

Poetry Series

**Chantal Lammerts**  
**- poems -**

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# Chantal Lammerts()

# Always Be Your Friend

I hope you never take anything for granted,  
That life treats you right,  
I hope you never regret that you've acted,  
And always live in the light.

I hope you dance happily through life,  
That you never even get burned,  
I hope you'll never feel the sharp side of a knife,  
And cherish what you've learned.

I hope love will find you, even in the dark,  
That your life stays unwritten till the end,  
I hope your eyes still have that spark,  
And I'll always be your friend!

ok, I wrote this for my friends, just a little something. Hope you like it!  
Ps. I felt like I was writing a post card message! haha  
comments are welcome!

Chantal Lammerts

# And There Stands The King

And there stands the king,

Once there was a king,  
Who'd always start to sing,  
And there he stood, that king,  
The father of everything.

And that king got a son,  
Who was happy if he won,  
But sometimes, that dreadful son,  
Lost, and ruined all the fun.

That son grew powerful and strong,  
And did never sing his father's song,  
Awfully cruel, but oh so strong,  
While he knew he was ever so wrong,

A body as strong as fire, a heart as cold as ice,  
There was nobody out there who thought he was wise,  
But somebody out there could break that hard ice,  
But even he knew, that good things always have a price.

That price he wasn't willing to pay,  
And he wouldn't have allowed to say,  
That that price, he could impossible pay,  
And his life turned sad and grey.

Turning down the one for whom he cared,  
And never wanted to learn how others shared,  
And about others he never cared,  
Just saw how frightened they all stared.

And now alone he stands,  
Without no trees, no plants,  
And still alone he stands,  
The king with empty hands.

hope you liked it, we had to read poems today at school and one inspired me...  
got a test week now, wish me luck! : D

Chantal Lammerts

# As A Child Grows Up

As a child grows it develops,  
Ideas and dreams start to form,  
Wants and needs show their presence,  
Goals are still hiding from the storm,  
But soon even goals show up,  
And dreams get real,  
Needs are satisfied,  
And they realize how they feel.

They feel the need to grow up,  
To be to be missed when away,  
They want to be loved and wanted,  
And pleadingly asked for to stay,  
They yearn for money to spend,  
For a place to be their selves in,  
To hold that one hand,  
And pop the question, wearing that stupid grin.

A/N: wrote this for school, you had to write a poem of 2 paragraphs about what a child wants when it's an adult.... or something like that... well, the assignment is vague, but I tried... hope you like it! ! xx chantal

Chantal Lammerts

# Before All Of It Is Gone

Oh, do I love the sweet and fresh smell of Roses,  
And the way the elegant Lotus closes,  
How I love the shining happiness of the sunflower,  
Or the dew that gives our treasures a beautiful shower.

Oh, am I in awe when seeing the protection a lioness gives her young,  
And the way the frog catches flies with his enormous tongue,  
How I'm in awe, looking at the dolphins jumping up high,  
Or seeing a little one, next to his mother so shy.

Oh, do I adore the wind, softly breezing through my hair,  
And the way the sun shines her way through the air,  
How I adore feeling the soothing of the bright moonlight,  
Or just to stand and look up, admiring her glow, even in the darkest night.

And now, looking out my window sadly,  
Realizing I can touch none,  
Oh, do I want it so badly,  
Before all of it is gone.

a/n: not much to add here, hope you enjoyed. comments and votes are more than welcome! (they keep me writing faster! !)

Chantal Lammerts

# Can You Fall For The Rain?

Whatever you think, I'm different,  
Whatever you say, I already know,  
And when you think you've figured me out,  
That's when the real me decides to show.

You like the light, but what if I'm dark?  
You'll go for the hero, what about the antonym?  
And when it's not warm, but cold,  
Would you still join me for a swim?

I'll stay close at any second,  
The water is black, but you prefer white,  
But when you need me, just call,  
I'll protect you from all that could bite.

I'm not good, but still madly in love,  
If something so dark could fall for you,  
Is that even possible?  
Is that the only right thing I could do?

I might not be good for you, my dear,  
And you already know that I'm not sane,  
You're in love with the sun,  
Now can you fall for the rain?

A/N: inspired by: the rain outside my window, Twilight(again) but still not completely for the series... uhm... and I guess my mood... hope you liked it! xx

Chantal Lammerts

# Catch Me, Hold Me

Slowly, as if time was coming to a stop, I can feel myself fade away,  
I can feel your grip falter slightly, I'm begging you to stay,  
Every second, every minute I want to feel you, every hour, every day,  
But you don't listen, you let me fall further and further astray.

I don't blame you, I don't judge you, but merely love you,  
So much, that everything you say, everything you think and do,  
Can't make me mad, not even in the slightest, my feelings stay true,  
And now that I'm falling away, the only thing that I wish, is that you knew.

Secrets I have kept from you, my dear, were hidden by my fright,  
But as they say, there's no courage without fear, so I will fight,  
I will keep struggling until we're back together and you hold me tight,  
And in the end, telling you, I might.

But I tried and tried, but I can't get back up, holding me down is my fear,  
I screamed my secrets out to you, but I'm too far down for you to hear,  
Despair takes over me, water crosses my cold cheek, a single tear,  
I realize that I can't just reappear.

I need your help, your arms to catch me in the end,  
And even if you don't agree with my feelings, save me as a friend,  
Because I know that all alone, I can't ascend,  
Hold me in your arms, it is on you that I depend.

A/N: don't worry, I'm not depressed. just putting myself in the mind of someone who is dependent of someone else.... =) xx

Chantal Lammerts

# Done Asking Why

Slowly the river moves,  
High mountains down,  
Away from me,  
Deep enough to drown.

