

Poetry Series

Maddi Eden

- poems -

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Maddi Eden(August 1st 1980)

About Me:

♥ My name is Maddi Eden

♥ I'm twenty six and work in journalism.

♥ Poetry is a secret vice of mine. I never published a poem and I never will. It's for fun and more importantly personal realisation.

♥ Most of my poems are about love, because it is the most easily accessible emotive subject. There are hundreds of thoughts about love in everyone's mind (try reading 'That Hollywood Word') .

♥ I write two types of poem: a trashy song style which satisfies my low-brow urges (look at 'My Destiny' and 'Eternity'.) They're poor poetry.

♥ The type of poem I prefer to write is deeper.

♥ If you're just getting into my work, let me recommend a few favourites:

♥ DECAY

♥ FIRST BLOOD

♥ I SAW YOU (a little trashy, but I like it)

♥ INVISIBLE (it's the most empathetic of my poems) .

♥ RIDICULOUS. This is actually very true.

♥ THAT CHIPPED PAINT'S LOOKIN' BEAUTIFUL is my favourite poem. It's short and sweet with nice imagery.

♥ THAT HOLLYWORD WORD, an outcry against the cliched nature of the word LOVE.

♥ And LISTENING is sad and poignant, at least, I think so.

<p> Please give me as much feedback as possible on my poems. I do ask that if you read them, you rate them and preferably comment (if you give me 5/10 I like to know why) . Always open to constructive criticism.

<p> Thank you, and I hope you enjoy my poetry. I know I do.

1.06am

It's 1.06 am here
In Manhattan.

My feet are cold, I wonder
Whether the lake on Central Park is as frozen.

I love Central Park (and for a moment, my mind dwells)
Summer in New York cannot be beaten.

Its better than winter, summer, it has warmth
Winter is detached and icy

And oh so lonely.

And now it's 1.08am and I am alone
In the busiest city in the world.

Cold and alone, without my summer of love.

Maddi Eden

Above

On an iced December morning, so faded that it could be
Grey, but if you squint you see
It is really a divine shade of fairest cobalt.
Inhale the sky; crisp, exfoliating.

On a lazy July lunchtime, glistening with the heat
Of the day, enchantingly shimmering;
Reflected below with white foam.
It radiates life.

On a golden September afternoon; honeyed;
Your long shadow falling behind you, its silhouette flawless and desirably slender
—
Tawny light that softens your features in flaxen heavens
Smile gently.

On any clear night, the orb of the sky draws your gaze
In an angular curve or a naïve sphere
And all the eternal cats' eyes
Are tiny pinpoints in your web of despair.

So consider the sky
For it is perfect:
Much more so than anything beneath it.

Maddi Eden

All For Nothing

The sweat on our backs
The blood in our veins
The beat of our hearts.
Pointless, eternal.

The dread in our minds
The food in our mouths
The endless decline
Pointless, eternal

The hate in our heads
The smile on our faces
The love in our hearts
All for nothing.

Maddi Eden

Average

I know it.
You know it.

My hair is - average.
My eyes are pretty.
My skin can be bad.
= average.

My figure is good
And my feet are small
But my teeth aren't straight
= average.

Maddi Eden

Decay

Everything will decay
Almost like a mockery, because
It's here today
It won't be for long.

The soggy blackening peel
Of your recently ripe banana
The way our lives will all congeal
Hidden away from us.

The deepening etched lines
On a woman's aged face
Those swiftly advancing signs
The clock is always ticking.

But we do not think
Of it; we put it away
And swiftly blink
It doesn't matter.

Or else try and destroy all
Traces of our death
Let's delay the moment we must fall
(Perhaps it can even be averted) .

The surgeries, the endless creams
The detoxes and workouts
All the while, we tear gently at the seams
Anyway.

Maddi Eden

Don'T Make Me

I love you, I do
But no
Not that
Not yet.

You love me I'm sure, but
Please. I'm not
Ready.

God, no. Don't. No.
Honey please. Not again, it's not
Right.

Please listen
Listen
Please.

Maddi Eden

First Blood

Hushed whispers
Of my elders
What are they talking about?

Illumination.
Ew, so gross!
Why would girls put up with it?

Anticipation.
Don't let me be last.
I want to be a real woman.

Realisation.
That first clot of blood.
Forever etched in my memory.

My time of the month - 'I can't swim today, Mamma'
'Why not?' the little ones clamour
A mysterious smile: oh, just a girl thing.

An annoyance.
To be avoided - left without provision -
Darnit! should have kept an eye on the calendar.

I guess it's all part of growing up.
That first blood: girls crave, then roll their eyes.

