

Poetry Series

Brya Main
- poems -

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Brya Main(01/25/1982)

Alone

I feel this emptiness settle within. I yearn to feel your textured skin.

To be within that warm embrace. To feel you gently touch my face.

Your breath upon my soft cold skin. Your soul to gaze upon within.

I need your heart to beat with mine. To be alone i start to pine.

Bring your warmth once more on me. Your presence alone shall set me free.

Brya Main

America

Our country whole her breast doeth shine,
Monarchical to most.
Entitlement is yours and mine,
Nevertheless accompanied with cost.

The impoverished remain to stay the same,
And wealthy grow ever more.
Us rational dost befit insane,
And the deranged become our core.

She glistens for the globe to see,
And holds herself so proud.
A nations heart from sea to sea,
With a people as her vowed.

Democrats are locked away,
And silenced ever more.
Her Republicans dost we obey,
While shut behind locked doors.

Equal rights for everyone,
Unless you're not the same.
Giving false dreams to reach for the sun,
And go back the way they came!

Brya Main

Cheated

This monetary tear weighs me so, a love conceived now let go.

Abundantly your heart untrue, left a veil upon me blue.

Forgiveness now is out of sight, remains now mine are of vast plight.

A truth for fools is your love for me, False promises vowed thus easily.

Sorrow blankets my entirety, Betrayal imbues you thoroughly.

Brya Main

Cloud Of Dreams

As I drift away upon my cloud. As I abandon a world that's much too loud.

My eyes weighed down by exhausted light. Darkness invades my soft invite.

All notions gone my mind left blank. Agendas elude me, plans are sank.

Future has no matter here. Only peaceful thoughts of present dear.

Vast realms of fantasy flutters about. Warmth and comfort flood the drought.

Time is endless & belongs to me. This is my realm where I can be free.

A splash of color makes sounds of delight. The taste of sweet wind is only just right!

Aromas so tender, so soft to the feel. Possibilities here are endless & real.

Brya Main

Darkness Comfort

This night has enfolded my weary soul.
To comfort my mind, my body, my whole.

The softness i find in a dark embrace.
My heartbeat slowing to a calming pace.

The warmth of pitch against my skin.
A soothing numb sets within.

I close my eyes to drift away.
The dark brings fantasies that dance till day.

I bask in shadows that cradle my sense.
Time stood still in my own existence.

This is my intimate companion still.
This dark, this pitch, this shadow, this still!

Brya Main

Empty Sadness (Pt.1)

This is my routine confession,
Further evolved is my depression.
Surrounding walls seem to shrink,
This fragile mind strains to think.
The soul within; deafening screams,
Held inside by weakened seams.
A fight brews deep, down to the core,
These eyes of mine grow constant sore.
Cheeks of crimson from fiery tears,
Racing thoughts of toil and fears.
Muscles ache through & through,
Everyday; a pain that's new.
Happiness; a distant dream,
Emptiness; the remaining steam.
Darkness folds around this heart,
There is no longer a comforted part.
Each day that rises seems ever cold,
Every night that sets brings time to hold.
Clutched within its cold tight fist,
Eternity holds me in its mist.
Can not breathe the heavy air,
Coldness biting everywhere.
Can't escape chaotic madness,
This is still my Empty Sadness.*

Brya Main

Heart Of Despair

This darkness now has settled within,
Evil melancholy settles in sin.

My soul is screaming in painful pitch,
I've fallen apart at every stitch.

Composure has been long since lost,
I've ceased caring at any and all cost.

I know the world can hear my soul,
Dying within my empty whole.

My body is now an empty shell,
All my dreams and aspirations fell.

This heart within begs in remorse,
Violently beating it's chest with such force.

Brya Main

Infidelity

Sweetest sin invades my essence,
Giving dreams of forbidden thoughts.
These fantasies are luminescence,
Though all of this has led to naught.

Memories become my cage,
Guilty are my new desires.
Passions melting into rage,
Cherished is that once time fire.

I still taste you on my lips,
And feel you dancing on my skin.
I feel your hands upon my hips,
I glimpse your' presence deep within.

I close my eyes, try to forget,
But only to have impure reflection.
Forgetting you my mind won't let,
You are a bittersweet perfection.

My heart restrained by inhibition,
I have to go and leave this dream.
Time to abandon this disposition,
Another day our lust may teem.

Brya Main

Lilly

Here in the ground a flower am I. When winter comes I shall die.

Along side a brook that babbles all day. My friends the Bee's that slave away.

The soil is warm here where I lie. The sun is my love, my freedom, my sky.

I sing with the birds with notes of hue. I dance in the wind with petals of dew.

My leaves reaching out towards my love-my sun. For he is my heart & he is the one.

He watches my dance of hypnotic sway. He see's my song, he sees me pray.

He keeps me warm & gives me pride. I always feel him deep inside.

He watches me grow till I wilt among cold. He's watched me from birth until I've grown old.

His brother frost now takes me away. He ices my leaves & shortens my day.

Winter clouds to hide him from me. Though our love will live on in this one small seed.

Brya Main

Longing

I long for you when I'm asleep,
I long enough to make me weep.

I long to hear your voice divine,
Remembering when you were once mine.

I long to see your' face so sweet,
This feeling inside will be my feat.

A part of me is dead inside,
It's the part I bury, I keep & hide!

Your existence on earth is most pristine,
Fragile and precious like velvety sheen.

I want to feel your' gentle touch,
And grasp you in my ever clutch.

I'm haunted by your' soft spoken voice,
You will forever be my only choice.

Brya Main

Our Passion

My love for you burns deep inside,
Crashed upon me, as ocean tide.

Swelled and bright, our passion teems,
Pulling at the brittle seams.

By candle light, our desires whet,
Gleaming on our bosoms sweat.

Passions form upon our lips,
Violently, we lunge our hips.

The chambers filled with sensual must,
Voluptuous bodies emerge in thrust.

Entangled limbs become as one,
Inside as fluid, enticement runs.

Desires melt our inhibitions,
Giving way to sweet temptations.

You breathe your words upon my skin,
Titillation quivers within.

Erotic notions pervade our souls,
Our appetite becomes a whole.

The time has come, we yearn no more,
Your presence has penetrated my very core.

You before me, is all I know,
Your' skin, your' lips, your' energy's flow.

A strand of hair falls to your' brow,
My only thought's of here and now.

Your' pleasure runs me in and through,
To never cease, a dream-come true.

Engaged in dulcet, delight percussion,
We coincide in sweet eruption.

Brya Main

The Beginning Of All Things.

All things start unto existence.
Sloppy messy edgy & tense.

A spark of light to birth a fire.
A single note begins a choir.

A gasp of air to start us breathing.
A single tear to start us heaving.

A step to start us in a walk.
A syllable to hear us talk.

I start this novel with a single page.
To express my love, my passion, my rage.

Brya Main

The Wait

Here I sit, await, and ponder,
Growing restless with anticipation.
Mindless drifts my visions wonder,
Distant thoughts, my occupation.

For what I wait is yet unknown,
A certainty will fall on me.
Conjecture is all but shown.
These lives extinguished falls suddenly.

First a man, whose eyes grew chill,
Then a girl falls instantly.
A nearby scream cuts the still,
Souls of plenty are set free.

A village unknown to the entire world,
Secretly nestled away.
Disease stricken, commotion swirled,
Quickens with decay.

My outsider eyes glazed with my tears,
For those who are foreign and strange.
I watch as happiness turns into fears,
My only prayer now is for change!

Brya Main