

Poetry Series

Annie Cordelia Adams
- poems -

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Annie Cordelia Adams(14 August 1991)

Honesty. It is the absolute embodiment of my poems. I do not write what I do not feel. So, I do not *look* for inspiration. It either falls into my lap, or it isn't there. Everything I write, is in completely honest form. Well, then, my poems become me.

() |() |() **Seulement Dans Mes Rêves**
(Nameless Love)

Nameless Love

veracious truth

unyielding strength

you are a great deal too good for me

you could make the sun set

with your arms, hands

glorified hero

you are a great deal too good for me

Nameless Love

i might try to forget you

but i should never love again

you are a great deal too good for me

a tragic death

tragic song

you live the heroes life

and are a great deal too good for me

and a great deal too fine

in all your justified honor

i was written on your breast

golden laurel lines your vest

you are a great deal too good for me

washed in splendour, name carved in candour

you'll probably go down in history

as the greatest of all heroes

being a great deal too revered

you may enter immortality

as a saint before all mortals

just don't be so great as to forget me

you'll probably never know me

like i wanted and willed

but-i turn my heart to the Sea
in hopes, that you'll come back for me

just one day could pass
and i'd think it were twenty-three
one moment without you at Sea
c'est mille ans, sous l'arbre du voyageur

mon coeur vous désire - je t'aime,
je vous aime, tremblez, fait mon âme
mon coeur veut tu effleurer
est-ce que vous m'aimez?

tenez ma main, aimez mon être,
tenez-moi pour l'éternité
vous êtes beaucoup trop bons
pour moi, mon amour, pour m'aimer

pour moi, mon amour
pour moi
n'est pas pour tout la monde,
c'est seulement pour la solitaire

i cannot confine myself
or refine myself to love another
kiss another, tell another
i love you, and only you

until the day i die,
until the sun breaks the sky
je vous aimerai,
et je penserai à vous
if only you would to love me

si seulement tu m'aimas
vous êtes beaucoup trop bons
pour moi, amour sans nom,
vos bras m'entourent,
seulement dans mes rêves
seulement dans mes rêves

Annie Cordelia Adams

() |() |() I Do Not See How I Am Capable Of Love

I do not see how I am capable of love
Whereas thousands were meant for solitude
How I ever thought I could fit my hand in that glove
I will never comprehend; ever know the mood
I am a selfish little brute; not bent on being whole
Or meant to fall in love; or be part of anyone
I am not a giving, helping, conscientious soul,
Not likely to reach for your hand

I do not see how I'm capable of love
Whereas everyone else is standing by the Sea
Hands in each other's, whispering to each beloved
Say something! Acknowledge and agree?
For whatever I say to you does not become me:
I stand by the Sea waiting to be set free

Annie Cordelia Adams

() |() |() Beternity At Sea/B

That if I would,
I would stand immortally at sea
Gazing for eternity at sea

The beauty struck sea
I'd set leave of quay
To immortally find way

Stand upon the ocean shore
Reverberating sea splashing at my feet
Shore washing sea, covering my feet

To close my eyes is to be at sea
This dream lasts all day to me
One day is like twenty years at sea

That if I would,
I would stand immortally at sea
Hoping for eternity at sea

Wonder covered sea
I would bless the shore
And leave to be once more

Out at sea to sail
And stand upon a ship and sway
Listen to the creak of the wood, and say

To close my eyes is to be at sea
A dream that lasts eternity
Eternity, guaranteed, to live

Would one day be eternity
I would spend it out at sea
Stand upon the ocean shore, foaming at my feet

Annie Cordelia Adams

916. Every Wish You Made On The Same Stars I Wish On Came True

you started out sky diving
it's not anymore
it's not even flying when someone's holding you up

you started out climbing
it's not anymore
it's not even climbing when someone's pulling your rope

every wish you made on the same stars i wish on came true
someone tore your mountains down for you
i only wanted my dreams to come true
this forest is glowing and i feel like i know you now
now i've lit it all on fire and now i've found my way out

Annie Cordelia Adams

A Constant New Fear

i have to love everything you hate
i don't have to let you know how he got away
i keep trying to forget the smell of his air
i don't have to tell you how the story went there
i've wanted to tell you since you moved back here
when texas grew far and our bodies drew near
i don't have to tell you why i love that song
why i made other plans and never bought a bong

i only can tell you some things

i sense your mood
i've sensed her hold on you
i love your name
i love your voice when you wake

i sense that you didn't know
and you'll never know
i understand what's in a name
and i feel the same

i'm not happy here
i need a constant new fear
and when i overcome
it's time for me to move on

don't get tired
i'll find you strength
please keep up
we'll find our strengths

Annie Cordelia Adams

A Little Picture

A little picture, browned,
Had a tear on its edge
Where moth and rust
Plagued it away
Wherever was this picture found?
In an attic? Where dust collects?

A tiny picture, profound
In all measure, fledged
With beauty like gold dust
A blooming fleur bouquet
Like an old tea gown
It was tossed with willful neglect

It did, very much, astound
Those who pledged
Their direct trust
Who lived in that day
Who's beauty it drank down
In honest respect, its object

An old memory found
In a river of images read
The old photo must,
Their very lives, convey
A time, awfully proud
And happy, and perfect

Annie Cordelia Adams

After A Thousand Years I'LI Meet You Under The Traveler's Tree

The Sun screams for me to catch it
But I can not adhere
The clouds: they ask me to ride
I reach and they've disappeared

Rain then falls like any summer day
Relentlessly, lamentlessly, consistently

Its intent is to swallow me
Unless I repent for what I've done!

The Sun blooms and covers all with light
Waiting for the moon to ready in the middle of the night

The lake arises filled with lovers' tears
Excalibur surfaces from its murky water after a thousand years

I climb inside a hollow tree, a hallowed tree
To beg for mercy from the rain
It's as if the Sea sent its messenger
To induce utter woe for my disdain

All the while
Little children take their bread
And sleeping saints:
They lie dead

The only eyes alive
Are the Sea's and mine
Between us lay
A great stretch of time
You lived eternity ago
And I lived ten and nine

All before myself,
Fate knew to be intertwined

Whatever fear caused me to run
You'll forgive me won't you?
If strength is left
In this rueful one

I then feel the rain
Wash my unfortitude away

You leave to catch the sunset
I stay to watch you forget
Don't remember me truly.
If you love me you won't come

If you love me you will search the Sun
And let me do what must be done

Where there is the sea, I will find you
And will love you, lest the Sun fade

Your strong waves will remain.
Until eternity, your love is my bane

After a thousand years
I will call out your name

And after a thousand years
I will see you once again

Therefor, bid me farewell
Kiss me gently, softly,
And after a thousand years,
I'll meet you under the Travelers tree

You're son and mine waits to know
The truth of who he is and my utter woe

Your name is spoken and sends me pangs
I watch your storms as they spell my name

I wrote a book on our story untold
So in a thousand years all will unfold
Or perhaps it will close, like a red dewy rose

And let time collapse as recollection for those

I still watch with my mind and my heart
I see your every move with every part
Your waving hands wash upon the shore
Like art; writing notes on the sand in rapport

I want more and more to see you
What caused this parting is forever unknown
But in a thousand years, we'll meet again
We'll meet again on the roaring high sea

Though in a thousand years it might show to be
As tranquil as the Traveler's Tree
If you love me, you will go
What pain I suffer I do for good

For the punishment is well deserved
Only you and I know my worth
I secretly know where your ship makes berth
Underneath the potter's earth

I cannot believe, how you buried your heart
For my sake, at love's wake
What word is there to describe my pain?
To know your soulful sufferings in my name!

I ache, I tremble...yet love you more
I'll not let you suffer any more
Here, a handwritten note on the sea floor
And there the wind blows your tidal bore!

Do rejoice, do give thanks!
The answer is as I to-ward the Sea
To know that in a thousand years
I'll meet you under the Traveler's Tree

Annie Cordelia Adams

Along The River Fuji

along the river fuji
bright, where a mountain
stands before me tall

one hundred people gather
on the other side for qingming
but I lean against a cherry tree

so that I can fall asleep
like I used to in the spring
against broken cattle fences

i would awake at dusk
of the next day-finally rested,
when everything else was asleep

then the wild pink cherry tree
would breath its breath of fragrance
and my world would change

Annie Cordelia Adams

An Empty Whole

I suddenly feel free
like I've reached the top of the mountain,
but not the reaching that has turned the key

i suddenly feel released;
its the sight of the fair view sky
not the accomplishment, but the feast

i am openly found free
like the sky is no longer the limit
when that sad song plays, i feel un-marine

i groped for the sea
for so long a time as was not known to man
i lived an eternity in just two hands

blue was my color
and red was the blood that washed afar
on the horizon, for which my heart was bore

an empty whole
for an empty soul; for whom the bell tolls, Ask:
and I will answer, it is I

toll, troll, free!
every wave trolled its voice
by the Sirens I was mesmerized

rapid, commanding
now the Sea is but a memory
of what i used to hunger and crave

in all my lust for its gifts
i held in my hand a thing i would never own
It never came to pass, a tale, unknown

an empty whole
i stood on the sad, blue shore
though when the tide drew back

I felt as i hadn't before

an empty whole
now i am left unarmed
though i do not grieve for the Sea,
in my sky, i conceive i have not a single star

an empty whole
i truly loved the Sea
and now that I know he cannot love
I suddenly feel free

Annie Cordelia Adams

And I Ain'T From The 50s So....

My little plaid bracelet
is on a written tune
my heart's singing rhythm
and i think it's the blues

i've been walking all day since noon
and i'm ready to fly

my black felt hat
on an old bed post
i've a baseball bat
that belongs to a ghost

i've been flying all day since nine
and i'm ready to ride

i've drawn hearts on my windows
in the foggy room
and my name and his
just below the moon

i've been driving all day since food
and i'm ready to move

my heart beats a rhythm
ever since i fell
from the starrs in the light
from an empty cell
mirrors in the back room
cheetas at the full moon
and i'm ready to walk

look at me
here i am
underneath
a chinese lamp
jumping like
an elephant
in between

two soda pops
e-lec-tric- mo-tor

crispy thins in the wheaties box
nibbles inside it feed my fox
georgeous little lollipops
and i ain't from the 50s, so...

Annie Cordelia Adams

And I've Ruined Yours Too

the chilliest year of my life
the most that has ever happened
so full of things and stuff
i ran away, almost twice

watched the blues sing
two of my favourite people
two of the most free days
sand in my sandals and blood on my wings

now i'm angry, and unhappy
and i'm hurt and i'm sad
everything i want doesn't want what i want
and i just want to be happy
i'm still stuck here in this fucking dump
like a child in a cradle my parents strangle me
i have no money to get out of here
and my support is a lot less of a supporter
and i know the reasons nothing is right

i should be following christ
the way that i should
the way that i now follow mice
through the gaps in the wood
in the house of nautical mystery and blacklights
and i'll never be happy in that house
but i'm too damn lazy to get out
so here. i am.

and nothing will change until i get up
i have cursed myself with sin
i have blinded myself with ignorance
i have ruined everything.

so nothing i do matters anymore.
i am no longer rebellious and loud.
i pretend it on the outside.
but truly, i am timid and scared of the world.
scared of what i want to see.

scared of what i'll never see.