Not a word to say,  
Not a move to make,  
Shaking my head in disgrace,  
Why, for heaven's sake?

The river leads me,  
She calls my name,  
Never leaves me alone,  
Still, I feel the same.

Mountains, higher than I've ever seen,  
No way through, nor around,  
I'm imprisoned, nature holds my bars,  
Quietly I sit, listening to the familiar sound.

Bound to rules,  
I drop a stone,  
Softly it hits the ground,  
As I've sadly always known.

Further up the mountains,  
An eagle flies by,  
My heart skips a beat,  
I'm done asking why.

On top of the hill,  
I take a deep breath,  
Freed from my heavy chains,  
I'm not afraid of death.

Closing my eyes, I jump down,  
Hearing the call of my brand new friend,  
I spread my wings and fly away,  
The wings that Freedom has kindly send.

a/n: my father first thought it was about suicide, but don't worry! haha, it's not, definitely not. Hope you liked it

Chantal Lammerts

# Every Day

What we're doing every day,  
Only trying to make our way,  
Through our thoughts and things we say,  
What we like and what we may.

Is our life about more than power,  
Looking sweet but secretly sour,  
Every day, every hour,  
Locked up in this great, high tower.

Tries to call, tries to warn,  
Asking us, why are we born?  
How come our lives are torn,  
Isn't it that we should mourn?

Change our lives, make it better,  
And don't think it doesn't matter,  
Don't live a life you would not flatter,  
But cause your old life to shatter.

Live a life full of joy,  
All bad things you should destroy,  
Play with life like it's just a toy,  
'Cause you live only once,  
So live life as a reckless boy.

not much to comment,  
although your comments are welcome!  
hope you enjoyed!

Chantal Lammerts

# Faith

Faith is a deep jump into the dark, only following the voice of your heart,  
It is about trusting your friend, letting down your impenetrable guard,  
Faith is a blind movement towards distant, unknown directions,  
It's about seeing nothing more than your own revealing reflections,  
Faith is a beautiful and mysterious poem, told by acting and thinking,  
It is about swimming in the deep dark ocean, without the fear of sinking,  
Faith is a bond that you cannot break and can hardly bend,  
It's the bond that keeps you and me together, my dearest friend.

A/N: hope you like it! This poem was inspired by a song, Have a little faith in me,  
by Mandy Moore... Comments and votings are very much appreciated!

Chantal

Chantal Lammerts

## Feeling Everything So True

I'm not desperate, nor am I longing too much,  
I just grow weak under your caring touch,  
And should I ever have the need to be alone,  
I'll definitely be able to stand on my own.

I'm not jealous, nor am I wanting what she's got,  
Although, when inspected, it is an irritating lot,  
Mostly the fact that she has him, and I don't,  
I'm not jealous, wasn't, am not and definitely won't.

I'm not angry, nor am I a little mad,  
But what I am is extraordinarily sad,  
Don't pay too much attention on my emotions,  
For they work as powerful pity potions.

I'm badly in love, I can't deny such things,  
It makes me fly, it gives me wings,  
And there's one person who can make me feel so true,  
And that's you, darling, it's definitely you.

A/N: Hope you liked it! R'&R! xxoxo Chantal

Chantal Lammerts

## Free, Next To Me

Imagine feeling the wind in your hair, while flying through the sky,  
To be able to go as far as you want, all the way up high,  
Imagine feeling the sun on your skin, without the fear of burning,  
Aren't those the things for what we are all yearning?  
Imagine to fight like they did in old times, to protect what you love,  
To at first be one of them, and then to slowly rise above,  
Imagine being as free as possibly can be,  
Imagine doing all of this, all next to me.

A/N: another short one, hope you enjoyed! R'&R'! xxoxo Chantal

Chantal Lammerts

# Get What I Want

I'd like to have a voice like you've never heard,  
Or beautiful wings like those of a pretty bird,  
I'd like to have something completely absurd,  
I want everything that I've ever preferred.

I'd like to have a big tropic pool,  
Or weeks away from school,  
I'd like to have something to make the rest drool,  
I want to stop being such a fool.

Isn't it that we want everything that we can't get?  
Like an expensive boat or a luxurious jet,  
Does this mean that I can't have you yet,  
Until my wants and luck have finally met?

A/N: hope you enjoyed! R'&R! xxoxo Chantal

Chantal Lammerts

# Happy Birthday Tante Viola!

Years pass by, following the months and days,  
But growing up you can do in many ways,  
The years teach much which the days never knew,  
In which women learned to shoo their age, away they flew,  
This is knowledge that I'll now share with you,  
So listen carefully, and do exactly as I tell you to,  
Listen to your friends and family, for they have pure hearts,  
And read this so called poem, in little parts.

"Because Age is an issue of mind over matter,  
If you don't mind, it doesn't matter."

And your age doesn't matter to us,  
So smile, no fights, complaints nor fuss!

Have you heard of the well of everlasting youth?  
Well, can you keep a secret? Tell the truth!  
Fine, this is another secret I'll share with you, I will,  
It's a secret that is well kept, after all those years still,  
It is a secret that every woman desires to know,  
And now, this tiny poem will make it show,  
So prepare yourself and breathe deeply,  
You're lucky, this secret is coming to you cheaply...

