

Poetry Series

**CeCe Lamberts**  
**- poems -**

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## CeCe Lamberts(12 December 1969)

A single mother of 3, I was born and raised in Greece, but spent most of my adult life in the US, where I went for studies in engineering. I currently live and work in Greece, enjoying the laid-back life style, the warm weather, the bright sun and the blue sky almost every day of the year and the sense of belonging. My poems reflect my psychological status at the time; I always get a kick out of reading an old poem realizing how differently I used to see my life back then...

# (un) Happy Easter

Blue sky  
Sun shining  
A beautiful day  
I was there at the beach  
Blue-green salty water  
Green mountain behind me  
Crisp fresh air  
Nature at its best

In complete contrast to this beauty  
We were all there trying to make it work  
three divorced lonely adults  
and a bunch of angry confused kids  
Wondering why this Easter feels so weird  
Roasting away our misery  
Together with the easter lamb  
A dysfunctional group  
Wearing happy masks  
Each one wrapped in our thoughts  
Thought maybe we could all have a normal Easter.  
Guess not.

Caught myself still thinking of you  
Checking my phone for messages  
But it stood there quiet.  
Your memory's surely fading  
But it's still there  
Nagging me, making me moody  
Pain in my stomach  
You'll soon fade completely, I know,  
Others will come to hurt me some more  
Just like you did  
Bravo to you for being so effective  
Be proud, you really did it for me  
Add this one to your life achievements  
Hope you sleep well at night feeling guilty  
for shattering my heart.



# Being Single And Content

I've been a willing victim for quite some time  
been used by people left and right  
letting them string me along for a long time  
trying to hold on, with all my might.

I've always been all ears  
I've always been all heart  
I've been open about my fears  
I've been trusting from the start.  
I've been doing this for years  
when a promising friend appears.  
I should know better, cause I'm smart  
In life, there are no volunteers.

I've been raised to believe  
that being good and giving is a virtue;  
that it's better to give than to receive,  
that one should never try to deceive,  
that this way you can happiness achieve.  
But such kindness people can't conceive  
Many will as neediness perceive  
Oh, God, how can I be so naive?

But I'm here to tell the world  
that when I'm kind and giving  
when I'm open and vulnerable  
when I'm honest about my feelings  
when I'm a good listener  
and a good friend  
when I'm full of empathy  
and full of love and affection  
and when I'm ready to jump in fire for you  
and wholeheartedly into a friendship,  
consuming myself for a relationship  
and staying up at night caring,  
it's not because I need emotional validation  
it's not because I need yours or other's approval  
it's not because I need sexual fulfillment  
it's not because I need to feel loveable

it's not because I need to feel worthy,  
It's because THAT'S WHO I AM!

I've come to terms with my aloneness  
I've come to terms with my singleness  
I am content, right here-right now.  
I know who I am,  
I know how much I'm worth  
I know how much I can achieve  
I can move mountains if I want to.  
And I have a treasure hidden away in a chest  
Three pairs of brown eyes that are more precious than gold.  
And I'm blessed and rich because of that.

If you wanna judge me for showing weakness  
Go right ahead  
But it won't make me a lesser person.  
Cause, thank God, I know who I am!

Written on July 26,2007

CeCe Lamberts

# Chance Or Choice?

Life is about chance  
Life is about choice  
What if I'm your chance  
But you're not my choice?

Things in life happen either by chance or by choice

When life's chance  
Brings you before a choice  
Don't take a chance  
Listen to your inner voice

You're my choice  
My only choice  
I go around in circles  
And you're still my choice

Met you by chance  
And you were my choice  
I was your chance  
But why not your choice?

I make one step ahead  
And two steps behind  
Thought I was over you  
But you're still on my mind

(April 18,2007/Inspired by what my good friend Aashish Ameya had to say about life)

CeCe Lamberts

# Do You Believe In God?

I'm down on my knees thanking You  
My palms and my eyes facing the sky  
You proved to me once again  
You were right here with me  
Listening to my prayers.