Annie Cordelia Adams

Apostrophe

the Sea, my home,
tamed by the wild winds
is the simple road that waits
while the refined use its rapid currents
to sail and barge and float across the Sea

used and subdued
because you are the tool
the pedestal of man

the Sea, my home,
whispers up to me
and i come down gracefully
watching at this blissful hour
singing on the deck of ships

thank you, Sea
for taking me upon this voyage
where blessed foot and ground
cannot take me where i'm bound

at times, i am beneath the waves
then the Sea relinquishes and saves
my very life: my very life

then i sink and crashing down
the Sea fills my horrid frown
the immortal Sea.
whereas, it is far more lively than my being

the Sea, my home,
in honoured vestige
waits to carry me across the way
where the celestial bodies of eternity
blend the green, earthen tones of home

and then, i know,
in humbled accord
with the Sea and his lasting will

that i truly hold nothing in my power
and the Sea turns emptiness into gold and flower

Annie Cordelia Adams

B() I() I() Winter Post Card/B

I look into the horizon of your eyes
and I see a promising yellow sky
I feel the width of your face

and i feel my world turning in my hands
then i, in the very reflection
of the windows to your soul

blink

and

find

i am amongst the undergrowth of pine
and the oaken branches wisp about me
i reach for your hand but cannot feel time
i cannot see you, but your hand finds mine

the fog of the ripe golden earth arises
and floods my senses, floods my face
my breath is the pen of the song of Isis
my heart wears a warm winter dress

i open the door to a world of dreams
and i look into its glassy globe
an icy wind is appears, but not what it seems
it is but a soft snow, with each twinkle, gleams

i am amongst the faces of the world:
the world of a thousand faces
in all these different places, all at once
they seem to pull me every way

every note of music draws my heart
in a different shape, of a different part
i wrote this poem and thought it through
and penned the the very words of your existence

into the drawer, i placed a card
sent in the post, by a man of most

honorable respect and dignity
though i trick myself in all misery

to think you sent that post card for me

{inspired while listening to Postcards From Far Away, by Coldplay. also inspired
greatly by my Love}

Annie Cordelia Adams

**B() |() |() This Poem Was Written On True
Love/B**

you'd never know
how my heart trembled
when in the night
you spoke to me

though i could not see you
could not watch your lips
move to speak
in the hours of the night

hold my hand gently
i'll touch my face to yours
a fire burns quietly
inside these doors

in the morning
when the sun rises
the love we share
is in perfect paint

if i could but sing it to you
or whisper as the elves
if i could but play it for you
on the piano of life's Love

i'd whisper tenderly
into the shadow of your soul
and hope the clouds would clear
so that i might wish upon that star
up so high, and,
up so far
that you would be always here, to hold

Annie Cordelia Adams

B() |() |() Eternity At Sea Ii /B

If the beauty of truth were quick,
I would stand immortally at Sea,
Gazing for eternity at Sea

The moonlight shines against the Sea
At twilight, the Sea immortal
Opens his eternal portal

-I would enter into it-

At dawn, the sun breaks the mood,
And I stand upon the ocean shore,
Knowing at heart, that day has tore

And I stand again upon the ocean shore
Reverberating Sea, splashing at my feet
Shore washing Sea, covering my feet

I close my eyes and enter the world
Of dreams and dances and fairy rhymes,
Pirate ships, elven scripts, and ocean skies

To be at Sea, I close my eyes
This dream lasts all day to me
One Day is twenty years at Sea

-And this dream, I would enter into 't—

I would that I will,
I would stand immortally at Sea,
Hoping for eternity at Sea,
Reverberating waves rush under my feet

The Sea is a blanket of wonder,
And I seem to love its glorious freedom
Thus, I would bless the shore
And leave to be once more

Out at Sea to sail

Stand upon the deck and sway:
Listen to the creak of the wood and say,

To close my eyes is to be at Sea,
A dream that lasts eternity
Eternity, guaranteed, to live

So long as I never walk the brig,
But stand under the white sheet,
The insignia of the entire white fleet,

As for eternity, immortally,
At Sea I sail, in the bellowing gale
And live eternally, immortally,

Would one day be eternity
I would spend it out at sea
Standing upon the ocean shore, foaming at my feet

Annie Cordelia Adams

B() |() |() I Am Become Like A Sparrow/B

As the smoke rises from the houses of the dead
The dead carry their dead from the bed to the grave
The sound of a drum beats in my head

Their actions are more valuable than the sounds they make
More livable than the oaths they take
More promising than the sounds at their wake

Their lips do n't utter the single sound
Which by faith would they be unbound
They stand below, burrowing in their filth

And every evening as the tide rolls in
They board a train for the Hope's Eternal end
And get off at the town of Slavery and Safety

The two names bond, in the secret of the dark
Though the passengers can n't see its dreadful mark
And before dawn are on the train toward the high Hill

I do n't want to die before the world ends
There is a train eternal, a train nocturnal
And it's always night in the City upon a Hill

The eternal dead souls eternally wait and follow
I watch, and am become like a sparrow
That is alone upon the housetop

As the smoke rises from the houses of the dead
They are ghosts wandering in their misery
Back and forth daily, on the train of eternity

Annie Cordelia Adams

B() I() I() Howl At The Wind/B

i am drawn
by an unknown force
to your shore line
to your sea

i am drawn
with your white capped hand
to your cold, white sand
to your dry, liquid heart

the music you play
sends to my ears
the sounds of the waves
rushing, mighty waves
crashing rocks
tilting ships
who sway their hips
and sailors who are washed ashore
blissfully wishing of home to come
wishfully thinking of their heart, so numb

their hearts are as numb as my hands
as they grasp the cold iron bar,
on the starboard side
as they grasp the heart of one
who has Poseidon on his side

who does your bidding?
tempest mighty
hollar at the wind
howl at the wind

then turn and whisper,
what you wish me to hear

howl until your heart's content
i will wail in this lament

but soon...

i will be where you can see me
you will be where you can see me-
right where you were in the beginning
right where you were from the beginning

Annie Cordelia Adams

B() |() |() I Left My Heart At Sea, They Say/B

I left my heart at Sea-
they say....

In the towering lighthouse-
they say....

Ever waiting for the Sea-

My eyes still look to the deep blue shadows
My mouth still speaks the crashing waves
And until I'm there again-
they say...

I'll never be myself

Annie Cordelia Adams

B() |() |() A Victorian Summer /B

The magical realm of the Victorian era
aeroplanes whistled through cleaner air
England throned the desert Sahara

The exquisite globe of the world frontier
The modern idea was set to be found
Discovered by men in their churches in prayer

Ears were hearkened to the brand new juke box
They ate and drank and listened to rumors
Of college visits and the league of Red Sox

They rode home in their Studebakers and Stanhopes
With electric motors and 54 inch tread
And Everest waited, the mountainous slopes

Claude Debussy's La Mer, the seaman's affair
the fiddle for the Celts and bagpipes for the scotch
as they march to war in Gaul, the New World unaware

then, fall in love, under the stars: in the month of June
where two lovers never part, never break their hearts
making love, under the light of the silvery moon

Annie Cordelia Adams

B() I() I() Seventeen Forever/B

i always kinda thought it would end in a broken heart
i just never knew it would be mine

i always thought it would end in a death
never knew it would be me

i knew i'd be seventeen forever
but not because of you

i just know i loved you
and you never had a soul

Annie Cordelia Adams

B/ The Song You Hate

i mean, how do i start writing a song about you
you're funny, you have a beautiful smile
i can't stop thinking about it
i love your laugh and your eyes and the way you don't care

about a thing
your clothes are a mess and your hair is unkempt
but i like it and i like who you are

the thing is, you don't notice
and the moment i realized i loved you,
you pushed me away almost like you knew
i didn't like that
it's just a crack in the break to come

you're crazy, you know it and so do i
and you lie every time you're high
you tell so many stories i could die laughing
but i pretend i believe you, because i want to believe you
it could have been easy and you could've done me right
but you have to make me hurt first, right?
make me hurt before i realize what isn't mine

the thing is, you don't know this
and the moment i realized you weren't mine
you became that much more to me
i didn't like that
i saw the way you watched her get high
i saw the way you watched me watch you
and i knew exactly what you were thinking
and i was embarrassed and i hoped i didn't turn red
i went home and cried in my bed

she doesn't know anything about you
or i hope she doesn't
we could have really been something
but i didn't know what you were looking for
was it me? i wasn't sure.
i wasn't sure of anything

so i'll listen to that song you hate
and i'll let it sing me to sleep
and hope i forget about you
but you won't ever leave

Annie Cordelia Adams

Beating Drum In My Head

when i think about you thinking about that
it makes me sad.
i can barely resist the pain.
it flows from out of my heart into every vein.
i can't listen to his voice.
the perfect pitch of lasting noise.
because someone that you used to know lingers in your veins.
baby, sweet heart, i think it's time to leave.
you can pick up the pieces and what's left of the reprieve.
and learn from them while we walk down 3rd street.

thinking about it makes me feel lonely.
do you know what you do?
when your chest overwhelmed with thoughts from your head,
you can always run to me.
the streets are empty and i walk it alone, did you know?
stop chasing shadows, they will move.
stop running through the fog, you will lose.
i feel helpless in the situation.
there's nothing i can do but wait on you.
and i'll wait on you until the end of time.
but let this one go, for my sake.
i don't know what else to say.

