

Poetry Series

teri bronte
- poems -

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teri bronte(June 15,19-)

Born in Knoxville, TN. and two weeks later on the road with my father and mother...they were in the military and we travelled..all my 20 years with them til I married and went on to have my family.I changed my writing name to the above nic..

I came back to Knoxville or surrounding area years later to live here and I live here now... life pulls you back to your birth place, even when you do not spend much time there...

My writings are weary (smiles) and seems to be lost in the same area...I hope I don't bore many..

A Beautiful Star 'stella'

She carries a large burden as she walks among the other stars, stars that just float through life. She never complains about the burden she carries, she only waits for instructions in life to take care of the other stars that need her.

As she takes care of each burden on her, her load is a little lighter for awhile, but as she is not looking the burden grows again, because, she is a chosen star among the stars that just float.

The beautiful star called Stella is always feeding those that come to her hungry, always ready with clothes for those that come to her naked, those that need comfort she is there. Her hands are never empty for other stars.

No one ever takes the time to ask Beautiful Star Stella, "what do you need? " "Is there anything we can do for you? " If they did, Of course her answer would always be, "everything I need is provided for me through my LORD." And the LORD always took care of the Beautiful Star Stella, so her family had food on their table and clothes on their back.

The Beautiful Star Stella still shines by her passing on to all those she touched a lesson in helping others less fortunate.

Thank you from all that have been touched by the special Star Stella,
T.L.D.(2010)

teri bronte

A Special Thing

To be moved by someone and want them in your life is a special thing; but, to be moved in only one way is not a thing to build on.

A friend as well as a lover is best, and, to laugh on top of that is even more icing on the cake in a relationship.

Some people are most fortunate to find it all with another.
Sometimes, you can have it and not see it til way down the road and then sometimes, because you weren't looking you lose it.

A lasting and loving relationship is very rare to come by and a lot of work to keep alive; with warmth, compassion and understanding you have a wonderful chance in finding a special thing.

teri bronte

Always

You said 'always.'..people use always so quickly in declaring their undying love or want of another..someone always get's hurt.

We get caught up in our desire's of another and want to tell them 'I will love you always.' or 'I will be there for you always.' so easy to say, and so easy to forget. Always...such a lovely word, so secure in it's use.. how can anyone resist.. we want to hear that word used in talking to us..make us warm and safe..tell us, we don't have to be alone anymore..ohh but how fickle we all are...we can use that word to other's just as easy.

If only I did not weaken when that word was used.. If i could just be strong and hold a part of me to the side and wait..til the boom of the let down surfaced and I would not be so hurt. I could say..'yes, I knew it was coming.'

That word 'always' is just a word for the moment, don't you remember the last time you got hurt by it? Oh yes I remember now...silly me.

teri bronte

Blinder's

Why go about with your eyes open wide and exposed for all to see: you look back and fall in the wiles of the evil ones..the one's that play you for all their glory and make you do all their bidding while they are interested in you... but, remember there comes the day they throw you aside.

Wear only blinder's so you might see only what is in front of you and you can stop and look down to let the evil pass; for only with the blinder's are you safe from them.

You may have a restful sleep now and not cry to sleep for once; you may arise and know joy and love of the world, while the evil one's can only envy your blinder's.. for they want to be seen by you so they can twist your insides and tear your heart apart.

Let the ice surround your heart from them and go about your business and see only that which is in front of you...and you will survive.

Only, can that one that is special remove the blinder's. That one with love for you in his eyes.

teri bronte

Can Forgiveness Be The Answer?

To forgive someone is alot easier than you think.

To say I am sorry is even easier.

Can forgiveness be the answer?

Yes it can be..just do it.

Your shoulder's will feel a lot lighter, your heart a lot softer, you notice the tears melt the ice around your heart when you forgive.

You thought you were made of stone.

So yes, forgiveness can be the answer.

Many a pain is eased after forgiveness; many a stomach tied in knots is relaxed after forgiveness.

Can forgiveness be the answer?

I would have to say yes; and maybe you will find peace in your choice of forgiving.

I have had to forgive and I have had to be forgiven.

Go ahead and forgive..make peace with someone and most of all yourself..

