

Poetry Series

Cassandra Jasmine
- poems -

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Cassandra Jasmine(June,2002)

Hello Everybody,

Thank you for reading my page.

I enjoy doing many things: Reading, practicing piano, playing my sister's violin, singing, drawing, training my dogs, and some more.

Some of my Favorite books are:

The Outsiders by n

The Chronicles of Narnia by C.S. Lewis

Chronicles of Ancient Darkness (Author Unknown to me)

Warriors by Erin Hunter

Rumble Fish by n

Tex by n

That Was Then, This is Now by n

The Trap by Joan Lowery Nixon

Laugh Till You Cry by

And Many, Many more

I love listening to Classical music, here are some composers I admire:

Ludwig van Beethoven

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Nicolo Paganini

Frederic Chopin

Johann Sebastien Bach

And several more

I have many (Not that many though) pets. Several German shepherds (Will get another one) a Tibetan Mastiff, A Tibetan Terrier, and a Komondorok. I have ten fish (I think one died) , and two birds. And of course, lots and lots of ants.: D

Thank you everyone!

I'm writing several stories, so PM me if you want to read them!

A New Day, A New Life

Everyday is different
Every morning brings the fresh sensation of
Love, beauty, and happiness.

Flowers grow,
Yet they come, and go.
Tulips, Roses, and daffodils.
Every thing is unique,
Why not enjoy it?

A new day,
A new life,
Brings joy and something fresh.
Cherish it, enjoy it,
Anything, but waste it.

Everyone has only one life.
You either take it,
Or you lose it.

A New Day,
A New Life.

Cassandra Jasmine

A New Day, A New Life, A New Beauty

Every Year,
Every day,
Every season,
Nature makes room for all to come into the world.

The soft-eyed fawn,
Nestles against her mother's
Leathery, yet soft hide.
They chase butterflies and birds.
Beautiful, delicate, and dappled with sunlight.

Fillies and colts,
Prance to and fro,
Trying their best to imitate their father.
Yet when they're grown,
They bloom like flowers.
Beautiful, Courageous, and Strong-Willed.

The wolf pup
Yips and yaps,
Tumbling through the tall, dancing grass,
Sniffing wild flowers.
Young, carefree, and strong.

Jaguars, Cougars, Lions, Tigers
All start as kittens.
They prowl, stalk, and pounce.
Twisting in midair, leaping over hedges,
Romping in the dark.
Quick-witted, sly, and mysterious,
Yet beautiful.

Birds of different colors
Possess different airs of beauty.
The lark's lyrical song touches many,
The parrot's beauty takes one's breathe away,
And even the crow,
Whom could be a nuisance to crops,
Are admired for their intelligence.

Yet they all have one in common:
They were all once small, meek hatch-lings.

Every animal
Is born small, and delicate.
Yet when he's grown,
The words that describe him are priceless.
"Beautiful, Courageous, Stubborn,
And many a time, loyal."

A New Day, A New Life, A New Love.

Cassandra Jasmine

An Announcement

Ohayo, students of the Classical Institute of Music! This is your principle, Kishimata-san. I trust all of you have worked hard over the weekend. I have some news for you all. This year will be slightly different from the previous two; we will also hold a concourse.

First of all, I'll start with the most important subject; in which everyone one of you will have to part-take in, in order to proceed to the next stage of music; your year-end Exams at the beginning of May (in 1 ½ more month(s)) . You will be tested in Music Harmony, Music History during certain time periods, Musical Composition if you take the extra course and your own instrumental exam, whether it's keyboard, string, or woodwind. The last subjects of the Exam will be testing your sight-reading ability and your aptitude to connect with the music, for example; the composer's style, meaning, and his message. Remember, there isn't just one correct answer, because everyone has different musical relations.

After the Exams, at the end of May, we will hold the concourse. We will choose the participants accordingly, with the best musicians participating. This year, we are limiting the contestants to twelve applicants. First, second, and third place will have the opportunity to partake in a two month long music camp from July to September; receiving comments and master classes with many of the world's prodigious instrumentalists.

Lastly, at the end of June, all of you will perform a chosen composition(s) of your choice. I advise you to start preparing your piece(s) now. This concert will display your achievements and the approaches/attitude/ and the feelings you possess for your selection and instrument. We will have several guest artists visiting and playing. Do appreciate the time you have left to prepare for your Exam, the concourse, and the Concert.

