

Poetry Series

C Marie Johnston
- poems -

Publication Date:

2007

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

C Marie Johnston()

I Find

I don't dream anymore
not while sleeping, nor awake
I don't dream anywhere
in my garden I claim...

I miss those fantasies
The hopes, the fears I'll take
to get back to the garden
bring back laughs
Tears come in wakes

Do day dreams preface night dreams?
Or is it the other way around?
And when I stopped dreaming at all
is what I lost due to what I found?

Had I thrived in both places,
my hide and my seek
Had it died when it hit it's peak
Can't the music or the art
bring back to me what's in my heart?

I find, I find it all
when I hide because I seek
I find, I find I don't dream anymore...

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I Hide

It is only in solitude
In undisturbed peace
The multitude benign
Novels of mystery and fiction
Or tunes bleeding out of buds
Combined with aloneness
I thrive

Noise of not just the city
But the voices unimportantly
Whine and unsubscribe
I can find no liberty
In this circus; Confined
The key is unreachable
Yet I survive

If a mirror were placed
In an inconspicuous space
I dare not try to find
Albeit to look inside
The only place I'm at home
Now is in my mind
I'm still alive

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I Seek

If darkness is my companion
Than it's equally my foe
And charcoal sketches blotted
Much like my mascara smudged
Now in this dimness I defend
All I can suppress until it's
Illusive

The night is not so bleak though
Because it makes a perfect cloak
To mask the hidden treasure
I call my own, while
Lifted by the voices
Who sing a diary of long ago
Inclusive

So in those words I unearth
I'm not the only one
Who cries for others pain
And longs for answers
To relieve so-called burdens
We should not carry alone
Comprehensive

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