You have sent me signs before  
Some call them internal signs  
Little do they know of Your existence  
When others state that You have died  
You are proving to me,  
coincidence after coincidence,  
that You are listening.  
That You will have the whole universe  
conspire on my behalf  
to satisfy, not just a caprice,  
but to only get what I've earned  
by investing my soul for months.  
I know what to do with this now.

Enlightenment and health is all I'm asking  
Not wealth or beauty or career  
Enlightenment to make wise choices in life.

When all else fails,  
I treasure Your gifts:  
my three angels  
and You in my heart.

CeCe Lamberts



# Have You Ever Been To Scotland?

Have you ever been to Scotland?

It's where English is spoken with the sweetest accent  
It's where people roll their 'r's and call each other 'mate'  
It's where the whiskey is single-malt and it's to die for  
It's where guys are named Ian,  
play rugby and look pretty damn good  
It's where 'cheers' is called 'slaandjivaa'  
It's where Glenmorangie and Isle of Jura is made  
It's where men wear kilts  
(noone has ever looked this good in a skirt)  
and bagpipers play in every corner.

Ever been to Edinburgh?

Ever seen that castle from Princess street?  
It's the city where the friendliest people live  
People open, warm, fun-loving and hospitable  
People eager to get to know a stranger like me  
Eager to buy me drinks, to show me around town,  
Eager to party, to sing, to do the karaoke thing,  
To walk to just about every pub in town  
To smoke, to laugh, to arm-wrestle, to stay up all night

Ever been to Arthur's seat at night?

Ever seen the views from up there?  
I've been there myself  
I've sat around a fire  
with artists and festival performers  
Drinking whiskey and champagne  
A complete stranger all by myself  
Yet feeling so well embraced by everybody

Ever been to Scotland?

If you haven't, you gotta go up there,  
Meet some of the coolest people on earth  
Feel the magic, have fun, keep an open mind  
Let the place inspire you, let the culture affect you,  
And come back a different person...



# How Do You Like Me Now?

Don't tell me what to do  
to gain acceptance from others  
Don't ask me to pretend  
to be someone else  
for my own sake...  
Don't offer me your strategies  
to get this guy to like me.

Your strategies are worthless to me  
Your criticism leaves me indifferent  
I don't need your patronizing  
Keep your advice to yourself

I don't do things to be likeable  
I just do things for myself

Do you think I care  
what he thinks of me?  
Do you think I care  
if he likes me?  
Do you think I'm afraid  
of his rejection?

Well, think again!

I've been too good for too long  
Enough!  
It's time to clean house  
To toss the bossy ones in the trash  
To bury the dead six feet under  
To burn their papers  
To cut through their pictures  
To delete their files  
To turn the page.

CeCe Lamberts

# I Met My Fate

Some time ago I met my fate  
I met my fate in two brown eyes  
Saw him and knew he was my mate  
so funny, cool, but yet so wise.

Heard his voice and loved it,  
Saw his face and loved it,  
Read his writings and loved it,  
Heard him talk and melted,

Love his hair turning gray,  
Love his accent so sweet  
I don't think I can convey  
How he makes me feel complete.

I know that fate plays games with me  
That has always been the case  
Because together we cannot be  
Gotta forget that gorgeous face.

He's got everything I dream  
I said 'for him I'd change religion'  
He shines for me as a light beam  
But...he lives in another region.

I gotta try to find myself  
I gotta live in 'here and now'  
I need to work on my inner self  
Gotta do it, but I don't know how.

My quest for findings has started  
My fate will help me here, I know  
I feel so powerless and daunted  
But have a life plan to bestow.

CeCe Lamberts

# I Wanna Cry

I wanna cry for everything I've missed  
I wanna cry for my youth that's gone by  
I wanna cry 'cause today I realize that I've lost my soul  
I wanna cry for the endless violation of my persona  
For the humiliation of who I am and what I can achieve.

