Poetry Series

~ Starr Williams ~

- poems -

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~ Starr Williams ~ (July 31 1991)

Hello! Thanks first of all for even reading this.
I am 14 years old and i write poems ALL the time.
i write about things that happen to me, things that should happen, things i want to happen, and things that cant happen.
I have TONS of poems but havnt taken the time to post them all on Poemhunter, someday ill take the time!
thanks and God bless,
*Starr

Works:

no books yet! ive only been writing for about a year,
its one of my biggest dreams! maybe someday...

A Lost Poem

Last night I had this amazing poem,
stuck in my head,
But much to tired, I thought, “Oh I’ll remember.”
and jumped into bed!
Now this morning, try as I may,
I cannot remember,
what this poem was about!
Love….snow…or winter!
I wish I could remember because it was
both beautiful and bright,
If only I had taken the time
to simply sit and write!
Now you my dear reader,
will simply have to trust,
This poem was lovely,
but now its not here,
And this poem about nothing
is merely a distorted mirror,
Of what this perfect poem
Was to be,
But I guess we’ll just have to imagine,
Both you, and me.

To all the poems that should have been, but we were to lazy to write them.....

~ Starr Williams ~

A Scary Dream

Housewives as the nights,
Came through,
The ceiling swung,
And then it grew

Have you ever seen the rain,
Shine blue?
In the Ring Of Fire,
Just for you?

Have you felt that chill,
With dew?
The yellow moon above
sweep through?

Have you sighed that fateful,
Word of doom,
Fallen into that tunnel,
yes it looms.

A whisper blares across,
The room,
The stars come to my eyes, but
I sail through.

A laughing ace of hearts says,
YOU,
Then dances round and round,
And withdrew.

Have you ever seen brick walls
Of blue,
Stand tall and strong but
I pass through.

Is the hammer big, or is it
The room?
This pounding in my head,
I knew.

The door rushes away, from my field
Of view,
Then comes running back, what can,
I do?

I sit up suddenly, is it,
Through?
The relief that dreams don’t ususally
come, true.

~ Starr Williams ~

An Old Sailor

A smiling wrinkled sailor sits placidly on the porch,
on a splintered wooden rocker, facing towards the North.

To the East the sun will rise, each morning a new day.
To the West the sun will set, shining a final orange ray.

Each morning, each evening, he glides in his chair,
While a warm southern breeze, ruffles thick silver hair.

But the sailor is lost, in a world all his own,
For he lost precious eyesight, while far from his home.

"But that isn't so bad", he says with a grin that is cheerful.
For without eyes to cry I simply cannot be tearful.

So instead he hears the sunset, he can smell it in the air.
The calm of sacred silence, that echoes far and near.

He feels the sun's soft rays stroke his skin of leather,
As he waits for his old mate,
the sun,
in any kind of weather.

He feels the shivers of the dew.
It ushers out the old day, and calls in the new.

He feels the sun is setting, he nods a last goodbye.
For he doesn't know if tomorrow morn, the sun,
for him, will rise.

He lives in inky-blackness, but still rejoices, not surprising.
For instead of only watching the sun,
He can feel it rising.

~ Starr Williams ~

Breathing Place (Yellow Moon)

Yellow moon peeps at me
Behind the shadows of the night.
Rises slow among the leaves,
Spreading eerie yellow light.

The oval face stares back at mine,
Screams silently, " Go, leave! "
I need to go, to go somewhere,
Somewhere I can breathe.

I wonder if that Breathing Place,
Is somewhere I can go.
Is it for those who wander there?
As well as those who know?

I think this Breathing Place must be,
A field of yellow grass.
An opaque sky, reaches out,
And steals from me, my past.

Or could it be a mossy rock,
By crystal mountain stream.
Trailing bare toes in the clear blue,
Where I seem a natural queen.

This rest, this rest, this peace, this bliss,
Is found in the Breathing Place.
But where is it? Is there room for me?
In that Breathing Place?

As the yellow moon finally,
Tops the trees,
I give a wishful sigh,
And it melts with the breeze.

I turn around,
Only to face my life,
In the house,
Those big bright lights.
And so continues,
My normal life,
Without a Breathing Place.

~ Starr Williams ~

Can You Imagine?

