the walls.
Psychedelic colors...
Swirling on the floor.
Psychedelic colors...
Swirling in my head.
Psychedelic colors...
Swirling as I twirl.
Psychedelic colors...
Swirling as I fall.
Psychedelic colors...
Swirling every place I look
Psychedelic colors...
Swirling on everyone I see.
Psychedelic colors...
Swirling as I close my eyes.
Psychedelic colors...
Swirling from inside.

(2006)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Race Car

Now she takes her mark
at the starting line...
Looking far beyond,
ready to win the race.
She takes a deep breath
with her massive lungs;
then gets in position,
while her heart beats fast.
Just as the flag drops;
she zooms down the track;
leaving behind the slow ones,
trying to reach her goal.
She knows the finish line is near,
while others pass her by.
Then she zooms ahead,
and finally wins the race.

(1988)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Red Balloon, The

I once had a balloon-
A balloon so big and red.
Until the day it decided to be free.
On that day-
It flew high above the sky.
It flew with the birds-
Until it popped.

(1988)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Rose, The (aka: Love Rose, The)

Love is a freshly picked rosebud...
That blossoms into the perfect flower.
This rose lives on the power of love...
And when the petals fall-
The love is gone.

(1993)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Rubic's Cube

Rubic's Cube is a symbol of life...
When the puzzle is solved-
Each side is unique...
An individual with a color all its' own.
When mixed up-
The puzzle is normal...
Each side having two or more colors.
There is nothing unique about it...
Every side the same.
Normal is boring.
Figure out how to solve the Rubic's Cube...
And be an individual.

(1996)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Seeing Spots (aka: Spotted Mobile, The)

Colored spots above my head-
Float...
Gracefully around the room
held with open arms.
Mesmerized am I
by those colored spots.
They move in unison,
and they never collide.
Those spots will never leave.
They will always float
held with open arms...
High above my head.

(1999)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Shangrula

I dream of a place called Shangrula.
Where people come and people go.
Where children run and play,
on grass that's always green.
Below the big, blue sky,
the trees are filled with envy,
the flowers show their pride.
In Shangrula-
There is no hate.
For everyone is a peace.
When I sleep...
If I dream...
I dream of Shangrula.

(1990)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Shattered

I go down to the water's edge
to find my lover there.
My love is gone...
For he is dead,
laying before my eyes.
My heart is shattered,
for I must cry...
My love is forever dead.

(1997)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Solitude Stands

There she is-
Solitude...
By the open window.
She looks at me
with her haunting eyes.
And points to the ground below.
Will she take me on her journey?
I do not know.
I really want to stay.
She sees my fate
as a flower or a flame.
Will it be the flower?
Or will it be the flame?
I do not know...
Except that
Solitude is standing
by the open window.

(1993)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Stories Never Completely Told

Red, yellow, black or white...
We are all one.
We are similiar-
Yet we are so different.
We are so complex.
Our language...
Our culture...
Stories never completely told.

(1999)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Strangers We will Be

Tears of sadness run down my face.
I think of all the times we shared...
And all that could have been.
I think of how you left me...
So sudden.
But you had to leave-
You had no choice.
Will we meet again?
I do not know.
If we do-
Strangers we will be.
We will however...
Always remember...
All that we have shared.

(1997)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Stress

I go to work-
And do my job.
The phone keeps ringing...
Someone needs help.
The copier jams...
The fax won't go.
The computer kicked me out.
I really want to scream!
Someone else needs help...
The phone still rings-
And I want to scream!
The computer kicks me out again...
And that fax still won't go.
The copier jams again-
And I want to scream!
How much longer till the end?
I can hardly wait.

(2000)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Thinking of You (aka: Blues and Greens)

Here I am, all alone...
You are no where's near.
When I think of you...
You are here.
To cure my blues and greens.
You make me laugh...
You make me smile.
You make me stop and think.
Think of all the good times...
Think of all the bad.
Even though you're far away...
You're always here with me.
Deep inside my heart.