The well of youth is next to the stone of age,  
Both created by something more powerful than a mage,  
More powerful than those in your wildest imagination,  
Made by the true power of all creation,  
It is made by pure, unconditional love,  
Set free by a blinding snow-white dove,  
The only thing you have to do, to reach the residence of them both,  
Is to open the cage and fly away from what you loath,  
If you'd like to grow up, you push away the fear of the well's water,  
Or to stay forever young, you put a stop to the stone's aging slaughter,  
One sentence is needed to complete the spell forever,  
One sentence and a faith that will help you in your endeavour,  
So believe and say, loud enough for yourself and friends to hear,  
The water of the well will nourish me till time's end, the stone I no longer fear.

This sounds like magic, does it not?  
Don't worry I assure you it's easier than it looks,  
For you first have to realize what you've got, ☐  
Our unconditional love, better even than described in books,  
We will love you young and old,  
Cold and warm, ☐  
No matter what you're told, ☐  
For us you'll always have your charm,  
You stay the age you desire to be,  
As long as you drink from the well in all our hearts,  
Then I hope the light you'll see,  
And read Age's losing poker cards...

So dear aunt of mine,  
Please tell me you'll be fine,  
Because, Viola, it's your birthday, yes it is,  
And you'll never find a day as full as love for you as this.

We all love you and (off course...) wish you a very happy—non aging—birthday!  
!!!!

Ciaowa! Xx chantal

A/N: this was part of my 'birthday cart' for my aunt, her birthday is in January and my mom is just visiting her in Mexico... wish I could be there. If you read this, tante viola, than a happy (exciting, great, spectacular, rich and in any way perfect) birthday! We all miss you here!  
btw. hope you all liked it

Chantal Lammerts

# He Wants To Fly Away

A young boy stands on the top of a hill,  
His kite is flying towards the snow-white clouds,  
He narrows his eyes to better his vision,  
Finally away from all the shouts.

As the kite comes closer and closer to the sky,  
And the boy wishes on everything he knows,  
To be flying alongside his toy, towards peace,  
A place where true happiness grows.

Mother had dropped a porcelain plate,  
Father had lost his control,  
The boy desperately tried to help,  
His father's punch reached till the boy's soul.

His bruised jaw matches the skin around his eye,  
And the hand print on his mother's cheek,  
Seven years old, and he has seen more than he should,  
Still, his father calls him dumb and weak.

He wants to fly, high above the cities,  
To a place where none shout nor fight,  
Somewhere where he can grow up in peace,  
A place, where they have seen the light.

Chantal Lammerts

# I Get To Be With You

The wolfs sing their song to the full moon,  
I kiss the fog that rests on my mirror, leaving my mark,  
I'm restless, but calm down when I realize I get to see you soon,  
Ever since you came, I'm no longer afraid of the dark,  
Because when we walk hand in hand along the sea,  
Or when you kiss my forehead sweetly before you leave,  
When you whisper that the one you love is me,  
You manage to take away all fear and grieve,  
It is when your soft fingers touch my cheek,  
Or when you deep eyes gaze into mine, for eternity,  
When you ask me to tell you what I want or seek,  
So that you can give me the world, now I finally see,  
That in reality you're far too good to be true,  
That's why it's only in my dreams that I get to be with you.

a/n: do any of you writers ever wake up in the middle of the night, just because some sentences are going through your head, and you just HAVE to write them down? well, this poem is a result of such a.... disturbing night. Guess waking up at night does have its perks, don't you think? well, I hope soo! ! ! pleas comment and rate! ! ! ! ! ! xx chantal

Chantal Lammerts

# I Have To Get Away

My soul is soaring high above the clouds,  
My mind is making its way to the sun and moon,  
My soul is about to reach the stars,  
I'm afraid they'll both reach too soon.

Nothing can stop the movement of my life,  
My heart will never get tired of its endless dance,  
It bounces and spins on the rhythm of your music,  
The dance will grow more passionate, if it gets the chance.

When my fingers reach for the ebony black door,  
And my body is aching to get away,  
The voice from behind me is begging, pleading,  
In any way possible, it's asking me to stay.

It's not that I don't want to stay, but I need to go,  
Before my heart is lost in your pleading eyes,  
Before my mind has lost all its logic,  
Before my soul tries to ignore all the hidden lies...

A/N: here I am again.. hope you still like my poems.. :) please comment and vote! would like that a lot! xxoxo chantal

Chantal Lammerts

# I Love You

Like a star shines it's light through the darkest night,  
And the wind blows, the way that only he knows,  
Like the river bends, till the mountain in the distance ends,  
And the birds fly, way up high into the ever-blue sky,  
Like the galloping horses, with their extreme forces,  
And the fast beating of my heart, all of it needs a decisive start.  
Like a push in the right direction, or a glimpse of your affection,  
And those three words that will always do, I Love You.

A/N: as I don't have much time lately, I'm starting to write smaller poems. I don't know why I write these, as I'm not in love. But I hope you like them anyway! R'&R'! (read and review!) xxoxox Chantal

Chantal Lammerts

## I'LI Say, I'LI Sing...

Everything at once, not a single break in between,  
So many around, I'm probably the plainest ever seen,  
But what if I, inside, am way different from the rest?  
I'm not indicating that I'm the worst nor best,  
But different I am, and proud of it too,  
Because it is the difference, that'll bring me closer to you.

When you question me, I have no idea what to say,  
I've got the feeling that I look like a fool today,  
As my cheeks turn red, and my voice can't find its way out,  
I stumble, trip and fall, to my clumsiness there's no doubt,  
But when you catch me, and I thank you silently with my eyes,  
I've got the amazing feeling that I have been caught by a huge prize.

I don't deserve you, and you deserve much more than me,  
That are some things that I —now— can clearly see,  
But still you say you love me, how could I ever believe that,  
Although I see how you make me happy, even when I'm very sad,  
How you make me laugh when I fell down, and how you never say a bad word,  
You in love with me... isn't that utterly absurd?