Annie Cordelia Adams

Beauty In The Eye Of The Beholder

I swept my hair to the side
and looked at you in your eyes
the grey foam sea just behind
the black and depth words you sigh

i wrapped my hair around my shoulder
heart as empty, getting colder
wishing i would not grow older
beauty in the eye of the beholder

in your eyes i saw my reflection
knowing i had your affection
without a thought, i had not
reason to believe i had imperfection

i cannot clasp my fists tight enough
close my eyes shut enough
whisper softly enough
kiss you light enough

i cannot cry hard enough
speak weakly enough
render your breath warm enough
delicately love you

i wrapped my collar against my neck
and looked up at Big Ben
the morning was about to break
when i turned from you: a great mistake

i put my hands in my pockets
i had slid them through an electric socket
i could hear the very Tower Clock tick
with no reason to believe i had imperfection

i wrapped my hair around my shoulder
heart as empty, getting colder
wishing i would not grow older
beauty in the eye of the beholder

without a thought, i had not
reason to believe i had imperfection

Annie Cordelia Adams

Before Pain Was Always Free

no, really, you continue calling
but i do not want to speak
honestly i see too much of you
so i've spoken my piece

but, it kinda hurts when i know
that love's blind of hurt: hello

please, do not add expression
to the weakness in your voice
walking, calling, talking to me
giving me disease

it kinda pains to let it rain
when all i feel is fire in my veins

so don't call me anymore
i won't be there to pick it up
listening, thinking, anxiously waiting
for you to call me, so stop

i won't be there to pick it up
you walk and talk and call me
reminding me of better days
before pain was always free

Annie Cordelia Adams

Bunker Hill

i've been a fool for way too long and i've been in hiding for a silent song
in the safe of bunker hill the jews are trying to kill me
it's the cost of the safety fines that's bringing me out tonight

could we sit, sit, on a bench, or walk,
for some time we could talk but we'll probably be pretty far apart

he, he makes her happy
he makes her cry
i can see he needs her every night
he, he makes her happy
september wasn't happy
and neither were you

he, he makes her happy
he makes her cry
i can see he needs her every night
he, could have made me happy
september wasn't happy
and neither were you
and neither was i
i'll be glad if we make it through

Annie Cordelia Adams

Cavalry Of Waves

I miss the sea and its cavalry of waves
I miss the salty air and salty breath
My heart leaps to jump into its arms
I miss the subtle breeze felt from afar

My love for the sea is like a dream
No shadow, taste, smell, or sound
In which I sail forever over voyage
Not comprehended as I solely engage

Impatient am I for want to run to sea
I could leave everything behind me
I've become restless in my care
If only there were hope I might fare

And on to sea and on to unending waters
Where life is love and skies are bliss
To the undying lands where sleep is naught
Where no heart takes a single thought

The waters of the sea are never ending
Impatient am I for want to run to sea
They come from no place; stay everywhere
But it does not matter for I am loosely there

The sea will not run to me so quickly
Thus, I will run to it and meet my end
And sparks another ambition, unclear what it will be
Then goes ever on a cycle I hardly comprehend

Annie Cordelia Adams

Death Is So

i want to die when i'm old
while i'm alive and still bold
in an old rustic cabin
off the side of a dirt road
with a few good people around
clinking dishes making slight sound
the wind whistling silently
but no snow on the ground
death is awefully frightening
i know i've dreamt i died
sometimes even when i'm high
i comprehend what i don't want to know.
death is rather
death is very
death is so

Annie Cordelia Adams

Did I Escape?

nothing seems to go right even when it's
going great
i seem to lose it all and turn it down
i meant to turn it up and take the blame
now i'm making a getaway

do i escape
or do i just float in place?
this world's always in my face
do i escape
or did you come to make me feel something?
i'd rather feel nothing than have my world between your teeth

so tonight i'm changing so my memories
can finally sleep
i never meant to love this whole damn town
even though i know it wouldn't all work out
now i'm in my car going steep

do i escape
or do i just float in place?
this world's always in my face
do i escape
or did you come to make me feel something?
i'd rather feel nothing than have my heart between your teeth

do i escape
did i escape
did i escape so high?
i'd rather feel nothing
i'd rather feel nothing
did i escape this time?

do i escape
or do i just float in place?
this world's always in my face
do i escape
or did you come to make me forget my youth?
i'd rather feel nothing than have my soul burned by your truth

Annie Cordelia Adams

Driving Is Faster Than Running Into A Wall

i used to get high
and work in the dry
heat at my uncles land
where lived my grandma, and
i burned a pile of branches
as big as two baby elephants
watered the orchard
so beautifully tortured
by the sun
i pictured myself
in a jungle on a shelf
twenty thousand pounds
of water falling down
pink floyd tunes i heard
i still hear 'em, they still burn
over in my head
lunatic i think i am
in the sun
i come back from the store
forget the chairs i'll sit on the floor
and smoke two joints
heart dropped, eff this noise
i took a nap and i dreamed
was the same place we
met and the last place we set
down and conversed
on the gorillaz
one time in your car
nothing happened, i'm sure
just syd barret screaming tones
but the cold weather ached my bones
nervous and numb
i pretended that some
body else was on my mind
but it was you the whole time

last december i wrote
there was a song i lost the notes

but remembered the feeling
the feeling keeps my car wheels wheeling
and for a time i recall
i thought driving was faster than running into a wall
killing my lungs
with the thought of your tongue
speaking words at me
bony wrists connected to your hands
on the steering wheel of a black car
you got scared, took the steering wheel
somebody save me from my soul of steel
headed south bound
i wish i was on a train
with another name
if i had said yes, yes i would take the blame
for the life that we skipped
something to experience
i didn't take that road
i was tempted to go though

Annie Cordelia Adams

Every Stroke Of The Violin

Every stroke of the violin
in this romantic love song
is a silver twisted Dagger.
The pain is far too strong,
and the sound of the biting wind
rumors the sorrow of my laughter

Like this piece of grey art work
A sketch of my life in a single photo
Every mark, a thing I've not yet done
I see, this, when ever I look,
A field, a cup of tea, an empty book
A poem written but not yet sung

Annie Cordelia Adams

Fantasy World

i've too get out of my dream world
get satisfied with what i have
be thankful for my loves
and take a minute to be glad

i've to wake myself into the real world
understand that these are the dreams
that do not come true
they are as empty as they seem

walking on clouds and touching the sky
like it was a ceiling and a plain was a fly
floating upstream on a banana peel
where grass is pink and planets reel

where it's not rare to meet nice bears
have several friends who are millionaires
climb a tree and jump back down
a hundred feet off the ground

find the end of school and work
stay young forever fighting cap'n hook
write a word, without a pen
travel back in time and start again

Annie Cordelia Adams

For Evelyn, In The Summer Of '11

'at the risk of sounding like a total suburban mom, curtains have the potential to be seriously awesome

When long, sheer, around an open window in a hot, paint-chipped home overgrown by dirty grass.'

i would have had your babies during the cold war if i could have

Annie Cordelia Adams

For Scooner, A Million Times 'yes! '

There's nothing like the alien feeling
Being invaded by the sightless captor.
And what we do not know.
Unbridled emotion, roiling our insides
like a flume of smoke molten in the oil.
And it never goes out.
And it never stops eating.
And it never stops feeding.
Until the heart stops beating.

Annie Cordelia Adams

For Scooner, About The Closeness

Even my breath smells like yours now
the awkward empty smell of a clean mouth
but without the minty flavour
Even I think like you do now
It's all just a feeling that makes us
there's no need to convey it
We already know what it is
Everything knows what it is
You're just the part I like best
Math understands Poetry
and Reason understands Oceans
Passiveness understands Infinity
Eventually.

Annie Cordelia Adams

For Scooner, And That Colour Green You Make Me Feel

I smell your sweat
and the musty scent of your air mattress in the summer

Nameless song from the other side of the room
Laying with our eyes closed

I fell in love with you in November
and again that summer I didn't work

I've never eaten so many pizzas
Not for anyone, ever

You smell like the colour green
By a babbling creek on a Thursday morning

I hope I can keep my stallion heart as a vital
Just to make sure I don't forget you

And that moment I fell in love with you
On a couch in August just after my birthday

It happens again sometimes, that feeling
Like that feeling you got after playing Mario Kart

Annie Cordelia Adams

For Scooner, Day 1

You looked at me
like I was your world.
Your eyes always on
a verge of spilling
out over your lashes.
Happiness.

Annie Cordelia Adams

For Scooner, Eventually

you hate tomatoes

Annie Cordelia Adams

For Scooner, Stayin' Alive

the lyrics to wooden walls of this forest church
and i'll follow

Annie Cordelia Adams

For Scooner, The Way You Walk

Over the bridge
From the store
In the dark
On a dirt road
With a stick in your hand
With your head down
In the rain
Around the corner
Into the house
Beside me
To me

Annie Cordelia Adams

For Scooner, When We're 65

As many times as you hurt me;
didn't want me
...i still couldn't wait....
for you to come home.

As many times as you longed
for the arms of others
...i still couldn't wait...
for you to hold me.

As many times as you hurt me;
didn't want me
...i still couldn't wait...
to grow old with you.

Annie Cordelia Adams

For Scooner, While We While We Then

music followed every move we made
while the rats barked and the sun shone
through the window in the cinder wall
past the orange paintings, nearly identical
dinosaur jr. [don't worry i knew you wouldn't remember them again]
you never did remember.

Annie Cordelia Adams

For Scooner, With More To Follow

Asymptotic fall. It's like I'll Always
never see you again. Happenstance. And
I'm happy about it. Longing. The
part where I know I'll always see
you. Rigid. And we'll scrape our edges
against the other's. Lasting. Until we're
smooth with the touch of that everlasting
darkness we all find.

Annie Cordelia Adams

Freedom Is In His Blood

This is the hour of the Golden Ships
masts true, ropes a hauling, given wind
This is the true opening of the lily
softly touched by yet softer breath
This is the rise for all glorious dead
raising life as they are risen
In spirit; as well-the soldiers of faith

The time has arisen for Jerusalem's day!
My God! My God! your life this way!
Golden and glorious in this escalating age
Ten million souls die in battle on one single day
(How hope can fade in such a sudden way)
Yet we bow and give way for the LORD of Lords!
His glory is yet to be shown in his two edged sword

To fight we all against persecutors of Faith
Gather the tribes as in Joshua's day*
All Christians hail the name of the LORD
Worship Him as our Kingdom is restored
Freedom is in His Blood and rapture in ours
For to die for the Christ is to gain all strength,
For to die for Jesus is to live in Peace

[*allusion to Joshua 22: 12]

Annie Cordelia Adams

Friday Night In The Rain

tell me, what do you want?
look up at the sky
is it big enough to hold
all you ever dreamed?

tell me what do you see?
are you bold enough to fly?
does this heartbreak smile
do enough to keep you here with me?

i can't believe i'm waiting
just to see that you've moved on

i'm sorry that i let you down
i didn't let you know til now
pulled the rug out from your feet
it's my fault now your heart don't beat
i'm sorry for ever making that scar
in the rain with my guitar
the only time i'll sing that song
friday night in the rain

Annie Cordelia Adams

From A Lover

I am so close to your kingdom,
I can almost touch the gates.
Your grace I feel so clearly now
As if carried here by the blue fates.

Like a most beautiful fragrance,
Or, perhaps it is the fragrance of Beauty itself.
For never have I felt such a warm chill tickle beneath my skin
Than I do now with two months' pending.

In every ray of light I see your eyes.
It is inside them that I see blue skies
And green valleys and sparkling rivers flowing down the summits of majestic
peaks colored with all sorts of dyes.

Compared to your skin, the purest silk is rough.
My lips and fingertips can only dream.
Nothing tastes so sweet,
And nothing feels so full of warmth.

Your beautiful hair has no match as well.
In it I could lose myself for hours.
Once I rub my nose in it, I'm taken by a spell,
As if every little strand is a filament glowing with divine power.

Nothing I can say about your lips will do them justice.
Only by a kiss can I speak honestly to them.
A kiss from them goes straight through to the core.
I've never felt such richness on my cheek before.

