

Poetry Series

**Alixis Russell**  
**- poems -**

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## Alixis Russell()

I'm young, so I've just begun with this amazing thing called poetry and writing it.

My favorite poem is 'I Carry Your Heart' by E.E. Cummings.

I write poetry because, to me, it's a release for all this emotional stuff that I have going on, and I find it as a beautiful art that can never be perfected. My favorite poem that I've ever written is 'Irish Tune', which is posted. Please go check it out. It's about my band family.

Enjoy your writing, & enjoy mine.

:)

# A Favor

If I called you crying late one spring night. If I asked you to meet me across the street and take me away. If I asked for honesty and understanding.

If I asked you for a favor. If I asked you to be my best friend.

If I asked you for wit and humor, but a soft shoulder to cry on. If I asked for faith and laughter. If I expected patience... If I promised you the very same.

If I asked you for a favor. If I asked you to be my best friend.

Alixis Russell

# Irish Tune

Dedication for Irish Tune: This poem is dedicated solely to my band and band director. It's a crazy journey, and it's a life style that we claim when we call ourselves bandsmen and musicians. I couldn't be more honored to be on this ride with every single one of you, and I know that you'll understand this poem; I know that you all understand how soon it will be over for us.

Under the hot light on the stage... The conductor raises his arms, baton in hand and the ensemble blooms into position.

An exhale, an inhale, then the first notes sound. This is the piece. He told his musicians to leave a part of themselves behind each time. We grew with the music; we felt each beat.

Only a few bars in, we watch the beautiful movement of his arms, we concentrate on the lyrics, we feel the energy. Breathing all together.

The high voices solo, the rest are quiet. We close our eyes and listen, thanking Grainger for this masterpiece. I listen a row behind me, counting measures in my head: the quite tears of a saxophone player. She feels it, too. Each crescendo, each swell and the emotion builds more.

The lows enter again. We cling, we grasp each note. Every beat takes us closer to the end.

The final bars, I try to understand. I try to make the song mine. 'Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy. I love you so.' The poem's words are on in my head. A father & son, their goodbye, but the hope of Heaven's reunion. I understand.

Looking around at us, playing. Hearts and parts combining... The performance of the year.

This piece at first seemed impossible. But, like life, we pushed forward. Always bettering, longing for perfection. Now, the performance, the stage, they beckon.

We see the double bar approaching. Our lungs ache with our hearts. Director, eyes closed, lost in the sound. To stay this way forever.

'Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy. I love you so.' A father & son, their goodbye. The last 3 chords, they're here too quickly. Each note, I think. One day, we all, too, will say goodbye. To this stage, to each other. A goodbye, but like Heaven's reunion, there is hope for more. Hope for success and a phenomenal life ahead. It is mine. I understand. The fermata. Eyes up. His fingers come together, gently.

Tears roll down my face as we cut off and exhale. Resonance. He gives the ensemble a look: beautiful approval.

The ride, like life, until the double bar. It's beautiful. It's music. It's Irish Tune.



# It's Spring

It's lemonade in a cardboard cup between the legs of a freshly tanned, sunglasses wearing, brown eyed girl. It's a white Jeep, blaring Enrique loud.

It's a tilted back head, skin soaking in the warm sun and the sweet breeze which feels like a caress on the tennis courts. It's the cheap sunglasses and cheeky pictures with the one and only.

It's the jazzy sound of a saxophone. It's the thrill of that day that finally smolders above 70 degrees. It's the white capris.

It's the baseball players. It's the brand new racquets. It's the undeniable sense of pleasure that anyone receives on those first breezy days. It's the new state of mind on a bright, bright day.

It's the sweat beneath the dark curls. It's the country song that brings tears to your eyes. It's the lessons learned, the mistakes made. It's the future ahead, bright and beautiful. It's the laughter, memories. It's the good things in life.

It's Spring.

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# Knew

Dedication: To everyone who wishes that life could be as simple as a first kiss.

Her embarrassment kept him from the truth, so when he gave her her first kiss, I don't think he knew.

in the middle of the school yard on that sunny school day, the kiss on her lips was not out of place.

with a smile, they drifted their separate ways but one last gaze, he turned and met her eyes. even back then, she knew she wouldn't forget the butterflies.

but back then, I don't think she knew it was too good to be true.

Alixis Russell

# Rollercoaster

Foreword: When you know that it's not working anymore, but you think that maybe a poem could save it all.

Let's get off this ride now, baby. The ups and downs... Let's just put them to a stop. The highs and lows are making me sick. We shouldn't settle for a relationship as crazy as this.

Somewhere along the way, you broke your promises, but your kisses make it easy to forget. It was a mistake that I knew I was making; but you thought it was a chance worth taking. Now, in the days after, my hearts not breaking. Because this, this rollercoaster. I'm all to used to it, and I'm not feeling a single thing.

Us, we, you & me, progressed too quickly. All the poems before this one about how we were meant to be. That B, you amaze me. But the truth is, this fight isn't one I can take on alone. I must've taken it all too seriously. I must've acted a bit deliriously.

Let's get off this ride now, baby. The ups and downs... Let's just put them to a stop. The highs and lows are making me sick. We shouldn't settle for a relationship as crazy as this.

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