

Poetry Series

Gero Lorna

- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

Gero Lorna(March 1,1978)

At the age of nine I experienced something that no child should ever endure. It was at that time I discovered my gift for writing.

I am the only girl in my family with five brothers. My father died when I was thirteen years old and my mother has been my rock. She has inspired many of my writings.

I am the mother of a beautiful little girl who has also inspired my new outlook on life.

Like many, I write about what I feel and experience and this is my gift to the world.

This is my story.

LMG..

A Moment Like This

A moment like this
has been deemed a once in
a life time experience. However I have felt
similiar feelings, dreamt similiar dreams, thought the
imaginative thought.

In a moment like this
I will banish my fear with expectations that we
both flirt with a deep desire for the inevitable.

A moment like this
has allowed me to release what none other
has had the courage to enforce, but
have secretly wished. I am sure of
my feelings as I am sure of the outcome,
therefore, embracing this endeavour seems
only natural and acceptable.

In a moment like this
you have bestowed upon me a great sense
of admiration and understanding which therefore
confirms my initial thought. A moment like this
has shed light on a once upon a time dark shadow
that although self motivated became my way of escape, .
The fear of the shadow being lifted co-existed with the thought
of being hurt again, in a moment like this.

In a moment like this
I want to be brave for I feel I am worthy of what I deserve.
If in a moment like this
a memorable moment like this we should decide
to take it slow. Then a friendship an undying one will last forever,
in a moment like this.

Gero Lorna

A New Beginning

From a distance you recognize a face
that triggered an unforgettable
feeling.

A shadow of forever ago has
disappeared in a blink as you
journey back to that air conditioned
space where a yellow paper reads,
'Phyllis's' room. You
feel a warm presence, at once
your spirits lift.

A stranger with a familiar aura
enters your room and immediately an
unexplained connection was formed.

A known fear has been replaced
with a sense of great appreciation
for those who know you, love you,
and take care of you.

Amazingly yesterdays cold confined space
with the yellow paper that read, 'Phyllis's
Room' has now been transformed into
a space filled with warmth, wellness and endless
hope. For today marks the journey of a
new beginning.

Gero Lorna

A Poem For You

You have given me a reason to believe that
good things do come to those who wait.
I have been waiting for what seems like
an eternity, but a phone conversation
opened my eyes to hope. You are a
person with a great past and I have
been living in the past, neglecting to
see the future. We both accepted an
invitation to what was supposed to
be a night of lust and passion, but instead
it turned out to be an endless romance.
To say, 'thank you' seems not enough,
but to say 'I love you' with every
breath I take means some much more.
Priceless even. To you I make this promise
that whatever time we may
lose we will have a life time to make
up for. We are of different ages, but
our hearts have bonded just the same.
We are of two different worlds, but
our hearts have become one.

Gero Lorna

Africa

Her homeland,
Her tribes,
Her proud language,
Her ceremonial drums,
Her tired streets,
Her unforgiving strength,
Her families,
Her overwhelming grief,
Her breathless chest,
Her eyes of defeat,
Her applauds of celebration,
Her culture,
Her healthy plantation,
Her prayers,
Africa.

Gero Lorna

Amazing

An amazing year you gave to him
your hearts, your souls combined.
An amazing partnership he created
upon such love Jesus shines.
An amazing dream was clearly dreamt,
uniting a love like yours.
He leaves in your possession unleashed
happiness, waiting to be endured.

Dedicated to Kennith and Judy Jones on their two year anniversary.

-Lorna-

Gero Lorna

Broken Hearted

You loved me from the beginning
but now things have changed.
You're moving further away from me
and I feel I am to blame.
Loving you is what I've been doing
even when you are away.
I try my best not to go crazy
wishing you would stay.
I know there are others who would say
that I'm wasting my time.
Where you are involved with others
you will never be mine.
When we spend nights together
you fall asleep and start dreaming
I'm not clueless I know of others
but I wonder if it's me you're seeing.
I cry myself to sleep sometimes
because I miss you so much.
I miss the way you make love to me
and your warm sensitive touch.
Together we created a life that
I never thought could happen.
Some people have said, ' she only
did that to trap him.'
Our lives are so much the same
destroyed and a mess.
I try telling you when we are alone
that I'm not like the rest.
I believe truly in my heart
that you and I could be.
The question is honestly will
you ever be with only me?
I feel a part of you loves me and the
other part is unsure.
I make excuses when you are not
with me, but I can't do it anymore.
In closing I want to say that I will
always love you so,
but if leaving me is what you want

I won't stop you, you can go.