Annie Cordelia Adams

Furies' Wings

you're like the summer wind in the meadows
cause it's perfect; especially when the rest of the world is cold
i tap my feet to the beat of your heart
but i can still hear it even as we drift apart

this room i'm in is for the lonely
i wish i could tell you only;
i like the way you comb your hair
i like the way your smile is barely there

and i speak out loud
to the dark all around
then you seep into the light
i'm wishing i was wherever you are
because you ride on furies' wings
and i drive a car

i don't have to tell you
what i'd tell you if you were here
it's like a mystery and the last page is torn
but i've been waiting for you since the day i was born

and these brown gloves that sit
on the table beside me
have barely been worn
i've been too afraid to venture into the cold
now i know what i've been waiting for

and i speak out loud
to the dark all around
then you seep into the light
i'm wishing i was wherever you are
because you ride on furies' wings
and i drive a car

Annie Cordelia Adams

Gilded Shores Of Stone-Cast Pearls

Sea, your cannon reaching waves:
I'll stop not to bring your rock splitting waves
to me. They find the horizon and the Sea
a mixed blessing, but I call it grace for eternity.
Where lie beaches, they are blessed
and all the shores that spread caressed.
Love me too, Sea! why have you not called me?
Kiss my heart goodbye!
Immortal soul of infamous wealth!
I am but civil and in pursuit of mortality;
For one day without you is tormenting,
but eternity is yet unrelenting
and my soul searches your sands

And grace pardons your heavy current
as do the gilded shores of stone-cast pearls.
Eyes are bewitched at your hearty laugh,
and many think eerier to see you cry.
Frighten them, and scare them with a storm,
but do no harm to my love and my adoration.
Intense is my passion and ardent affection.
Great are your silver lined arms that reach into skies.
Do not harm to my love and my adoration,
for you are too dear to lose; to sever all relation.
Do no harm, to You, my love, lest we die

Annie Cordelia Adams

Great Friend

in short, my whole world
is a box with many locks
my entire life i've spent in a dream
of who i wanted to be
only now, i can see how

i can be, who i want to be
in short, my whole world
consists of a love i don't have
a lover i have hurt, but cannot leave
him, i need.

in short, my whole world
is me wishing i was as cool as her
is me thinking i'm not
anything i wanted to be
all that time i spent dreaming

in short, my whole world
is lost friends, and lost enemies
old friends, and lonely intities

in short, my whole world
is me thinking he is lucky
to have a friend that great
even we don't share that.
...i want a friend that great

Annie Cordelia Adams

Greeter Of All Adventurers

When I walked in desert sands and crossed mounds of dust,
I coughed and nearly choked on scorching heat to shame
My eyes found no rest from the beam of the sunlight,
My lips were of no poetry, and hungered for, the least, tears
I struggled to lift my legs; but I went on, for I knew I must
My feet were anchors, pulling me to the floor to tame
Perhaps out of some misery, I thought that I should recite
Of the plays I've read, and poems I've rehearsed over years

Perhaps that would waste the day so that I would forget time
Time was a shadow, creeping swiftly over my steps in race
It was that I had only so many steps to take before I fell
The sun had shot fire on my back for centuries and epochs
It seemed, I walked upon a sea of fire, and my body a sublime
Air expanded and my breath drew a quick and heavy pace
I swore I heard a cloud, and with swift strokes, 'rain, ' it spelt
Suddenly, my mind awoke, and I glared upward at the clock

A rapid, beating wind threw sand in my face, but I harkened
Twenty-thousand tiny rocks found the palm of my hand
And fifty-million, my eyes, with which I saw the horizon
In the beautiful flat of the earth, waves came toward me
The haughty ocean from afar, was, in the midst of drums, a violin
The music charmed my ears and I imagined the others in the band
A piano, the twinkling stars; when the sun went down, they'd begun
An Horn, the great and mighty wind; how it roared with jubilee!

I finally sought out the waters edge and it was waiting with a kiss
The Sea was once the greeter of all adventurers and finders of bliss
The Sea was a great pretender, who mentioned no havoc of time
But the Sea changes time like the moon changes harvest and the tide

Annie Cordelia Adams

He Wrote Her A Love Note

he wrote her a love note
simple and contrite
portraying in all language
the images he saw
remembering tonight

he embellished it
with all bright characters
a drawings of his life
for he would begin soon
a thousand year war

and he loved her more
and she answered with rapport
and she he adored
as she called for him once more

she took his note,
embraced him dear
she might not, she thought,
see him anymore

from her himself he tore
crystallizing inside
'for you' he said once more
and left to find the shore

For though he thought to love her
She knew that far before
she was ever born, she could not
have an immortal forevermore

after a short breadth of time
to give a simple note to his love
he was cursed to heavy Sea
to take care and explore

her answer he would forever implore
as something never gotten,

as he stood on his ship just as before
yet a million miles from the unguilded shore

an angels breath, left outside a frost
or untaken time, abandoned yore
'I will not forget you, in all my time,
nor in a thousand years' he swore

he repeated the images,
so that in years he would show
her the little drawing of his memory
of him writing this love note
that to her he would bestow

Annie Cordelia Adams

Heat In Birmingham, Alabama

Heat in Birmingham, Alabama

A subject much chatted on by folks
Mirages on thea black chalk pavement;
they look like ol' deep wata' puddles

But they aint no wata' hea'
It aint rain for days, cuz aint
no cloud get mean enough ta
send us a washin'

They ain't no wata hea'
we aint been down to tha crick
fo' montes'; cuz aint no rain comin'
and tha riva been dried up fo dayz

They aint no wata hea'
no juicy red tummy-toes
uh blueberries in the brush
cuz all the cardinals dun eat 'em up

an' they aint no wata from
the well, cuz we all too darn
lazy ta do much anuthing
in this dad burn heat

Annie Cordelia Adams

Hell Is Other People

how much i am like the ship
that sets its sail for the wind
to blow it into the eternity of the sea

(how much it kills
the saying: hell is other people
makes me your hell
how do you stand it?
the last thing on earth or heaven
or hell or land between i want to be
is a hell for you. i would suffer eternity
of hell to save your soul)

you stand at shore and
how i want and desire
beyond all things
beyond everything
to come back
but i cannot
i am in the blessed wind
oh cursed wind
and sick of letting the wind
blow me from you from
the shore.
i'd rather die than suffer
the Sea to seduce my soul
and pull me from you

(i love you and i don't
ever want to leave you.
you greet me in the morning
and and night your kiss is there.
i want to be greeted by it each
morning. and every second
be bound to your soul
and yours to mine
and each time the sun sets
believe that it will rise again
because i can feel your touch

and because i love you and
don't ever want to leave you)

Annie Cordelia Adams

Hoist Sails, Lass

Is there an Ocean that does say freely:
Dear One, come toward me,
But stand from afar, you grieved!
And I will say to you, Look, here is eternity

In my waters, there is undying space
Do you not desire to come and see?
I am an enduring hickory tree
A resilient warrior and stalwart beast

I will not change, but dwell here,
Where else can I reside, but in your heart
You witty, unwavering lass
Come toward me, dear One

I have the strength of ten thousand brave hearts
Who would strive to bring peace
But in epic lengths and heroic fights
Child, alas, am I that portrait you dreamt of?

Where have I succeeded in tearing you down?
You say I taunt you with my frowning brow,
And you do wonder what thoughts of mine do know
Under shadow, you are, but do not fret

I offer to you infinity, of length and space
Here is the world, and sail in its spirit
Here is the never ending sea, thwarted with misery
When you do not belong to it; hoist sails, lass

Under me are years of great repugnance from man
The sea is full of wishes that never wrote down
Or upon parchment, their lips, and could not sing
It is silent as the windless atmosphere, like bothersome tranquility

But I will not be silent, if you do not will it
I am filled with your desire to make sail on my winds
Hand me your heart, and my waves will urge you
Through distant waters, sail as far and as wide as beloved

Am I your beloved, to grovel for your ship to make sail?
Under reflected colored skies, or twilights last spangled eye
In depth or power, do I not satisfy thee, or interest thee
Is there clout in my words that do pierce your tenderness?

Does the wind blow everywhere but on you,
To save your semblance and natural form of grace
If you choose to sail these open winds, may you have mercy
And may you choose to have all freed and released

That I may encompass your honor on these waters
Would set my heart on flight to creature form
And if my wings set wind in lieu of your love
May it be a solemn song to envelope that notion

In your heart, do you want to sail nonetheless?
For I will carry you home again, in dispel,
If you wish to watch from afar, and gaze at my splendor
And love me in adoration from the parallel horizon

And you, which love the sea, watch from afar
In distant misery, have no thought to leave your place
Thy grace hath found thee where thou art, a spectator
How can you never touch my heart, or meet my face

If you dare to only believe in passion, speculate with infatuation
Relish your place afar and do not turn to watch for me!
I am too strong, like solid rock, but too scorched with molten steel
Like your turning away has done to me, tortured and grieved

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Almost Can'T Believe I Wrote This When I Thought It Wouldn'T Work Out.

i'm turning off the t.v., now it's dark in my room
feel like a heart ache, and i won't remember you
like a black and white movie, the ending is set
and i'll hold your hand one more time, scared i'll forget

so now i listen to the album that reminds me of you
you'd never guess what i was thinking when i didn't tell you the truth
and in the middle of the night when you held my hand
thinking bout how i know you won't understand

i'm sorry for the things i haven't done
things will shortly be completely out of hand
and i know i'll look back on yesterday
and wish i had been braver and i'll wished i'd stayed

it's never been easy
it won't be easy to let you
it's never been easy
to ever let you in

we haven't talked in weeks, not really at all
barely say hello like there's no reason to call
there are few things i'd change, but they're so big
that i knew this wouldn't work from the beginning

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Died That Day.

they were all about the sea, they were all about the sea
every last one of them, all about the sea
at the worst of my life, i wish i could go back
and rearrange and change the things i lacked

and as summer's about to end, i wish for it more than ever
i want to be in the warm arms of the wind and the beds of heather
if only summer lasted a few more days, if this world could just stay the

same

where all the words and all the love, all the hate and all i've done was all

about the sea...

now i feel this again, where nothing is the same
nothing now will change after this single sullen day
now i feel this again, and nothing here will change
i'll be in the hands of time, wishing it were still the same day

.....

and my God, what have i done?
all my wishes are filtered and picked at one by one
nothing i want comes to be and nothing i hate stays away
the dust of the ground blows to my face

if only the sun had forgotten to rise,
then the day would still be the evening tide
and somehow i could change my mind
and begin a new life, with a better mind

but the sun did not forget
and i won't forget this tragedy
i've been hated for too long
i've been loved too little

prolong the misery
die tonight
where freedom rises

only with sin
but how such an end
should come to light
and shed it's filthy darkness
upon my mind

but the sun did not forget to rise
the sun did not forget to rise
and i remembered my words
to this very day, to the very way
and i had rather not said them
for i died that day

