

Poetry Series

**Amber Glistener**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Amber Glistener()

I am a middle school writer who loves writing and music and art. Some of the things I write, people may think me insane for doing so. I must say this though, most of my writing of poetry is based off of true emotion. I love Texas-Style fiddling, blue-grass, country, classical, Celtic, and christian music. I am also in the middle of writing two novels.

# A Beam Of Gold Is Rarely Spoken

A beam of gold is rarely spoken,  
Unless from a heart want pure,  
A strife in the life,  
An incision made within.

The caroling beam bounces there,  
So hearty and canny but unsure,  
The place and the race,  
An incision made within.

Hands swinging bells to an invisible tune,  
That only those worthy may see,  
But the time for the rhyme,  
An incision made within.

The mind wants what the eyes see,  
A sight unworthy of their bells,  
A beautiful ring for a king,  
An incision made within.

Who stores love in the heart that shines,  
Not a fire but a torch in the dark,  
Merrily along to this old song,  
An incision made within.

A great demand the tune brings,  
Of Joy, love, and deep passion,  
The girls with their mysteries,  
The boys with their intuitions,  
An incision made within.

Amber Glistener

# A Choice

Why must I be in such a predicament?  
The choice between this and that.  
Which sends me to my destiny,  
whether or not I may be sure of whom.

A weapon is in my hand.  
A life lays on my shoulders.  
A guilty man rests at my feet.  
A thought and a belief burrows into my head.

Why must they choose me?  
To be the chooser.  
The punisher which I am not,  
they rest assured of whom I am not.

The crowd turns away, ready.  
Yet, I am not.  
A life to take that is not truly mine.  
Surely a mistake has been made.

What am I to do?  
In which this deed would most surly be done,  
in the eyes of another person,  
yet they say none is more perfect than I.

Perfect for nothing.  
A heartless person might do such a thing.  
A heartless person might not.  
I save some by and by not.

Whom am I to save?  
Shall it be myself,  
my family,  
my neighbors?

The person here is not me.  
I shall not pull the trigger.  
But the person who stands in my shoes will.  
I do not know them for I am gone.

I would rather take my own life with the weapon,  
than take another.  
For it is not the way of the world,  
a peaceful world, to take something which does not belong to you.

Someone else must be burdened with this task.  
For I have fled.  
They can no longer make me,  
for I have assured them I sh'aint.

My hand quivers as I close the door,  
to a whole world that draws me in.  
A world in which I cannot bear,  
to take another's world away.

I will not fall victim to the grim.  
They will not fall victim of my hand.  
Yet the world has fallen victim greatly.  
A corruption that has been called out, at least now.

No longer afraid of it.  
I am the bringer of light.  
With my valor I shall be victorious,  
of taking the world under my wing.

The Lord as sent me here,  
that is what I shall do,  
to save the world is great,  
but to save it's people is righteous.

Amber Glistener

# A Weary Soldier

Tired eyes watch the weary reflection of the soldier,  
who walks without pride or judgment,  
and fears none but God.

When he takes up a duty,  
he does not run away or hide,  
but goes with twice the effort.

The cross that beats upon his chest,  
as he runs down the path to victory,  
encourages this weary soldier to run with the speed of a cheetah.

The chain that bears the weight of his cross,  
as he goes into battle for the weak,  
encourages this weary soldier to fight with the power of a lion.

The taunts and jeers that come against the cross,  
as he marches in between battles,  
remind this weary soldier to take pride in none but God,  
and the words of Jesus echo in his mind,  
'Father forgive them for they know not what they do...'

Amber Glistener

# After Loss Comes Sorrow

The day is dark today.  
The sun doesn't shine,  
and the moon doesn't glow.  
Winds whip at me,  
trying to pry me away from the ground.  
If it were any day before,  
I would fight it,  
but not after what happened last night.

Rage had filled me up,  
and now I am empty.  
If they are really gone,  
then so am I.  
To my dismay,  
all the wind can do is make my trip harder,  
not sweep me away as I so desire.

So I dig my feet in the ground,  
and push forward.  
When finally the place appears,  
I am still alone.  
As I walk in a smile masks me,  
and laughter hides me away.  
What else am I to do but act?  
They wouldn't understand my emptiness.  
They are gone.  
I am gone.

My wish is now a horrendous one,  
but it is what I desire.  
I wish the next battle I fight in,  
the enemy's sword would slip,  
and knock me down.  
Useless;  
I am empty,  
and useless.

These hands were not made for destruction.  
Yet everything I create ends up miserable and weak.

'Put me out of my misery.'  
I whisper as I fall asleep.  
'No longer do I wish my soul to keep.'

Amber Glistener



# Alone

In this room full of hateful words and thrashing people,  
I am alone.

In this world with no understanding and no certain path,  
I am alone.

In this mind where everything makes since, yet nothing ever does,  
I am alone.

In this room where I continue to hope one will appear,  
I am alone.

My eyes gaze upon the happy children running around in the meadow,  
they have no cares in the world other than the simplest,  
I should be with them given they are my own age,  
But to be accepted into their group,  
impossible.

I stand strong and hopeful in the arms of my God,  
I feel alone without him.  
To me this world is gone away when here I sit and pray.  
I wonder each time if when I open my eyes it will really be gone.

On an island I am stranded,  
unable to find the way into the different people.  
For they aren't here and I am left to a solo act for now.

Surely they will come and whisk me away into a better place,  
where I may defend without mockery,  
and fight alongside my father,  
to be clothed in light and bathed in warmth.  
Where to be accepted is possible,  
along with everything imaginable.  
Death will bring me there I know,  
for heaven is said to be so.

I cannot wait for the day when I have companions who understand,  
what it means to be alone.

Amber Glistener

# At The Tip Of A Blade

I stand here in this very room,  
the fire blazing every nicely,  
with the young and old all around me,  
to tell the story that so many do not live to tell.

You beg and plead for glorious war stories,  
but the sad truth that comes from war,  
has no glory,  
only sadness and relief.

The last survivor on my side,  
I stood disarmed and quaking,  
While another soldier just as me,  
stood in front of me with his blade out and twisting.

I sank to my knees,  
hands held up and tears streaming from my eyes.

Sitting at the mercy of the soldier,  
with the tip of his sword blade shoved at my neck.

