

Poetry Series

Ariana Cherry
- poems -

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Ariana Cherry(6/28/1981)

Ariana Cherry has been writing poetry since she was a young child. She has published a few collections which can be purchased on Amazon.

Types of poetry she writes includes inspirational, humorous and as late, horror. Ariana is president of her own poetry club and reads to residents in nursing homes and assisted living centers. She has also read to school students.

Not only does she write poetry, but Ariana is also employed as a news reporter for a local newspaper in her area, The Sullivan News Progress and is a data technician at an outreach agency.

In her free time, she likes to create her own jewelry, draw, read, go on walks and spend time with her family and furry friends.

Find out more about Ariana at .

A Child's Lost Treasure

Shiny gold penny
Nineteen-thirty-one, year grandma was born
My life of memories in this one cent,
But my penny is priceless

That walk in the rain with the clouds hanging down
Grandma at my side
Everything useless compared to my special treasure
I found it with my grandma the day before she passed away
At the thought of that, a tear slides down my cheek
Like the rain walk me and grandma took

How I miss, How I wish this penny could bring her back
But I remember the sweet sincere memories of her
When I look down in my hand
She held the penny before she died

I said it would make her feel better, she had no pain
But it is mine, who sits crying in the rain
This penny is priceless,
It is this that reborns my grandma all over again
Like the rain on my cheek on a cloudy day

Ariana Cherry

An Animal For The Day

If I could be an animal for the day,
And sweep away the stress of the busy human way,

I might decide to be a graceful horse.
The beauty of the horse,
So grand with soft colorful coats of coarse hair.
And the way they gallop through the fields of land and flowers,
Without a care in the world.
A horse for the day, would be like a young innocent child,
Running carefree in the warm sunshine,
The brightness surrounding and sparkling on that precious coat of fine beauty.

Or perhaps I may decide to be a wild lazy alley cat.
And lounge in the tall hidden green grass,
Chase animals for a big mysterious adventure,
Or cuddle in a loving person's lap
Without a worry in sight.
Falling asleep in the cool evening night.

And then I could fly high up above in the deep blue skies.
Soaring beyond the clouds feeling free and nothing but the
Wind in my wings.
I wouldn't have to worry about keeping my feet on the ground,
Or where I was going.
I could fly beyond my destination, wherever the wind would take me...
There wouldn't be a certain time, or place.
It would just be a flight, going to wherever and whenever I may please.

There's something mysterious, yet something precious about these animals.
They don't experience that stress of the daily human.
Most just graze, play, run, and fly-
Why sometimes a human should take this wise advice to their own minds.

Take a moment to graze,
Or run about in a field nearby-
Feel the sunshine against your face.
And pretend, that just for a minute,
You might be one of these animals,
Just for a day.

Ariana Cherry

Cardboard Box

When I was young, I lived in a box
It was like any other home...
there were rules to follow
and we all ate at the table during dinner.

Yet, my space and area were limited,
as I was only able to peek from my selected area at limited intervals.

Occasionally, sunlight would filter in,
splashing my face with warmth,
and touching my heart with a hope to escape.

Any moment, I would try to sneak through the cracks, an arm would grab me,
and pull me back in the box.

My emotions and wisdom were almost taking up too much room -
As I was growing too large to fit into this box,
It was almost time to find another one.

No matter how hard I tried to escape,
the cracks that were once visible, began getting taped back together.
Soon after, sunlight had stopped filtering in.
It was time for a new box.

I became angry..
Filled with rage.
No longer was I allowed space.
I could suffocate any moment.

I tore off the tape, and let in the sunlight.
Then I ripped down the box on all the sides,
Shredding the box until it was no more.
My heart had warned.

It was time for a new box.

I escaped in fury, perhaps madness.
But now, my heart and mind had plenty of room to grow in this world.

Later on, I replaced the box.
This one had windows on all sides,
A window for every time one wanted to look out into the world.

One should be able to look into the future, without living in darkness.

Ariana Cherry

Dreams And Jesus

Into the midst, lies a flame of untold glories....
Just breathe...
Just breathe, and the night will go away.

Into the fog, I hold out my hands.
'Come and touch me, Ive been waiting...
See me, for there is a drought throughout the lands.'

Just breathe, and he will hold me,
'Just breathe my child, and your faith will awaken.'

I am afraid
I am forsaken,
A man tells me the story of a drought in the land...

Who will bring me water?
Who will bring me hope?