You said those words to me, again and again,  
I believe you said it with more emotion than any other can,  
I admit I'm starting to believe you, reluctant as I am,  
You call me names as love, or my Madame,  
You told me so much, but I've noticed that I don't say a thing,  
So: "I love you! "—I'll say, I'll sing...

A/N: inspired by the 'twilight' series... not exactly made for the books, but just a little inspired by. hope you like it! please leave a comment and vote! ! ! :)  
xxoxo chantal

Chantal Lammerts

# I'M Like A Flower

As I take the flower, it dies in my hands,  
A gesture so normal, and this is how it ends,  
It will never bloom fully again, not when I have it,  
Its life will end, time by time, bit by bit,  
It wasn't what I wanted, when I took it from its home,  
Where it belonged, in the middle of the rich loam,  
I should've let it live there on the ground,  
I should have watched from far, then turned around,  
Because none can live behind the bars of another,  
I could've let it live by staying away, thinking back, I'd rather,  
But now it's too late, all harm is already done,  
The beautiful rose in my hand, its spirit almost gone.

In that way I'm like a flower,  
For I could not live another hour,  
In the hands of another, without my free will,  
I would die slowly, get entirely still,  
I'm like a flower, I'm independent,  
When you pick me, and try to be in the ascendant,  
I would still try make the best out of living,  
But I would have no soul left for giving.

Chantal Lammerts

# Let Go

"Let go, " the little bird whispered to the fox,  
"Let go, come back, and you'll know."  
The man let his right hand go through his curly locks,  
"Let go, and you'll know..."

"Let go, " the mouse agreed,  
"Let go, come back, and you'll know."  
The fox hid deeper in the weed,  
"Let go, and you'll know..."

"Let go, " the bee zoomed,  
"Let go, come back, and you'll know."  
A lily on the man's right bloomed,  
"Let go, and you'll know..."

"No! " The owl hooted,  
"Don't let go, you'll never come back! "  
The fox sadly looked up to the owl, who he reputed,  
"Don't worry I'll come back..."

The fox was no more, the owl cried.  
His friend, his comrade, was gone,  
All the others had lied,  
"He'll never come back, not by dusk, not by dawn..."

I know, I know, its not much of a poem... But it is late and I just felt like writing a small 'something'... sorry if you read this for nothing... comments are welcome!

Chantal Lammerts

# Let's Not Waste Another Day.

How many minutes left?  
How many days to go?  
Of joy we're being bereft,  
When will the truth show?

I will not waste another day,  
I will not throw away the nights,  
No, now I'm here to say,  
That my heart, on the clouds it rides.

Show me the sea, I'll jump in,  
Show me a lion, I dare to pet,  
Give me a challenge, and I'll win,  
In whole my life, the mood is set.

So dance with me through time,  
Enjoy every single moment given,  
Make the most normal words rhyme,  
Let the world see, you're driven.

a/n: one of the most basic poems I've ever written, but hey, I'm ill.... guess that's an excuse. I'm sitting here at home, too lazy to do anything and still bored.. what do I do? WRITING! that's right! hope you enjoyed.

Chantal Lammerts

## Live It Out!

Dreaming is my way to hope, my escape,  
It reflects my thoughts, but in a different shape,  
They tell me it's not healthy, not mature,  
But I see differently, that's for sure,  
The difference, why It's fine with me?  
It's that there's one thing that I can clearly see,  
And when they tell me to return, out of my head,  
There is something that desperately needs to be said,  
And if necessary, I'd gladly shout it out loud,  
You most certainly may dream, but live it out!

A/N: I think I have a problem, I think I think too much. And that reflects in my poem, I guess... Hope you enjoyed, comments and votes are more than welcome  
chantal

Chantal Lammerts

# Mirror, Mirror

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,  
Has anything gone past,  
The way you've been known to call,  
Out all wrong so fast?

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,  
May I ask you something?  
Is it right for me to fall,  
Or should I stay in nothing?

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,  
I see desperation's here,  
Is it right when hope grows tall,  
Or am I to always fear?

Mirror are you hearing me?  
I think I need your help,  
If there's something I can't see,  
Will you come enlighten me?

Chantal Lammerts

# My Christmas Poem (Already)

The lanterns shine their dim light on the pure white street,  
That's where love and peace then finally meet,  
For a few days around this amazing date,  
There's nothing in the world with slightest trace of hate.

The fire is burning high and warms up the cold room,  
The love in each heart is starting to bloom,  
As Christmas is present in everyone's soul,  
And peaceful love is their only goal.

The tree stands in full glory in the small house,  
Everyone enjoys, even the always hunted mouse,  
For the people have given up their chase for a few days,  
And in the mouse hole a small piece of cheese lays.

The warmth in my heart goes way up high,  
On seeing the happiness that makes the children fly,  
And the gleaming of their eyes while opening their gift,  
Oh do I love those days that can make even hatred shift.

A/N: Guess I was in a Christmas mood! As the netherlands are cold (its terrible!) it really feels like winter. And some of the christmas lights are already out on the street, oh and I have a lot of christmas songs on my I tunes... (that's it for my inspiration part) hope you liked it! R'R'! xxoxo Chantal (AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS! even if it isn't until next month... -.-')

Chantal Lammerts

# My Dream Place

A place, where the raw magic still lives,  
Where everything has it's true colour,  
Where rainbows cover the sky,  
And our greatest wisdom is our earned valour.

A place, where my mind flees to in tough times  
And where my heart has always been,  
Where my dreams have been invented,  
And my face is always seen.