After all this, you will be assigned several new pieces by either by your choice, or your instructor's. Please do remember to select a Baroque, a Classical/Romantic, and Contemporary piece along with a masterpiece of your choice, NOT your teacher's.

Saved for the very end, I will now announce the several artists who will have demonstrated their skill to be able to play with our orchestra:

- 1) Kira Ahika
- 2) Etou Kaminkisha
- 3) Mari Tsuzuki
- 4) Lili Kishimoto
- 5) Osaki Yamashika

Thank you for your participation and passion for music,
Arigato!
Kishimata

Cassandra Jasmine

An Unnecessary Death

On November 11th, 1918, at 11 in the morning,
Two men were arguing.
One was a father, one was his son.

'My dear father! '
Cried the son through gritted teeth,
'Do you think that I,
Your son, am brainless? ! '

'My dear son, ' replied the father,
As calm as ever,
'Democracy is mighty,
As well as Communism,
Yet I believe that Democracy
Is far more powerful.'

'Mayhaps',
Was his son's reply.
His throat was dry,
As he battled between two thoughts in his mind.

'The reason our government is so strong,
So flexible,
Is the result of Democracy. Everybody has a voice,
And there is no right or wrong.'
The father continued,
'Communism will fall...
Sooner, or later.'

'Father, '
Bellowed the son,
'I respect you,
Yet why can't you respect the fact that
I support Communism?
This way, the whole country shall benefit! '

'My son, ' answered the father,
'I am a supporter of democracy,
And you a supporter of Communism.

I accept that.'

The son,
Infuriated that his father wouldn't side with him,
Muttered several words under his breath,
And slowly reached into his coat.

'I love you, father.
Yet I believe that the world may be better,
Without you.
I gave you the chance to accept Communism,
Yet you refused.'
The son brought his rifle up,
And shot his father.

Cassandra Jasmine

Betrayal

You held me in your arms when I was upset.
You soothed me when I was angered.
You embraced me when we came in contact.
What more can I ask?
You vowed to stay besides me, to caress me, to protect me.
In your arms that day, I felt safe, and sound.

The next day,
I saw my best friend in your arms.
The way you held her, so full of lust, adoration, and love.
Flashbacks of your promises, our promises, played through my head.
Your promises, your vows, meant nothing to me now.
The way you held her, your voice when you spoke to her,
Was like honey, flowing down a river.

All I could do,
Was hang my head in shame.
I was ashamed to have trusted you, the way I lavished my attention upon you,
the time, the effort, and my feelings.
However,
You gave not one thought.

I trusted you. I loved you.
But you, with your flitting attention,
Threw my love down the drain.
I will forever have a space for you in my heart,
But I will leave you, as you me.

Cassandra Jasmine

Broken Friendship

Where lies friendship,
There lies communication.
However, with communication lost,
Friendship dwindles along with it.

I first thought that we were friends.
Now, perhaps, I know differently.
As awkwardly as an ant trying to fly,
Our relationship was strained to few or no words.

We were once inseparable.
We once had a fierce bond with each other.
But that has all withered,
Yet I know not why.

Cassandra Jasmine

Candy

Chewy caramels,
Delicious chocolates,
Spicy Mints,
And peppery canes.

Milky-white chocolate balls,
Chocolate-covered coffee beans,
Raisins, blueberries, and strawberries;
All covered in sweet, suave, chocolate.

Oh, how I adore,
Chocolate kisses,
Velvety licorice (not quite) ,
And chocolate balls of nuts!

Candy, oh candy,
My love for you will never cease.
But my friends are sweeter than you;
Yet the price I would not have to pay is this:
Toothaches, cavities, and rotten teeth!

Cassandra Jasmine

Chopin's Piano Concerto Number Two

Endless scales and arpeggios,
Smooth as summer's sweet apple blossoms.
Dramatic, as well as dainty.
Tastes like the look of drifting snow.
Smoothness of the piano keys.
Concerto Number Two

Cassandra Jasmine

Differences

I am Asian,
You are African.
I am American,
You are Caucasian.

However, why should we
Judge one another by their nationality,
Their gender, their religion?
My answer is, because we are different.

Why should we treat each other unfairly?
Why is it, that one is biased?
Have you not thought of someone else?
The answer is no; because we are different.

We are all different,
Yet we are all unique.
However, when we accept each other,
This world would be a better place.

Cassandra Jasmine

Don'T Run Away

A kind, yet depressed man,
So kind, so sincere, and honest.
Such a man deserves happiness,
Yet hollowness and sadness is all that is felt.