'Just breathe, and your questions will be answered.'

And the man opens my closed eyes.
'My child, here is your land...'

My heart is restless.
My mind aches of confusion.
Who will bring me faith?
Who has brought on this resurrection?
Who will provide me water to my lands?

Again, I close my eyes,
and a strange man holds ot his hand.
'Just breathe and I will hold you.
Let your steps become mine and I will carry you.

For thou name is Jesus, and it is I who has brought on this resurrection.
I will bring you your water.'

Ariana Cherry

Dreams Of The Night

When I lay myself to sleep at night,
Sometimes the questioning things that I see
through the depths of my mind
May seem just not quite right.

The faraway lands and places that I might roam,
Or the people and strangers that I may meet,
Sometimes some of these things can scare me
To the very tips of my feet.

I sleep within the dark,
Hidden under warm cozy covers,
But see cold and cruel worlds that I might have never known
Or experience fears, that seem so real,
Waking me with a shudder, early in the morning hours...
Too scared to talk, and perhaps share with someone else much later.

Then there are those times,
I get to visit with someone whom I used to love.
My heart filling with warmth, but still experiencing that distant heartache,
Yearning to feel their presence once again.

Or I might dream an image of something beautiful from nature,
Or clips from my life, and receive an inspiration,
Or maybe even get to talk with God.
He will let me know that everything will be okay.
Those dreams throughout the night,
Are beyond more than the mind's imagination.

Perhaps they are signs from another place,
Or another time.
Whatever they are, they really do serve me
My inspiration.

There are fears, hopes, happiness,
But overall, they are my dreams of the night.
Although I may awake with a shudder or a tear.
God will be right there, throughout the evening...
Helping me through this change of atmosphere.

Perhaps it's just a sign
Letting me know that this very life,
Just isn't all mine.

Ariana Cherry

Finding Home

She awoke just a few moments after sunrise.
Feeling the wetness of morning dew sticking to her face
After a long sleep upon the cold grassy ground.

Gathering her strength to awaken tired eyes,
She stretches in a state of confusion.
At once, she questions herself how she ever had ended up here
In the first place.

Laying upon this cold damp grass,
She finds herself in a yard she once called home.
Yet with no memory or recollection of how she traveled here.

Perhaps it was her deep conscious that lead her to this drunken state.
Sometimes her heart knew how much home was missed before she too
Could realize it herself.

Feeling around her surroundings, her heart felt an unwelcoming ache.

A place she played while she was young...
Yet a place, deserted years ago.

Looking to the sun, tears stung her virgin eyes.
"Please bring me home, " she whispers

So many years after a wrong turn,
Her growing journey had stopped to a halt.
... An aching heart that had begun to lead the way."

"Please bring me home.." again she whispered.
With a ray of glorious light, the loving arms of a golden angel
Wrapped herself around the poor young girl's fragile body,
And carried her to a cozy brick home with a antique red door,
a heart engraved with the word "home" hung upon it.

An elderly couple answered and immediate embraced this young tearful woman.
The Lord, had helped her finally find her way home
after such a troublesome journey.

"I love you mom and dad, " she whispered.

Ariana Cherry

Life Carries On

Time is unlimited.
I don't know how long I'll keep breathing.
Or how long my heart will continue beating.
But I know that my soul will carry on.
My love is like the waters of the ocean.
It flows on forever..

With each wave, my hope
Transcends into peace and tranquility.
A hope that is innocent and pure like
The blue waters that flow within.

Inside, I carry a life.
A life with a journey of twists and turns.
And one full of trial and error with resolutions learned.
A gift that God bestowed upon me,
So that we may learn what it feels to be alive.

Every single day, I awake with a prayer,
Hopeful to be alive for another time.
I breathe in the breath of life,
Awaiting for today's new trial.

I lie here in a moment.
Treasuring this time.
How long it will last is unknown.
I am just one among many,
But we all have our own destiny.
Today I am here,
Standing forever in another
Time still,
Glimmering like the shining stars above,
As I was built to carry on
Through the Lord's love.

Ariana Cherry 2014

Ariana Cherry

Madness

My lips are sealed stale dry,
Eyes are dazed thousands of times over,
That I've forgotten what it's like to cry.

Oh, dear soul, I peer unto you,
My lovely dear soul,
You inquire to thee
And ravish your hatred upon me.

Those thoughts you pour through my head,
The ones, you left me for dead..
Without comprehensible words,
I spend days uncovering the darkened depths of my mind.