Its a funny thing what threats to your life can do,  
the things you are willing to say,  
the actions you are willing to carry out,  
so that is why when I poured out my life story,  
about my lover and my family,  
my dreams and my hopes,  
my story and no one else's,  
that he withdrew his weapon,  
sunk to his knees and cried with me too.

When all was said and done,  
we both got up and walked in opposite directions,  
never again to see each other,  
but both knowing that because of the soldier's mercy,  
we both laid without scars.

Now I stand in this room with you,  
with your questions,

your demands,  
your inspections,  
I truly am once again standing at the tip of your blades.

Amber Glistener

# Behind This Silent Window Pane

Can you hear me?  
As I whisper your name.  
When I pound my fists upon the pane.  
When I scream out to you is it all in vain?

Are you coming?  
As I try to sit and wait.  
When I pull my knees to my chest.  
When I rock back and forth will I never rest?

Will you save me?  
As I lay here in this prison.  
When I cry these bitter tears so rotten.  
When I reach out will I just be forgotten?

Could you if you wanted to?  
As I hope over and over again.  
When I dream that you came,  
are you next door like me just the same?

These prison walls cant keep me here forever.  
You will come and rescue me soon.  
No matter who may doubt you,  
or even if you are gone.  
I will see you once again,  
from behind this silent window pane.

Amber Glistener

# Bright Darkness

I sit upon this rock,  
and stare up at the sky,  
with brilliance the stars shine,  
to recreate would be meaningless to try.

The trees shake above me,  
the night entails such things,  
they sneak about, hunting and hiding,  
and through the world their cries ring.

I am blinded,  
yet I can see better than before,  
the world surrounding me is great,  
but the adventure has greater in store.

God's voice booms through the darkness,  
he made everything such light,  
he laid his hand upon me,  
that's what makes darkness so bright.

Amber Glistener

# Climbing On A Mountain

Climbing on a mountain,  
So high it scrapes the sky,  
I stare down in bewilderment,  
And never wonder why.

I stay steady in my hand holds,  
waiting for the breeze,  
still today I long for that,  
the swirl around me in my pleas.

I climb a little higher,  
in hopes that soon in time,  
with the things transpiring in my life,  
I never be through with this climb.

Then I think to my family,  
what care and hope they have for me,  
and my friends that stare up at that dot on the mountain,  
squinting up just so they can see.

With my decision as I make it to the top,  
I realize that I must come down,  
life without them would be wrong,  
it truly takes more than one to create a crown.

Atop this mountain on which I stand,  
with my friends hand in hand,  
we thank him and smile and gape in awe,  
at the land below us not that small.

Climbing on a mountain,  
So high it scrapes the sky,  
We stare down in bewilderment,  
And never wonder why.

Amber Glistener

# Control

Life is chaotic,  
everything seems to keep running out of my fingers,  
jumping to my shoulders,  
pulling me off balance.  
I need control.

My mind zooms around,  
place to place and sends me visions,  
the things I see are often vivid,  
the dreams I have make me toss and turn.  
I need control.

The few friends I have,  
sometimes seem to hate me,  
dragging me this way and that with dependence,  
but running away when I depend on them.  
I need control.

My head dizzys from places and things,  
and suddenly snaps back into reality,  
without a single hint or clue as to when,  
but sometimes I wish I could just go back to sleep.  
I need control.

I scream out clues and hints,  
into a crowd of mutters and hopelessness,  
nobody seems to hear me,  
they have other things in mind.  
I need control.

Amber Glistener

# Dancing In The Moonlight

I was sitting on my front porch,  
Just a rockin' away in my chair,  
When a big black truck pulled in the drive,  
It was all outta nowhere.

A strange man jumped out,  
His boots a 'scuffed and dirty,  
Then he commenced a walkin in my yard,  
A look in his eye that was kinda quirky.

Chorus:

He was dancing in the moonlight,  
Rolling in the dirt,  
Singing a song that I've never heard,  
And it never occurred.

He was a cool cat,  
And his eyes a pool,  
When I saw him first,  
He was a crazy fool.

Then his old hat flew in the air,  
And landed at my feet,  
He walked up to me,  
He was all dusty and beat.

I offered to sit down nexta me,  
Maybe have a drink,  
But without a word he walked away,  
The sky was turning pink.

Chorus:

No longer was he dancing in the moonlight,  
Rolling in the dirt,  
Singing a song that I've never heard,  
And it never occurred.

He was a cool cat,  
And his eyes a pool,



When I saw him first,  
He was a crazy fool.

I went out to the city,  
To go and meet my friends,  
When we stopped in an old shop,  
I saw him around again.

He walked up to me,  
And he shook my hand,  
When my friends asked me If I knew him,  
This is what I told first hand.

Chorus:  
He was dancing in the moonlight,  
Rolling in the dirt,  
Singing a song that I've never heard,  
And it never occurred.

He was a cool cat,  
And his eyes a pool,  
When I saw him first,  
He was a crazy fool.

That night while in my dreams,  
I dreamed of him,  
And his very strange dance,  
the light staging the very rim.

The way the music seemed to play,  
Out of the night,  
And out of my mind,  
My dreams were of the right.

Chorus:  
We were dancing in the moonlight,  
Rolling in the dirt,  
Singing a song that now I've heard,  
And it now occurred.

He was a cool cat,  
And his eyes a pool,

Now I know him first,  
I'm a crazy fool.

Amber Glistener

# Destiny

The world is like a young child, It dreams and dreams, It thinks it knows things, but does not bother proving them, Once it finds a peice of evidence, thats good enough, It never finishes what it starts, It never starts what it finishes, The many a plenty souls that live there, all have no clue, for their destinies are unknown, their minds are made, but they're not, for only the Lord alone knows, your future, the only way to tell, is to wait, every choice you make, is apart of his plans, every decision, every step, leads you closer to your destiny, the hardships, the adventures, the pains and sorrows, and the joys and laughter, all are only another step, another slow suspenseful step. The glances backward, the memories and glistening joys, left behind, they lead your decisions, it's all part of the big plan, your past is what molds you, tragedy can make you stronger, as an illness, your body is used to, you can fight it off quicker, destiny is like a stream, gurgling and bubbling, crying and whistling as it pleases, a pebble memory passes, every now and then, your actions in the stream, determine which direction, you'll go. One direction may be harder, but who knows except the Lord almighty, whether it's the right direction or not, the easier path may not be, to lay back and rest against the shore, listening to the wind rustling the trees, but until you take an adventure, my friend, my comrade, you will never truly know what, it means to be alive, to live you must take risk, be the wind that everyone's listening to, feel it, taste it and touch it, inhale its fragrance, like knowledge, instead of just hearing it's mysterious whistling ways, you can't make your destiny, but you can help it, you can live it and accept it, . All you need to do is learn it, find your destiny...