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Don'T Believe In Ends

um...let me just go ahead and tell you everything
i told you tonight
that i don't believe in time
for i don't believe in ends

i don't believe in waking to a darker day
where light decides to fade itself away

i don't believe in making Heaven rush to find me
when i want to find it on my own
for time deserves nothing
time is Satan's only gain

i don't want to
die
i don't mean i am afraid
i mean i am disgusted with ends
does the sunset have an end
if you follow it?

but if you wait for the sun to rise again
you have bartered your soul for time
time is for the ones who cannot control their minds

time is nothing
it's only perceived by the mind
not the heart
or the soul

the earth isn't vast enough to hold my heart
it isn't wide enough for my roads to part
earth does not hold eternity
for i cannot always follow the sun
even the Sea ends
though i pretend it not to be so

so i should just say
that the Sea is a simple letter
something God left behind

for me to read and hope
that one day i will find
the door to infinity

my heart belongs
beyond the Eastern Ocean
beyond the Silver Sea
beyond the Seven Isles
in the Land of Numinor
and yet beyond
to the Undying Lands

and yet they seem fantasy
but their authors knew of something real, i think,
that they also knew
of worlds beyond the brink

where moth and rust do not corrupt

if you think i mean to die
if you think i mean to go to Heaven now,
Heaven is for after this life,
for when the Earth takes his bow

i only mean to stay alive
for eternity
for i do not believe in time
or mortality in me

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Don'T Believe In Time

between worlds...
between two suns
though the world escapes my soul
water seeps from two sated holes
for through these windows saw the world
the longing of some other desire

and whispers the Sea...
amongst the trees
for the wind befriends a hearty wave
and carries to the ear of destiny's slave
from the threshold of the home of eternity
the longing of some other desire

that three years passed...
between two suns
I saw the sun's shadow gazing hard
hated me for leaving him alone and scarred
as I left the world behind me, defying gravity
my only desire was for life and immortality

three years pass...
I don't believe in time
everything is forever
everything is eternity
for that is why I wish
only for immortality
the Sea is the road to immortality

and the three years that shall pass soon
passed so slowly

but I don't believe in time

time is a waste of time
time is a waste of breath
so the world hates me for this
though God's creation
is too beautiful to describe

I fall into the ocean's kiss
and unlimited things begin to happen
when music stops
the echo only lasts only so long
before the light of day
tires of beholding
and fades away
and eternity was gone?
who wishes to die?
but who wishes to live forever...
is she who people call by Me.

the Grey Haven's wait
and the only thing I desire more
than immortality
is a cause
because I lost
and failed my God

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Just Had Another Idea

you scream and then they scream back
you dream and it's like a galaxy attack
every organ hovers on over to where it belongs
the heart in the center; i can hear it in my headphones

i just had another idea
i just found out that the world's not real
unless i can feel the gluons moving past my face
beneath this ghastly place i'll bet
the sun doesn't sleep at all

and i don't sleep a week not a wink at all
because your voice is so beautiful
it astounds all my oceanic friends at this
i keep wishing i could watch you sing your kiss

i just had another idea
i just found out that the world's not real
unless i can feel the gluons moving past my face
beneathe this ghastly place i'll bet
the sun doesn't sleep at all

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Love You (You Said My Name In Your Own Language)

i love you;
you said my name
in your own language

if i could but touch
your world,
the feeling would satisfy

i love you;
your breath on my face
heart beat against mine

i'm not ashamed
to love you,
to submit before you

i love you;
silly smile and all
your hand reaching for mine

would that i could
i'd tell you
how much i really

love you

je vous aime;
vous avez dit mon nom
dans votre propre langue.

si je pourrais, je toucherais
votre monde.
le sentiment serait satisfaisant.

je t'aime;
votre haleine sur mon visage.

votre pulsation à côté de mon sein.

je n'ai pas honte.

je t'aime beaucoup.

et je me promets à vous

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Love You A Million Chocolate Kisses

hey beautiful, you seem okay
i hope you're in my dreams since i didn't see you today

it's impossible to see you, but i feel you in my blood
distances are tough, but we still have our love

even in the saddest places, your face is next to mine
and i smile to think that i don't believe in time

and i miss you so much, i cannot count the days
until i see you again and we're standing face to face

hey, you're a lot like Odysseus and i'm like Penelope
i feel you're gone for fifteen years while i'm waiting for eternity

i love you a million chocolate kisses, and i think you ought to know
you mean the beating of my heart to me, so please stay, don't go

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Meant To Say Ten Different Things

I find it difficult in speaking
All I want to say to you
Knock the wall down and,
I gently let you into my
very heart
For 'soul' is too harsh a word
for what I plan to start

I almost see you in a city
Where there is a mountain
A golden city, painted in
all its rusty iron; yet still shines
as white as love can span

I look at you through an
empty bottle
So that your face is distorted
I cannot see your eyes no more
I cannot see your eyes no more
These words, see,
are not what I meant to say

I meant to say ten different things
all to mean the same.
Perhaps if you really love me
you'll know what they mean

Annie Cordelia Adams

'I Once Saw You'

I could write a book
and title it 'I once saw you'
but never would the script be sought
as words that say 'I love you'

I figure you have thought the same:
love is sometimes unable to attain
a perfect grace and form, the same
as when I first, Once saw you

sometimes, it is unbarred
where living souls might love
not restricted by iron rope
but a freshly new and misty grove

yet the only thing I've yet to show
in all list of words I can construe
when no voice was stolen from my lips
is to write a book titled 'I once saw you'

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Only Wish Now

floating in the atmosphere
a hundred thousand particles
lighting up the clouds
glowing as i'm pulled to the ground

if there was no floor to catch my fall
i'd be happy to keep on
and a stream with no end to carry me far

and i only wish now
that my senior year were a little longer
and i only wish now
i had tried to fly and my faith were stronger
and i only wish now
that you had come into my life
a little sooner
cause i've been heading for the ground until now

and you picked me up
now i'm easing my way
over the mountains
i'm the wind; if only i could help you find your home

and i only wish now
that my senior year were a little longer
and i only wish now
i had tried to fly and my faith were stronger
and i only wish now
that you had come into my life
a little sooner
cause i've been heading for the ground until now

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Seek Not Across The Sea

Across the Sea,
it is not that my love will come
Though traveling ships abroad
my Love is not there from

For elven ships
for all their glory and whiteness
blinding pure, it is not yet so
that my Love is coming to caress

my sight seeks not to find it
my eyes look not to a coming
only my might seeks all to love
where loving never sought sixteen

my love is not across the Sea
so ever gallantly seeking me
across the Sea is eternity
so there I look to all the Sea

the waves look to me to sail
would that I could, and thus sail
but eternity is forever, and thus
I have time before the Sea I sail

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Want To Be Everything To You

yesterday, i was think in rhythms
it's just like you and me to be that awesome

earth isn't a planet in the galaxy with a moon
it's where i live with you

my bed isn't where i lay
it's whenever we sleep, though night or day

songs that make me feel. good.
i like to relate them all to you

i can't wait to come home every night
to see you when i wake up is everything

i'm glad we both did things the way we did
so that things are the way they are

i want to be everything to you

in this realm, all is about the future
let's keep dreaming, so the future doesn't run out

but let's make the future the present
and your presence is the future of my past

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Want To Sing All The Time

i want so much to be in your arms
i want to be surrounded by farms
and beautiful landscapes around me
i want to escape this city

i want to sing all the time
why do people censor my hopes
i'm only hoping for God to see
that i can use all that he's given me

i don't want to get in the dirt
with the famous and the rich
i want to fly with the stars
who love who they are

i wouldn't trade my voice for anything
i realized that without it i can't sing
who'd have thought something so simple
could bring someone so much joy

i don't want to get in the dirt
with the famous and the rich
i want to fly with the stars
who love who they are

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Was Ever Awakened

I'm sorry you lie there
cradling the last of images

i'm sorry you may forget
the one day, while rocking in your chair

fifty years from now, this old world
will less be here than than it shall be tomorrow

you cry out in anguish, and it pours
onto the ground with his blood

his body in your arms
your screams in alarms

i'm sorry you won't ever know another life;
for i am too bitterly blessed

flowers are my carpet,
and i smile freely each day

but now that i see you,
i know pain; it is real

i'm sorry i was ever awakened
to your horrible misery

Annie Cordelia Adams

I Would Be Valiant

Like a dove over water,
to the mountains I spring
though many people and many cities
there lay between
I sought a satisfaction
for my hearts desires
They must be God-given
They burn outward with fire

The advocate, my spirit
It urges me on to go
to search for zealous shores
a sweet thought from my bosom flows
So passionate for a life
greater than life its own
greater than the breath I breathe
firmer than rock or stone
A life for a land, pure
As good as green grass
As luscious as golden honey
I've yet to find it, alas

So I search ever and anon
But again, I find none
I fight for this great satisfaction
I write as my only action
I go ship to ship to quay
Liberating hope along the way
To dock to land to forest
I take no pickings and take no rest
My shoes have worn and are tattered
My skin, with mud, splattered

I came upon a town called Hope Imperishable
And there I found a thing, inexplicable
A light from every atom
A silver horn shouted back
The light grew brighter
All the Earth there were a crack

Again, I felt a pang in my bosom
A cold iron sword, pierce my heart
I felt the endlessness of life upon my shoulders
A burden felt only by its depart

To the mountains I trudge
But I've brought a hope with me
I'll rest soon for I've been over water
Over crater, valley and stream
The towers of rock and stone
They seem so far away
But with passion for a breath to breathe
I may make meet to see them today
I search the Eastern Horizon
Crystal skies, shallow waters now

I wish I was at the mountains foothold
To see by which all Earth was endowed
Yet here I am, now and anon; now and alas

To the mountains I spring
Though many people and many cities
There lay between
But to meet what needs be met this day
My voice rings in the highest belfry bell
I scream to the loftiest pinnacle point
Show me the way, the light, pull back the veil

I would have said before:
'I would be valiant but for what strength demands.'
But now for You and my faith in You,
I would risk my life even yet, though end in foreign hands

Annie Cordelia Adams

If I Found You

i looked for inspiration
so i tore out a picture of you
and i'm so scared to find you
that i don't know what i'd do

if i found you waiting on a subway train
my heart would stop and the underground would rain
if i found you waiting near the woodland trees
i'd run from you in the autumn breeze
it's never been easy
it won't be easy
to let you in

i barely smile now
i think i knew somehow
what it was that turned the sky yellow
and made the blue stars find my veins

cause i'm frozen over
it's been so long since i've moved the covers
hiding from the arrow of a lover
so i'm under cover

it's never been easy
it won't be easy
to let you in

it's never been easy
it won't be easy
to ever let you in

Annie Cordelia Adams

I'LI Fall, I'LI Fall Right Into You

i lie awake listening to magic under starlight
it's cold out here but inside it's lit up like the sky
my hands are cold but my feet are warm and your eyes are shinin silver like the
moon
it's winter now but it's warm in your arms and i
just wanna be with you

you're nothing to me but everything
everything to me

when i feel like i'm falling to the ground
i fall into your arms
when i find myself without a sound
i hear a song coming from the stars
and when the floor gives out
and i fall right through
any kinda mess i'm in
i'll fall into, i'll fall right into you

last winter i wasn't so alone cause i had you
it was cold outside but i didn't mind a bit
you looked three times and i looked right back
hopin you saw me shine
you were something i've never had before
and now i'm getting along and that's fine

you're nothing to me but everything
everything to me

when i feel like i'm falling to the ground
i fall into your arms
when i find myself without a sound
i hear a song coming from the stars
and when the floor gives out
and i fall right through
any kinda mess i'm in
i'll fall into, i'll fall right into you

when i feel like i'm falling to the ground

i fall into your arms
when i find myself without a sound
i hear a song coming from the stars

i'll fall into, i'll fall right into you

Annie Cordelia Adams

I'M Addicted To Your

i'm addicted to your sex
i'm addicted to your love
i'm addicted to your poison
sweet in my veins as it is
in my mouth
i need your blood. i need your
skin. i need you to please let
me in.
i want every instant of
your attention to be me
instead of her. i know
it's only sometimes. but some
times says a lot.
i'm in love with your words.
i'm in love with your ways.
i'm in love with your body.
i'm in love with you.