A sky that’s not blue,
A dog with no tail,
A lie that is true,
A sea with no whale.
How could it be,
To love with no heart,
A leaf with no tree,
For the Pacific to part.
A toe that talks,
A thin sumo wrestler,
A giraffe wearing socks,
Never changing weather.
The clouds raining daisies,
To laugh with no sound,
Cowboys with out paisley,
Feet that don’t touch the ground.
An eye that shines teal,
The moon with no sun,
Bananas without peels,
Friends without fun.

~ Starr Williams ~

Close Your Eyes

Close Your Eyes

Close your eyes….
Picture the sea,
do you feel the spray,
sun on you, on me?
Close your eyes….
Imagine the arctic,
do you feel the icy blast,
hear the chop of an ice pick?
Close your eyes….
Imagine the stars,
their blue light shines to us,
past Saturn, past mars.
Close your eyes….
picture our orchard,
the sweet apple scent,
bees buzzing flowers.
Now,
Close your eyes….
Imagine Him on the cross,
Feel the Pain, the Sorrow,
The worlds sense of loss.
Without him, we couldn't feel the
oceans spray,
an icy blast.
Couldn't see the stars he made,
hear bees buzzing past.
Close your eyes….
Picture the world without Jesus.

~ Starr Williams ~

Color Me Red

Color Me Red

Red is deep anger that never comes out
Red is believing, and then having doubt.
Red reeks of revenge, of suffering and hate.
Red is being thirsty and having to wait.

Red, in a painting, makes one hot and confused,
It's the anger of crying when you feel you've been used.
Red is that voice, deep in your head,
It could keep you back, but pushes ahead.

It mocks you silently with a voice full of hate,
"You can't do it, you are weak, and it is your fate."
Red feels like fire, singeing your heart,
It's wanting to be together, but having to part.

Red is running through desert and sun,
It's needing a friend, but having none.
Red is the heart that's been broken in two,
It's hearing those lies, and wanting what's true.

~ Starr Williams ~

Fall Thoughts

Autunm dashes in,
With a flurry of color,
It swirls round and round,
Each blast stronger then the other.
Hurricanes of crimson leaves,
Flutter down to earth.
The tranquil world below,
Not aware of winter’s looming curse.
The warm fall sunshine,
And the crisp autumn breeze,
Filters down to the dry ground,
Between the empty trees.

~ Starr Williams ~

For Such A Time As This

For such a time as this,
We are to be strong through storm and rain,
All those who linger in the Grey,
Will only cause more pain.
The ones without the crown shall rise,
Receive The Kingdom as their prize.
No Grey, nor Devil can stop this rise,
To The Kingdom of the Light.

~ Starr Williams ~

Forever

Forever

Oh for the day,
Ill be free to fly,
To worship face to face,
My God on high.

When I finally reach the place,
On the far side of the sky,
The day is soon approaching,
I know that time is nigh

All will be crystal clear,
As we stand before your throne,
Sing to you, worship you
Jesus Christ alone.

Not a single diversion,
None to sway our path,
When I reach my destination,
Forever with you at last.

Standing totally encompassed
By his perfect holiness
What will I think
When I'm with you Jesus?

What will I feel, Holy Lord,
Surrounded by your grace,
Lion with the lamb,
Lord, your glory fills that place

The hunger for deeper things,
Is satisfied at last,
No need to ponder faded things,
Or bring up painful past.

Every knee bent to the ground
All hearts endlessly yours
I'm here in my forever home
Finally with you Lord.

Will I be able to speak?
To say how much you've meant to me,
Will I simply stand before you?
Or fall broken to my knee.

Around are endless voices
That from creation sang
Endless praise forever
Glory to you brings.

I am but a mist,
A single wave upon the sea,
Who am I great Lord,
That you should think so much of me.

To awesome to completely grasp
To complex to explain,
How Jesus knows my every fault,
And loves me just the same.

Why should he so welcome me
To eternal paradise?
Because its not me he sees, but Jesus
He paid for me, the price.

~Starr

~ Starr Williams ~

Goodnight Grandma (Grandma's Star)

A lonely star,
in the inky black water.
I reach to take it but it runs from my hand.
Grandma’s star is bright even in this strange land.
While I wait for the winter, the moon only grows hotter,
and as the wind ripples, I sit by the shore,
thinking about home and friends long ago.
Grasping at the sand, it slips through my hands as flour,
I sing a soft sea song I learned from her,
as if maybe she were here.

Goodnight Grandma Nancy,
be safe on your journey afar.
The straight and narrow was the path that you chose,
May you make it to Heaven unharmed.
Goodnight my Grandma Nancy.