Oh the things I've seen!
Such poison!
Dreary hairy sunken eyed rats!
Devilish two-headed monstrous bats!
Blood sucking demons ripping my forgotten soul....

They grow by the second..
Feeding on my unsettled brain.
Darkness I embrace it,
Every kind,
Tearing my heart apart.

Oh dear soul,
Thy darkness has made me weary.
I sit with these darkened aged tortures,
Left only to stare at a blank tattered wall.
Sometimes, I forget, and can't remember who I am at all.

And so, within this putrid chamber of horrific Hell,
Tis' I sit, with nothing to tell,
Only glistening into flaming darkened pits,
While I gnaw my fingernails down to the bits.
They break and bleed rivers of blood,
Dripping and leaving stains on the old gnarled rug.

Oh, for within my soul,
My heart pierces thy chest.
The pain, so intense,
I shrill in pure orgasmic ecstasy.
Feeling the hurt is what I endure
The best.

In complete madness, laughter echoes out.
My fingers pull on the sagging skin around my bleak lifeless eyes,
As they gouge my blood-shot eyeballs all about.

I sit, writhing with incomprehensible explanation.
I pull out my thinning hair...
Telling myself,
I'm in Hell!
What do I care?

Oh dear soul,
Such a cruel trite life!
I manager to banter inside,

"Let it be, oh let it be! "

Oh, tis' I am lost.
Trapped inside a death chamber
Without a clear thought to remember.
The beauty...and the wanderlust.

Inside, I laugh and cringe at my surrendered stupidity.
The Devil has gone and captured me!

Oh pity!
Oh poor!
Such dear soul.
Thy heart is shattered.
Tis' there is no light anymore!

Close the door!

Just go!
Carry on!
And let it be....

- Ariana Cherry 2014

Ariana Cherry

Mask

She sees her face in the mirror.
A face unknown to herself,
But lights up the rest of the world.
She tries to remember the last time,
That she really saw herself for who she was.

Once a believer,
Now a follower.
Once a lover,
Now a giver.
Once demanding,
Now twice shy.

Who was she?
Who was she?

The question goes unanswered every day.
It doesn't matter.
All that mattered was that she lived
Her life to the fullest.
That's all that mattered.

Never once did anybody love her for
Who she was.

Ariana Cherry

Mindless Puddles

'Stopping in midthought to take a break. Those sweet temptations...
Spectacular.'

That bitter-sweet tempting taste of a reality not so real.
A craving that strikes when the miraculous impurities of boredom hit you over
the head.

When our imaginations interrupt our life
And
Suddenly we find it parading itself in front of us, when we look upon ourselves in
the mirror.

'Ah...that bitter-sweet taste...'
....tempting, but not quite real
Real?
Real what?

Stopping in mid-thought, catching a breath,
As our life is put on pause

While everyone else continues, making it so
Much harder to catch up.....
Yet, bitter-sweet temptation...
'Spectacular'!

Running, running...sweat dripping down our face into mindless puddles
On the ground.
Why we keep running, is the question
That is being asked.

'Just take a break'
Just take a break'

Those sweet impurities, my friend,
That bitter-sweet taste.

Running from a reality that is quite so,
So.....not real.

Imagining in the mirror as our face brings us delusion
When our complexion is staring back at us.

'Just take a break'
From that bitter-sweet taste
Of reality, that lies untold
Into that mindless puddle
On the ground.

Ariana Cherry

Nighttime Blues

Tonight, Lord, I say a prayer to you.
Before I lay my head down to sleep.
While I try to promise to myself,
That I dare not weep.

I pray to you,
That you give me the strength to battle the challenges in my life.
As you know, Lord, the pain-
It cuts through my heart like a knife.

I pray for all of those who are in pain.
Please let them know, Lord,
That soon enough, they will not hurt again.

My Lord, please come sit near.
Embrace me with your loving warmth.
As it will help dry every shedding tear.

Lord, I can feel your touch.
As I raise my love to you.
My faith in you, and your faith in me-
It means so much.

I need you here with me tonight.
I know there have been other easier nighttime dreams,
But Lord, this time, these tears are so just so hard to fight.

I give my heart to you,
And you take my pain-
Breaking it in two.

You give me the strength, the power, and the courage to see it through.
Lord, its so amazing, all these things that you do.
Even if its just the simple things,
Like taking away, my nighttime blues.