I wanna cry 'cause I can't pretend any more  
It's incredibly difficult to wear the smiling mask that everybody expects from you  
I wanna cry 'cause I'm weak, small and worthless, and at the same time too old  
to do what I wanna do  
I wanna cry 'cause I wanna be a kid again but I can't,  
I wanna cry 'cause I grew too old, too fast  
I wanna cry for the freshness and spontaneity that I can't find in me anymore

I wanna cry 'cause I need a warm hug to embrace me, but I can't find one  
'Cause even the parental hug that opens up demands and expects wisdom from  
me  
'Cause people around me won't let me be frivolous and make mistakes  
I wanna cry 'cause I'm tired of being strong  
I wanna break  
Wanna break into hundreds of little pieces  
Like the twin towers after a terrorist attack

I wanna fall  
I wanna be left alone by everyone to fall  
I wanna go low, real low,  
So low that nothing will matter any more  
Why won't you let me fall?  
Let me fall and don't give me your advice  
I wanna fall low, where all my life I was told I belonged, low,  
And once I'm low, I wanna hide  
In clouds of smoke and sin, in the anonymity of being low  
Maybe then I can emerge strong again  
I wanna fall but I fear I'll take others with me  
I fear I may take my three little angels with me  
And I must stand by them strong once again and not fall.

I wanna cry  
I wanna curl up in my bed and cry for hours, maybe for days, weeks, months,

How long should I cry to wash away a life of 20 years?  
I wanna cry lots of tears  
I wanna cry floods of tears, hoping to wash and cleanse my soul  
Hoping to wash away the life that diminished and devalued my ego for so long  
That made me have no respect for my self  
That made me reject my own soul and my own laughter  
That made me feel ashamed for who I am  
That made me feel guilty for even existing.

I wanna cry floods of tears  
And when I'm done crying I wanna drink my own tears  
I wanna drink my tears to quench my thirst  
To quench my thirst for life, for laughter, for fun, for company, for people  
To quench my thirst for love, for acceptance, for empathy  
My thirst for simple, little, everyday, normal things.

It's awful to be thirsty all your life  
It's awful to live a life dehydrated from happiness  
My thirst isn't gonna get quenched easily like that  
I've been dehydrated for so long and plain water won't be enough  
I need IV drips and drugs  
I need to lie down with the IV drips in my arms  
Doing nothing but recover  
'Cause my dehydration is chronic and is making me ill  
One by one my systems are failing  
I don't know if I can make it, if I can survive this.

I wanna cry but I can't  
The tears of redemption aren't running  
Life has taught me not to cry  
Life's made me tough, feeling no pain or joy  
Couldn't survive otherwise  
But it's time to take out this steel suit of armor  
I want to feel this unbearable pain  
To feel my lost youth  
To feel the deep rejection and the spit on my face  
To feel my non-existing happiness, the void of despair of lost time  
To feel the offenses, the lies, the dirt  
To feel the hate of this man that was so close to me all these years  
To feel his derogatory and frozen look  
To feel the hopelessness of all my efforts  
To feel how useless everything I gave my life for was

To feel this pain that's so familiar to me, and...cry.

Written on September 4,2006

CeCe Lamberts

# Life's Illusions

How worrisome it is, when you realize  
That your so-called reality has been an illusion,  
A dreamy interpretation of perception  
Based on an "untold agreement" between those  
Taking part in this fantasy!

The time comes when you realize what's been happening  
And you become an objective observer of your life.  
You get removed from yourself  
And take the spectator's seat.

What do you see?

You see yourself not really living your life.  
You see promotions at work that don't matter  
The blue of the sky and the sea that leave you disinterested,  
The warmth of the sun  
And the beauty of summer that find you indifferent,  
The laughter of your children that goes unnoticed,  
The little things and the big things in life happening without you.  
You see yourself absent from your own life  
All real source of happiness and joy  
Being blurred from a fixation,  
An obsession, a fantasy, an illusion  
That you play in your head over and over  
Filling yourself with fake hope  
And draining all happiness and meaning out of you.

How can you live your life in the "here" and "now"  
When you've been living in "hyperspace" and "never"?  
How can you make your presents better than your pasts  
When you live neither in the present, nor in the past,  
But in a time-less space-less illusion?

Why are you wasting every breath  
blowing in a bubble that's getting larger every day  
And is about to burst?

For years I've been searching for the truth in my life.