Amber Glistener

# Dreamers

There are those who rest a dreamless sleep,  
and those who dream visions of indifference,  
but the dreamers who are the most important,  
are the ones who's nights remain vivid and steep.

When they dream during the night,  
and during the day,  
with the imagination of a child,  
with determination in the fight.

One sits in your class,  
in your work,  
in your home,  
one stands on the edge of the sidewalk you pass.

They are gone in a world,  
where no one else can travel,  
where anything is possible,  
the place where the ends are all curled.

Quite they may be,  
to stay in such a trance,  
unaware of the goings on around them,  
what a world they must see.

They life and laugh and love,  
they care and caress and cry,  
they flow and frolic and fight,  
with the preciousness of a dove.

High above the ground they surf,  
Low underneath the rocks they tread,  
Deep within the depths of the ocean they play,  
Far out in the fields is their turf.

Your dreamer is here,  
for even a dreamer has a dreamer,  
as a lover must have a lover,  
your dreamer is near.

They stand and laugh in the face of danger,  
waltzing about in adventure,  
reaching out to you,  
someone you might call a stranger.

This may be a new life,  
but this life may be anew.  
This may be a different way,  
but without it may be strife.

There are those who rest a dreamless sleep,  
and those who dream visions of indifference,  
but the dreamers who are the most important,  
are the ones who's nights remain vivid and steep.

Your dreamer is waiting...

Amber Glistener

# Eyes

Eyes cannot prod or poke.  
They cannot mock or jeer.  
Eyes cannot push me around,  
or beat me to the ground.  
I wish the world was eyes.

They tell me things about myself;  
the things I need to hear.  
They cannot hiss hideous lies to me.  
Eyes cannot bully to submission.  
Only stop and stare.  
When staring at these eyes,  
it's not just myself I see.  
The keeper of the eyes is the one looking down at me.

Are they mad, with a very red, evil glare?

Are they upset, drowned in watery pink?

Are they relieved, white and relaxed?

Mysteries not too far beyond the glass case which contains them.  
I've learned to mask my eyes as well as all other emotions.  
The deadliest advantage enemy has is your eyes.

I wish the world was eyes.

Amber Glistener

# Forgotten

Forgotten.

That is my greatest fear.

The words that I once heard.

He told me these so I would not forget,  
but here I am today.

I rack my brain and struggle to remember,  
the things that he whispered in my ear.

What was it that he said?

That day he left he told me not to leave these things forgotten.

Forgotten.

I stand here in this pitiful waste-land,  
crying in anguish as I realize,  
the things that he had told me,  
they all are now forgotten.

Forgotten.

What shall I do?

If he does not come home,  
what things will I have to leave unknown because I have forgotten.

Forgotten.

Will he be angry if he does come back and I still do not know?  
Or will time soon take its toll on me,  
and I will then know the things that I have forgotten.

Forgotten.

He walks up the hill that I am standing.  
He asks me why these tears run down me as I stand here weeping.  
I am afraid to tell him.  
What will he say when I have forgotten?

Forgotten.

When finally he knows he smiles warmly down at me,  
and brings me to my feet.  
His journey has been long and hard,  
and I have not remembered what he said,  
yet he still is not angered.  
I start to wonder what exactly I had forgotten.

Forgotten.

Dear, I told you not to forget,  
but you never forgot what I told you for here you are now,  
loving me enough to tell me that you have forgotten.  
You did not forget what I will tell you now,  
and what I told you before I left a long while ago.

Forgotten.

Not at all its nothing to be ashamed of.  
All you didn't remember was when I said it, nothing more.  
I simply and utterly told you I loved you and wished you would not go away,  
and here you are standing in front of me,  
in my embrace today.

Not forgotten,  
are the words he said to me that day,  
and never again will anything he said ever be,  
Forgotten.

Amber Glistener



# Games

When I wake in the morning,  
to find a silent sight,  
and sit there for a moment,  
to sweat out the night,  
a rain starts to pour,  
and the visions take their flight.

A man walks in my room,  
through the wall and not the door.  
At the foot of my bed he does loom,  
then throws back his lead and cackles,  
'Now you shall meet your doom! '

But I was already prepared,  
not shocked to see this man,  
I had not a moment to spare,  
as I looked to my bedside table,  
my hand grasped the dagger and swung through the air.

He ducked and told me it was lame,  
how every time that he'd come,  
every move I made was the same,  
I glared at him and drew my sword from across the room,  
he laughed as it was just a game.

He had his sword attached to his side,  
and drew it, preparing to strike,  
his face was full of pride,  
but he stopped for a moment,  
to look around where I'd reside.

I charged him.  
Our swords did clash.  
We fought, stomping around.  
Soon, I was disarmed.

A mighty blow struck me in the face,  
and darkness almost took over.  
The voices of thousands in the race,

filled my ears with sorrow.  
I found myself in a much different place,  
hurdling down to the rocks outside my window.

Sweat dripped down my neck,  
and fell to the pillow with a plop.  
I stared down at my bed made a wreck,  
with my tossing and turning all night.  
The bottom card on the deck,  
was my position in my visions.

It was all just a dream,  
just a game my mind liked to play.  
I thought to myself, 'I wish this would stop! '  
'I am done playing GAMES.'

Amber Glistener

# Gone Is The Evil

Creepy noises in the dark,  
evil choices sometimes spark,  
while waiting for the light to come,  
and never thinking once to run.

Morning light could be our savior,  
but best seen in light are the traitor,  
and nothing better comes from nothing,  
than the thoughts that turn quite into something.

The devil's eyes are beating red,  
they speak the thoughts of those unsaid,  
and manipulate the good ones in stock,  
the decisions of them he often rocks.

But God is more than morning light,  
he reminds us our choices that must be right,  
and the devil is then cast away,  
no longer in our hearts could he stay.