A place, where I feel entirely free,  
Where I know that I belong,  
And where I'm never on my own,  
While singing the world's own song.

Riding horseback and swimming in the sea,  
Climbing on mountains and sitting in trees,  
Looking around in this forgotten place,  
With always that soft, cold and gentle breeze.

Seeing the amazing blue colours of the lakes,  
Smelling the fresh smell of the perfect flowers,  
Tasting the sweet taste of the colourful fruits,  
And hearing those beautiful melodies for hours.

Realizing that this is my Utopia, my place,  
Too good to be true, too good to last forever,  
Maybe not always possible for me to reach.  
But forget it? No, absolutely never!

Seeing these pictures, feeling these emotions,  
Touching these things while I keep on singing,  
Hearing those sounds and smelling those smells,  
Only makes me sigh when my alarm is ringing.

(actually written for school, if you like it, I hope my teacher does too! : D)

Chantal Lammerts

# My Mistakes

How long will it take me to learn from my mistakes?

I'd have to be blown away by three hurricanes on a sunny night,  
Being run over endlessly by numerous dry seas and lakes,  
I'd have to have a toy that could make all my wrong, right,

Maybe if someone gave me the secret to traveling in time,  
Or let me have a cookie that can make me grow ten times as fast,  
Maybe if I could innocently commit a grand crime,  
Or if all my firsts would simply turn to the very last.

Let me dream deeply when I'm bright awake,  
And chain me so that I'm finally completely free,  
You know what this means, oh for heaven's sake,  
A miracle must happen for me to lastly see,

I'll learn from my mistakes, without hurricanes or magic candy,  
Without innocent crimes, running dry seas and great toys,  
I won't pursue these miracles, no, that wouldn't be handy,  
I'll learn from my mistakes without, and end up with goody goods and happy  
joys.

A/N: I've made too many mistakes in my still short life, it's time I learned from them, don't you think? Well, I hope you enjoyed my poem (and that this wasn't another mistake: P) Please review and vote vote vote! ! ! ciaowa! chantal

Chantal Lammerts

# My One And Only Cure

I'm just a bird that's already flown away,  
There's nothing you can do to make me stay,  
I have this longing that's impossible to ignore,  
Still, there's so much that I've got left in store.

You take one step closer, I run three steps back,  
My chin up high, but in my heart there's something I lack,  
Act as if everything is just fine,  
While the troubles in my head, are waiting in line.

I love this feeling more than that I love my life,  
Without seeing the ground under the cliff, I'll take a daring dive,  
I'll spread my wings, see how I'll fly,  
About these things I'll never lie.

Give me my space, but never let me go,  
Just know that I still love you so,  
Give me risks and some adventure,  
And then yourself, as my one and only cure.

A/N: don't know how to explain (well, that's why I write poems, don't I?) hope  
you enjoyed! if you've read, then review! ! ! ! (please!) xxoxo Chantal

Chantal Lammerts

# My Poetry

"Poetry, " they say, "is for the aching heart like lightning for haunted clouds, "  
Each word resembling a brilliant, unique line, which exposes the dark of the  
world's roof,

Clouds, the souls of the sky, aching wordlessly, in mystery the soul is shroud,  
Each sentence like a deep rumbling, it's origin in heaven's core, hear it move.

But although poetry is written on its finest, by a philosophizing, troubled man,  
It is something that my mind cannot force my hand to write,  
The emotions it calls upon, devastate me, I couldn't take it any longer, I ran,  
I wouldn't know why I sit here, in front of the object of my desire, and listen to  
my heart recite.

But then, after all, the ink flows from my pen onto to no longer blank paper,  
Expressing my thoughts and feelings that are not allowed out into the public,  
I explain my fear, of all humanity in me flowing away, turning into nothing but  
vapor,  
Do not think that I am merely depressed, it is just that I realize, these walls are  
far too thick.

Which walls, does this mad man write about? You may ask, and I would answer  
truthfully,  
That it are, indeed, the words of mad man that make you ask the question  
above,  
But these walls around my mind, shutting everyone out, need to be destroyed,  
finally,  
This is why, I ask only one thing of you, darling, and this is your never ending  
love.

But as I know that it is impossible to achieve, and beyond unbearable to admit,  
It hurts to see your dark brown eyes glisten of joy, like dazzling stars in the  
night,  
My hand clutches the barstool; the other my pen, attempting to redirect the  
rage, I almost did,  
My eyes darting between the almost full paper, and my love, I'm infuriated by  
the sight.

That man, compared to you, is nothing more than a worm compared to a lioness,

You, my love, strong and beautiful, him an insect under my shoe, or soon to be

there,

It won't be long, before I decide that it is time to act, away will be the stress,  
You and I together, I'll kill him, repair the life that, although not for long, is still  
unfair.

A/N: this was an assignment for school. We got a painting of a bar with 3  
costumers and a barman. (one red haired woman, a man beside her and another  
man, his face covered by a classic hat) We had to write a crime story entry  
based on the scene in the painting... the next assignment was to write a poem  
from the POV of one of those people. I chose the 'murderer' in my story... so  
therefore the strange theme of the poem..

hope you liked it! ! xx Chantal please Review: P

Chantal Lammerts

# My Soul Transcends

The music plays along,  
Gives this moment a feeling,  
And as I quietly listen to this song,  
I can feel all my wounds healing,  
When I feel my burdens become too much,  
And I see no way out,  
I'll listen to music as such,  
I'll put it far too loud,  
But it doesn't matter how loud or soft,  
As long as it's there,  
I can feel my soul soaring aloft,  
Warmth spreading everywhere,  
And as I fly higher and higher,  
Into the tones and sounds,  
I reach what I desire,  
And lose the sight of the endless grounds,  
I'll stay there, where the music has brought me,  
And return only when the song finally ends,  
The ceiling of my room is what I then see,  
But my soul, it still transcends.

