

Poetry Series

Cia Frizzell
- poems -

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Cia Frizzell()

A Love Poem

Instead of cleverly manipulating language
Just these words for you, my darling

I am.

You are.

Love is.

Cia Frizzell

About Love

when i was a child i did not name things i loved
'this is my favorite marble'
would always lead to somebody asking for it in a game of keeps

when i was a teenager i did not name boys i loved
because then my best friend would want them
and she always got what she wanted

when i was a woman i shouted my love from the rooftops
and felt foolish when it went away

now that i'm older i no longer have to name it
it's love all the same

Cia Frizzell

After All Is Said And Done

eventually, you will reach the point
where there aren't even memories
just memories of memories
of things that seemed so important at the time
and it really makes you wonder
why they ever even mattered at all

Cia Frizzell

Everything Is Beauty

she sees beauty in everything

the abandoned factory with its broken windows
telling stories about times gone by

the plastic ring from the gum machine
which is more precious than diamonds or pearls

the weed trying to push its way through the concrete
with more nobility than a well groomed rose bush

the spider crawling along the kitchen counter
that she carefully picks up and puts outside

the stray dog huddled next to the air vent for warmth
safe in the knowlege he's safe for a few more minutes

the homeless guy on the bus, who surely hasn't showered in weeks
yet carries an air of dignity and grace

her dying friend's face as he hangs on to what joy there is left
still extending kindness to those around him

she sees beauty in everything
except the mirror

Cia Frizzell

Juke Box 1981

the junkies always picked queen and bowie - 'under pressure'
and the gi's chose 'take me home country roads'
as for me, i don't remember what my favorite was that year
probably something german and girly
i didn't grow up until years after those days

Cia Frizzell

Just Thoughts

they take your love, and they spit on it. and throw it in your face.
and you're standing there, holding it in your hand. like this
transparent thing, with it's little heartbeat. it once was shiny and
bright. and now it's messy, dirty, weak. dull. and you wonder what
happened. and all you can think of is... it wasn't good enough. there
was something wrong with it. it's your fault. otherwise they wouldn't have
treated it like that. they knew it was flawed.
look at it now. that messy little thing. no wonder nobody wants it.

but it's wrong. when you sent it, it was all there. it was bright and
wonderful and pure. it had all the potential. only somehow, they weren't
ready. they couldn't accept it. it bounced off them, there was no way in.
they got scared by the brightness, they didn't know what to do with it.
maybe it scared them, maybe that's why they lashed out at it, and threw it
back.

look at it again. carefully. if you do, if you look really hard, you can
sometimes see a little glimmer of the brightness it once had. your
brightness.

Cia Frizzell

Not A Haiku

if the only want i have
is not wanting any more
am i being zen enough?

Cia Frizzell

Remembering Him

'you kiss me like you really mean it',
he told me once,
not as a compliment, more of an accusation.

and he was right... i did
i knew i had to fit a lifetime in that kiss.

Cia Frizzell

This Is The Day

no particular reason, no explanation
you just find yourself suddenly happy
without the need to question it
getting lost in the sensation of wanting to hug the whole world
smiling to yourself and believing, really believing
that maybe, just maybe
people DO get rewarded by merit
and somewhere, somehow
you did good
and this is your reward

Cia Frizzell

Time

i took apart a watch
and found, studying the pieces
that time wasn't in there

Cia Frizzell

To A Certain Poetess

reading your self-aggrandizing scribblings
i realize that even though
your ego is the size of a planet
there might, just might, be somebody in there
here's hoping you find her some day

Cia Frizzell