It is the answer.

teri bronte

Do I Dare

As long as i can remember i have not know true love.

I met you and love is knocking at the back door of my mind.

Do i dare..think for one moment it could be true?

That i could possibly be in love?

Do i dare.. let you in my heart?

It has been so long since i have held someone so close and let them get to know me..

Do i dare let you in?

teri bronte

Family's

Why? Does your family drive you crazy....you leave your first home to escape your parents, because they don't understand you.

Do you join the military or run away to another state and get a job, or do you get married for all the wrong reason's and end up divorced?

When you have kid's of your own, do you end up watching them mess up their lives and you constantly try to tell them what you know is waiting out there in the world, but they don't listen. Then you become the enemy and they run away from home.

The cycle never ends.. will parent's and children constantly reach out for what the other does not want?

I think so.

teri bronte

Getting Old

Who is the man with little grey hair
Who is the man, wearing away and nobody cares
Who is the man with very bad eyes
Who is the man who gives out sighs
Who is the man with very bad ears
Who is the man whose been forgotten over the years

Who Is this man, it can't be me
I'm only the inside not the part you see
Who is this man whose afraid to die
Who is this man whose trying hard not to cry

Who Is this man, now I know who
It is me and may become you
For some this story will come true
But don't be sad if it happens to you
Remember all your life, until, you depart
Beauty is not in the skin, it's in the heart

teri bronte

Gone

There's no more time...he's gone
I still have words I could have shared.
I let the time slip by, but, I was afraid of what he would say.
I wanted to have him look at me and finally tell me the truth.
I wanted to tell him it was okay..
He never once in all these year's told any of us he made a mistake..
He only bragged about who he was and what he did for his
family..but he never told the truth..
I only wanted him to really look at me and really talk to me.
We all needed him to talk to us..we carry these scar's and the anger
of not being able to resolve the hurt..all we wanted to say was we did it wrong
with our kids too...no one is perfect..and we wanted to love him.
But, it's too late...Dad is gone now..

teri bronte

He Call's Me Friend

I wanted more, but he call's me friend.

I fell for him and thought he felt the same, but he call's me friend.

I had hoped he would stay, but he call's me his friend.

I have to let him go.

Maybe he will return when he think's i am more than a friend.

I will survive if he only call's me his friend.

He has his life to live, and i am not part of it, except to be his friend.

That should be enough.

He still call's me his friend.

teri bronte

His Loss

He made me think I was the only one.
He led me where I wanted to be for him.
But, really I allowed him to do this to me.
How can i blame him for what I let happen to me, sweet memories..

The best thing is I won't allow it to happen again.
His loss..

He won't come back to me with his lie's, I won't believe them again, I won't fall
for his sweet word's.
His loss...

He may have in mind to trick me again, but it won't happen, I know as i watch
him with other's.
His loss...

teri bronte

His Promise's

The beginning was a wonderful world for her..to be loved by one so beautiful in his way...He was going to make it all go away, all the pain in her life. Surround her with his love, his arm's. Protect her from all harm, give her the moon.

Why did he make all those promise's.. after he hit her, why more promise's.. after he threw her out the door in the cold. Why promise's after he took a drink and slapped her across her face he was suppose to love...

Why did he make all those promise's.. only to see her leave this world and sleep forever with the angel's.. he pulled the trigger. Does he wonder now in his cell.....

Why all those promise's?

teri bronte

His Touch

His touch let's me know im wanted..

His touch leads me further to my destiny..

My head bow's as my knee's bend to His touch..

My will is given to Him to guide me to what i can only imagine will be wonderful as His touch.

I was empty and incomplete, but His touch i know will fill me, and the attention i crave He will offer me as i obey His touch.

As He shows kindness to my soul, body and mind.

His gentle touch is what gives me the peace i feel and joy and happiness i was missing.

I have freely given to him my gift of submission.

teri bronte

How Like A Child I Still Believed

What happened?

My mind has become unfogged today, I see what I have been blind to all these years.

I wish I had seen all this falsehood when I was young enough to have made amends to some and walked away from others.

How like a child I was.