Annie Cordelia Adams

I'M Through With This War

don't worry
let you know i love you

don't hide
we'll find ourselves soon

listen to the sound
do you see the tide rising like victory
listen to the echoes
do you hear the sound of freedom in me
alone in the sea of infamy
i'm letting go of the anchor to find the shore

i'm through with this war
i'm through with this ending
im going to find another one to write the story that we're in
i'm tired of waiting
i'm tired of looking at the mountains and the sky
while i'm standing on the shore
i'm through with this war

run foward
find the answer tonight

we're closer
this battle is the last fight

i'm through with this war
i'm through with this ending
im going to find another one to write the story that we're in
i'm tired of waiting
i'm tired of looking at the mountains and the sky
while i'm standing on the shore
i'm through with this war

the last page
we feel in in our veins

i'm through with this war

i'm through with this ending
im going to find another one to write the story that we're in
i'm tired of waiting
i'm tired of looking at the mountains and the sky
while i'm standing on the shore
i'm through with this war

Annie Cordelia Adams

Impossible To Know

I spend a couple of ten
or twenty minutes thinking-
about what to write,
because it's as important to me
as the length of eternity;
and you must know what that means
to me
I only wish that there were no cracks
or chips and scratches on me.
I fall apart, then unsuccessfully,
i attempt to glue myself together.

so here's the real deal, the updat on
my ever changing life
my unexamined, messy sort of life

i really find that deep inside
i fell for you after all.
i like you more than anyone,
and i've come so awfully close
to telling you 'i love you, '
though love is such a strong word.
but there's a catch: and this is the
most complicated part

i struggle to belong to anyone
and no one belongs to me.
it's the stronger part of me
that makes the better part decrease
and go into hiding and waste.
my heart is too big for anyone
or anything.
i can't be contained enough
for anyone to hold.
i just wish i were

small enough

to exist only in thoughts.

because, the way i am,
is impossible to describe
and impossible to know

Annie Cordelia Adams

In The Blackout Of The World

Give people happiness
on the map
let them take a nap
in the snow
in the sand
ice cream, band
never turn
in a lane of crowd
at night, leave on the light
so it turns green
while we sing
don't sing with me
just play the key
in the blackout
of the world...

Annie Cordelia Adams

I've Heard The World Is A Beautiful Place

i'm so tired i could just float away
i'm so tired i could leave this place
won't you come with me tonight?
i've heard the world is a beautiful sight

i could just fade away
flight into the sky just like
a dream in your memories
come find it here with me
never knew i could be so lonely
like those in a crowd
never sayin' a word outloud
because they're all waiting
and i'm the one looking to be found

you say i write poetry but you know i don't
i write about the sea nothing could be more empty
come along don't wait too long
time beats on and on and on

i'm holding on to one word
just a little something to carry me through
it's like a letter from God
gotta keep the faith, keep holding on

sometimes when you're so low, you could
fall right into fate, it's like
winning for nothing and losing your hope
and it's just like that today

never knew i could be so lonely
like those in a crowd
never sayin' a word outloud
because they're all waiting
and i'm the one looking to be found

Annie Cordelia Adams

Endless Procurement

a psalm set in the green of a field.
rolling sounds of vibrant colour.
a walking tidal of bloody waves rushing
in and out
in and loud
over the dry sand, with all the veiny remains of the
leaders and heroes of bravery, such brave souls

courageous, whereas their thoughts and forces
seamlessly flow over such clouds
as are puffy and free
like cattle in the field with excellent grazing pasture
they drift and gather, and gather and leave
those thoughts are free

those thoughts set men ablaze
with the fire of honour and grace
and in an endless procurement of ideas
and colours of light
freedom isn't sought, but it
is the seeker in the night
white washing the broken shells on the shoreline
as i stand facing north,
naked as a snake in the winter

Annie Cordelia Adams

Learn

learn

i learned what it was
one day i was driving down smokey road
and if anyone had just told
me before, i would have known
what it was.

feel

it isn't so simple
it's not the way you make me or made me feel,
it's the things i do for you
and then i realized, it's a true
true thing, so beautiful.

beautiful

because i can't recourse it
it's massive in it's extraordinary great volume
but so simple in that it is what it is
nothing could be better than this
and i love you.

Annie Cordelia Adams

Leo, Leo

if you asked me am i happy now with who i am
i wouldnt say a word□

in a cold pile of dead leaves

leo leo plays

the wind is a current and it powers the trees

luckily all it can do me is bend me at the knees

the sun is the light, the bulb in the sky

the leaves turn it on and off as it reaches my eyes

Annie Cordelia Adams

Life Without End Is Only Good With You

and God said let there be light...
i love you all day and night
i can't begin
to know life without you

wrap your arms around me slightly
but hold me in your heart so tightly
life without end
is only good with you

and i feel right when your lips touch mine
and i feel right when your heart beats with mine
'cause it feels right to know you love me
just beyond your bloodshot eyes
i can feel your sacrifice
and i can feel your love loving mine

in every ray of light I see your eyes
i could live forever tasting these skies
nothing tastes
as sweet as your lips

compared to a rock, you are a mountain
compared to the Greeks, you are a Titan
love is only good
when i give it to you

Annie Cordelia Adams

Light Start Last Night Only Thing

I dreamt of you light start
last night
only thing

that i remember is saying your name
as you stood, rocked closer to me.
and in an instant your lips touched
mine and it was then i realized, i'm
still not over you. i texted you that
morning, hoping to be old friends again,
but you're stil so far away. i just want
to see you again to say 'hey' i'm sorry
i was so hasty. and i'm sorry i've made
such a mess of myself because of what you don't know.
was it me?
i wasn't sure?
i wasn't sure of anything.

Annie Cordelia Adams

Meatloaf Surprise

Dont say you love me anymore
I caught you sleeping with a whore

I hate you you don't know why
its 'cause your always getting high

You feed my anger.
With your lies.
I wish you'd go ahead and die.

Don't say you love me anymore.
Your sleeping with her behind that door.

I hate you more than meatloaf surprise.
I love you more than apple pie.

You feed my anger
with your lies
I wish you'd go ahead and die.

You ate my soul in one big bite
Goodness gracious me oh my

Now I've said my last goodbye
I wish I'd go ahead and die

Annie Cordelia Adams

Most Of My Inspirations

The strange thing is that
most of my inspiration derives
from simple imitations
of the real world

The Sea is not fancied
my closest neighbor
yet I love it like the Sun
enjoys to rise

A little glass of tea
or a dark roast Verona
and a picture of something
I never dreamed I'd know

A few hours of running
or a shady grassy field
then I write as though
the world is ripe, ready to be peeled

Annie Cordelia Adams

Ocean In My Veins

don't stop now
i don't want to let this smile go
just like the hand i wanna hold

don't stop now
look at all these people feelin down
they don't know what they've got now

i don't ever want to leave this
and what i'm about to say you won't believe it

every second
i feel the ocean in my veins
and each time the sun sets
believe that it will rise again
because i can feel your touch
and because i love you and
don't ever want to leave you
or every perfect thought

look at what we've found
it's like treasure island, include the sand
cause it's a door in the air in another land

listen to the sound
they sang long ago that thing's'd get better
and they were right, but we also got brighter

i don't want to get older
i don't want to get older
older means we're closer to cold
older means we're further from that door

i feel the ocean in my veins
and each time the sun sets
believe that it will rise again
because i can feel your touch
and because i love you and
don't ever want to leave you

or every perfect thought

Annie Cordelia Adams

One, Two, Three, I Love You

how many ways can i say i love you?
if i count all night i wouldn't be through

one

you are the rush of the waves
on the beach
the shade of the leaves
on the trees
the letters in my alphabet cereal
that spell out 'i love you'
and underneath those trees
or in the sand on the beach
i spell out the same 'i love you'

two

you're my torch in the dark
when the lights go out
my umbrella in the rain
when the sky falls out
the droplets on my window
that spell out 'i want you'
and beneath that sheet of dark
or in a storm in the rain
i spell out the same 'i love you'

three

you are the loss of my breath
at sunrise
the syrup on my waffles
on the crispy side
the peas on my plate
that spell out 'i love you'
and in those rays of light
or in the cold of a crispy night
i spell out the same 'i love you'

one, two, three words,
i love you

Annie Cordelia Adams

Our Love Is Purer

I'll love you
if the sun breaks down
and we live in dark
in this empty town

i'll move to the ocean side
by the hypnotic sound of the
evening tide

i'll love you
if fate makes matters
harder than they would be
without you

the rest of the world
could hate and lust
but our love is purer
our sounds are hushed

keep in your written heart
every verse and part
of my face and eyes
and i'll keep a secret diary
and write down everything we see

in stormy weather
you are melancholic
dreamy: don't be
in sunny weather
we are safe

ending with a wishful thinking
i keep my word, so true
but will there be a moment
that i can give that promise to you?