To my grandma and our special star

~ Starr Williams ~

I am

I am
Life, Truth, Wisdom,
I love long summer days spent with the best of friends.
Faith, Honesty, and God are important to me,
Joy is an uncrushable lightness, even when things aren't going right.
Strength is used to oppress others, but it can equally be used to help them up off the ground.
Abortion is stealing the gift of life.
Hypocrisy is being too scared to show your true self to everyone.
God's grace is Everlasting, Forever, Relentless.
I am.

~ Starr Williams ~

I WOULD HAVE LIVED

I would have lived,
I would have sung.
May have been your best friend,
but instead you have no-one.
I wasn’t given a chance,
to live life as you do.
I was killed while a helpless,
tiny person in the womb.
God created my life.
What a precious gift!
But you, you destroyed it,
My life wasn’t yours to take.
I could have invented,
Written a best seller,
Discovered a cure,
If not for you, my killer.
So think before,
You steal another life,
Because you are really the ones that suffer,
From taking innocent lives.

for all the abortion victims.

~ Starr Williams ~

In a Song

The rain is coming down in a never ending river,
Silver, Flowing, Streaming down down down,
in a song,
ever long.

Silver, Flowing, Streaming down down down,
down the windowpanes,
ever long,
all night long.

Down the windowpanes,
the crystal drops play along,
ever long,
the rain’s song.

The crystal drops play along,
on the grass and trees,
the rain’s song,
dance along.

~ Starr Williams ~

Me and You

Hotdogs and Baseball,
Ocean and Blue,
Salt and Pepper,
Paper and Glue.
We are meant to be,
Yup, its true!
Oreos and milk,
Me and you.

~ Starr Williams ~

One Window

One window is all I need,
To see the sun or the pouring rain.
To view the good or the very bad,
All through the same windowpane.

I have to choose what I will see,
Ominous clouds, or the silver lining,
The rain can be helping plants and trees,
Or it could be the sky is crying.

Each morning I wake up,
I stare out the window,
To see the sun, the rain,
Cruel old frost or a pretty ice show.

~ Starr Williams ~

Opposite

The opposite of life is death
And each of them is down a path,
Each must choose, how will you live?
With death to die or life to live.

~ Starr Williams ~

Poetry-My Window

If you've ever tried to catch a cloud,
to ride a rainbow,
to save the sunshine in a jar.
Then you know how it feels
to strive to capture the deep thoughts
that flitter across your mind.
The shadows of thought are not
easily distinguished.
Even now,
as I sit here, just me and these thoughts,
these deep thoughts
roam the hills and valleys of my mind,
always just out of reach.
But, from the shadows of deep thinking,
Springs a ray of sunshine,
I can only seem to catch with my pen.
But when I read over what I have written,
it is only a shadow of the shadow.
For behind my poems,
are real thoughts,
real feelings,
seen only in glimpses.
For poetry is my window to the world,
And to myself.

~ Starr Williams ~

Quiet Diamante

Quiet
Peaceful, Tranquil,
Timid, Silent, Sedate,
Murmuring, Echo, Hubbub, Clamor,
Crashing, Piercing, Blaring,
Intense, Thundering,
Noise.

~ Starr Williams ~

RACE

Marks, down, breathe breathe,
Down, breathe breathe, set,
Breathe breathe, set, wait,
Set, wait, bang,
Wait, bang, GO GO,
Bang, GO GO, sprint,
GO GO, sprint, breathe
Sprint, breathe, strain,
Breathe, strain, run run.
Strain, run run, pass,
Run run, pass, sprint,
Pass, sprint, finish!

~ Starr Williams ~

Rainsong

Rain Song

Drumming,
Sing a Song,
Tapping,
Hum along,
Everything sings,
Everything blends,
With the rainsong.
Dancing,
Glide along,
Silver,
Ever long,
Everything goes,
Everything sings,
With the rainsong.
Beating,
Drum along,
Lullaby,
Hum along,
Everything sings,
Everything flows,
With the rainsong.
Everything blends,
It never ends,
the Rainsong.