Now I am older and to many years have passed by and those that I need to talk with are gone now; And some are too old to remember.

I wish I had not found out that I was not wanted or cared for. But, then again maybe I am better off knowing now, so I don't continue to believe a lie.

Some people are continually trying to gain love and prove themselves worthy of love... but, they can never get the approval, and it wears them down.

Some people never have to prove a thing.. they just know they are loved and wanted. With that knowledge they in turn show love to others.

Life can wear you down when you fight to gain that attention from one that does not seem to notice you, unless they want something from you, you take that as them noticing you for a few moments, but, it is all false.

You become the enemy over time according to this person when they discuss you with others, you think take you with your love open wide to them, but they don't believe you anymore, you have been raped of all you hold true by their mistrust of you now.

I know who and what I am, I will not let this person or any of these that have joined in; to harm me anymore. I have removed myself from their little Island and I now live very far away from them.

Oh what peace I have felt lately from not having them in my life continually, it is so surprising.. at one time I would have told you I can not live without them..

Life is a miracle...smiles, I can live.

How like a child I was.

teri bronte

I Loved Once

I was young and he was young, both not over eighteen..we were oversea's when we met..I as an army brat, him as a young man in the Air Force..knowing no more about love than I did.

We were in a strange country with ways we did not understand..we stood close.

I loved once...a soldier and he held my hand in the Air Force theatre that showed movie's or had the USO shows to entertain..or the church services on Sunday mornings.

In this foreign land he served in and I was there with my family..we would meet and watch the movie's with our hand's sweating as we held them together..but we didn't care.

I loved once with no kiss'es, just to set by one another and hide in the dark theatre and dream of things we hoped would come to us in the future back home.

I loved once as I looked at him from across the room or when he sat by me..but so few words we spoke..and then I had to go home to the states...leave him there..I was sad.

I loved once the young soldier boy i left in that far away country and promised to write everyday when i returned to the states.I wrote and he wrote.

I loved once and he wrote me and then he left me for another country he had to go to...and nothing more from him ever again.

I loved once...and I lost him.

teri bronte

I Remember Them

The name's are different.
The sweet talk is different.
The looks are different.
The age's are different.
But, I remember them.

He was lazyagony..my first.
I thought I was so in love...He killed me.
I remember them.

He was gardenguy..my second.
I knew I was in love with him.... He betrayed me.
I remember them.

He was Bingo so kind and soft spoken..my third.
Here was promised happiness for us both..He got bored.
I remember them.

He was SirUS from Ireland and so captivated me with his talk and moods and
lust for life..He just come's and goes.
I remember them all.

But, do they remember me?
I wonder, I don't think I cross their minds, less it be a flicker of 'who was she? '
I remember them.

teri bronte

Is It Possible

I met you one day and you were so gentle in your conversation...

You didnt rush me..You asked me about myself like you were interested..

You made me feel lovely and wanted for myself..

Is it possible you could really want me?

Am I fooling myself over this? Do I pull back and wait to let you explain more of your intentions?

After all I have made so many mistakes talking to someone long distance.

Is it possible you could really care about me?

Wait i must walk softly, i'm to afraid to give again, give my heart and mind and trust..

Is it possible you are telling me the truth about your desires for me?

Do i dare respond or should i cut it off like i do so many when they get so close.

Is it possible?

teri bronte

Is Sorry The Right Word?

I don't know what I did to have you turn away from me.

I thought we had something.

I must have done something wrong.

One day you were all attentive, the next day out of the blue you were just polite...

I can't relive that past and make myself unhappy with all the reason's I could have done this or that.

I said something or did something or maybe I didn't do anything wrong; I could make myself crazy going through this.

But it all come's down to this ' is sorry the right word? '

I'm sorry you are disappointed in me, I am sorry you no longer find me attractive, in many ways, anymore. I am sorry you don't want me any longer in your life. Most of all I am sorry and confused by your refusal to even tell me what is wrong.

But I guess I should say ' it's alright, I will do fine.'

After all life does go on, doesn't it?

Goodbye my friend, I will miss you.

teri bronte

It Still Hurt's

How many time's do you fall in love with him?

How many time's do you let a person crush your heart?