Maddi Eden

Footprints In The Snow

The only knowledge worth having
Is the joy of looking
Upon a freshly frosted field
Before seeing your own crunched impressions
Creep deliciously across it.

Maddi Eden

I Saw You

I saw you
You didn't see me
I know that that's the way
It's always going to be.

I will always be lingering
Always waiting for you
But when I'm a minute late
You'll drift away; you always do.

I look at you
I wonder what you're thinking
Not of me, I'm sure
I resume my steady blinking.

Why can't I grasp
That you'll never really care?
I could mention it to you someday...
... I know I'll never dare.

We can't go on in this way
In this hellish half-love, forever
Or can we? I really don't know
If we're apart or we're together.

I saw you
You didn't see me
I know that that's the way
It's always going to be.

Maddi Eden

Invisible

When you look at me
What is it that you see?
The answer is: whatever I'm standing in front of.

When you speak to me
What is it that you say?
The answer is: 'Do I know you? '

When you think of me
What is it that you think?
The answer is: that girl, what's her name again?

And on the way home
I'm crying in the rain
Til I realise that no one will notice
That it's happened again.

No one will notice.

Maddi Eden

It's Just Me & My Prayers

Left All Alone
And No One Cares
Left All Alone
It's Just Me and My Prayers

Do You Even Know Me?
Any more?
Will You Ever Show Me?
What I'm Waiting For?

Left All Alone
And No One Cares
Left All Alone
It's Just Me and My Prayers

Sometimes I Think I'm Gone
That I've Finally Moved On
Why'm I Hanging On?
You're Just a Con

Left All Alone
And No One Cares
Left All Alone
It's Just Me and My Prayers

Just Me and my Prayers
Just Me and My Prayers
Cos Nobody Cares.

Maddi Eden

Legacies

Photographs are happy
Lies; they bring back false memories
And smiles that never were.

They recall dusty skins of ourselves –
We thought we'd shed them long ago
But here is the laughing evidence.

At the time we argued, frowned, but when something is to be
Recorded in the annals of our lives
We 'grit our teeth' and smile.

Later glazed memories and reluctant minds
Allow false recollection, aided
By these mendacious schemers.

□

You rifle through the dusty sheaves
One person in dungarees, you are sure you once loved, jumps out –
Their voice, their personality eludes you, but their counterfeit grin endures.

For an instant you stop and think – is there something fickle
About photography? Need it be so fallacious?
Should we make an effort to capture the moment, rather than what we want to remember?

Nowadays, it is yet more abandoned: you can condemn whatever
Photographs do not flatter, whatever
Photographs tell the truth.

But interrupted by a clumsy child with a greedy camera –
Clamouring, grasping, he steals a part of you with every flash
Wait, you exclaim without thinking, let me fix my hair.

Calmly, without a shimmer of irony, you begin the ritual again
And again and again; do you not realise
That this is how you will be remembered?

Maddi Eden

Listening

She stands, so still, so poised
Hears their voices - wait!
Don't make a sound.

Listens.
Every other word comes to her ears - oh God!
But it's enough.

She runs back to her room.
Doesn't care about noise anymore.
She flings herself down.

Weeps.
And watches the dawn break, silent yet still desperate.
And knows that nothing will be the same. Not now.

Maddi Eden

Lost

Eat, sleep, talk, laugh
Unseeingly, in a trance.
Sigh, think, feel, move
Slide through life without the friction.

Hear without listening, look without seeing
Breathe without living, live without loving.
Lose yourself and disregard what they say
It doesn't hurt if you do it this way.

Maddi Eden

My Destiny

When I think about it
Long and hard
Logically
I think that I'm crazy to stay with you.

but
every time that i see your face
every time that i hear your voice
every time i see you smile
i make the choice that

You and me gotta stick together.
You and me is the way it's gonna be.
You and me, toogether forever
You and me is destiny.

When I talk about us
To other people
I discuss our relationship
I wonder why the hell I'm with you

but
every time that i see your face
every time that i hear your voice
every time i see you smile
i make the choice that

You and me gotta stick together.
You and me is the way it's gonna be.
You and me, toogether forever
You and me is destiny.

our relationship can be hell
You can me so mean
You can make me cry
but you can also make me laugh
but

every time that i see your face
every time that i hear your voice
every time i see you smile
i make the choice that

You and me gotta stick together.
You and me is the way it's gonna be.
You and me, toogether forever
You and me is destiny.

Destiny.

Maddi Eden

Myour Pain

I hope it hurts you -

my hate, dripping from my mouth.
Gushing from my pores
Every ounce of my being.
I loathe you.

I hope you suffer, and shrivel, and scream
with the same agony you put me through - oh!
what irony!

God, I hope it hurts.