Gero Lorna

Cheater

You think your're slick
sneaking behind my back
with that trick.
Your indiscretion I find
amusing and all the people you've
been using.
I know your mother taught
you better than that.
You've gone and befriended
those who like to chat.
Now your secrets are out,
but I'm not surprised.
I see the guilt in your eyes
I see the regret and shame too.
You thought you were playing
some naive fool.
I laugh in your face,
cause the joke is on you.

Gero Lorna

Cherished

Brush the hair from my eyes
and gently touch my skin.
Place your head on my chest,
feel the heart that beats within.

Lay beside me with you love
and share with me your dreams.
Give to me forever for
eternity we will be.

Smile and shame the sun
melting me with your kiss.
Your warmness, your love
your trust I can't resist.

Tell it to the master
shout it from the roof top.
Blessed are we with a love
that grows and doesn't stop.

Gero Lorna

Damaged Goods

Images of the past appear once again
I press the heel of my hands over my eyes,
these images I want to dim.

Faces of those dead and alive interrupt
the calmness before I sleep.
The shadows of those who in the night,
into my bedroom they would creep.

I can't seem to stop crying
and God I want to scream.
This is my bedtime everynight
the reoccurring dream.

My relationships go on suffering
and they have for many years.
Trapped inside these images
surrounded by all my fears.

Tonight I remembered a flashlight
and all the events that surround it,
if only I could remember the good memories
and the bad ones I wish I could forget.

Images permanently imprinted in my mind
like a carvings in wood.
The failed attempts of happiness
confirms that I am damaged goods.

Gero Lorna

Day Break

The heavy darkness passes
through the sky, while
the bitter chill from the
night penetrates my young
bones. In the distance
the fading sound of
the morning train's horn,
placing a smile of
acceptance on my barely
awakened face.

The silence in this old
creaky house disturbed
by an alarm clock
down the hallway, momentarily
the kitchen will be stormed
with bodies preparing for
another unfinished work day.
The daily routine given
little or no thought, delayed
by laughter & good conversation.
Reflections in the window has
quickly disappeared as
the first light of day takes
its stance.

Gero Lorna

Fallen Colors

Growth & strength
stands before me
so calm & undisturbed.
From the highest branch
(those short & long)
occupied by many.
Small birds; one, two,
three so many
slowly falling between plenty.
Each color in its own
way provokes positive
remembrance. Red, your
creamy lipstick, an emotion
a dress.
A natural development
has occurred with no
delay or interruption.
This periodic change
a beautiful captivation
for what's to come.
Fallen colors marks the end
of a stage and the
beginning of another.

Gero Lorna

Final Goodbye

I never thought this day
would ever come so soon.

For me to say goodbye to the person,
the person I believed hung the moon,

We've experienced so much together.
good times and bad.

You promised me you'd be here forever
and now I am sad.

For I know you are just a prayer away
and that we are a million miles apart.

You will never be forgotten
because you will always be in my heart.

So I'll kiss your cheek one last time
and you will wipe the tears from eyes.

We'll say our final 'I Love You'
and our final goodbye.

Gero Lorna

Getting Over You

Getting over you has been
the hardest thing I had to do.
You are what fairy tales call
"a dream come true."
My heart is deeply sad
and the tears they will fall.
I have only four qualities
I seek in another and you
possess them all.
I've played the "what if"
and the "what could have
been game" having the end
result being the same.
Your kiss is a strong memory
that I do not intend to forget.
Every moment we spent together
were none that I've come to
regret.
Although, if I knew that the
heartbreak would constantly
eat at my soul I would not have
smiled at you that day
heck I would not have
even said, "Hello."

Gero Lorna

Goodnight My Sweetheart

He lays peacefully asleep
giving love a second
chance. A mirrored image
of a secret affection
inspires a smile from his
heart. Each night he
shares his bed with the
same woman of five years.
Flaunting his foolish disguise
of a man committed. She
never doubts his love
unaware of his many indiscretions.
Across town alone she rests
holding the pillow that like a
sponge has absorbed his tasteful
cologne. A mirrored image
of a secret affection inspires
a smile from her heart.
Belonging to someone else,
she struggles with her truth
and his reality.
Not sure what the future holds
but sure the other will be there.
Till their next embrace an
explosive kiss shared by both
speeds up their pulse.
In seperate beds their
hearts remain attached,
both smiling from their
hearts.

Gero Lorna

He Is

He is the very emotion
that I lost, 'happiness.'