How many way's are there to make your burden more than you can bare?

It still hurt's when he touches you..

It still hurt's when he smiles at you..

It still hurt's when he says 'you are the only one I love.'

How many time's will I let this happen?

How many time's will I say yes..it's ok..I love you too..

It still hurt's when you give in and he takes more and then he walk's back out that door without a word..

It still hurt's when you forgive him and let him back in..

How many more time's til it stop's hurting?

teri bronte

Like The Waves

You wanted me..I wanted you..

I had no respect for myself; if you said do this or do that..I did.

Why must it come to this? Why can't I stand up for myself?

I watch outside the window..and see the waves hit the shore;

The shore doesn't resist..it just goes with the sea..out to the deep and then back to the shore..

As if it was only used for a time; til the sea found other things to play with..the rocks near by; the shells washed upon the shore; or maybe

just the wonder's under the sea...but; the waves come back to the shore and hit the shore over and over..nothing stops it..nothing can.

Some of us are like the waves..always hitting..and some of us are like the shore..waiting and waiting..but in the end the shore is always hit by the waves and washed over.

teri bronte

Love Hurt's

Do I dare love again?

Oh I want to...he's so wonderful; he listen's to me; he says he care's; he want's me with him.

Love hurt's I remember some of it...at least it hurt me.

Maybe I wasn't in love, maybe it was just puppy love.

Love hurt's, because you have to give your heart and so much more....

Not sure I can give anymore.

I want to take it easy.

Love hurt's and I don't want it too hurt me..

One day at a time..that's the ticket..just easy and slow..feel it all out first.

Love won't hurt if I don't let it...I won't let it.

teri bronte

Love Yesterday, Friends Today

The beginning was a love to be..a love we both wanted.
Love was yesterday.. and friends today.. if we can be.
It's a strain on us both.. trying to forget what we said in the beginning.
Love was yesterday, and friends are what we are today.
How do we do it.. how do we become just friends after the words of love.. it's so hard.. i can't do it with ease. It hurts.
Love was yesterday and good time's and we knew what we wanted from one another.
Friends today.. and i don't know what to talk about or how to look at you.. i'm lost.
It is hard to have loved yesterday and be friends today..
Please help me through this..i can't find my place.
After loving you yesterday..and trying to be your friend today.

teri bronte

Me

I am me,
a mother, a woman, a person of idea's.
I am the daughter of her and him.
A lover of art's of music and books.
A woman that feel's lost and lonely and empty.
A woman that wants love, hugs and kisses.
A woman who fear's loneliness, the dark, a house.
A woman who gives her honesty, trust and friendship to all.
A woman that would like to see arm's reaching out to her,
and love in someone's eyes for her, and too feel warmth against
her at last.
I'm a woman that lives in a small town...
I am me.

teri bronte

My Friend From Ireland

He sing's to my soul;
He makes me weak in my knee's;
He see's inside of me,
He let's me be me.

He tell's it like it is;
He is not afraid of my temper;
He let's me know how i am behaving, then reply's
'see you when you chill'.

He know's i will come running to say i am sorry;
He alway's forgive's me;
He has a kind heart.

He is unlike any other man i have ever met;
My friend from Ireland.

He tell's me the truth, even if it hurt's.
He is my friend, my soulmate, this friend from Ireland.

teri bronte

No Looking Back

All is well, all is done, I will not look back for there is no use in suffering anymore.

I have played the fool long enough.

Love is not to be or come my way, maybe a friend will appear to me one day.

The year was long and very lonely.

My search for my one was to no avail.

The one I wanted was not to be, he had lost interest, left me behind and moved on.

The struggle with new relationships came up short everytime, because I continued to compare them with the one that I lost.

I will move on.

All is well, all is done, I will not look back for there is no use living in the past.

We find comfort and warmth in self pity and wallow in our shame and pain.

But, no longer will I, for...

All is well, all is done, I will not look back to pain and misery, but to the future for new friends and new love, where ever it may

teri bronte

No More Will I Listen

You did a good job on me.
You had me fooled at every corner.
You did all the talking and I agreed.
No more will I listen to your lie's.