Gone is the evil,  
gone is the wrong,  
gone is the horrible one who wishes us bad.

For satin cannot stand,  
in the presence of demand,  
and the word of God,  
which we should speak with our minds.

Gone is the devil from our mind,  
gone is the evil.

Amber Glistener

# How Will You Be Remembered?

Everyone has a story,  
but some are surly uncertain how to tell it.  
In a way this can be a good thing.  
Let others tell it for you.

How are we to be remembered?  
What will our friends and neighbors say about us when we're gone?  
The answer is...  
It's up for you to decide.

Actions speak louder than words.  
It may be true...  
but, it is the words and actions that you use,  
that help define you.

We all have to think about the future...  
For ourselves and for our neighbors.  
Who would be the oddball...  
If we only helped others achieve arrival to the future.

True selflessness is not an act of selfishness.  
They counteract each other.  
Not seeing yourself for yourself,  
is just that.

Jumping in front of those who might be injured.  
Creating justice for those who cannot obtain it.  
Assisting those who have given it up for not.  
Is that how your story should be told?

Don't climb just to be seen!  
For God sees you.  
Don't yell just to be heard!  
For God hears you.  
And if he wants you to be seen,  
they shall see you.  
And if he wants you to be heard,  
they shall hear you.

So clean that sword and dust off that old shield.  
Walk down the path to battle,  
Like a true warrior.  
Dont march into battle as a soldier,  
But fly into battle as a protector.

Wear the white of the dove as the Lords warrior,  
the green of life as the protector of the innocent,  
the blue of the new as the supporter of creation,  
the yellow of the light as the portrayal of his greatness.

Your battered armor shall be polished under his glory.  
Your rusted shield shall shine under his holiness.  
Your dull weapons shall cut through anything under his might.  
No enemy shall be his equal and he shall stand with you.

How will you be remembered?

Amber Glistener

# I Feel Like Someone's Watching Me

I feel like someone's watching me,  
I'm not sure why or who,  
Whether I'm on land or in the sea,  
I can assure you its quite true.

At night as I lay down,  
Icy fingers run down my back,  
In a thousand tears I cannot drown,  
When will this thing attack.

Two deep, hard, cold eyes,  
dig hard into my skull,  
No matter how hard my being tries,  
The effort still lays dull.

One day when it's voice whispers harshly into my ears,  
I will still determinedly try to resist,  
Into my soul the being peers,  
Till the day that my life is missed.

Amber Glistener

# I'M Thankful For

As an author I must realize,  
All the things he has given me,  
The love that surrounds my life,  
The faith that inspires it.

You ask me what I'm thankful for,  
On this Thanksgiving day,  
And this is what I tell thee,  
I am thankful for life.

I am thankful for the breath in my lungs,  
That keeps me alive each day,  
It determines how healthy I am,  
An acknowledgement that I am very much alive.

I am thankful for light,  
A pathway in the darkness,  
A hope and a sign of goodwill,  
A way to see with these two eyes of mine.

I am thankful for friends,  
Who believe in you no matter what crazy things you do,  
Who cover your mouth and pop logic into you when you are not right,  
A guardian angel while they do not yet know.

I am thankful for the gentle breeze,  
I am thankful for sunsets and rises,  
I am thankful for flowers,  
I am thankful for beautiful things others do not recognize.

I am thankful for water,  
A cool refreshing relief to brighten my day,  
The beautiful settlement of two thirds of the world,  
A world within a world.

I am thankful for words,  
To describe great and wonderful things,  
To make others laugh and cry,  
To make poetry that sounds sweet as honey to the ear.

I am thankful for stories,  
They brighten up any moment,  
Bring an understanding to the time,  
They entertain and create escape for those who can and will.

I am thankful for emotion,  
Expressing what's inside,  
Overwhelming us so that we are without words,  
Where there is only one who can describe the emotion.

I am thankful for the Lord most of all,  
He died so that we could live with him eternally,  
He lived so that we could know him,  
He created us so that we could do, make, and see beautiful things.

The world is a vast place,  
Where everything should be appreciated,  
Where everyone should be loved and wanted,  
Where anything can happen.

I am thankful for Life...

Amber Glistener



# Irrational Actions

Why do people act irrationally?

Fear? Neglect? Sensitivity?

Nobody really knows why we do such things.

Even the committer may not have any real reason for it.

Could it have been boredom?

Trying to impress someone?

Was it for the better living of another?

Hatred? Love?

Actions that are so horrible they are hard to believe that a human being did them.

The sad truth that everyone must face is...

They did do it.

Doesn't really matter why, or how, or even when.

The whole fact that they chose to do it.

It can change people.

People can be power hungry.

Always struggling to be on top.

Upset when they aren't the center of everybody's world.

They take and take and never expect to give back.

Worse, they give and give and expect that it is time everybody paid back.

It still doesn't matter though.

Not really.

They still live the rest of their lives with the guilt;  
no matter how long or short a period that may be.

It stays with you.

The longer the time,

the more the guilt builds up and the more horrible the person feels.

At first they might start to come up with seemingly rational explanations or reasoning for their actions.

They wanted something bad.

Revenge must be paid.

It was the only way.

If they didn't do it, who would?

What if the other acted before them?

But eventually that reason will fade.

Guilt always prevails.

Life is short and what happens afterwards is reflected upon the decisions we make in our lives.

Make good decisions and prevent the guilt.

There is hardly guilt when there is forgiveness and peace.

There is hardly guilt when there was no action in the first place.

So the question isn't really why people act irrationally,

but if and when they do,

what will be next?