I've been trying to record all coordinates and events of my past  
And through them, to explain my motives and actions today.  
I'm not in search of the truth any more.  
I'm now against illusions  
I'm now fighting the magic  
I'm now bursting the bubble  
I'm now having a funeral  
Celebrating the life and death of nothing  
Celebrating the life and death of just written words  
And putting this part of my life to rest.

I now know that illusions may offer short-term relief to my tried soul  
But they eventually leave it weak and limited.

I've nurtured the fantasy for some time now  
Knowing what I was doing  
But having nothing better to offer myself  
Being afraid of leaving myself naked  
In the freezing cold of my harsh reality.  
But I'm testing the fantasy now  
I'm dispelling the magic this summer  
Hoping that the hot summer sun will keep me warm  
And sticking to only what's real.

I don't get hurt any more  
It's more like I get educated  
Collecting the puzzle pieces and putting them together  
To make the puzzle of this world that's so unknown to me  
Like a child that gets burned by fire  
And knows to not touch it again  
Learning by my mistakes  
Day by day  
Tons of mistakes waiting to be made  
Tons of questions waiting to be answered  
Until the puzzle is finished  
Reaching self knowledge and awareness  
And world knowledge and awareness  
And people knowledge and awareness.  
Wisdom and maturity for here and now  
And a promise to myself for no more illusions.



# Love Is A Cage

When I'm in love  
I feel locked in a cage  
I place you above  
everything and I feel rage.

Rage that you don't reciprocate  
And you know how to aggravate  
Rage that you don't write  
Rage that you keep me up at night  
Rage that I need you tonight  
And you don't plan to invite  
You don't try to be polite.

You want to show me the light,  
but you know I'm filled with fright  
You say my future is bright,  
but I don't see it in delight  
You say you love me, but not quite,  
You know how a fire to ignite  
You surely know how to excite  
I wish you would a poem for me recite  
but somehow I don't think you might.  
Hey, no worries, I'll be all right.

Now that I think I know you better  
I understand you're no one to fetter  
I know all you expect from me is to write  
I accept it and I think I'll be all right.

I don't need to show you love  
I don't need to tell you how I care  
You know my heart is like a dove,  
pure and vulnerable and really rare  
And to get hurt wouldn't be fair.  
So, with you, no more despair!  
As long as you and I are aware  
We can be good friends, I swear,  
But, don't you tease me, don't you dare  
With I LOVE YOU's; it's unfair,

Let's stay friends, let's keep it there,  
We've got so much indeed to share,  
We can have a friendship that is rare.

Hope that's what you want from me.  
If yes, I'll feel a delightful flare.  
And that's really all I had to declare  
You've got it all written up, right there.

CeCe Lamberts

# Marriages Are Made In Heaven

'Marriages are made in heaven'  
so say people in India  
a good marriage can your life lengthen  
it can be your ultimate good karma.

My marriage was made in hell  
Bad karma from beginning to end  
Kept me for years in a prison cell  
Finally, I don't have to pretend.

My marriage was made in hell  
no love or affection, felt like a bad spell  
A bad marriage can ruin your life  
For so many years, I had no life.

The hell marriage is now over  
Promise I won't do it again, ever  
I'm finally free from the shackles  
Thought I'd be happy, but I see no sparkles.

All I'm left now with is wrinkles  
My life's hard and full of struggles  
Still, I find my freedom wonderful  
And I will soon start feeling worthwhile.

Written on April 23,2007

CeCe Lamberts

# Mother's Day

I cried today  
on Mother's day  
I've been wanting to cry for a long time  
I've been wanting to cry for about a year now  
Mascara and eyeliner running down my cheek  
And three pairs of brown eyes looking at me  
'What is it, mom? '  
'You didn't like the breakfast we prepared for you? '  
'Why are you crying, mom? '  
What do I tell them?  
That I've been trusting once again  
and got hurt yet one more time?  
That I gave my soul to someone  
and he didn't treat it as I hoped he would?  
That I'm losing my hope in people?  
Or, that I'm crying 'cause their pure love touched me?  
'Cause I realize that paradise is right there in front of me  
and I've been looking for it elsewhere?  
'Cause I realize that they're the only ones capable  
of loving me unconditionally, no matter what I do or say?  
- I'm crying 'cause you're all I have in this world, I said  
as my son was handing me a love coupon  
promising me a hug whenever I needed it  
- I'm crying 'cause you make me feel complete, I said  
as my little one was handing me her drawing  
- I'm crying 'cause I love you more than life itself, I said  
and my eldest son gave me a card apologizing for backtalking  
- I'm crying 'cause you're giving me strength to face this ugly world, I said  
And I cried some more cleansing tears.  
Closed my eyes and tried to take it all in  
Wanted this moment to last a lifetime.

