

Classic Poetry Series

Riann Erucolii
- poems -

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Riann Erucolii()

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