A/N: in the honor of music. If you share my feelings, please tell me. Thank you.  
xx chantal

Chantal Lammerts

# Next Year

The year comes to an end, and it is now that I am deep in thought,

For it is an ending, but more, it is a beginning,

In this time that has past, have I found what I sought?

Will I make the leap into next year, one of losing, or winning?

Is there much that I will leave behind, once this year has bowed for the following,

And will it keep balance for all the things I'll find in time?

Will I be faced with problems too big for swallowing?

Whatever it is, one thing I will do, and I'll never stop. I'll climb.

A/N: I hope you like this one. I have just discovered the beauty of classical music.(and for someone my age that's a big step) I think it affects my writing. Please tell me if you noticed, if not, don't worry :) please comment and rate! Oh, and I want to thank everybody who has helped me on my way, with comments and messages. I am very grateful. Have a happy new year and hopefully a new year full of poetry. Best wishes xx

Chantal Lammerts

# No Longer -Me-, As Part Of -Us-

One more time, I told you, one more time,  
I couldn't take it any longer, I had to run,  
I loved you, and you made it seem like a crime,  
I thought that I was your moon, and you were my sun,  
But now I know, deep in my heart,  
That It doesn't fit, you and me, me and you,  
So that is why I decide, that we have to be apart,  
But you don't know yet, don't have a clue...

In this letter, written in the darkest ink I could find,  
I write the words, the sentences that reach till deep in my soul,  
And only part of me hopes that you won't mind,  
But the rest hopes you care, and maybe if we'd exchange of role,  
You'll see how I feel, what I think,  
Maybe you'd understand, change, just for me?  
No, you won't solve this with a hug, kiss nor drink,  
I need this to end, why can't you see?

So now, on this pearly paper, I finally dare to speak my mind,  
I'll tell you what I have needed to say for a terribly long time,  
I don't want to stay with you, and I'm no longer afraid of what I'll find,  
When I open the door to my freedom, not afraid to fall when I climb,  
I'm not afraid of leaving you, just afraid that I've sunk too deep to walk away,  
This is goodbye, the final act of me as a part of us, it will all fade,  
And as I've said all I wanted to say,  
I walk away, without regret, destroying what we've made.

Chantal Lammerts

# Pretending

Pretending...

When the little innocent bird,  
Sings the most beautiful song you've ever heard.  
And the deadly king, a lion with sharpened teeth,  
Shares with his friends his delicious meat.

When the shining sun comes and goes,  
It can burn you if you're too close.  
And the flowers that look so pretty,  
But poison you if you get to gritty.

Things never are like they may seem,  
Mysterious, they don't call out and scream;  
Don't come closer, be aware,  
I have warned you, I've been fair.

No, people are not different,  
Their exactly what I meant.  
They put up a happy smile,  
But in the end, they just pretend...

Live life, eyes open,  
Be aware and don't get broken.

Chantal Lammerts

# Strong Enough

Sometimes, when the wind blows me away,  
Or the sea is out to drown me, to take me in,  
When everything suddenly sees me as a prey,  
And I see that there's no way at all for me to win,  
It's then that I doubt if I'm strong enough,  
For this world has proven itself too cold, too tough.

But then you come along, and help me up again,  
I say that I want to fly, so you give me your wings,  
And even if I take you for granted, yes, even then,  
You're still there for me, as attached by unbreakable strings,  
It is thanks to you that I am strong enough after all,  
Because you are here, so I'm no longer afraid to fall.

Thank you, for being there for me through good and bad,  
For supporting and comforting me, and never getting mad,  
Thank you

Chantal Lammerts

# The Colours Of The Rainbow.

Seven colours, each unique,  
Their meaning is what I seek,  
Different opinions, all make sense,  
But still don't go over conscious' fence.

I've come up with meanings of my own,  
In my mind they've slowly grown,  
Each for something special in my existence,  
All close to my heart with a minimum distance.

Red stands for love, from family and friends,  
Their good company, the joy that each one sends  
For their warm words, their friendly smiles,  
Their diversity and completely unique styles.

Orange stands for joy, with others or alone,  
In a live talk, or with friends on the phone,  
Inside by the fireplace, or outside with nature,  
On a calm day or an exiting adventure.

Yellow stands for light, as in funny fireflies,  
As in a great advice,  
Even in the stars and the sun,  
And in the eyes of a friend, while having fun.

Green stands for nature, grass and trees,  
For beautiful birds and zooming bees,  
For the sweet smelling flowers in spring,  
Or the white snow only winter can bring.

Blue stands for water, lakes and seas,  
For ice, when winter makes it freeze,  
The strong rivers that always fight their way,  
Which makes us jealous, if I so may say?

Indigo stands for wisdom, a topic I've not completed yet,  
It's about all the things we have ever said,  
About all the things we have thought and done,  
And all our knowledge that until now we have won.

And at last Violet stands for completement,  
As this poem is on it's very end,  
But it also has a more important meaning,  
'Cause it also stands for a brand new beginning.

(written during my vacation in Mexico: P hope you enjoyed it!)