Amber Glistener

# Let Everything Be Still

The day rushes by too quickly,  
people stumbling and tripping all a sudden,  
its like a conveyor belt,  
never stopping,  
never waiting,  
never slowing down for anyone,  
many people rush on by,  
without a single glance backward,  
things flow out of their mouths,  
wretched, fowl, awful things,  
they never regret,  
they never think,  
the things they do,  
the things they say,  
it makes me want to scream,  
how many times I think to myself,  
horrible, mean things about them,  
but I catch myself,  
for those things make me,  
as bad as them,  
not many people stop,  
and watch others hurrying by,  
and view the awful things,  
they say and do each day,  
never stopping,  
never thinking,  
never praying,  
never spending time with the Lord,  
and all his glory,  
never praising his hallowed name,  
never thanking him,  
for all the many blessings,  
they find each and every day,  
many people ask for many things,  
things unneeded,  
and sometimes they receive them,  
but God may have other plans,  
and may gift them another gift,  
one better for his plan,

or he may stay silent,  
and let you walk on the water,  
with him,  
And when you start to sink,  
he will wait for the plea,  
then he will gladly pull you back up,  
as Jesus did Peter,  
all you have to do is ask,  
all you need to do is spend time with him,  
just a minute or a second,  
just with him,  
mind and soul focused on him,  
pray.  
Be with him,  
soak up his presence,  
if you are not one to move through the motions,  
then you know God and you try hard,  
to follow his commandments,  
walk with him,  
help navigate others to him,  
stop mindlessly going through the motions,  
let everything be still,  
just rest and be with the Lord,  
for if you have none,  
then make a quiet moment,  
just sit and be still,  
let everything be still...

Amber Glistener

# Life

Life is a song,  
a mystery,  
a time yet to be discovered.

Life is a time to find who you are,  
who they are,  
what things are and want.

Can we ever know,  
what it's like to be new,  
what it's like to be free.

Should we be the one to decide,  
who should live and who should die,  
who gets to stay and who has to leave.

What is this,  
we are not God,  
we do not rule the world or it's life.

Who are we to say what is,  
what is, is what it is,  
what will and wont be is up to just that.

Time will hold us back from knowing,  
only time and fate,  
the future of our destinies.

See that orb of life inside us,  
a baby light held tight inside us,  
the evidence of ourselves.

Who are we to take that away,  
not a ruler of the universe,  
but another life to live.

Amber Glistener

# Lost

The voices here are unfamiliar.  
The wind here is an icy one.  
The water here has a bitter, cold taste.  
The people here do not know me.  
Then I realize the horrible truth.

I rip and tear at the ground,  
Until my fingers are bloody and torn.  
I scream up at the sky,  
Until my throat collapses and withers up.  
I run away from the truth,  
Until my legs break and give way.  
I pull myself up the mountain with my arms,  
Until I fall endlessly to my doom.

While I lay there in shudders,  
sweat pouring from my brow,  
all bundled up in this all too familiar bed,  
I cry and bawl until i realize another truth.  
Nobody cares what I've gone through.  
Nobody gives a second glance at the heap of gore on the sidewalk.

There is no hope for me this day.  
I have lost to the world once again.  
I am clearly, LOST.

Amber Glistener

# Lost In A Wonderland

Lost in a wonderland.  
A place I never wish to leave.  
Fog covers here in the morn.  
The sun shines in the noon.  
And the moon never leaves the sky.

When the cries sound off,  
the horns quake the air,  
the sound of a million warriors pulling out their weapons.  
Battle must begin.

It is in the noon that we fight through till night.  
When the fog begins to gather  
we all flee to the woods,  
they up to the mountains,  
not to return for a while.

It is deep in the night as we drift off to sleep,  
laying our weapons down to rest,  
as we curl up in the trees,  
dreams engulf our minds for one more moment.

The sun rises and the fog has eaten the ground,  
we talk and make merry on their branches,  
shaking down apples and berries for our delight.  
Basking in the sunlight warmth.

There is a flicker in his eye,  
laughter on his face,  
sweat on his brow,  
and mystery in his heart.

We sit until the fog clears,  
and venture off farther into the woods,  
a river we find and soak our wounds in,  
its coolness found so relieving.

An arrow is taken to a rabbit or bird,  
a fire is made to roast them and we sit there,

gutting, skinning and plucking,  
recalling memories from the old land.

We never wish to go back.  
Wondering through the forests for the rest of our lives,  
is perfectly fine with us.  
Handling things is our game.

A guitar, a flute, a viola and a violin are taken out,  
from the hollow of a wood where we stowed them,  
for safe keeping.  
And a tune is struck powerfully.

Around our fire we play for a while until time to move on.  
The things are put away and we move and explore for a while.  
We wander for hours on end, just trudging and talking.  
Until the quaint little town we come upon.

Lost in a wonderland.  
A place I never wish to leave.  
Fog covers here in the morn.  
The sun shines in the noon.  
And the moon never leaves the sky.

Forever I wish to stay,  
Lost in this wonderland,  
with my lover,  
my best friend,  
and our companion.

Never to be alone again,  
Never to cry again,  
Never to feel left our again,  
Lost in a wonderland.

Amber Glistener



# Midnight Neighbors

The house is creaking in the night,  
of that I am sure.  
Underneath the floorboards are squeaking with no light,  
A hypnotic kind of lure.

A song is sung that makes me cry,  
too sad are the words of those who die.  
I curl up in my covers close,  
and sing them back a lullaby.

When they look at me with wonder,  
I will look at them back and ponder.  
The words that form on their silent lips,  
I will answer for them in the night so crisp.

Tears drip down my face as I realize they cannot reply,  
so I sing to them once more,  
to love them as my neighbor,  
for they are truly my midnight neighbors as I sing through the night.

Amber Glistener

# Mysterious Music

The faint sound that rises in my dreams,  
farther in the distance,  
pushed back in my memory from a time far away,  
a time that seems to never come.

I listen and yearn for it back,  
and it's beauty never ceases to amaze me,  
my heart grips for it and jumps at every note,  
the tensions are never breaking.

At night I lay entranced by the sound,  
tearful that it had to leave,  
but every time I close my eyes,  
I hear it speak to me.

It's calling me forward in my life,  
to the ones that will help me,  
the words are left unspoken,  
yet I know them for every second.

The time will come when it no longer stops playing,  
and I will hear it forever and ever,  
in my heart as it keeps beating,  
no longer trapped inside my dreams.

The world will bring it to my ears,  
as I walk upon it silently,  
he gives me it for comfort,  
as the strength ebbs into me.

I know. Mysterious music, brings me there.

Amber Glistener

# Nightmare

I am tightly sealed in a darkness,  
Confined to the extreme,  
where nobody hears me banging on the metal ceiling,  
of the box that I lay in.

A coffin it seems to be.  
Where if I try to escape it becomes hard to breath.  
My eyes widen when I come into the realization,  
I cannot get out!

I kick,  
I scream,  
I punch,  
I bash against the walls with everything I have.

But it is not enough to escape.  
It is not enough to drown out the laughter.  
The lies they yell down at me from above.  
I cannot see them but I can hear them.