You made me think I was all you thought about.
You made me think you cared about me.
You made me think we had a future with one another.
No more will I listen to your lie's.

You made me trust in you to protect me.
You exploited me.
You made me believe you when you said I was the only one.
No more will I listen to your lie's.

I will now listen to my inner voice, my gut feeling..that say's.. No more..

teri bronte

No One Asked Me

To be or not to be, no one asked me.

I am sure there was a plan somewhere and hopefully I will fit in, but right now I don't know what it is that I am suppose to do, be it here or there.

For what am I without a reason for existing?

The one's that were here are now gone on with their live's and left me here alone.

I look for them and they are busy, but that is fine and as it should be, for no one asked them either.

Life just goes on and on, as it should, so why do I fret as to what I am to do?

What does it matter, we are here for such a short time, it is best just to say hello to all we meet and wish them well.

For no one asked them either...

teri bronte

Oh Joy, Oh Joy

Oh joy, oh joy, don't leave just yet, linger on awhile and wash my days with a mist of morning dew..just enough to make me feel alive and full of you.

Oh joy, oh joy, i stretch and purr like a kitten after her nap knowing you are nearby with a touch so soft and yet so familiar with my every aches and make them enhanced and slide on to a ride that won't stop until i reach that place of bliss where you never know if you will find your way back.

Oh joy, oh joy, stay awhile longer please..don't hasten to leave me yet, The after glow may stay to put us both to sleep and a smile on our faces and warmth running through our bodies like a river down a hill, so smooth and ever changing.

Oh joy, oh joy, oh please remain..

teri bronte

Submissive

Am I? Was I? Have I changed?

What happened to that girl who wanted only what other's wanted;
to serve and please.

I still feel submissive, but something has changed in me; after
many years of doing as other's say i find my voice, and it says 'no'
Does this mean i am no longer submissive? I do not think so.
I think i finally have something to say.

Submissive to someone you care about is a gift that only come's within
oneself, it can not be forced; unless you want no love, it can not be
shamed unless you want no respect; it can not be belittled unless
you want rebellion; submissiveness is a jewell to cherish and show
how pleased you are by giving back love, comfort and security.

Why have i missed this? what did i do? Why do i continue to fall in the
same trap?

Submissiveness is a wonder; a wonder to behold

teri bronte

The Dominant Male

Oh this man of order's and dismay; with the strenght and no
wisdom of what he has.. is beyond me.

He struts his stuff and beats his chest, He barks and howls at
the night; but his bark is all; for he has no bite.

He looks for the weaker female, for if she talks back to him then
he call's her name's and then run's and hides; not really from her,
because he's weak, but because to fight or argue with her is to
find she may be right.

No Dominant can or will deal with that.. it is he that leads with the
last word from him and it is she that follow's or is left behind.. and
in whatever she does she will find who she is.. and will know who he
is.. he is her Dominant One or she will be alone.

teri bronte

The Man

He's so cold, the man.

He's so hard, the man.

He's so blind to your want's and needs..

He don't understand what you have to say..or he don't want to understand..

The man is sick where a walking cane can't help.

The man keep's you walking on egg shell's when he's around.

But, all the while the man blames you.

teri bronte

The One I'M Searching For

He is out there..my lost love..but, where?

My lost love is tall and big with large hands and brown hair and brown eyes..

My lost love is Italian decent or maybe he is Irish as myself. But, American born and raised.

My lost love is Leo or Scorpion..he's wild and hot blooded.

My lost love makes me lose my temper and lights me on fire...and makes up to me in the same moment.

My lost love knows me inside and out the second he see's me and look's at me I lose control.

I know not where he is...i search and look in each face.

My lost love will find me when I am not looking.. this I feel inside my heart.

Find me.. I am here.. waiting for you my lost love.

teri bronte

Things Are Not What They Seem

Things are not always what they seem, love is
a thing of the mind and heart.

With love we look and see what our mind tells
our eyes, so wonderful a sight, and then our
heart tells us this person means something to us,
if not everything.

We dont know what, just that we must have what
our mind and heart need to feel whole with this
one.

We can't exist without this one.