Someone who left his life,
Someone who meant so much to him;
Turned away from him and walked away.
Or this is so I interpret.

Changing his name,
Changing his supposed destination,
This may seem deceiving to everyone,
But it won't help you overcome your sadness.

Leave these sad memories behind,
Find someone else, perhaps.
Make each day meaningful;
Enjoy the wonders of this world.
I promise you, you won't be sorry.

Cassandra Jasmine

Far Away

When days were short,
Nights were long.
A weary man
Traveled far from home.

Once,
He sat upon his mattress at night,
Gazing at the bright, round moon.

Cold nights glazed the world with frost,
Bringing a natural beauty to the land.

Deep in thought,
The man raised his head
To gaze at the fair moon,

As he thought of his beloved family,
At home.
His ancestors, who help him
Find his path.

Cassandra Jasmine

Fear

When I was little,
I thought that I knew what fear was.
I thought fear was me being afraid to be alone.
I thought it meant feeling insecure in my surroundings,
And I thought, it was my dislike for darkness.

Now I understand.
Fear; it isn't because of
Darkness, nor
Loneliness, nor
Insecurity.

One has nothing to fear.
Fright is just an emotional sentiment.
The only thing to fear, however,
Is fear, itself.

Cassandra Jasmine

Four Haiku

~Family~

A complex puzzle,
Unable to loose a piece,
Always there for you

~Horses~

A natural wonder,
And he shan't be mistreated.
He owes you nothing.

~Little Sister~

Although obnoxious,
No one is liker her.
Always there for me.

~Chopin~

Famous composer,
Though passed in his early years,
Never forgotten.

Cassandra Jasmine

Good Night!

A meadow, wind blowing gently.
Grass bending, swaying, and bending again.
Sun, sinking low into the soft-colored sky.
And bright, radiant colors fill the one blue meadow.

Racing antelope, slow to a gentle lope.
Mice, digging deep into burrows, nibble grass.
Crickets start their nighttime symphony.
And as for me, I start my night song.

Soft breeze, caressing my hair,
Bare feet padding on soft grass,
Young pups frolic within a fern grove,
And stars twinkle in the sky, winking.

I finish my made-up nocturne,
I let my dogs out to enjoy the moonlight with me.
As I bed them down, and owl rustles past.
Another night, another dream.

Cassandra Jasmine

Halloween

A wondrous event,
For the young and old,
The ghosts are anything but spent,
The spiders weave orange and black striped webs with mold,
The werewolves bloody fangs glinting,
As they sang to the moon.
With children screaming in fear and horror.
Out in the Darkness,
Deep into the night

Bloodcurdling howls,
Jack-o-Lanterns coming to life,
Dangling skeletons showing decayed, yellow teeth,
Ghosts brushing children's arms,
And poisonous cobwebs wrapping their way into human's hair.
All of Halloween.

Bloody canines on delicate necks,
"Who's"? You ask,
A bat's, a dog's, a cat's?
No.
None of that,
But a Human.

Headless Horsemen searching for lifeless skulls,
Phantom Stallions growing restless with anger, invisible,
And charging anyone in sight,
Witches mixing potions in cauldrons to turn children into wolves,
Vampires desperately hungry for blood,
And ghosts ready to take another Human's body.
That's not all.

Zombie children,
Dark at night,
Sneak into the woods,
Searching for Human skulls
To play volleyball with.

BOO!

Halloween. The wondrous event.

Cassandra Jasmine

In My World

In My world,
Poverty shan't exist in our world.
Everybody would be treated with equality,
Yet hard work would always be present.

In My world,
People would be judged by what they could do,
Not by their color, religion, or age,
Nor by their gender, beliefs or looks.

In My world,
Technology may not be so abundant as today,
But the lush green valleys and Nature's way,
Shall never perish, nor shall it die away.

In My world,
Animals would know caution and fear,
But death wouldn't be so cruel, and tragic.
Nor shall any animal be shunned upon.

In My world,
Wars would be but a nightmare,
Dictators would just be a legend,
And love would not be a fantasy.

But what is My world?
It doesn't exist, nor shall it ever occur.
Yet one can dream a million miles,
So, I say, let them dream.

Cassandra Jasmine

Mister Master Laugh-A-Lot

A silly old man (or so I think of him) ,
So full of humor and laughter.
His words are so bright and effervescent,
Like sunshine on a gloomy day.

Whether I'm asking about his personal life,
Or just questions in general,
Without giving a second thought,
Gives me his truthful thought.