He is the very need that
I want most, 'truth'.

He is the very calmness that
has been interrupted, 'peace.'

He is the very hideaway that
ensures my safety, 'escape.'

He is the very reason that has
motivated me to move forward, 'hope.'

He is the very gift that God
felt I so deserved, 'a blessing.'

He is, he is, yes he is.

Gero Lorna

I Apologize

I apologize for what I said the other day
when I made you cry.
I apologize for hiding the truth and telling
you that lie
I apologize for not being the daughter that
you wanted me to be.
I apologize for not staying home,
but I needed to be free.
I apologize for not respecting you
and making you feel ashamed.
I apologize for the heartache, mother,
for you are not to blame.

Gero Lorna

If I Should Leave You

A day will come when
a personal call for me is heard.
A day when the clouds
in the sky stop passing
and the oceans life
becomes still.
A moment when both
our lives will end.
Mine as I walk the pathway
to our fathers mansion;
yours as a friend, a mother,
a daughter has been selected
to move forward from the
life she was granted to a new
life that awaits.

Give me you laughter as I
am lowered in to the earth.
Let me remind you of the person
you've helped me become.
A heart once afraid to love
has found a home that has
nurtured it's strength.
With love I will shine down
on your waking and sleeping
moments, blessing you with
great hope, undying love, and fond
memories.
If I should leave you,
I leave with you the gift you
gave me, life.

Gero Lorna

In Your Arms

In your arms
I am not afraid of going to sleep
for you are my pillow, my blanket.
I feel the warmth when you pull
me close, the smoothness of
your hand caressing my skin.
Your heart I hear beating loudly
as my head lay upon your chest.
The fear of getting to close has
disappeared while the desire
of never wanting us to part
plays on my mind.
I have never known these feelings.
I now crave the moment, the moment
when we are together. When uncertainty
and being shy rests with you saying, 'hello.'
I can feel you when I'm alone.
The sweet smell of your skin
takes me to a place I am familiar with.
In your arms where, I am not afraid to sleep.

Gero Lorna

Internet Love

A question of two strangers
who share the same desire.
Each wanting to start what
they hope will be a burning fire.

A glimpse of the future provided
by another,
Developed an usual encounter
an, "Internet Lover."

The words they exchanged
capture their attention like a spell,
One says a joke, the other writes....
a harlequin story she could tell.

Already both have shared stories
disclosing things in their past.
And they share what they feel will
form a love that will last.

A common bond that has intrigued both
and has them wanting more.
A new endeavor embraced by both,
a journey together they will explore.

And if something should happen
causing the burning fire to end,
Both internet lovers made a promise
to always remain internet friends.

Gero Lorna

Know It All

Know it all, who me?
Because I answered
when noone would speak.
I hear their annoying whispers
but really I don't care
cause I walk with confidence
receiving the hated stare.
I chuckle smiling with
a sense of appreciation,
startling them interrupting
their conversation.
Look at me! I want to exclaim.
I challenge you to do the same.
Be inquisitive and determined
refuse to sit like a hermin.
Show your passions and
your drive to succeed.
Characteristics of a leader
is what others will
perceive. Courage to
and possibly fail will
make you less afraid to
fall. I've learned to accept
as a compliment, ' know it all.'

Gero Lorna

Lonely Ladies

They come together every
evening and sit at
a table for two.
Facing those young, old; black white;
high school graduates
those in pre-school.

No female receiving a smile
but the man a flirtatious stare.
A side bar conversation
between the two, a bet to see
who dares.

No rings upon their fingers
to suggest that they are
wed.
Three inch heels, a tight
fitting skirt, bright lipstick
a shade of red.

An interruption made by
friends who noticed the
ladies right away.
A hurried conversation
with no invites asking
them to stay.

With the day now
ending and their third
cup of coffee stale.
An evening of collaboration
awaits the two
discussing how tomorrow
they will prevail.

-Lorna-

Longing To Be Loved

I trusted you as I have not
trusted anyone. I confess to you
how I felt and you in return
led me to believe you felt the same.
I now know that the words you spoke
were words of deception.
Now I lie everynight in a lonely
bed not blaming you, instead blaming
myself.
My heart has been broken for what
feels like eternity and even in my sleep
tears will fall.
I do not regret meeting you, dancing with
you, or falling in love with you.
I regret not regretting it.
For I am longing to be loved by someone
who desires my love.
Then my heart will heal and at night
I will finally sleep and in my sleep
I will smile.