~ Starr Williams ~

Sometimes I Wonder

Wonder

Sometimes I wonder,
Will I come through?
Can I make it to the other side?
And also, will you?
As I walk through the rain,
I can count on a few,
And when sometimes they leave me,
I wonder, should I pursue?
God didn't promise,
As I walk through this life,
Skies without clouds,
Or storm without quiet.
Maybe someday, I'll understand,
When I'm coming up to
The end of this land.
The day is approaching,
I know the time is near,
When the end of all things
Will end all things here.
Asking myself this,
What still will be left?
Can all this nothingness,
And this worldly mindset,
Be pleasing to the one,
Who made the sun rise and set?
Why do they taunt?
And say, "You are wrong"?
When my king is coming and theirs
Lies underground.
Mine conquered death,
Theirs only died,
Mine lives again
Theirs, death has tied.
My silent prayer,
Comes from the heart,
Lord save these people,
And can I be a part?
Be a part of your plan,
To change many hearts,
For the kingdom that lasts,
Has neither end nor start.
And as you also
Walk through the storm,
Remember what it's about,
Who you are living for.
Not for this world,
Nor mans empty gain,
You are living for him,
Who restored your soul again.

~ Starr Williams ~

Storms Are Beautiful

Storms are beautiful you see,
The big black clouds,
The angry sea,
raging from the sky, to me.
A purple light flashes,
It reflects in my eyes,
But I twirl in the rain,
Who CARES if I'm not dry?
The thunder crashes,
the ground trembles with power.
I stand in awe,
Being drenched by the shower
When the dim green light
begins to fade,
the storm packs up,
and it rolls away.
It rumbles across the,
United States,
causing awed poets,
to stare, to wait.
When it reaches eastern skies,
I feel sure there will be,
Somone composing in the storm,
Just like me.

for storm writers

~ Starr Williams ~

Tanka

Fall is
Amber and
Crimson
Hurricanes
Of color.

~ Starr Williams ~

The Crystal Fall

An endless cascade of crystal drops,
Weeping, the rock slowly sets the flood free,
From a cool green cliff.
Like a hidden ocean being revealed,
one trickle at a time.
The water dances over the rocks,
laughing merrily,
As it plunges smoothly towards the earth.
A misty curtain of rain rises,
From the dark deep pool below.
The opaque drizzle,
Slinks through the steaming green,
And caresses the branches of the grove,
With slender icy fingers.

~ Starr Williams ~

The Tide

Silky waves roaring ashore, dancing among the rocks, smoothly gliding out again.
Cool salty air rippling in with the tide.
Scream of the seagull and the whisper of the ocean current.
Chilly damp sand molds to my feet.
Light tang of salt in the air.
Reeds sway softly, dancing with the wind.

~ Starr Williams ~

Tired River

I wonder if the river gets tired?
It runs and runs but never stops,
It rushes onward toward the sea,
Foaming, Swirling, round the rocks.

I guess it never actually halts.
So therefore it mustn’t be tired,
Because if it were, it surely would rest,
It only runs past to be admired.

So rivers never do get tired,
Though lazy, sometimes yes,
When rain isn’t doing her part,
Or isn’t giving her best.

But when the rain is feeling well,
And fills the river true
The river rushes, madder still.
To get to the ocean blue.

~ Starr Williams ~

To Me…You Are

To me you are,
A faded yellow memory,
A heart that shares my pain.
A love that’s everlasting,
My sunshine in the rain.

~ Starr Williams ~

True Happiness

True happiness comes when you don’t have a thing,
Joy is the heart that is free to sing.

~ Starr Williams ~

Unsung Song

My life is a song that hasn’t been sung,
It’s waiting for that day to come.
Waiting for the exact perfect time,
When everything fits in, rhythm and rhyme.

It needs a new vocal, new music, new lines,
Hopefully all it will take is time,
Someone will come and sing it on key,
Perfect pitch, perfect tune, just for me.

Then the song will be sung and all will know,
I’m not a no-one, even though….
My life is a song that hasn’t been sung,
Soon that perfect day will come,
All will know I’m not a nobody.
No…I’m simply..well… simply, me.

~ Starr Williams ~

Wind

Wind is an audible whisper,
It’s a secret, and it’s a laugh,
Murmured through the timeless trees,
From ancient ages past.
It sometimes calls through blackest night
For the owl to hoot and scream,
It plays a haunting winter flute,
In the meadow near the stream.
Piping little melodies,
Endless, haunting, long,
And when you think you’ve finally caught them,
In a moment they are gone.

~ Starr Williams ~

Wind Is

Wind
The wind floats softly on light wings,
Like a soaring bird in flight,
It whispers softly through the day,
 Screams terrors through the night.
The most delicate draft, can stir a leaf
Like breath from the sky above,
It may cause desolation beyond repair,
Could be as docile as a dove.

~ Starr Williams ~