Written on Mother's Day (May 13,2007)

CeCe Lamberts

# My Inner Stability

When I'm in my head  
looking for stability  
I see a mess and dread  
there's no tranquility.

My mood swings are strong  
I've violent ups and downs  
Swinging like a pendulum  
and then circling in rounds

I'm feeling all the negatives  
and blame myself continuously  
but, are there any positives?  
believe me, I search continuously

I have a great advisor  
He's bright and talks with no fright  
He couldn't be any wiser  
He is my guiding light

I'll find my inner stability  
I'll do it soon, I know  
I know I have the ability  
It's a process that is slow  
But I'll learn from this, I'll grow  
I won't stay low;  
I'll shine with my inner glow.

Written on May 1,2007

To my advisor, I owe you big.

CeCe Lamberts

# One-Night Stands

One-night stands:  
so painful the day after,  
so exciting before they happen,  
so much anticipation and hope  
I don't know how to cope.

Emptiness the day after,  
Feeling used, like a cheap slut  
The phone's not ringing,  
text messages not coming,  
he probably doesn't care  
probably didn't like me  
won't care to see me again.

His smell still on my clothes  
his taste in my mouth  
his face in my head  
I see him everywhere  
Vivid pictures of his naked body on top of me  
Feel his warm touch on my body  
his tender lips on mine  
and the lack of climax...

His words echoing in my head  
'don't want to get hurt'  
'not interested in a relationship'  
wondering where I stand in this spectrum  
probably nowhere  
tucked away in the memory box as a drunken adventure  
soon wondering if it ever happened  
if it were true or a figment of my imagination

Can't stand this pain  
stopped my tears from falling again  
I can now say for sure  
**I HATE ONE-NIGHT STANDS**  
Hate the way I feel the day after  
Hate wondering if it meant anything  
Hate feeling so stupid for getting hurt



Hate being so naive and expecting more

He was so warm and tender  
looked so sensitive and wounded  
yet sexy and good-looking  
He was caring and sweet  
Wanted the moments in his arms to last for ever  
Wanted the night to be really long  
Want to get to know him better  
Still wonder if he'll ever call  
If I'll ever see him again

CeCe Lamberts

# Over You

I'm over you dear  
You're history now  
your end was near  
it's finally here now.

The sun is shining again  
The colors are bright  
My heart is healed  
I'm finally all right.

A sigh of relief  
I'm turning the page  
On to a new belief  
I'm out of your cage.

(April 14,2007)

CeCe Lamberts

# People In My Life

Walking down the path of life,  
A path often hard, uphill and difficult  
I meet people who walk by my side  
Some of them choose to touch me  
Some of them I touch  
Some of them hold my hand and walk with me  
All of them scar me somehow

I've met mean people  
Violent, angry people  
People dark in the soul  
People that look good on the outside  
People funny and gracious on the surface  
But void and empty on the inside  
People who try to cover their defects but can't  
Emotionally naive, eternally lonely, unhappy and troubled people.

I've met people who step on me to get taller  
People who break me to feel better  
People who want me for one night only  
People who hurt me and don't care  
Weird, strange and unstable people  
No sense in their behavior  
People who take advantage of what I give them  
People who don't appreciate me  
People who expunge me from their life for good  
People who erase me and cancel me with a message  
People who refuse to take my calls  
People who avoid me like the plague  
Irrational people who I want to know better  
People who interest me nevertheless...  
People who promise won't treat me bad  
but do so anyway without explanation  
People who reject me abruptly  
People who switch me off with the push of a button  
People careless about my feelings  
Oblivious, confused and indifferent  
People who jerk me around for a week  
Playing with my vulnerable soul

and toss me in the garbage afterwards.