Surly, this is the end.  
I will be dead by morn,  
but then the truth comes,  
more suddenly than before.

I wake up,  
sweat pouring from every inch of me,  
by the heat of the covers wrapped tightly around me,  
and my alarm clock beeping its emotionless curses at me.

Amber Glistener

# Not For Me

Yes, my hopes have been high.  
Will I sob when they disappoint me?  
Yes, my eyes are tired,  
Will I sob when I cannot close them?  
Yes, my dreams scare me.  
Will I sob when they do not leave?  
Yes, my friends are careless.  
Will I sob when they run away?  
Yes, life is hard.  
Will I sob when I cannot move forward?

NO.

I do not live life for me.  
When my hopes have disappointed me,  
I will forget my hopes and encourage others.  
When my eyes are tired and I cannot close them,  
I will use the time they are open wisely.  
When my nightmares do not leave me,  
I will curse them and go on with my life.  
When my friends run away in scorn from me,  
I will teach them that better friends can be found.  
When my life is hard and I cannot move forward,  
I KEEP MOVING FORWARD.

My life is not a sob story,  
or a dramatic novel or movie.  
My life is not a bad dream,  
or a slow song that makes you cry.

NO.

I do not live life for me.

I do not live life to pay taxes and die,  
or to finish college, support a family and go,  
or to find true love and be together with them,  
or to make my good dreams real.

NO.

I live life to help others get through.

I live life to become a shield.  
I live life to become a sword.  
God's shield.  
God's sword.  
And with my body  
And with my mind,  
I will be that shield.  
And with my actions,  
And with my tongue,  
I will be that sword.  
For no, I do not live life for me.  
I live life for God and to him "ordinary" is like an insult.

No longer will I accept ordinary,  
or average,  
or regular,  
or even normal.

I am God's tool who must be worthy of him,  
extraordinary,  
above-average,  
irregular,  
abnormal.

To do that, I must not let myself be pushed lower and do things that only lowest of the low may do. I will only take pride in God's words and actions, and the actions and words of other's like me.

I am God's 100%,  
never stopping,  
never sobbing,  
never unfaithful,  
Follower.

Amber Glistener

# Oh, How The Land Is Vast And Great!

The land moves under me,  
It stretches and widens,  
Everything is exaggerated,  
Such as features on a wise old face,  
The colors are vivid and beautiful,  
Oh, how the land is vast and great.

The sea sweeps me away,  
It rises and sinks,  
Everything is calming and hypnotic,  
As a lulling song a mother might sing,  
The sounds are such music high, yet low and clear,  
Oh, how the sea is harmonious and wonderful.

The sky hovers over me,  
So big and clear,  
Everything is still yet strong,  
As a tree in an enchanted wood,  
The cool wind's touch against me,  
Oh, how the sky is such pleasant and overwhelming.

The earth lays under us,  
So small and beautiful,  
Everything is so fragile,  
Such as a babe in it's mother's arms,  
The father holds it close in faith,  
Oh, how the earth is so young.

Amber Glistener

# Praise Hymn

&lt;/&gt;Praise him, let your voice ring out,  
let his name be heard, through the mountains,  
chant and yell about his glamorous glory.  
Feel his power flow through you.  
Let it be as common, and wonderful,  
as blood flowing through your veins.  
Praise him for his work,  
for he has created you,  
he has created the day,  
and no matter if your day is clouded up and rainy,  
let it be rains of healing, love and compassion.  
For today is the day,  
he has made, rejoice and be glad in it.  
No worries of tomorrow, but trust in the day,  
live by The Lord.  
Always praise him,  
call him father, call him Lord, call him God.  
For he is who they are, he is our God,  
who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,  
by kingdom come, I will be done, on Earth,  
as it is in heaven, and give us this day, our daily bread,  
and forgive us our trespassers, as we forgive those who trespass against us,  
and lead us away from temptation  
and forgive us from evil, for thine is the kingdom,  
the power, and the glory, forever,  
we pray in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord and savior.  
For this is what the Lord's prayer is supposed to mean.  
Our father, our creator, who lives forever in heaven, and his glorified name,  
let his will be done, for I am his, as you should be.  
Spread the glory of his name, worship him and give thanks,  
for his beautiful creation and works, and praise him.  
Praise him, don't just pray if you desire something, tell him about your day,  
walk with him. Praise him, praise his work, love him and tell him that.  
The Lord is our father.  
We should love him that way.  
Love him, Praise him.

Amber Glistener

# Roaming

Roaming about this wavy sea,  
the ship shakes and bustles about.  
We wait to doc, but now we're free,  
to sail all morn in the high sea's pout.

The ship rides wave after wave,  
it tosses and jerks in every which way.  
The sea pounds it but it will not cave,  
the vessel is sturdy and strong in the day.

Roaming about this mysterious fog,  
everything seems to lay still.  
A mournful croak calls from a frog,  
up my spine is sent a chill.

My cloak is wrapped around me tightly,  
as is the arm on my friend's weapon.  
We patrol this fog daily and nightly,  
and find horrors too horrible to mention.

Roaming about this enchanted forest,  
the birds sing cheerful tunes.  
All the songs line up in a chorus,  
as I transcribe from the tree's mysterious runes.

The book laid out upon my lap,  
the forest beckons its visitor.  
Dripping, plopping of the sap,  
as the memories faintly rise from their whisper.

Roaming about the tall sand dunes,  
the heat drives us insane.  
No more from the birds in fancy tunes,  
the snakes wish us to go back from which we came.

The bright sun climbs higher,  
and beats down on us harder.  
We sway and perspire,  
and curse at the slinking marauders (behind us) .



Roaming about the towering mountains,  
the mud grows deep and slick.  
Water rises from heated fountains,  
and in the mud our boots will stick.

We scrape and scuttle,  
trip and slide,  
we realize how long is truly this shuttle,  
but never look down to see the side.

Wherever we go we always will roam,  
whether it be in the frosty sea foam,  
or in the fogs of mystery,  
or encased in songs from the birds in tree.  
Whether sand dunes curse down at us,  
or mountains tower down through ruff.  
Always we are,  
ROAMING.