Annie Cordelia Adams

Paint A Picture Of The Sea

everything is much more beautiful
when you paint a picture of the sea
not the sand or the sky
though there is fire burning bright

the sea has much more love
though cold it may seem
for the sun rises and sets
and the sand washes away

the sun can only do so much
the beach can only stay
but the sea is full of liveliness
as to and fro it sways

Annie Cordelia Adams

Picture In My Locket

wake up smile and feeling i'm held back by your arms
i know you're thinking of me when i dream of you in songs
you tell me that you love me in so many pretty words
but i know i'm just haunted by the way you kissed me first

go back to every little thing every time you held me
i have had a longing to know your secret little mysteries
every eye and don't tell me why you seemed to fade
look me in the eye and tell me why you're so afraid

tell me why you left your picture in my locket
it's wrapped around my heart i'd give it back but you don't want it
tell me if you're scared of the darkness in your closet
you fear and beware
but there's no need to be afraid of yourself

listen to the crickets in the yard beneath the windows
wait for the clouds to move and in the twilight they will show
all the light that's left inside the darkness of the planets
and when you wake from your sleep you'll feel the glitter set in

find a clearing in the other side of the field
there's no need for axes now
and if you climb high enough you can reach up through the clouds
and pull down with you a ray of sun, and feel the heavens sound

Annie Cordelia Adams

Rainbow (Wherever You Are)

somewhere over the rainbow
somewhere i'm missing out i know
if i could go anywhere, it'd be where you are
somewhere out there
you're out there somewhere
if i could be anywhere, it'd be in your heart

if i could be anywhere
then i could be anywhere
and i'd like to open up your eyes
and read between lines
and the words i read
are written so beautifully

Annie Cordelia Adams

Revolution And Rebellion

To whom this poem is written
I do not know, but I shall show
And you perhaps will take this well
What I know to come and hides in veil

America is falling now, because of their sickness
Unless they come out of this delusional world
This bubble of safety, they will lose all freedom
thus they will lose all love all life all mind

they cannot reduce themselves to rubble
and expect to find a cure for laziness
lest it be to obliterate it for good
and find that ignorance is not peace

no matter what the World may tell
no matter what the Men may quell,
Freedom is only attainable by force,
and revolution and rebellion is the only path to take

Annie Cordelia Adams

Right Under The Stars

right there under the patched roof
i opened up my eyes
see you standing in the backlight
that's how it always happens

and until i find you
i won't open my eyes
i'll search for you under the black light
then in the end we'll all be laughin'

don't wait for me (don't wait for me)
i'll be okay (you'll see)
i'll find you (you'll see)
one day (don't wait for me)

in the night sky right under the stars
i'll be waiting for your arms
to fill the inside of my soul

Annie Cordelia Adams

Sea-Less Drought

not the dream I once for took
the sea has become mere memory
it was once loved, once seen
now lost and near unraveling

it was superfluous sight for my eyes
and an unneeded sweet taste
it grappled at my heart and word
until naught was in my breath but verbs

there be but one deed left to execute
one feat to exploit my own desires
that is to institute all of these wishes
into an action worth taking—if existed

but I'm left with no more prose
I'm wanting in light of language;
for I know not what to bring about
to ease this sea-less drought

Annie Cordelia Adams

She Stands Against A Mossy Tree

She stands against a
mossy tree;
it is green and raw
the moss climbs each length
with unflagging insistence

Her arms wrap around
its trunk;
grey and thick
founded on the ruddy dirt
by stalwart roots chained to earth

She is everything
I wanted to be;
she is far more intelligent a being
than a person of my degree,
as she stands against the mossy tree

I imagine I should
stand there;
against a mossy tree
an artist of machination
begging to paint me with oils

And I imagine I would
agree to stand;
be painted with a wicked hand
the scheme to reverse my pure-wrought soul
into something I could not comprehend

Then sadly I would stand
against that tree
beside a shallow bank
blue, turquoise crystal, shallow
banks torpid with my tears

Annie Cordelia Adams

Sleeping Giants Do Roar Greatly Defiant

'T is I who write in the bleak of night
When Shadow lurks and Barrows fright
But have I yet to write my heart,
To venture where I would to never depart?

My last love, my only and first, the Sea
What joy it did bring to me, what sorrow
For I've done wrong to leave it
But were he able, he'd come to me

I've given the Sea a name unknown
I've given the Sea my works full-blown
Or have I yet to show him any sympathy?
For he is trapped, watching over they and thee

I'm so free-yet says the Sea: he is not
To stop and think that there bellows the forgot:
'T is the Sea who wavers not on his time
Who does work and wastes no water blowing rhymes

I love the Sea, but has he seen me,
Standing on distant shore, as he before told me?
I shall not bother a sleeping giant:
For sleeping giants do greatly roar defiant

Annie Cordelia Adams

Smile, Remember It All The While

When the flood sweeps joy away
and menace casts its rod to catch
An Island desert marauder you feel,
or feel nothing at all under all that steel

You've forgotten where you placed
your heart. Or perhaps never knew
you had that part of you.

When nothingness seeps in
and boredom just begins:
an empty feeling, stiff and gnawing
snips crawl and crows cawing

If ever you thought life was good
or even full, that thought was wiped
away for good, for ever. Don't peek yet.
(I've a surprise)

If ever you remember brightness,
Remember it now.
and remember how you used to smile.
Remember, or soon you'll forget all the while

So, there is always something for you
Something in your eyes, you know
something behind that hard, steel heart
A joy you've yet to show

Look into another's eyes
say his name and he'll say yours
another soul to be your friend
a bosom friend to be sure

If that time has passed for you
Remember it now, and remember
how you used to smile.

Smile, and remember it all the while.

Remember what I've said to you
Words can also be your friend
Say them well, and they'll say to you,
Remember them all the while

Annie Cordelia Adams

Sunset Horizon

Sunset Horizon

You torment me with your bitter leave
and night arises like a ravening wolf-
the lightening thief
Cirrus clouds gather
as though to make a nest
the fiery white moon
glazed - the wolf's inhabitant
and dusk soon reckons to lead me
back to my home: hole in the hill
but the Sunset horizon is so mesmerizing
it should have a soul

Annie Cordelia Adams

Thank You For The Blood

not many people remember
that night late in december
i lift my head; look up at the sky
and see a million stars lighting up like fireflies

last time i checked it was colder
kicking people out of the inn with a cold shoulder
i lift my head; step into the night
watching shepherds gather to see this life

growing up to save the world
nothing too big to keep you from opening these doors
tearing down old walls
nothing too mean to keep you from dying for all
it's not the tears that you shed when we turned away
it's the drops of sweat and the heavy weight of your love
that lead me to be where i am today, thank you for the blood

Annie Cordelia Adams

That's A Fairy Tale

isn't it time for me to love?
i'm waiting for a sign or something
that's the stupidest thing i've ever heard
i'm so alone i don't even have someone to wait with me

isn't it time for me to love?
someone who feels all the same things
that's a fairy tale so says the world
well i don't see it that way at all

isn't it time for me to love?
just one moment of hand to hand
face to face or heart to heart
i would lose so much to gain a love

isn't it time for me to love?
to sit under the stars in twenty degree weather
to swim too far out in the ocean
to play music for eternity, no one ever does

isn't it time for me to love?
i would lose so much to gain a friend

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Day I Died Part 1

the day i died, i was eighteen
and that day i wrote a song but it is now lost
i was in the car on the hill waiting for the chill
of winter and frosty windows.
i never realized that,
and i never noticed how lucky i was,
until i died and awoke as a ghost.
i was in the car on the hill,
and in a sudden scream, i looked deep
into the heart of the long, empty road,
and at the end, i knew there was desert,
and past that, if i kept going, the sea.
but i should have not screamed, for you see,
with that wild scream, i lost my soul it would seem,
because i haven't felt a single knife stab since then.
i think i would rather the lonely nights
naked in my room after a shower,
when the cold air seeped under the door,
and tears dripped to my knees
while i hugged them for dear life.
then, i was dying, not dead
and to be dead is unchangeable, i think.

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Day I Died Part 2

from the top of that hill, i saw my life,
and i knew i could not go back to the way it was,
and nothing would ever be the same,
even in someone elses life.
you see, even though we say,
someone else has been through the same thing,
not really, because they don't know how i felt,
and no one will ever know, not even i.
i forgot how it felt really,
even though i think i remember,
the day, cold and rainy, or hot?
remember i cannot.
and i layed in my bed hoping
it was just a dream.
and i never cried before sleep.
and once, i think i was happier.
even, when i was dying, happier than now.
i didn't write anything from september to december.
i was too tired in my mind, i think,
and so many things were going on,
i lost my self. maybe that's where i lost my mind.

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Day I Died Part 3

friends are another story.
i've never had a real friend until now,
but it's too late, because i'm dead.
how will he ever know my soul?
when not even i can find it.
and so, the day i died,
i never meant to make that wish,
now i wish every chance i get
to take that one back,
and make something stick.
i'm glad then, i died,
instead of still dying.
because maybe, i don't want to feel
all the horrible things i'd feel,
if i were still alive that is.
i think being dead can be peaceful.
then i made another f***ing wish.
i wished i were dead, and i never
would feel again.
because i can't stand being reminded
of all the horrible things in my life.
then again, maybe that wasn't such
a bad wish after all...
and maybe i deserve this.
maybe i deserve to live forever,
and never turn back.
maybe i deserve to live forever,
and always look back.
maybe i deserve to be dead
and never change,

but live forever...

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Sea Doth Strike

What is the sea, for it never ends
It looms around the horizon's bend
I follow it as I transcend
The ceaseless waters make great lament

The evening tide is far behind
Toil on to meet the perimeter of mind
The ocean chants its words, maligned
Brink of thoughts conceived finally unwind

Is there substance to this ocean?
The great monster who speaks
He is ominous and bleak
One cannot hide from such emotion

Is there substance to this ocean?
With wings spread from end of earth
To end of time, to end of berth
To end of earth, a bit of notion?

Does it find its home in any circle?
Or in any part of single love
Of single thought, or single drove
Of masses with a single harbor cove?

Does it hear a song sung by many?
Or even of one, just one man
One idea to span, one plan
Or accord of reciprocal clan?

Ice for love and snakes for truth
The sea will strike at one as three
Waves askew, bring the Gaelic banshee
Sea's Prussian blue is a gloomy decree

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Stages Of Love

it's amazing
that after all this time
i still rush to the phone
when you call,
with that same excitement
as when you first began

it's amazing
how after the many times
you showed to me your love
i love you more
and with more passion
than when i first began

and even more amazing
is when i stop writing
just to think about you
because i am so overwhelmed,
so full of love, that i cannot
function the state of time

so, love me with the amazing
thrill you give to me each time
we're together. i guess it's too
much for me to handle, when
as i write, i gaze at my hands
wishing you were here to hold them.

i can smell you when you're gone
when i close my eyes in the dark.
i can taste your lips on mine
no matter how far away in the world
you ever will be. the map is not
adequate even to encompass our love

and neither are the oceans, in all their depth
nor the skies: for they cannot confine a comet
as it enters the atmosphere with fire and flame
ergo cannot confine our love to the space on earth

as it expands past the outer limits of our mind's
ability to recognize the expansion of matter.

we are a super nova in an empty galaxy, expanding
yet, we still become the sound of the wind in the trees
as they whisper (not hiss) to each other secrets of the forest
news from the world, that perfect world, where the sun never fades
and is not too bright as to burn the earth, but softly caresses
as your hand against my face, when you finally return home

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Stars Remind Me Of How Close We Are

time is never enough to get past these walls
i stand against and hold my breath hoping that they'll fall
they keep building and the harder i fight
the more they build the higher i climb

everything i ever wanted is on the other side
and i'm hoping i can sing my way over tonight

the heavens and the stars remind
me of how close we are and i
now know how big these mountains are
open sky; breathe this air; open your eyes, we're almost there
i know now how it feels to fly

everybody looks at you for answers
when you don't even know if you've got it right
you didn't even know what you wanted
until tonight until tonight

when you're almost to the top and you fall back down
get back up and feel the sound
the rushing wind of a battle
you've got it now

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Sun Forgot To Rise

Ever gaping clouds dance on the morrow,
and cover the Sun with a blanket of sorrow:
For I do not wish to see the sun go down
beneath the cloud's glass shot pearl hue.