Why, I ask, why is this happening?  
Have normal people disappeared from this world?  
Is it me who allows them to step all over me?  
Is it my eagerness to meet someone normal  
that makes me a magnet for such strange behavior?  
Any normal people left out there?  
Please come hold my hand  
As life's ticking away and I can't hold out any longer  
Come and I'll forget all I've been through  
I'll try to do it right this time  
I'll try to give you just what you need, no more.  
Come tonight, I miss you.  
I'll be expecting you.

Written on April 3,2007

CeCe Lamberts

# Rejection And A Guy Named Aris

Last week I met a guy named Aris  
He took my breath away  
Tall, sexy, good-looking, gorgeous  
Mysterious, sensitive, complicated  
Troubled, a poet, a musician  
Funny, intense and unstable.

He wanted me for one night only  
Treated me gently for that night  
Held me in his arms and kissed me long  
Gave me just what I needed for that night  
As I was needy for just that  
I was lonely and vulnerable  
I was looking for him and found him  
Thought the gods were shining down on me for once  
Thought he wanted me back  
But I was wrong...

Few days later he rejected me  
Came with a load of lies and excuses  
"It's not you, it's me"  
"I can't stay long"  
"I'm going through this phase"  
"I don't sleep well at night"  
'I'm confused and contradictory'

Met me again and treated me like I was poison  
Kept away from me  
Curled in a corner  
Wouldn't even look at me  
Not a touch, a kiss, or a smile  
As if I had an infectious disease  
Like I was toxic

Left me with "I'm sorry"  
Messed me up real good  
And slammed the car door  
Like a slap on my face  
Left me stunned and frozen

Crushed me completely  
Was unable to react or drive  
Stood there wondering  
What had just happened

Stupid me, trying my best to help him out  
Took his excuses and lies seriously  
Tried to get to the bottom of his problems  
To analyze his soul, listen to what he wasn't telling me  
As if his behavior was abnormal  
As if his rejecting me was unexpected.

I'm such a fucking fool  
I should know by now  
Rejection is the norm, rejection is the rule  
Haven't I learnt by now?  
Don't I know not to get surprised when they reject me?  
I should have learnt by now  
I'm becoming an expert at being rejected  
This fucking pain is so familiar

Acceptance should surprise me  
Gotta find out what it is in me that turns people away  
This can't be a coincidence  
When you go through life being rejected consistently by all  
You shouldn't make excuses  
You have to face your shortcomings  
Face what it is that makes me toxic to others

I know it's not Aris's fault  
Shouldn't blame him for anything  
He didn't want me in any way, body or soul  
Seeing me the second time felt excruciating to him  
Boy, this is exactly what I didn't need at this point in life  
But it happened, once again,  
One more rejection to be added to my long list  
Better get used to it  
There will be more to come, that's for sure.

CeCe Lamberts

# Rejection And My Inner Paradise

I finally saw him at a party last night  
It's been 3 months since he's out of my life  
So short, so petit, so old for my taste  
yet so heartlessly he had me erased.

He's about eight inches shorter than me  
And the shoes I had on had 3-inch heels  
We are an odd couple, you have to agree  
None of his features match my ideals

He's about twenty years older than me  
My god, in my eyes he looked like a giant  
I think he is only five foot three  
Why did I have to be so compliant?

His Welsh accent was absolutely sexy  
His humor and wit were sharp as a razor  
I loved his tatoos, his earrings and his dog Lexie,  
his look that intense and bright as a laser.

I saw him again and I felt it inside  
His rejection had hurt me, I had cried and died,  
How needy and stupid I'd been I realized  
I had him in my head totally idealized

My eyes were searching for him in the room  
I wanted to look at him long, to stare  
To ask him why he put me in such gloom  
How could he do that, how did he dare

I looked in the mirror instead; I looked good!  
All men in the party had circled around  
Trying to talk to me, to flirt all they could  
My shortie was now not making a sound

I decided to stay with the guys and chat  
I laughed, I giggled, I was a naughty brat  
I drank, I smoked, I danced, I had fun  
I was a hun, not a nun, and I liked to pun.