Maddi Eden

Pneumonia

When I see your face
See your smile
See your love
For someone else

I can't get rid of this chill inside
No hot shower can ease this ache
I know it just won't go away
You have pneumonia of the heart - oh! such a cold heart
And my God, does it turn my blood to ice.

You said you loved me, and I thought you did.
Now: how can I ever be sure?
I hope you know, one day, how it feels.
Maybe then you'll repent.
Maybe.

Maddi Eden

Ridiculous

Isn't it funny
How when you're in love
Ridiculous things
Have extraordinary meaning?

For example, let me cite
The Boxing Day tsunami
On that disastrous day
I thought as much about the poor victims, as about
Whether he would call me later, or not.

When there were bombings in London
I commiserated the dead to myself
And then lamented
That he had forgotten my birthday.

How ridiculous.
How frighteningly ridiculous.

Maddi Eden

So Much More Than Lovely

Your writing
Makes me smile
It's just
So lovely

Your fingernails
Small and perfect
They're just
So lovely

Your car
With you inside
An image
So lovely

Your smile
Takes my breath away
It's so much more
Than lovely.

Maddi Eden

Such A Fool

Such a fool! how stupid I am -
To fall in love from a distance.

Such a fool! how stupid I am -
I should have known so much better

But you're so perfect
So once-in-a-lifetime
I couldn't let it pass
And I
Am such
A fool.

I should have stopped it, before it got too late
Never saw this heartache comin'
Now I'm all alone with my lonely fate
Can't get you out of my head.

Such a fool! how stupid I am -
To fall in love from a distance.

Such a fool! how stupid I am -
I should have known so much better

But you're so perfect
So once-in-a-lifetime
I couldn't let it pass
And I
Am such
A fool.

Sometimes I think there's a chance
Then I shake my head in disbelief
I loved you at first glance
But why you, oh why you?

Such a fool! how stupid I am -
To fall in love from a distance.

Such a fool! how stupid I am -
I should have known so much better

But you're so perfect
So once-in-a-lifetime
I couldn't let it pass
And I
Am such
A fool.

The distance will keep us apart
Yes, you know it's true.
You'll be forever in my heart
I'm crazy over you.

Such a fool! how stupid I am -
To fall in love from a distance.

Such a fool! how stupid I am -
I should have known so much better

But you're so perfect
So once-in-a-lifetime
I couldn't let it pass
And I
(will be such a fool)
Forever
Such a goddamn fool.

Maddi Eden

Superficial

The label on your jeans
The sheen of your complexion
The length of your nails
Superficial

The watch on your wrist
The necklace at your throat
The brand of powder on your cheeks
Superficial

The colour of your eyes
The size of your house
The number of friends you have
Superficial; and don't you forget it.

Maddi Eden

The Burden

I see your PIN from over your shoulder one day
Later, I feel like a game
So I switch on your phone and type it in.

But you've changed it.
Why? Because I saw?
But why?

Increasingly suspicious, yet knowing
It's wrong
I spy until I see the new PIN

And then when I'm alone
With your switched off phone
I use it, and read, and read.

And feel like my insides are shrivelling:
the sexual references make me squirm
the realisation hits me like a swift lethal dart

Now I am compulsed, I cannot stop, oh!
I know I should, it will change nothing.
But I read them daily, I have the burden of knowledge.

I can't shake it. I can't lift it
One day I ask you, straight out, but
You lie.

What I'm doing is wrong.
What you're doing is not my business.
But it's still wrong

When you complain of such a busy day
I wonder wryly
Busy in what sense?

When you switch off your phone every evening
I know why, God help me, I know.
I only wish I didn't.

Maddi Eden

The Way Your Stomach Turns

everyone knows what i'm talking about.
when your stomach flips, inside.
come on, don't pretend you don't know.

it's when you remember you've left your keys inside the house
or when you don't get the job
or even, when your phone rings and you know it might be him.

it's when you realise you have an enemy
or when you're stabbed in the back
or perhaps, it's when you're so happy you feel you could die.

funny, isn't it? the way your stomach turns.

Maddi Eden

Under-Rated Pleasures

The golden sunlight, on your bed in the morning.
Yawning and stretching in the warm tawny sun
Like a contented purring cat.

A friend's smile, genuine and spontaneous
After an amusing comment you've made
It makes you feel top of the world.

Your favourite song, coming on the radio
And beginning to hum along
It can make your day

A thunderstorm - perhaps this is just me
The thunder, the lightning, the hammering rain
Just makes me feel so alive.

When someone you like a lot (more, maybe, than you care to admit)
Remembers your birthday, even drops a present round
The warm glow inside.

Each to be relished. Love life, while it lasts.

Maddi Eden