We have to be with them all the time at first..
we think we will die without them and if they
leave us our hearts feel broken and the tears
won't stop coming from our eyes, the very
thing that looked at this person and worshipped
their existence.

We feel betrayed and then anger, if they cant
love us as we did them, then how does love
exist? Where does love exist? Is there love?
Things are not what they seem.

We are hurt and cold and sometimes we shut
our heart and eyes down so we won't feel or
see love again.

We just exist thinking life is just here and we
go on.

We see people for quite times and just for fun,
but we stop caring, dont want to fall in that
trap again, we dont believe anyone that says
they love us.

Because as we have told ourselves over and
over again..

Things are not what they seem.

teri bronte

Time Is?

Time is everlasting and we are vessels with soul's floating through this life, with our expectations of what will be or what will we make of it.

Some of us use time here living life to the fullest, enjoying all that life offers. Some of us use our time working and achieving great awards for our work and we glow in the praise we receive from our peers..

Some of us use our time working hard and never getting that extra pat on the back, we become angry and mad at the world.

Some of us use our time doing nothing to help our fellowman or do anything to help ourselves..the time we use is wasted..we might rob or kill to survive, we might use drugs or drink to ease our misery. But, we will most assuredly end up hurting someone while we live on this earth..

Time is everlasting, for there are others that come behind us floating through this life with bells on, and life seeming to shine on them...

Time is everlasting for us all.

teri bronte

To Know Love

One day I may know love; that day will speak to me as no other day ever did.
One day I may know love; I wonder, is it possible?

To know love..is it grand as they say..is it earth shattering.. does it make you
giddy..will I want to love everyone around me..will my toe's curl?

To know love... must be the most wonderful feeling there is.. to know love will
change my life and give me courage.

This is what I hear...is it true?
Can I depend on this?

To know love maybe in my future...I wonder.
To know love, we will see.

teri bronte

Twisted Love

I gave you my love and my trust
Then you abused it with all your angry fuss
All your anger left me confused
Leaving me in tears and my body bruised

I do not reconize you anymore
What we had together, you beat to the the core
God says do unto others as you'd do unto you
You're stuck with your anger now that we're through

You taught me to keep my wall up high
To protect myself from your vicious lies
I am beginning to repair my pain
I don't think I'll every be the same

My joy of life that you took away
Will hopefully come back someday
And when your day of judgement calls
The Lord will make you feel it all.

teri bronte

Why Did He Speak To Me

Why did he speak to me, was it to confuse me?

He let me know it was all a fantasy to him, nothing was real to him, just words. But, he knew it was real to me and he let it go on for his pleasure.

He did not tell me in the beginning I meant nothing to him, he led me on and I believed every word; but, really who do I have to blame but myself. It is not like i was just born yesterday.

I should have known there are people out there that don't care whom they hurt when it comes to their own pleasure; why did I fail to see this when he spoke to me?

Why did I not pay attention to his words when everything he said was about him or for him; I have only myself to blame for believing his lie's, his promise's.

And today after almost two year's he tells me it was all a game....
I have heard all the sad word's i can take in.. to last me a life time.
I can take no more.

Why did he speak to me that day....

teri bronte

Will Happiness Come My Way?

If I could just understand why I push them away.
They get close and I put up walls.
I'm afraid of commitment.
I dread what they expect from me.
I can't fulfill their needs or my needs.
Will happiness come my way?

Do I dare let it?
How will I react to love?
The same way I always have...I run or I ruin the situation.

I am too happy now with a certain man and I can't relax in the situation.
I think of things to say to let him out.
Will happiness come my way?

If it does I think I will destroy it, like I do all of them..am I so afraid of men?
Will happiness come my way?

teri bronte

You Were All To Me

How do you get over someone you fell in love with and gave your mind heart and soul to?

Do you say 'You were all to me' but, 'now your nothing'...

Do you forget how much you loved that person and gave your all.. your trust.. just to have it all taken away..?

You were all to me.. what does that mean to you now?

How can i go on like nothing happened..as tho you were never here in my heart?

Do i just say 'You were all to me' and go on?

I guess so...for what else is there to do.. you are my faded dream now..

You were all to me..

teri bronte