I left the party with a smile on my face  
Could it be I was finally setting the pace  
for a life so free of this painful rejection?  
Maybe I didn't have to ask for affection  
My inner paradise was my ultimate protection.

Written on April 29,2007

To a friend who talked to me about my inner paradise.

CeCe Lamberts



# Sunday Blues

I'm so confused  
For a minute I thought I saw the light  
I saw a good friendship develop  
A friendship I craved for a long time  
And I saw a beautiful mouth smiling at me

Now, I start doubting  
I doubt the friendship  
I doubt the feeling  
The sweet mouth is still smiling  
And two large blue-green eyes are looking my way  
Eyes so beautiful and large that are unreal  
Eyes that look like two blue lagoons  
And are full of kindness.

This is all so confusing  
I think I'm going crazy  
I need to put an order in my head  
And the alcohol's not helping me  
And my sleepless nights mess me up some more.

Am I moving backwards?  
I should be moving ahead  
I should be advancing  
But I feel stagnant  
Am I on a spiral?  
I feel like I'm running in circles  
Could it be I'm spiraling upwards?  
Am I making progress?  
Is this just a phase?  
When will it be over?  
Or, is it gonna be over?  
I've lost my guidance  
And I can't figure it out on my own.

CeCe Lamberts

# The Night He Said 'I Love You'

The night he said 'I love you'  
I was just going through a hard usual day  
I had been to work,  
I had cooked twice,  
I had done the laundry,  
I had taken the kids to their activities,  
I had helped them with their studies,  
I had put them to bed,  
I had done all the chores,  
I had argued with the ex,  
I had a full day...

He wrote to me in a message:  
I LOVE YOU! ! !  
Out of the blue  
When I least expected it  
I thought I was gonna faint  
I thought life was playing its usual tricks on me  
This wasn't what it looked like  
He didn't really mean it  
It was right there on the screen  
But I couldn't believe it  
I was sure he was sending it to someone else  
Or he was too drunk  
Or he was too stoned  
Telling me he loves me  
It can't be

I filled up a glass of gin  
And I lit up a cigarette  
Had to numb myself for this  
Couldn't stand the feeling  
It was overwhelming  
This moment lived in my dreams with him  
He lived in my dreams with his 'I LOVE YOU'  
It wasn't real  
I couldn't handle it

Replied, trying to contain myself

And to not overreact  
Felt proud and glowing on the inside  
But made myself act cool and casual  
Just wrote a simple 'I love you MORE.'  
I wanted to write: 'Come again? I didn't hear you'  
'It's too noisy here, can you repeat that please? '  
'I'm sorry, say it one more time, I didn't get it'  
So he keeps writing it back to me  
To make sure it's real.

I could have said so much more,  
Like, my life is never gonna be the same  
I admire you, I adore you, I worship you,  
You're one of the most special things in my life  
You're life itself for me  
You give me a reason to live  
Are you sure it's me you love?  
Are you sure?

I know it's not the same kind of love I feel for him  
I know it's a friend's love  
I know I'm in love, and he simply loves,  
'cause he's in love with someone else,  
but this still feels wonderful.

It's 3 am and it's totally dark outside  
but it feels like the sun is shining  
I could see a rainbow of happiness out there  
Nature is having a party for me  
To celebrate this unique occasion  
That my soul has been in pain for such a long time  
And your 3 words have helped this pain so fast.  
Please tell me more words of love  
And I'll write a poem for every word you tell me.  
I promise.  
Please,  
I Love You

CeCe Lamberts

# Words Of Love

Tell me a lie  
a little white lie  
tell me that you love me  
even if it's a lie.

You say that you have feelings  
You say you don't wanna lose me  
You put to our relationship ceilings  
All I ask from you is to love me.

You don't tell me I'm unique  
You don't make me feel special  
You don't like to speak, but you critique  
Your silence makes me want to shriek  
Saying you love me won't make you weak  
It's easy, no need for a special technique  
Loving words are like a colorful streak  
So start behaving as a passionate greek  
This way, me and you can reach a peak.

Written on November 1.2007

CeCe Lamberts