Gero Lorna

Losing Summer

The once still leaves
have been disturbed by
a gentle wind.
Clouds hover thickly in
the blue sky.
Temperatures that were
mutually tolerated has
fallen back to a degree
of dissatisfaction.
The sound of neighborhood
windows closing to shut
out the cooling air.
Lingering bright in to the
faded evening, the sun
still enforces its glaring brightness
only to have noone afraid
of its lasting effect.
Light changing to shade,
bright blue heavens
transformed to a smokey grey.
Daylight weakening with every
hour. Dampness felt by many.
Summer has reached its peak.

Gero Lorna

Lost

Lost in the wilderness
on a dark night.
You try to find a
opening where there is light.

You run in circles
because you can't see.
Yelling in to the night,
'Somebody help me.'

Gero Lorna

Loves Questions

Yesterday I was in love.

Today I question what being in love really means. I see couples walking hand-in-hand, smiling. They appear to be happy, but are they really? Is one of them thinking that the other is not the person they want to spend their life with? Are they feeling the need to pursue other options, thinking there is more to life than what they have now?

Is anyone really devoted to one person? That one person they cannot live without. Does anyone in a committed relationship every go to bed thanking the lord for creating the person whom they feel completes them?

Why do some people feel the need to hurt each other? Acting as if love is a game where rules don't apply.

Whoever comes out on top is the winner and the one left all alone is the loser. Those who are not considerate of other's feelings, treating them like they are elastic bands. Believing they will bend and pop back into places quickly. Does happiness follow love or is happiness a whole new game. You tell me.

Gero Lorna

Midnight Crying

He chases back the pills
with a shot of whiskey.
George Jones plays in the
background.
An ashtray filled with
butts, he lights another.
The screeching sound
of his neighbors yelling
for him to turn the music
down combined with fists
hitting the wall.
He pays no attention
to the outside world
so deeply consumed in
his own. Lamps tipped,
picture frames lay broken
shattered. Taking another
sip he is struck with
memories of lovers in love.
Lost in his misery chased
by his loss, he cries.

Gero Lorna

Moving On

I took my dad's car today to visit some
of my friends before I leave this community
for good.

So many things I remember on the way. My
first bike accident. I still have the scars on
my face.

There that big white house where that
German Sheppard chased my friends and I.
The tree we managed to escape to.

I don't think we laughed so hard in our
entire lives.

My friends so many I've made and so many
I've lost along the way.

We all agreed that one day after
graduation we would leave home
and start our lives somewhere else.

But we were never to forget where we
came from. Sunnyville.

So many have already left. They're
doing great their parents tell me.

They seem very proud and sad as well.

I remember when I thought I'd be in
Sunnyville forever.

Actually, sixteen years feels like forever.

When I graduated I was so happy.

The first in my family, but I was sad too.

I knew it was time for me to figure out
what direction I wanted my life to go in.

So many sacrifices I had to make and
obstacles I had to overcome.

Now today I'm the mother of a
three-year-old beautiful girl and my
career still undecided.

It's one-thirty my bus leaves at four o'clock.

Going to say goodbye to my friends.

Evergreen Cemetery so many times

I've come here to say goodbye
with tears of pain,

today I come to say goodbye

with tears of joy.

Gero Lorna

My Future Yours

A month we celebrate
with remembrance of the
past. Museums, books
capture heroic faces
at last. Words of wisdom,
prayers of inspiration
motivates the young, the
old, the black nation.
Preparation for tomorrow
with the future in sight.
Achievements in numbers
we've earn the right.
We have witnessed the
rewards in the names of
those; King, Parks, Tynes,
Malcolm X, Winfrey, Angelou.
Restoring our faith attaining
what opens doors, place
the cap on our graduates
heads my future yours.

Gero Lorna

Now I Know Why

I watched you when I was a
little girl. You would drink
constantly. Today it puzzles me
about how I hate to drink.
Now I know why.

I'd stay awake everynight waiting
to hear your footsteps walking
across the patio and your key
entering the keyhole.
Friends always questioned why
I never attended any parties.
Now I know why.

I remember seeing you after
he grabbed you. The expression
on your face saying, you deserved it.
I would always become defensive
when a man would come on strong.
Now I know why.

I am a strong-minded person today
with dreams and goals to achieve.
When it seemed as if you were being
neglectful, you were preparing me.
Now I know why.

Gero Lorna

O' Holy Country

The marching of many, our soldiers.
We salute you.
Gunfire is heard, hero's are formed.
We applaud you.
O' Holy country.