Amber Glistener

# Save Me

Save me,  
from the pandemonium,  
the evil causes,  
people are possessed with hatred,  
and conceit consumes them,  
like a termite to wood,  
soaking up every bit of joy,  
for the found Christians,  
they have found their Lord and savior,  
they try to lead them home,  
to their father, brothers and sisters.

Save me.

Save me,  
from the evil,  
do not let me fall victim,  
dont let me sink to their level,  
but instead let me save them,  
by pulling them up to mine,  
for the Lord says love one another,  
as yourself.

Save me.

Save me,  
so I may save them.

Save me.

Save me,  
when the evil comes it will find none condemmed,  
for they will either be saved,  
or forgotten,  
save the ones who are,  
save the ones who ask.

Save me.



# Searching For Adventure

I pray for adventure.  
It is my desire.  
My passion and dream that one day it shall be.  
My life, an adventure.

But I do not know if I am ready for it.  
To leave everything I have ever known,  
is a scary thought.  
Adventure is my drive.

The life I lead now may not be a bad one,  
but how long with all this goodness last?  
Slowly draining laughter that comes after crying.  
Raining that sparks a fire in something that might not be ready for the flame.

As the hail bombards the roof,  
I think to myself,  
staring up and crowded in with my peers,  
breathing hard out of fear.

I beg and plead for change,  
but what if I fear this change,  
a dread that shouldn't overwhelm me,  
it just might envelop me.

For all the children out there,  
we are all looking for adventure.  
For all the children out there,  
we all will soon be an adventure.

Amber Glistener

# The Beautiful Picture

I'm searching for the beauty of the ages,  
something so perfect and so fine,  
a treasure and a pleasure,  
the best throughout all time.

There is no place I can find it,  
except within my mind,  
its not something that can be glimpsed,  
by just any old Clementine.

Imagination is the key to find this noble sight,  
the only being that could outdo it,  
isn't one of us here,  
but our creator with a great wit.

To envision this wonderful experience,  
a dreamer you must be,  
with a world confined in the depths of your mind,  
just one thought could be the key.

Its something far greater than the beauty of a maiden,  
or the wonderful light shows,  
or the clothing in your stores,  
or the gifts that you need so much found in shop windows.

You need not be the smartest or the wisest,  
to poses such a power,  
superhuman strength,  
is only needed to climb the tower.

The weariest may have it were as nimble may not,  
that is not to say that either of them do,  
that is not to say that either of them don't,  
both the old and the young may have it too.

Such a grand picture everyone sees,  
but only those who can,  
may see it's true beauty,  
which goes way beyond man.

That beauty is found be one in particular,  
in the sea and the rocks,  
in the dew on the morning grass,  
by the time on the clocks.

This picture is big,  
way far better than in roses,  
it's just out there waiting,  
for those to look beyond their noses.

Amber Glistener

# The Brink Of A Battle

&lt;/&gt;&lt;/&gt;One night when the moon had just risen,  
A young maiden of golden hair sat upon a tree branch,  
her hair a shining through the night,  
the hilt of her sword she held so tight,  
At the brink of a battle she knew was to be.

Her companions where whom she had always known,  
all members of a pack up high in the trees,  
they waited for the midnight light to shine,  
the horses had slept and the dogs had whined,  
The brink of a battle she knew was to be.

To her left a valorous warrior held still,  
her best friend for life as would always stay,  
the thoughts flowing from mind to mind,  
the hope of all their precious mankind,  
At the brink of a battle they knew was to be.

Underneath them there arose such a noise,  
of drunken men swaggering and ill,  
yet the leader held back,  
a hand to the rack,  
At the brink of a battle they knew was to be.

Now nobody knows how it was so,  
when the branch from beneath him slipped,  
but one of their warriors lurched,  
from way off his perch,  
At the brink of a battle he knew was to be.

The tallest of the enemy lines down below,  
pulled out his dagger from beneath his cloaks,  
brought it up to the neck that had bled,  
lopping off his dear noble head,  
At the brink of a battle they knew was to be.  
Not a sound was made not even a twitter,  
but from their perches the men all spilled,  
lined in a military way,  
none of them ever to be happy or gay,

At the brink of a battle that would soon be.

No one knows for sure what happened that night,  
when out in the moonlight they quarreled so,  
only the fair maiden,  
and the valorous warrior,  
Know what happened at the brink of a battle that was to be.

They were the only survivors I swear by my name,  
neither one will tell you what happened that night,  
but still they stand,  
hand in a hand,  
At the brink of a battle that they know is to be.

Amber Glistener



# The Hope

The world is still with hope.  
We have lost much else, but there still remains hope.  
What few have noticed is the state that life is now in.  
Hardly the sun is astonishing enough for them.  
For what is amazement but surprise of his splendor.

The clouds part along with the sky.  
He rides down on a fiery chariot of sunbeams,  
in which they still do not stop to watch.  
The days roll on with glory and wonder,  
yet none who are average seem to care.

All the faithful, the patient and unhurried,  
all the peaceful stop to watch.  
They may not be content, but they are hopeful,  
others may stop and stare at his creation.  
The wonders of his love.

Children no longer jump, skip, and play.  
They grow less like children with each unimportant problem displayed.  
They become more drone like when they go through the motions.  
Children cannot simply see the change.  
They are young and simply unwise.

Still the world has hope even when with our mouths we curse.  
Even with our bodies we sin.  
Even with our thoughts we disprove of good things.  
The Lord sends down our hope.  
Those of us who can see this, and understand it, are that hope.

The ones who can save us are not the drones.  
Worries about the motions are what seem to come.  
A hope rises within them for change, unaware,  
the change resides and is confided within themselves.  
The world still has a hope.

The Lord has mercy on us and the true hope is his sacrifice.  
When we still are too blind to see that,  
he guides us with ourselves.

Who is the hope,  
What is the hope?

Amber Glistener

# The Witch

The wicked witch swings her axe,  
It clangs against my skull,  
I raise my sword to fight her back,  
To find its blade is dull.  
She canters here and cackles there;  
She darts back to and fro,  
She rallies up my enemies,  
And follows me where I go.  
Her white hair does not shimmer,  
Her teeth do not grow black,  
Her wrinkly skin does not rot,  
There is no hunch in her back.  
This witch is not a creature,  
Like any on the Earth,  
She lives not in existence,  
While fire boils in her mirth.  
No, witch she is not,  
For outside in the world you find,  
She is nowhere to be seen,  
She's only in my mind.