Today, there were no sunset, in all dismay.
No setting sun, it passed me by in quick of day.
Encompassed with a great deal of disenchantment,
My wishes were heavily tried, nearly worn

The sun, it builds me up in rise of dawn;
and so torn was I to see its whole part
forget to rise and greet me, being overta'en
by the clouds of grief and sorrow.

Overjoyed was I when the moon took its place for night

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Tragedy Of A Star (Our Little Boat Still Drifts Ashore)

sail on with life under your ship:
tasty Telling blue water;
as the wind shifts the waves
from north to west, its daughter

space surrounds us as we are,
and unnumbered pigments of white
and blue hued fires are busy lighting
up the sky

the earth only has but one moon
but the lights are as though one thousand
and our little boat drifts with current

there is no need for a sail or an oar
the tide pulls us to land ashore

the night water is like this mystical being
it's vagueness is repented by its mass
the completeness of the wind's great roar

and our little boat still drifts ashore

tonight the moon is far too large
to miss with eyesight the depth charge of beauty

and one star in the distance,
behind the large, white, towering moon
explodes beneath a cloud of smoke

a tragic circumstance,
the stars around it freeze

the cool, lucid, telling water
opens up its wide mouth
and roars with teeth like giants

until the aftershock slows
and the soft wind blows
while the crew lights candles
in the still, dark world

where the tasty telling fresh water
tickles the under side
of our little boat that still drifts ashore

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Way The Moon Sits Upon The Brim Of A Yet Invisible Star

the way the moon sits upon the brim of a yet invisible star
and it's cup spills over onto the solid ocean
is like it's setting a path for me to follow or for someone to follow
into the distance

it makes me believe that the books i read
and the tales i hear, and the things i've seen are all true
because i could sit upon that path and travel into the...
or venture into the unknown, rather

for who knows what is beyond that black line?
and i only know i want to find out.

Annie Cordelia Adams

The Whole Dang Meaning Of Love

you should be my man and i should be your girl
'cause your the whole dang meaning of love in my world

you should be my love and i should be yours too
'cause i've been at your window all night waiting for you

you should be my Ed and i should be your Bella
and together we could stand under your umbrella

when we're together i'm noticing you
and when we're together i feel your skin
we'll be forever inside this view
and we'll be forever, forever

when i feel all broken you come in with a heart
you should be my doctor when i feel like falling apart

i need you like oxygen so please don't shut me out
we make the sun shine brighter even in the clouds

you should be my Jack so i could be your Rose
so when i'm falling off a ship you'd carry me back home

i want to be your clothes so i'm always all over you
and we should do that thing, whatever it is that lovers do

and i could be your lover and i could be your friend
and we could sit here happily, drinking tea all day

i could be the sunshine on your horrid day
just ask me, and i'll be there, loving you always...

Annie Cordelia Adams

There Won'T Be An America

Children, I yearn forgiveness
for my supposition
i thought no harm in neglect
or abused position

Children, there won't be a home
there won't be an america to escape to
i thought no harm in sleeping in the rain
or letting old dogs die so the new would bite

children
there won't be an america to escape to
in all the world, they want for peace
america was the homestead

children
there won't be an america to escape to
there will only be one world to escape from
one america to run from
one big godless form

children

Annie Cordelia Adams

This Is What The World Looks Like, I Think

this is what the world looks like, i think
in the shadow of the clouds
every time i step out side the door and blink
it's got this magic that keeps lifting
lifting me and i won't go back down

this is what the world looks like, i think
i can close my tired eyes under the sun
and on the back of my eyelids as i blink
i can see the magic making everything brighter
it's so bright now the clouds are gone

and when you find me you'll find me in the clouds
i'll make my home just above south
i mean it, everything i say
i mean it, you'll find me there someday

this is what my world looks like, i think
i don't need cars when i can fly
you know you want it, don't think
you want to escape the old world
get into the new, begin touching the sky

Annie Cordelia Adams

Two Letters Difference

im beginning to understand

...everything

so, don't push it. i'm tired
i won't push it. you're tired
or maybe you're not.
you're just still unsure of yourself
unsure of who you are
what you are. and maybe
i'm too stupid to see
that i belong to you.

but it drives the living hell out of me
when you act like you're too immature
to handle any of the things i want
to share with you. death. life. love.
hate. passion. fear. anger.
and you see them all through a glass
a looking glass with dimmer view
a window with the curtains pulled.

i see that house is built with hands
to satisfy the soul of man. the width
of human fire. the subtlety of human passion.
the desire to fulfill the dreams of man.
that house is built with human hands.

you see that house is built with hands
to quench the thought of building a house.
for the practical purpose of living there.
to extend from the parent an unfulfilled promise.
that house is built with human hands.

that there is something
greater than this world?
that the very blood of Jesus
is the reason for my being?

you can't see what i see
so i cannot see how we can be
forever in this state of being
where i see the stars as eyes of God
and you see as hydrogen gas.
i see the sun as an angel of light
and you see as the absence of night
i see grass as a rug to soften the ground
you see as food for a cow

nothing...
nothing is wrong with the way
you see what you see. it's just
that i now can't see how you can't
see what i see now. for, i see
through my heart. and you see
through your head. and how close
we were to being one for eternity,
for there are but two letters difference

Annie Cordelia Adams

Two Poems I've Yet To Write

There are two poems I've yet to write
Two thoughts I've yet to capture
Two leafs of paper I've yet to use,
to write on, to speak to, to have yield

The thoughts yield to my mind;
my hand to the thoughts, pen to hand;
The pen ever so gracefully glides,
the words so gently move, ne'er collide

But there are two poems I've yet to write
Wherefore I cannot capture them, I do not know
I try and try, yet whither they go,
they escape the light

If once perhaps I caught them,
and put them into words,
I should pet them calmly
let them know I dare not lose them
(For they go where they might)

and if my mind had sent them to my hand
my hand would ever yield,
for my hand is the hand of a willful doer
ever taking field

and if my hand could mold the pen
and the pen mold the words,
I should hope that my mind had not forgot
to put them into verse!

However my mind had forgotten
to mold them into verse,
to sing them carefully to my heart
so as to better coerce the words

I would have rather have blurted
all the words out
than to have ever thought to rehearse

which might not have been worse

After all of this, hoping to recoup,
I've still two poems to write,
to handle my pen, to yield to my heart.
When, ever so stately, has a person's poem fallen apart?

Annie Cordelia Adams

Undead

i want the end
but it just keeps going
i'll live forever
as a curse, for knowing

and i wish i had never spoken
for it was better to be asleep
than to be alive and be woken
to the sound of my misery

i keep looking for my soul
but i guess i threw it away

i beg for tears, but none,
i live for death, but none,
i slave for purpose, but none,
i wish for change, but none,
i plead to stay, but none,

and this...is what it is like
to be undead

i keep looking for my soul
but i guess i threw it away

Annie Cordelia Adams

Unread Books

sometimes the sky turns grey because of the words i've misplaced
sometimes eagles dive to their death because of the books gone unread
and some things are unopened and untouched
yet they were meant for so much

like an unread book, i hope i do not crack
these unread books live in misery as they lie
unspoken, shut up in time, for some of them die
for, twenty or ten hundred years does not bring them back

so there they lie, these unread books
unspoken words, or spoken and lost
they are unopened and untouched
yet they were meant for so much

Annie Cordelia Adams

We Don'T Understand This,

because i don't trust you.
because you don't trust me.
because the lies make perfect sense.
because the songs i write don't fit.
because the start of this was rigged.
because the end of us was fixed.
because the words that left my lips.
because i stole a pumpkin from the field.
because i was thrown into my fate, sealed.
because you have me. because i'm ill.
because i'm only 20 and i've eaten my last meal.

Annie Cordelia Adams

We Stand Facing At Two Ends Of A Field

We Stand unlike acquaintances
Across the field, in mere view
The grey, overcast world is new
I sit at my desk, writing you

I peer out the frosted white window
And see the rain afar, across the field
Behind the tree you lean concealed
My heart is at a height i cannot know

I leave my body for a different view
to see the ground underneath
my feet won't touch the ground
my ears don't hear a sound

the rain stops, the wind stops
the frosted window opens
and there i float above the clouds
into the open air, in the light of the sun

i am lifted to, and my hands reach out
the sun is so bright i cannot shout
and it warms my very spirit
like an eagle from its eyrie i dive about

Hero! save my proud existence from its fall
If i could even speak at all
I'd ask you to break this wall
as we stand facing at two ends of a field

my heart is twisting, wreathed with joy
never thoughts of moving
for i only want to look at you
from the other side of that wall

i stand in the mud six inches deep
and a rainbow through the mist is formed
all is a tranquil freeze at noon
as the sun whispers, silently unrevealed

i've still not moved for two days hence
our world a narration plot of wonder
yet ended by the twenty and four miles
that lay between us tomorrow and forever

i stand in the mud six inches deep
and what events should ever take place
i'll hold them in my heart like a broken glass
a menagerie of collected memories of your love

Annie Cordelia Adams

When I'M Older

when i'm older i'll die.
will i feel alright
will i feel alright
will i die on the line?
will i live when im fine?
will i feel alright
will i feel alright
am i fine, am i fine?

to the tie-dye soul with the long brown hair
i miss your aura, the things that don't matter
you made me not care

and i'm glad i was able to walk that road
though how short a time i was there
i'm still tempted to go

i've got no rhythm and i've got no soul
i'm just here, doing what i'm told
haven't you ever done what you're told
sitting here playing my guitar on the floor

scared as i was i remembered to remember
all the things i'll always love about you
and everything i wanted to do
everything i can't do

i love the ocean but i hate the shore
i love the ocean.
but i hate.
the shore.

it's so forlorn and lost
though it stands in place
like the moon orbits the earth
but can never hide it's face

i've got no rhythm and i've got no soul
i'm just here doing what i'm told

doing what i'm told

when i'm older

i'll fall onto my bed and cry

because i now realize

i've made the same mistake again

i've found my joy and burden in sin

i've done it again

you.

you won't let me fly

my hair in a knot

now my stomach in knots

now my paper is full of blots

and i'm hot

and i'm dripping wet with sex

though i'm naked in your arms

i belong to the sea and its waves of yet

today i loved like i am dying

though i never die again

i am so weak on the inside

i'm glad it's covered by my sin

Annie Cordelia Adams