Ariana Cherry

Saying Goodbye After A Sweet Sunset

Down by the sandy and secluded beach, I witness an alive and glowing sunset.

Shielding my burning eyes from its blinding rays, I lean down on bended knee,

as it begins to sing me her departing song to my restless and aching heart.

Her song flows through my veins, warming the cool blood in my shivering body.

The musical songs of her departure echo throughout the tired lands of the world.

As she begins to pull the tears from my once dry eyes,

My sunset bellows out her pain-staking grief.

I embrace each minute of her fading glimmers of shine.

For I kindly remind her of the next beginning day once the first promising star is born.

Only now can a streak of sun be barely viewed across the once blue sky line...

Her graceful landing and fall into her soft bed of clouds has painted a fiery color across the earth,

creating an energy full of hope.

And now...

My tears no longer fall, and

My blood no longer runs cold.

The sunset's grief has emptied herself through my soul.

For her night has come to a peaceful rest,

As I begin to move on,

dancing throughout the new night.

Ariana Cherry

Spirit And Flesh

Inside a deep sleep was she.
Bound within a deafening silence,
only to be awakened to the horror
that now was bestowed upon her.

Between light and dark,
she was unable to ascend,
as now she found herself strapped down on
a heavy metal table,
where the torture would never end.

To her, this mystery was unknown,
of how the light's path had darkened,
On a path to what she had thought was ascension,
now was, agony, which would break her every bone.

A heart, now cold as ice, awakened with a tense fear,
as a presence of overwhelming evil drew near.
Somewhere overhead, lights began to flicker
in the cool dark torture chamber.

The metal was cold against her pale dry skin,
Her ability to feel had been forgotten,
The reminder now made her shake to her very core.
T'was never a time, she felt so dead,
as she slowly awakened back to life.

As she lay, on the dreaded torture bed,
a bright lamp began to beam above her,
with scorching heat penetrating her sunken skull.
Perhaps, it would have been better,
being left to die...

Her path of ascension had taken her
down to this penitentiary of hell.

Strapped to the table, as the unbearable heat
blazed her eye sockets, she frantically,
searched for the source of evil.

A presence was a mist inside this room,
as a foul putrid odor, began to make her feel ill.

Out of the corner in her vision,
of a half-moon melted eye,
There was a dark hairy horned figure
walking angrily about,
Twirling his rat-like tail around.

Catching her curious stare,
he came forward with an evil grin,
a stale scent, pouring from decayed teeth,
forcing the remainder of her damaged eyes,
to cry.

Hot sweltering tears stained her face,
trying to figure out, this hellacious ravenous race.
A kidnapper of doom,
who planned to take both her spirit and grace.

Devilish laughter filled himself with delight,
as he knew himself to be quite wise.

Stepping closer to the deathly pale young girl
who lay on the table tied with leather straps,
He pulled them even harder, making them uncomfortably tight.

"Another one for the pits, another one for the flames!
Again and again, for all the power, it's time for more games! "
A small dance he did, singing his heart out.

He pranced to a table, grabbing a metallic device...

"Let the pity games begin! " the devilish ghoul yelled out!

Now she lay on the metal table, with a fear so strong,
she couldn't quite comprehend, what the hell
she ever did that was so wrong...

Why in the world was she here?

Before she could think anymore,

the lights went out,
and a loud boom rang out from the floor.

More flickering began about,
as a noisy rustic old machine rose up,
filling her with an impending horrific doubt.

The noise deafened her to no end,
With shrilling squeals,
and perhaps even the sound of metal bend.

Light appeared once more,
But t'was not heaven knocking on her door.
It was a machine of nails and pins,
ready to prod and poke her,
Torturing her to no end.

Closer, the machine began to draw near,
The sound of pins and nails hammering in her ear.

With nowhere to escape,
nowhere to run,
It would be an eternity of pain,
this journey would never be done.

Shrieking, kicking, screaming in agonizing pain
The nails lowered, digging deep into her skin,
leaving deep, blood-dripping welts, over and over again.

In and out, they pulled out of her skin,
punching holes, cracking and breaking her bones,
Stealing any fighting chance of a win.

The dull nails and sharp pins, continued pounding,
before long, she gave in,
no longer, her heart even rousing.

But something deep down inside,
began to crawl,
Even though, physically, her fight was done.
the nails began to dig more,
Prodding at her soul.

A second death, was knocking at her door.
Inside, her spirit screamed out,

A soul trapped inside the torture chamber,
It scratched at the inside of her chest, ripping out her heart,
pulling every vein, every ventricle apart.
Her spirit climbed with anger inside,
writhing in a soul-tearing pain.

