

Poetry Series

Jill Barron
- poems -

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Jill Barron(12-25-77)

I play a lot of instrument and am a classically trained vocalist when i wanna be.
Am looking to join a band. My descriptions are very random at this time, though i will try.

I do a (mostly) Inland Empire, CA music/recording project;

have a Canadian web page;

played flute in Magnolia Jr. High marching band '91 to '92;

I failed my jazz improv class in jr. college;

My 4 year old daughter sings beautifully on my demo CD;

I've played in 4 bands.

Mourning Glory (harmonies) ...beatles meet fiona apple plus tropical bluegrass, classical, and mediteranean.

Satie (flute, harmoy) ... latin, punkjazz, covers, handdrums

Giddy moksha (flute) ... psuedospirituality, classical and ragas.

Dreams

Fire of
Blissful tones
Dancing on lucid coals
Illusions of what could be

Only a dream of me.

Avision of nights covering
drifts away peacefully
Dancing on blades of grass

Bonfires that always pass.

Each Movement dead
in the wink of an eye

Pleasure so fleeting
no time for goodbye

Bondage to somethingness
brought by a sweet caress
sensation of melody
lost beyond wandering

Each dream transcendent
a shimmering sky
truths independence
no time for goodbye

Destinys meeting place
tainted by wicked haste
Dreams of a firey end
end of my only friend.
-Jill Barron

Jill Barron

Lucid

All this talk of lucid words
waking in my dreams
come across, i need to see..... somethingness

it's dark, black, cold..... nothingness
my dreams were stolen
in a literal sense
i do not dream.

Outlets clogged by mutant children
hung on rotting shelves
Incapable of wish, hope, dream

Secret prayers will do, suffice
why can't i just freaking dream!

Jill Barron

Lucid.

tender as a flower
overpowering me
floating in the silhouette
of the raging sea
drowning in your smile
as I kiss the Nile
Forever and a day
I'll stay away, I'll stay away

troubling screams
encircling me
undesirable sirens
singing songs so sweet
from under the sidewalks
from under the streets
from under your pillow
from under your sheets

from my trembling heart
bleeds love
from my tired eyes
I see love

Following angels
out of place
travelling in their footsteps
we come face to face
movements like mountains
like moments
like rain
like the flooding
of the foothills
like the flooding
of the plains

from my trembling heart
bleeds love
from my tired eyes
I see love

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Soulfoood

Many i trust with my joy
so few with my sadness
another time
someother place
random types of madness
world goes on
but i do not
sinking in my shit
on and on
I go and go
i'd try, die, lie to see your smile
my dying ancient soulish fit

Jill Barron

Thoughts.

find myself sitting
alone
again
why do i need you to be here?

it's happening once again
my heart breaking
though you're not even thinking of me

living again
dying again
again alone

Jill Barron

What You Didn'T Say...

Sheltered

Protecting me from me
you always held my hand
look bothe ways B4 you cross that sea

Withered

away your life is gone
you cannot understand
Left me drifting out here all alone

Suffering

your god has set you free
i'm left here to my lonesome
to feel all the pain that life can be

Mother

now it's my turn
i hear that word so sweetly
Her light shines so bright each time
it is called

Discover

my little girl will know
cannot understand
what I do not teach her
do not let her know

She sings a song so sweet

twinkle little star

I'll never let a teardropp fall from
her cheek
into empty arms.

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Words To Pretend

She writes a letter to a friend
words to pretend
all is well
her sad tale
is met with sad eyes
no advice

her quest for sympathy is done
silence begun
all is hell
love is dead
was it not guilty eyes that let her die?

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