

Poetry Series

Deja Still
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Deja Still(4-12-88)

Breaking Point

My head is spinning;
my heart is racing.
Days and Nights;
are all a blur.
Try and try again;
yet there is no cure.
You can't runaway;
for there is no escape.
Just wait it out;
surely it has to fade.
Too much can be enough;
that pushes you to break.
You cry in the dark, alone in a corner;
knowing what you have to take.

Deja Still

Cancer

Eyes set on addiction;
intense and drawing close.
Searching for my answer;
fighting off this next dose.
This is my cancer...
Yearning for daylight;
when the calling drowns away.
Stay focused and don't move an inch;
my vision can be shielded one more day.
This is my cancer...
Night always falls;
and the wolves always howl.
Prescriptions and lessons;
can't feed the hunger that growls.
This is my cancer...
It's fierce and deadly;
and has no conscience.
It holds no sympathy;
only feeds on your sickness.
This is my cancer...
Weak I am not;
yet my pride does not bend.
First you must surrender;
becoming the equal of the evil you fend.
This is my cancer;
But only I can give into death.

Deja M. Still

Original

Deja Still

Gaurdian Demon

You are the demon;
that haunts my dreams.
I pretend not to feel your presence;
even as i sleep.
I feel sick;
when you lay your hand upon my shoulder.
I bleed inside when you grab my heart;
and the world grows colder.
Once you were my other half;
now you've been a burden for years.
You're the reflection in a mirror;
that causes me fearful tears.
I couldn't replace you before;
now I think i've found a way.
I'm sending you back down to hell;
and that's where you need to stay.

Deja Still

Is It Better?

Is it better to be feel alone;
and have a hand to hold?
Or is it better to feel alone;
with no one by your side, left out in the cold?
Is it better to have loved;
and risked feeling their burn?
Or is it better to have never loved;
and not taken the chance to be loved in return?
Is it better to trust;
and experience the sting to your back?
Or is it better to never trust;
and not know the companionship you lack?

Deja Still

Noises

I hear a tapping at the window
then a knocking at the door.
I hear footsteps on the stairs.
Then whispers in the hall.
I hear a squeaking of the door.
Then the crackling of the floor.
I hear the noises fade away
then I hear no more.

Deja Still

One Chance

God give me just one more chance to be;
one more breath to breathe.
Look into my eyes and see;
all the love before you leave.
God give me just one more chance to feel his touch;
make your hands intertwine with mine.
This pain might be just to much;
Let this heart feel truth this time.
God give me the chance to be;
One last chance to be happy and free;
A chance to let him see.

Deja Still

Secret

I carry a secret inside;
that tears at my soul.
I bury it farther down;
it still continues to pull.
I feel it grow;
with each passing sun.
It feeds on my past;
and the things i have done.
A life of it's own;
complete with human form.
That summer night, so long ago;
from innocence and sin, it was born.

Deja Still

Sometimes

Sometimes there's no words,
To express how one feels.
Sometimes there's no comfort,
In the ways to be healed.
Sometimes there's no joy,
In new beginnings.
Sometimes to start new,
Begins with an ending.
Sometimes there's no fixing
What has already been done.
Sometimes what you want
Isn't the one.

Original Poem By Deja Still March 2009

Deja Still

Soul Of Life

From the beginning, I have loved you...
I loved you first when I wasn't capable of knowing;
I loved you when I didn't grasp that love is
unselfish and without sin.
I loved you when I thought love could only bring happiness;
I loved you when my heart felt the loss of something priceless;
I loved you when I realized time doesn't wait.
I loved you when I accepted living separate lives;
I loved you when I hoped for the best life for you without me.
I loved you when I saw your true colors along with mine;
I have loved you when you were near and when you weren't around to see.
And still today I continue to love you...
I love you unconditionally and in the form of a blessing;
I love you exactly the way God designed love to be;
In a way that love is strong, deep, pure, wise and undying.
I've come to love you to the fullest capacity;
by the twists and turns and lessons that life is meant to bring.
Love is no longer a mystery, a simple feeling of emotion,
or a sense of purpose and belonging;
It is the true soul of life and my soul as well.
My love for you is a never-ending river; locked in my soul,
that will continue to expand forever;
and flow around you for all eternity.
You will always remain my friend, my other half and my soul mate.
I love you...

Deja Still, March 9,2005

Deja Still

Special Touch

He opened my eyes
To world never shown.
He carried me away
And made me his own.
Before he came to me
I was alone.
The way he's touched my life
Sends shivers down to my bone.
Why he was sent to me
may never be known.

Deja Still

Stranger

Who is this stranger,
That sleeps in our bed.
The one who's name I cherished,
Can't even be said.
This touch I once loved,
Now bares such shame.
This heart I once admired,
No longer the same.
Don't look at me with those eyes,
This person I dont know.
Don't tell me these things,
We both know aren't so.
Alone in my silence,
I yearn to grieve.
For this heart of mine,
That has been so decieved.
But I cannot shed
not even one tear.
Cause if I do
That means this is real.
I refuse to give in,
To this stranger in my bed.
Who's name makes me weak,
To even be said.

Original Poem By Deja Still March 2009

Deja Still

Unifying Souls

Through your eyes, I can see your heart.
All your love, hurt, and deepest thoughts.
From the touch of your fingertips, your words I can hear.
Your laughs, secrets, and biggest fears.
By the way you smile, I can feel your mind.
All your doubts, cares, and greatest finds.
Through you, I know the real me.
My triumphs, faults, and everything I'm supposed to be.

Deja Still

Words Of Wisdom

Home is where the heart is;
at least that's what they say.
My heart has gotten lost;
'Home' changes everyday.
Love is hard to come by;
at least that's what I've learned.
Habits die hard;
once you've been burned.

Deja Still