Amber Glistener

# They Run Away

Around every corner I turn,  
they stare at me and gasp.  
They had seen me when I fought,  
and now they know the truth,  
and they run away.

I am a scary danger to them,  
something that cannot be controlled,  
a freak and a disaster,  
they judge me,  
and they run away.

'It is a menace' is what they say,  
I dont even deserve a 'she'.  
They see me crashing about in the full blaze of battle,  
risking my hide for them,  
and they run away.

It isnt natural.  
It is against the order of things.  
It isnt one of us.  
It poses a threat to humanity.  
And they run away.

Why, when I look in the mirror, do I see myself so calm.  
I look like them and I had blended,  
once before with them,  
until the figured out that I was,  
and they run away.

I am who I am,  
nobody can change that,  
I will fight for the innocent,  
I will still fight in God's name,  
and they run away.

Whatever they believe,  
they still run away.



# This Is The Way It Should Be

Swords slashing,  
thoughts dashing,  
this is the way it should be.

Heart beating,  
found meaning,  
this is the way it should be.

Minds clashing,  
Words mashing,  
this is the way it should be.

Great battles have found an admirer.

Amber Glistener

# To A Bully

Hey you there with that cup of ale,  
The things with that epic fail,  
They will get you into jail,  
Where you will get no mail,  
And pee in a pail,  
And feel no blustery, winter gale,  
Bombard us no more with hail.

Soon you will grow a tail,  
Like that old coot named Dale,  
And his older brother Kale,  
No matter if you are male,  
Or if you live as a female,  
The ocean you will no longer sail,  
Where no longer you will spot a whale.

Do you not believe my tale?  
Holding on to that rail,  
Your knuckles are so pale,  
And inside your throat grows a wail,  
Hiding under that mysterious vale,  
More scared than a quail,  
As if you are stabbed with a nail,  
And sitting on a lumpy hay bale.

Out of here you will not bail,  
Not in a whole-hearted sale,  
Here in this jail you have tried so hard to force me in,  
But you have instead earned yourself a spot available to me,  
Now who has prevailed?

Amber Glistener

# Tod

&lt;/&gt;There once was a man named Tod,  
who acted extreamly odd,  
he sat in a ditch,  
and sang out of pitch,  
while chewing on a piece of cod.

Amber Glistener



# Underground

Underground.  
What a scary place to be.  
Walls closing in on me.  
Im sure that soon I will not see.

Underground.  
I am lost in the maze.  
The heat in the air creates my haze.  
Will I forever be here in this daze?

Underground.  
The caverns go on ever more.  
I still know not what we are looking for.  
Will we ever find this cave-land's shore?

Underground.  
I smell nothing but limestone.  
I hear nothing but water dripping lone.  
The blank drips give me no tone.

Underground.  
My friend has found the wonder.  
She raises her torch to see...  
I tilt my head to ponder.

Underground.  
The place she found.  
Where he had written the words.  
Where her hope was found in her dream and now here.  
Underground.

Amber Glistener

# Voice In My Head

The voice echoes in my head,  
his whistling tune so solemn,  
yet in my dreams he jumps about so gleefully,  
an assurance that there is hope.

I find myself listening for it,  
at the faintest sound,  
I jump in hopes,  
just to find the wind.

He tells me things about myself,  
I really never knew,  
how it is that i could be so vacant,  
unaware to the world around me.

My heart leaps when he mentions me,  
his voice such a sweet sound,  
will I ever know who he is,  
do I really need to?

What hope is there for one who hears such things?  
A lunatic.  
A freak.  
A loser.  
A outcast to the world of the pretty ones.

The truth is,  
when the voices come there is only one that i hear,  
his alone is the one,  
and its not a taunting one.

The song between the minds of the different,  
so fascinatingly beautiful,  
the harmony of the flute, guitar, violin and viola.  
The sweet symphonic sound.

For those of you who disagree,  
have at thee for such treachery!  
For those of you who are amused,

what is there to be scoffed at?

This topic is not amusing!

A lost soul in a corrupt world.

But this will soon change.

I may stay lost, but we shall change the corrupt.

There is a purpose...

Amber Glistener

# Voices Of The Past

The voices are echoing,  
sad somber songs,  
a dancing off the walls,  
it wont be very long.

Times are getting rougher,  
the sounds are not,  
the things in this cavern,  
are a mixture of pleasantries yet to be seen.

Battle cries are in the wind,  
wanting to be heard,  
the beating of war drums,  
thrumming with the rhythm of the hearts.

A torrent of music a waiting for the time,  
when all of creation will hear it,  
flowing through the breeze,  
like leaves in the autumn.

A way for our ancestors to speak to us,  
from the past as a message,  
in the animals and trees,  
a new hope for our generation.

The times that we get to know one another,  
are like a tide pool,  
filled with life,  
full to bursting with energy.

The life here is great,  
the wonders are many,  
the questions are plentiful,  
and the hopes are high.

A friend is needed to guide us to home,  
a voice in the wind,  
singing not alone,  
the words of wisdom in their time.

Amber Glistener

# What Is Love?

What is love,  
why does it exist,  
it confuses me,  
like walking into a mist.

What is laughter,  
it comes with such ease,  
a light in the day,  
like a gentle morn breeze.

What is passion,  
how do we know,  
when it is yours to keep,  
the fawn to your life, a doe.

What is forgiveness,  
what do they care,  
a sin that is wrong,  
yet they love anyways, without a stare.

What is faith,  
a hand on your shoulder,  
when you are unsure,  
like a determined soldier.

There are so many questions,  
In this life that is new,  
I must go discover the answers,  
I must bid thee adieu.

Amber Glistener

# Where Are You?

Could it get any more confusing?  
I thought I had it cleared out.  
The fog of my mind was just clearing,  
and now it's thicker than ever.

I knew what I wanted to do.  
Now I can't be so sure.  
What will the future look like for me?  
When I'm only under no surrender.

The ghost of your ideas comes running up at me.  
Yet, I can't identify you as anything,  
other than friend.  
But, how am I to know you?

You may not even be real.  
Popping up when I become the most flustered.  
Insanity consumes me.  
It's not like you know me.

If you are truly real,  
not just a figment of my imagination,  
we have a lot to talk about,  
but you haven't given me a clue.

Where are you?

Amber Glistener