Chantal Lammerts

# The Dance Of Opposites

'Being', on itself, is not able to be when the 'not being' is not,  
If not for the fear, how can courage ever exist?  
In a world without the dark, the light is what they forgot,  
For a 'yes', without ever a 'no', means nothing on its own.  
If the existance of the other makes opposites be,  
Yet they can not be at the same time,  
Does that mean that for you and me,  
The Dance of Opposites... is a dance forever?  
For if you want something sweet,  
I am in the mood for bitter,  
And when I plant the seed,  
You only sow.  
While you love the day,  
I prefer the night,  
And whatever I say,  
You deny.  
Opposites personified, if such thing is even remotely possible,  
You're Yang, I'm Yin, and whenever you're up, I'm down,  
I say left, you insist on right, always something else, unthinkable,  
Unthinkable and unrealistic, this dance of ours.  
But if neither peace nor war and conflict can last forever,  
And the moon and the sun both shine,  
Is there something we can do, our personal endeavour,  
To find the thing we share as well?  
Maybe we can't, maybe it's not meant to be,  
Maybe we are meant to dance forever,  
Spinning around eachother, back and forth, you and me,  
Left and right, but carefully keeping distance,  
Because like fire and water,  
We might dissapear when we touch, combined out of existance,  
But at least... we'd be together...

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A/N: hope you liked it ;) please tell me what you think about it! lots of love,  
Chantal



# The Lights Go Out, I Flee

I walk through the rain, my mind wandering off to a place unknown,  
The street lights make the water shimmer, their true beauty is shown,  
A small boy, out on the streets too late, bumps into me, makes me groan,  
As I see this boy, running away from the rules, the restrictions of his life, I realize,  
All persons have their own story, with an unique beginning and an end not set in stone,  
And with every step they take, every decision they make, their story has grown,  
Risen to a level beyond what birds can reach, to an undiscovered zone,  
A story, so special, so matchless, completely and entirely theirs alone.

And my mind goes on thinking, if a story is given to each creature on land or in sea,  
In the air or someplace else, than I must have one too, so I search for the golden key,  
The pass to reveal my book, my tale, and find out what it is that I'm supposed to be,  
If there's a way to read it word for word, letter by letter,  
All of which, from the moment I took my first breath, till the day I die, belongs to me,  
And maybe then, when my perspective is enhanced, my life is exposed, I will finally see,  
That my story is nowhere, not in years, over, but just unwritten, wanting to be free,  
But my mind knows that I'm not ready to know this truth, at least not yet, not on any degree,  
Then, the lights go out, and I run, I flee.

A/N: so? like it? hate it? please tell me =) xx chantal

Chantal Lammerts

# The Sea

The sea is shy,  
Is she tough, or is that a lie?  
But when she has a brave day,  
She'd come closer and say,  
That she likes you and needs a friend,  
And then the time comes when she will send,  
Her tiny drops away again,  
Out of reach for men and women,  
She hides, but comes back with huge attacks,  
Angry because of the friendship she lacks,  
A wave could crush us all,  
Make us fly and fall,  
But it could also wash all our worries away,  
We would not yell nor bay,  
Because it had helped us with our troubles,  
It had burst our angry bubbles,  
So is the sea our friend or enemy?  
Or something in between that we cannot see?  
Can we trust her with our lives,  
Or will she stab our backs with a thousand knives,  
Maybe we should just live aside her in peace,  
And then all our struggles will finally cease.

A/N: my father told me to write a poem about something like the sea... well here you go! (happy?) haha, no, I hope you like it! ciao! chantal

Chantal Lammerts

# The Stone And The Well

Have you heard of the well of everlasting youth?  
Well, can you keep a secret? Tell the truth!  
Fine, this is another secret I'll share with you, I will,  
It's a secret that is well kept, after all those years still.

The well of youth is next to the stone of age,  
Both created by something more powerful than a mage,  
More powerful than those in your wildest imagination,  
Made by the true power of all creation,  
Consisting of pure, unconditional love,  
And set free by a blinding snow-white dove.

The only thing you have to do, to reach the residence of them both,  
Is to open the cage and fly away from what you loath,  
If you'd like to grow up, you push away the fear of the well's water,  
Or to stay forever young, you put a stop to the stone's aging slaughter,  
One sentence is needed to complete the spell forever,  
One sentence and a faith that will help you in your endeavour,  
So believe and say, loud enough for yourself and friends to hear,  
The water of the well will nourish me till time's end, the stone I no longer fear.

A/N: so this is a part of my other poem, but I edited it and put some lines together, so I formed a whole new poem. Hope you like it =) xx

Chantal Lammerts

# What Happened To Reality?

Tiny spots on the roof receive their shine,  
Change to stars and spread the night,  
A smile appears as two worlds intertwine,  
And one gives way to the other.

Our imagination knows no restraints,  
For freedom stands beside air,  
When with the falling of the chains,  
Breath comes to us once again.

It is believed by many a mind,  
That the heart loves only that which is,  
but the heart, you will find,  
Can love even a dream.

That one type of love is more dangerous than most,  
And cannot be avoided,  
It is, in essence, as love for a ghost,  
So strong in its impossibility.

But if the mind works with the heart,  
And the dream becomes your home,  
As if it's been there from the start,  
And it's been all you've ever known.

If a dream is no longer a dream,  
And you've left behind the other world,  
You can sometimes hear it scream,  
What happened to reality?

Chantal Lammerts

# What Is Life?

What is life; more than a delay between past and future?  
What is future; when life is nothing more than a halt?  
Is there anything at all? These thoughts work as a torture,  
If it is nothing, is it anyone's fault?

Did we mess up in the past?  
Or are we not as important as we think?  
Maybe we should enjoy it as long as it lasts,  
And what if it is over in a blink?

Could it be, that we are just a draft?  
That we are not as perfect as we presume?  
We could be only the material to a craft,  
And aren't we awaiting nothing but doom?