The battle not considered a war,
they fight with pride.
We admire you.
An uncertain battle field where
noone knows their fate.
We pray for you.
O' Holy country.

The flag has been raised,
a silence is heard.
We miss you.
Our loved ones, your journey
from home is long.
We wait for you.
O' Holy country.

Missing your loved ones,
the loss of your friends.
We cry for you.
The return of few, that
started with many.
We celebrate you.
O' Holy country.

Gero Lorna

Outside My Window

Outside my window
life has transformed
for those who have
lost their yesterday.
A mere glimpse into a
less than perfect future
through stale conversation
from those who lost
their yesterday.
Regrets hover their pale
faces lacking gratitude
for what they have,
complaining harmoniously.
Behind the white sheer
curtains I smile remembering
my yesterday. Like a human
vice I hold those few images
so when engulfed in
conversation I cherish
those who help me
make them. Outside my
window life continues
for all that has been given
another day.

-Lorna-

Gero Lorna

Passing Strangers

A gathering of many
woman, men, children.
A spot where they come
to reflect, cry, or share
a precious moment.
The clear blue sky
embraces the rich sun.
The river near echoes
a steady rythm.
The birds applaud
singing a soft melody.
Familiar and unfamiliar
faces gather with no
expectations.
Their only wish is to be as
one with their surroundings.
An ocassional nod followed
by a smile.
A moment captured by few.
The silent acknowledgement
of a mutual engagement experienced
by passing strangers.

Gero Lorna

Perfume

A sweet fragrance
sends your mind to a place it's never
been before, making you feel incredibly
overwhelmed with its beautiful scenery.
The wind blows softly
as the sweet scent floats everywhere.
Flowers open as if to inhale the
sweet aroma that the wind has brought
their way.
The sweet stench has taken control
over you, making you feel sexy and
voluptuous leaving nothing for the
imagination.

Gero Lorna

Place In This World

Our hearts sadden as we read
about the troubled times of years ago.
Our eyes fill with tears as we watch
movies of the brutal lives blacks once
lived. When men were viciously beaten,
women brutally raped, and children often
killed.

Others received pleasure from the
wounded one's pain.

Blacks have risen from the tunnel
of hell to mark their place in
this world.

We are appreciated, and respected
by our own and others as we
struggle to keep our place in this world.

Although some achievements go
unrecognized we still go on
building dreams and living each day
full of hope, A dark past never to be
forgotten because of those who
survived and paved a road to our
future and helped mark our
place in this world.

Gero Lorna

Protection

I gave to you, all my love
with every breath I took.
You gave to me with all your anger
your right and left hook.

I seen it done to others before,
but I never thought it could be.
The man I gave my all to
could turn around and hit me.

My life has chaged since that night
when I didn't know what to do.
You were always there protecting me
who will protect me from you?

I ask the lord everynight
to make this a better world.
So that none of what has happened to me
will happen to my baby girl.

Gero Lorna

Silently Crying

His heart aches
his soul whimpers
the look of helplessness
a gasping breath of anxiety.

An uncertain boy
an unsteady walk
the lowering of his chin
the dragging of his feet.

Beautiful brown eyes
hidden by dark shades
pearly white teeth
hidden behind a still expression.

They may wonder
they may suggest
and the obvious
appears to go unnoticed.

An uncertain boy
an unsteady walk
the lowering of his chin
the dragging of his feet

Gero Lorna

Something More

What started with phone calls and letters has developed into something more.
A dance and a summer vacation has left me infatuated with your mind and body.

The spot where you took me has been a part of my every day thoughts. I haven't seen you for awhile now and I haven't forgotten you, the way I felt whey your lips touched mine leaving me breathless never wanting us to part. The day I dreaded the most came and the phrase all good things must come to an end seem to follow. I hid the sadness when I saw your car pull in my yard. Now the phone calls have continued and the letters so many have been sent hoping we can develop something more

1999'

Gero Lorna

The Healing

See me through the darkness
that holds the night in place.
Capture all of my behaviors
for my freedom has been released.

I've summoned my energy
requesting the challenge within.
Taken back what I've lost
a new life will begin.

Preparing for tomorrow
with evidence of the past
fading immediately from my
soul living in peace finally....,
at last.

Gero Lorna

The Tree

You're standing there in front of
my classroom window.
I remember seeing you two weeks
ago, full of beautifully colored leaves.
And today you're almost
naked with only a few barely
hanging on. The trees beside you are
swaying in the wind, but you stand firm
and strong.
You remind me of myself going through
changes in life.
The changes are so drastic that I'm barely
hanging on.
The wind is blowing and everything in my
eye sight is swaying, but I stand
firm and strong.