(1990)

Stephanie A. Geyer

To a Friend

We are from different worlds...
As I'm sure you know.
We are so different...
Yet, we are the same.
Maybe that's why we're friends.
I really do not know.
Or maybe it's because in you...
I see myself.
This I'll never know.
And maybe that's a good thing.
All I can say-
Be yourself and never change-
For I admire you for you.

(1995)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Tunnel and the Light, The (aka: Sadness)

I close my eyes...
And cry.
I am slowly walking...
Walking down-
Through the dark tunnel.
I am all alone...
Slowly-
I walk towards nothing.
Suddenly-
I see the light...
Leading me straight ahead.
Slowly-
I continue walking.
I am all alone.
I hear a voice
calling to me.
I begin to run...
Running towards the light-
I open my eyes...
And I cry.

(2007)

Stephanie A. Geyer

United We Stand... Divided We Fall

We all stand together as one.
We stick together...
When problems arise-
We pull through.
United we stand.
When we're far apart...
We are all alone.
When things go wrong-
There is no one to help.
Divided we fall.

(1997)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Upon the Quiet Beach

There I sat.
All alone...
Upon the quiet beach.
The sky was black...
The moon was bright...
The waves came crashing in.
The sand was soft upon my touch...
And damp down by the water's edge.
What fun it was to be there.
All alone...
Upon the quiet beach.

(1990)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Water Gun Cowboy, The

There is a guy - a cowboy,
who never misses a target.
All he shoots is water
from his little gun.
He sneaks around,
waiting to attack.
When I least expect it...
he shoots!
His aim is always true.
I scream.
I run.
I stay just where I am.
He soaks me still!
And then sneaks off...
not to be seen
for the rest of the day.

(1996)

Stephanie A. Geyer

What if God were One of Us?

What if God were one of us?
Who would he be?
Would he be sick and disabled?
Would we walk right by?
Would he be poverty stricken?
Would we walk right by?
Would he be an elderly person
sitting in the park?
Would we walk right by?
Would he be a lonely person
looking for a friend?
Would we walk right by?
Would he be a grief stricken person?
Would we walk right by?
Would he be a protester?
Would we walk right by?
Would he be a lost child?
Would we walk right by?
How would we know him
if we walk right by?

(2006)

Stephanie A. Geyer

What if Walls Could Talk?

What if walls could talk?
If walls could talk,
secrets would be told.
If walls could talk,
dreams would come to life.
If walls could talk,
hopes and fears would be revealed.
If walls could talk,
advice would be given.
If walls could talk,
opinions would be stated.
What if walls could talk?

(2006)

Stephanie A. Geyer

What is Love?

Love is a feeling of peace...
When you're all alone.
Love is a feeling of adventure...
When you're far away.
Love is a feeling of passion...
When you're with your one true love.
Love is a feeling of anything...
When you have the time.
Love is a feeling you create...
Deep within yourself.

(1991)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Who am I?

Who am I?
I really do not know.
Actually, I do...
But people do not see 'me'.
Therefore, who am I?

(1990)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Wind Calls Out, The

The silence breaks-
The wind calls out:
'Get up... And take a look!
See the dark blue sky above-
The crystal snow below.
Now close your eyes-
And make a wish,
Upon the single star.'
- Silence -
The wind calls out:
'Breathe in... breathe out.
Envision a day unlike no other.'
- Silence -
The wind calls out:
'Lie down, it's time to rest.
Your wish will soon come true.'

(2007)

Stephanie A. Geyer

Writer's Block

I'm sitting in the lobby...
Trying to write a paper.
My mind just went blank...
I stare up at the tv
as people come and go.
I'm trying to concentrate...
While I have a drink.
This paper is due tomorrow...
But I cannot think.
I ask my friends for help...
But nothing comes to mind.
It's getting late...
And I am tired-
I want to go to sleep.
Wait...
An idea just came to mind.
I can finish my paper.
I can go to sleep.

(1997)

Stephanie A. Geyer