I assumed that adults were all sober;
But not this bowl of jolliness.
Despite the fact that he teases me,
I can't help but laugh in the midst of dismay.

'Master', as I tease him,
May or may not be altogether true,
But even in his most humorous messages,
I at least, or so I think,
Learn something.

May sunshine follow you and your family always!

Cassandra Jasmine

Moonlight

A faint shadow, a round lantern.
A distant sphere, posing in the sky.
As Darkness covers us in her veil,
Lights out, and good night.

But, a certain child,
Wary and fearful, yet excited the same,
Throws back her covers.
Shivering, slips daintily off her mattress.
Tiptoeing towards her window,
Throws back the curtains,
And forcing the window open.

A gentle, cool, and relieving North Wind
Washes a sense of harmony over her.
Shaking her head, she thinks of the moon:
A silver plate, shining in the sky.

She thinks of her dogs, snuggled in bed.
Her parents, discoursing downstairs.
Her brother, snoring gently next door,
And the moon; her nighttime companion.

Gazing at the moon,
She whispers,
"Good night."

Cassandra Jasmine

My Darling, Dear Poodle

My Darling Dear,
I hope you enjoy,
The fresh crisp air,
With many a plenty toys.

I miss your sweet, loving licks,
Your white, fuzzy, calming coat,
As well as checking your fur for your ticks.
Maybe, where you are, there's a lovely moat.

My darling girl,
You button-poodle,
I know, how much you love to twirl,
However, what you would do, for just a noodle!

You would do anything for a treat!
So soothing, so intelligent, so smart.
You were, Oh! ever so neat.
You, yourself, is art!

I hope that, where you are,
There are running ponds and streams,
There are plenty of meadows for you to frolic through,
Starry skies for you to sleep under,
And companions to keep you from loneliness.

I hope, that one day, I will be able to see you again.
My darling, I will never forget you.
Wait for me.

Cassandra Jasmine

My Friends

My friends here,
Are the shiniest of diamonds,
They are sparkling topazes,
They are priceless gems.

An annoying me,
Yet you all tolerate it.
Like a fresh-mown lawn,
Being dug up by a gofer.

My friends,
You understand me.
You help me,
And I am full of gratitude.

Thank you,
To all of you
Who helped me,
With comments and all,
To becoming a better writer.

Cassandra Jasmine

My Little Sister

A forever friend,
A thoughtful listener,
A compassionate girl.
What more can I ask for?

My little sister,
Hides her identity behind alias after alias,
She keeps quiet outside;
Yet animals see through her shyness.

My dear, darling, little sister,
She feels only at home with animals.
Even the slightest mistake gets her embarrassed.
Yet she has a way with Nature.

Ebony black hair,
Blazing hazel eyes,
And a China-doll face.
Her heart though; is her true virtue.

She buries herself in her books,
Spends hours with her best friend: the violin.
She sees through the eyes of animals,
Yet still manages to keep her grades high.

She may be shy.
She may make mistakes occasionally;
But I love her,
No matter what.

Cassandra Jasmine

My Mother

Cherry-colored lips;
Always with a kind word there.
Hazel eyes touched up with eye-liner,
So often laughing but holding meaning as well.

My mother,
So kind, so compassionate,
Insisting on my well-being,
And selflessly made sure,
that I had a solid foundation.

At times,
My mother may be intimidating,
and getting on my nerves.
But who could blame her?
I am here to learn from her, not the opposite.

My dear Mother,
How much I love you,
I simply can not say,
But you really should know,
that even all the king's men and horses,
Can never take away my love for you.

Cassandra Jasmine

Never Returning

Flowers have wilted,
Leaves have fallen,
And trees have lost their colorful hue.
There will be a time when they grow once more.
However, only Time, after passing, will never turn back.

When you are reading in the kitchen,
Time lurks silently pass your chair.
When you are writing an essay,
Time slowly, yet surely, crawls around your desk.
And when you are playing games,
Time flies by your side.
Time, after passing, will never turn back.

We must understand
The importance of time.
There's a time for everything:
A time to enjoy oneself,
And a time to grasp oneself; to work, and to learn.

During one's youth,
You shadn't scandal your time.
Work hard,
Work smart,
Then you won't perish.
Nor will you regret the past.

Cassandra Jasmine

New Books

Fresh, crisp, white pages

With a slight tang of lavender.

Flipping through the pages; like a gurgling waterfall.

The words taste sweet upon my imagination.

Smooth feeling of new stories and words under my fingers.

New Books.

