

Poetry Series

**Debra A.G. Hawley**  
**- poems -**

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## Debra A.G. Hawley()

Born and raised in New Jersey (aka Jerzegirl) . Transplanted to Texas. I miss the beach and the four seasons. Have always written poetry (if it qualifies as that) but always kept it to myself. My favorite poets are Rod mckuen, Pablo Neruda, Rilke and Dorothy Parker (what a mix, don't you think?) Discovered thanks to C.T Audette via ~ Thanks Chuck :)

# Another Day...

Today she wakes up  
hair in disarray  
sad eyes looking out the window  
from her bed

The kittens run around her  
like errant children  
wanting her to play  
she looks away

it's just another day...

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# For But A Moment

The wind touches soft  
Upon my neck  
Like a lovers breath.

For but a moment  
I believe

But only briefly...

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# For You

My heart cries out for you  
with silent voice  
in those moments lost somewhere  
between dreams and waking.

My arms reach out for you  
slow motion touches  
almost feeling your hand  
it's warmth a memory.

My lips still part for you  
remembering your mouth  
gently brushing mine  
then moving on to speak.

My eyes still watch for you  
in dragonflies  
and darkened skies above  
beyond the moon.

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# In That Summer Of Loving You

In that summer of loving you  
I was free  
All things were possible  
And I believed them all

In that summer of loving you  
I was beautiful  
I saw myself in your eyes  
And I was wonderful

In that summer of loving you  
I danced with passion  
In and out of arms of love  
And you held me

In that summer of loving you  
I was laughter  
You laughed with me  
But never at me

In that summer of loving you  
I lost you  
And my heart was breaking... As you left me

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# Summer's Prerequisite

I lie alone beneath an open window.  
Warm breezes and melanchony  
swirl around me.  
A rush of bittersweet memories  
engulf my restless mind.

Summer's prerequisite  
remind me of your coming.  
And as these days surround me once again,  
they feel the same  
and yet you will not follow...  
gone forever from my door and from my life,  
but not my soul.

Such is this,  
the promise of summers yet to come  
intoxicate  
and whisper of your presence.

I inhale deeply...

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# Untitled

I wanted a simple life with him.  
Barefoot,  
nights under the stars,  
watching,  
breathing in the silence.  
An honest love.  
Tenderness.  
That look that he had,  
that said without words  
that he understood  
and all would be alright.  
Time and miles never changed that.

I miss the essence of him.

Sometimes at night  
under those same stars  
I feel it still.  
A soft embrace  
an angel's touch  
and I am home again.

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