"Hahahhaaha You're all mine!" the devilish ghoul exclaimed...

"Spirit and flesh, spirit and flesh,
You feel so good, when I turn you all into mesh,
Take you in, pour you out,
All into my flaming soup!"

His ranting songs echoed throughout her spirit.
With a superior Godly strength,
Her chest tore open, releasing the putrid evil
that had began to fill the soon-to-be corpse.

Bones cracked and skin hung off like loose fabric,
as her spirit lashed out from the evil within.

"How dare thee flee from my fiery soup!" demanded the ghoul.
Surprised and taken aback, for once,
he know not what to do.
For before, each soul had been his.

"Feisty, feisty are you!
I shall take your spirit with me to the tomb!" he said.

The young deathly pale girl was no more,
as she now, finally ascended,
her spirit of an en-lighted strength had rose up.

She refused to become a resident of this ghoul's tomb!

Thunder crashed and lightning struck,
as flamed enveloped the treacherous chamber.
Reaching high above the air,

was a pointy deathly spear.

Her strengthened spirit, had dealt with more than enough...

"You dirty devil's son,
I'm sorry, but your little fiery soup is done!
Sticks and stones shall break my bones,
but your torture chamber will never hurt me! "

The devilish ghoul roared angrily,
as the spear struck him through his horned skull,
releasing every trapped dark spirit, demon and monster,
before being forced into a black hole,
down on the cold concrete floor...
The torture chamber, burning into nothing more

Inside a deep sleep was she.
Between light and dark,
somewhere she had ascended...
only to be awakened to the grace
that now was bestowed upon her.

-Ariana R. Cherry 2014

Ariana Cherry

The Lord Won'T Let Me Sleep

I'm so tired...

I could use a cup of coffee to get me wired-
With lots of caffeine and perhaps a bite of chocolate or two-
You know what I mean...

It's just that I've been up all night writing,
But when I glanced down at my paper,
There wasn't a darn thing!

It's been stored up in my mind
There, talking to me every time.

"OH Lord! ' I cry out
'Help me, I'm in a bind! '

I close my eyes and listen as he responds...
'My child, go rest your weary little head.
Skip that coffee and go straight to bed.
And then after your sweet peaceful sleep,
Go get your tablet, and write, write.... write away.....

And I promise dear one,
This time, I won't make a peep.'

Finally this poor little writer drifted off to a deep, deep sleep.

Ariana Cherry

Through The Trees

Through the trees,
There's a world beyond you and me...
Up above through the clouds and past the sun,
And home beyond the farthest galaxies.

A world of hope, forgiveness, and love.
An everlasting supply of warmth provided by our Lord & savior who reigns up
above.

Where you'll never shed a tear of sadness-
Up there, there's just a well overflowing with gladness.

Through the trees,
There's a world beyond you and me.
Heaven
A place that our Lord will some day call us home to be.

Ariana Cherry

Visitor Of The Night

Within hours after midnight,
a storm arose from the cloudy skies.
She sat up in her chair,
awakened, unable to sleep
to the howling winds
that called out in her dreams.

Curled up with a notebook in her lap,
she journaled the events of her day,
hoping to give her some peace
to nod off and sleep.

Only sleep seemed to be on pause tonight,
as the winds outside continued
to blow harder with force.
Lightning flickered the sky
and she held her blanket tighter
wondering what was to come next.

As the howling came at a hiss,
thunder crashed and
the power flickered.
Within seconds,
she found herself alone
in the darkness,
gripping her pen and notebook.

The wind outside seemed to mutter in code,
as the trees danced in sync.
Lights flickered on and off
in a light rhythm
as if speaking in its own language.

“Hello?” she called out to the darkness...
The wind blew, dancing its fingers through the
chimes outside.

Within her heart, she felt that same familiar tug,
a chill crawling through her back...

"Why do you come to me? "
another question, blurted out
into the night.

Her heart, responded, beating in quick small rhythms
as the wind pounded at her door,
She stood up,
with force and stated,

"I'm not afraid of you!

and with beating heart, she recited the verse
that she knew best...

"The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want...
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death; I will fear no evil..."

The wind pounded harder with force
as the words struck each chord
and then the loudest thunder
clapped within the universe.

The howling subsided,
and a light began to
burn throughout the night.

-Ariana R. Cherry 2014

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