The world in which we live now, isn't it perfect already?  
Don't we have enough to be really thankful of?  
It could be that we're still a little unsteady,  
But it are all these thoughts, that when we love, we stand above.

hope you like this one...

my father's reaction was that it sounded sooooo much like a christian poem, but I don't want any kind of religion to have the upper hand in any of my poems, so I assure you:

This is just to show that human's infinite wants are a fact, but that we should also stand still at the things that we already have, without asking for so much more, like answers, in this case. BE HAPPY! : D  
comments are welcome!

Chantal Lammerts

# Whatever Will Be

Wrote this quite some time ago, and only just found it back on my dusty, old laptop... Thought I might as well post it... please comment and be honest, harsh, mean, nice or anything else you chose to be! Oh, and don't forget to put in some advice! ! !

kisses

Whatever will be

Darkness rules the lands that I am wandering on,  
Doors circle around me, a cross on them all.  
They are already discovered, entered,  
And shall not be opened again.

I take another step forward,  
My body reacting without the consent of my mind,  
It is as if clouds surround me, fog obscuring my thoughts,  
I call out, pleading for the mist to be removed,  
But there is no one around to blow away the clouds,  
I am on my own, for it is my path to take, and mine alone.

So I continue down the small road, destiny not in sight,  
For I know not what my destiny is.  
The fog doesn't clear, and I leave it be,  
Certain that I can make my way through it all.

But then, when uncertainty does find its way to my heart,  
I do not let it show,  
For I know that it is a path that must be taken,  
There is no way back, for that door, has a cross as well.

The different options in my life that I have tried,  
None of them suit me well enough,  
Is it because I don't suit them,  
Or do they not suit me?

Does my destiny lie elsewhere, behind a different door,  
Or is my destiny not great enough to be held back by a door at all?  
And If I do, in whatever miraculous way, arrive at the gate,  
Will I have the key to unlock the door?

The feeling that resides inside of me, that won't fade away,  
Is cold and empty.  
Is it a feeling of being incomplete? Or rather unsatisfied?  
The missing person or thing in my life, might be the key to my door,  
But will I be able to find it?

Is this key an object, or maybe an idea? Is it a thought or a person?  
Is it someone I must help, or someone who must help me?  
This key, would be a main character of my life,  
But what would I be to this key? A minor event? A coincidental meeting?

For now, I say, whatever will be, will be,  
And so the day shall certainly come, that it will, indeed, be,  
And with that, the clouds in my mind, disappear for all eternity.

Chantal Lammerts

# When We Were Parted

When we were parted...

The wind rustles through the trees,  
The pain, more than conscience sees.  
Hold aside by every soul,  
We're slowly losing our control.

Our souls united as one,  
Our bodies far apart,  
First thought, then done,  
Trying to fix a broken heart.

Years and years had gone by fast,  
Trying to reveal the one that's caused.  
Our lives to separate, our hearts to break,  
Willing to forgive that one mistake.

Life has past, worlds went by,  
Our hope lives on, goes up high.  
Love, at last, never dies,  
Even when the red rose cries.

Chantal Lammerts

## Why Oh Why? My Oh My...

The sky is black, but I've never felt more comfortable than tonight,  
One star resembles my trust, it's a breathtaking sight,  
Other stars are nowhere to be seen, in this black sky,  
But I don't miss them in the slightest, why oh why?  
Something has filled the large open gap they left,  
Something has given back the prize of their grand theft,  
My heart is back, after the stars took it away,  
Thanks to you I'm whole again, "Thank you", is all I can say,  
Because now, in the darkest of nights, I'm more happy than I've ever been,  
I look at you, and my breath stops at the most beautiful sight I've ever seen,  
You look at me with unconditional love ruling your lovely eyes,  
Your presence rubbing away all of my silent cries,  
Without you I'd be lost without a single form of a come-back,  
Because there would always be that something I'd lack,  
And now, as I am here, with you by my side,  
I know, I'm definitely in for the hard and dangerous ride,  
That Love will put us through as time goes by,  
But I know we can put it through, I love you, my oh my.

A/N: it's december, cold and the end of 2008... can anyone blame me that I'm in a romantic mood? hope you enjoyed! xxoxo chantal, ps. please leave a comment and vote okay? it would mean a lot!

Chantal Lammerts

# Writing To Me

Writing started long ago,  
As a manner to express,  
To tell someone: "I love you so",  
And "I'll never love you less".

Writing started as very rare,  
In our impressive history,  
And every time you'd stop and stare,  
As if a holy mystery.

Writing developed over time,  
The way it's done and the reason why,  
The different words and how to rhyme,  
With time, it became less and less shy.

Writing has completely changed,  
It's no longer a way to escape,  
No longer there to where it has always ranged,  
It has got a brand new shape.

Nowadays writing is for the food on your table,  
For the clothes you wear,  
And it is no longer stable,  
Oh, if people would just care.

We write only for the audience,  
Only for the fame,  
And always that obedience,  
To advice that is so lame!

Writing to me is more than that,  
It's a way to let go everything I've got,  
To express my feelings, happy or sad,  
To find out my very own plot.

So write for yourself,  
Not for anyone else,  
Write every book on your life's shelf,  
And you've got the true writer's cells.

hahaha, an old poem I wrote (found on my pc) I was angry because my teachers kept telling us that we should think about what the audience wants to read, etc... but now I know that if you can combine both, your own passion and the reader's interest, and put that in a poem, story, etc. than you have the perfect work, at least to me!

hope you enjoyed, comments are more than welcome and wanted

Chantal Lammerts