Cassandra Jasmine

Rin Tin Tin: A Hero

~Lee believed Rin Tin Tin was immortal.
He was born in 1918 and never died.
But 'Rinty' did die; Though his descendants,
Carried on his legacy.~

Undeniably loyal,
Rin Tin Tin was a German shepherd,
Found in a bombed village.
Rinty was more than just a dog;
He was an idea and an ideal.
He, who was a companionable loner,
Was also a mute genius.
He was one in a million.
Rin Tin Tin was a silent actor;
But an invented character as well.
He was an honored pet,
As well as an international celebrity.
He was born a runt,
But died a hero, companion, and actor.
Maybe he did die,
But he will never be forgotten.
There will always be a Rin Tin Tin.

Cassandra Jasmine

Saying Good Bye

You left too early, my dear sister,
My heart still aches for you, after so many years,
I yearn for your presence,
And to be comforted by an older sister.

The leaves have fallen,
The air has turned cool.
My furry friends are migrating.
And Time has flown by.

I wish,
That you were here,
To enjoy the world's many gifts with me;
Happiness, laughter, love,
And being surrounded by loved ones.

Every February,
When the nights are cold,
And the days are gray,
I write you a little something,
Hoping that you're still there.

But it's not the same,
Without you.
Sometimes, I cry myself to sleep,
Or I enthrall myself,
To imagine, what it would be like,
If you were still here,
By my side.

I now understand that you're no longer coming back.
But, perhaps,
I'll see you one day.
One day.

Cassandra Jasmine

Semester's Delight

Tests, exams, quizzes, assessments!
Such a delightful, tasty little thing.
Essays, papers, problems, textbooks;
Such sweet treats are fit for a king.

Historical texts, resources, and myths;
I gobble up nonstop; full of delight.
Encyclopedias, biographies, ancient folklore,
I shall devour them, all through the night.

Research papers, essays, letters, narratives,
I compose them with vigor, embracing them an old friend.
Algebra, calculus, and math in general;
Hours and hours I'm willing to spend.

There is something I forgot, though.
And that, I'll tell you now.
Just sit tight and huddle under the light.
What I forgot is saying 'Good night'.

Cassandra Jasmine

That Was Then, This Is Now

Then, I squandered my earnings.
Then, I wasted time.
Then, I paid no heed to my parents' warnings,
Then, I was a carefree soul.

Now, I am penniless, wandering in the streets,
Now, I wish I had my happy, old days back.
Now, I wish that I had listened to my parents.
Now, I carry a heavy burden.

I learned, the hard way, too late,
That time comes and goes.
One could either use it wisely,
Or waste it.
I chose to waste it.
However, let that not happen to you.

Cassandra Jasmine

Tomorrow

Think of tomorrow,
Like another chance.
Think of tomorrow,
Like a second opportunity.
Imagine the next day,
As a new door;
Another friend,
There for you.

Nevertheless,
Appreciate each day.
Soak in new knowledge,
And use it to your advantage.
Everyday brings opportunity,
use it wisely, embrace it,
And you shan't look back.

Catch every hour, every minute, every second.
If you can't complete one thing,
Take a deep breathe,
And try again.
Admit your mistakes,
Improve them immediately.

Eave through life,
Overcome your obstacles;
Don't dodge the.
Make each day meaningful,
And remember one thing:
Effort creates ability.

Live your days,
Love your loved ones,
And fulfill your goals,
Like there is no tomorrow.

Cassandra Jasmine

Tonight

Tonight, I am all yours.
No matter what, I will love you forever.
Thinking of you,
Your wag is my cue.

Under the moonlight,
We shall dream of sunlight,
Sitting there on the grass,
Nuzzling each other, and letting time pass.

Let the moon wash her soft rays upon us,
Enjoying the soft, swirling mist,
Letting the Wind ripple your fur,
And weave through my brown locks.

As the mockingbird takes up his son,
A faraway clock chimes 'Ding-Dong'.
As dawn slips into day,
You slowly, yet quietly slip away.

Cassandra Jasmine

Where Horses Roam Free

Where Horses roam free: Rocky Terrain.
They find comfort in sun and rain.
Who are untamable mustangs
Are like and unbreakable chain.

In lush green valleys, and plain
Forest dwellings, a mare that's in pain,
Gives a whinny, then hears a bang,
Where horses roam free.

Colts give mock fights, faking insane,
Then thundering over hilly plains.
The North Wind flies by, like one sang,
Where horses roam free.

Cassandra Jasmine