Gero Lorna

The Writing On The Paper

It was not a message
left from someone for me
or a phone number that I've
been meaning to call.
It was not something that
was underlined or written big.
It was written several times,
but very small. It made me sit
up straight when I realized
what I had wrote.
The words that I wanted to say
but would only go as far as my
throat.
'I Love You'

Gero Lorna

Time To Time

From time to time
we've confessed here, surrendered here
and forgiven here.
Dark clouds of frustration
hover here, hurricanes of emotion rest here.
We've cast personal lines
of doubt here, freeing ourselves here
from time to time.

We've experienced defeat here,
redemption here.
From time to time I've blamed
him here, challenged him here,
he's given me advice here
from time to time.

I've lost myself here,
found myself here. Through others
prayers I've been brought here.
I've waited here, been left alone here
I'm okay here
from time to time.

Gero Lorna

To That Black Man

We love you even though sometimes
you don't deserve it.

We are your friends, your sisters, your girlfriends,
your wives.

You lack what we as black women need
the most, respect.

We are struggling ourselves everyday
as we try to overcome the abuse
we have suffered, the love we have lost
and the "thank you's" we have seldom heard.

You, black male should be our shelters
from the storms of discrimination, our
shields in the battle of abuse and not the
water in the wells in which we feel
we are drowning.

Gero Lorna

Touch My Heart

The moment my eyes locked
with yours I felt a radiant
warmth touch my heart.
From that day forth
I knew we were destined
to overcome any obstacle
that were put before us.
Now that we are challenged
with extreme adversities
more then either
of us could have fathom,
my love is more determined
to fight and win this battle.
To show the world that the highest
mountains, the wildest waves and
the coldest ocean could
never keep us apart.
We will survive, you my dear
have touched my heart.

Gero Lorna

Uncle

The sound of laughter rings in my ears
as I sit and think about you.
We never spent much time together,
but my love for you was true.

Others recognized you
as being a wonderful man.
Kind, generous and loving
always willing to lend a hand.

My eyes fill with tears
as I picture your handsome face.
Knowing you are now gone
to the heavenly place.

Now your life has ended
a new one will begin.
I say good-bye for now dear uncle
for I know I will see you again.

Gero Lorna

Unsure

My heart is full of anger and hate,
yet I love.
I cry myself to sleep at night,
yet I am happy.
God blessed me with a child,
yet I don't feel like a mother.
I have friends who care and a family
who loves me,
yet I feel alone.
People say that I am pretty,
yet I feel ugly.
I stand in the mirror and know my
reflection exists,
yet I don't see anyone.
I live each day full of life,
yet I feel dead.

Gero Lorna

We Are The Same

I present to you a woman
who wishes she were not
judged by the color of her
skin and the clothes she wears.

Why must I because I'm
different be a target to
your insults and your
ignorance. I am human
like you.

So I talk with a slang and
dance different, some of you
dance just like me.

Yeah, our skin color is different,
but we are the same.

Like you I want respect
I deserve respect. I do not
want to be stereotyped
because of my Friday nights
outfit and I do not want to be
discriminated against when
I'm working and you see
me wearing pants that show
off my round butt or my top
that show my breast when I
bend over to give you your
dinner.

We are God's creation and God's
children once at heaven's gate
there will be no color because
love, respect, and acceptance
has no color.

Gero Lorna

What Is Poetry

Poetry, is it a depiction of what our lives should consist of in terms of love, happiness, freedom, acceptance and other forms of human expectations or is it what we make our lives, the decisions we've made, the choices we explore?

The writing on the paper can be a sense of entertainment or a mirror to a few, a reflection of oneself captured by a stranger only to discover that it is possible to live in the same moment, and experience similar thoughts and emotions.

One's actions captured and expressed through the written word. Certainly, it can be feared and or admired. The reaction can only be determined by the reader's perception and how the words, the flow of those words have been embraced.

A virgin has expressed to me that her most intimate moment with her companion was when he read her a love poem by candle light. Both revealed that each had been seduced and satisfied by just that, the written word.

A poem that defined intimacy (not just sexual intimacy) , but the intimate connection that is to many, underrated. Poetry that exposes true intimacy. Loves silence, where words of affection aren't required. Remembering the physical embracement that is felt days later. Having a thought or sentence completed by your significant other. When both of your eyes meet in the still of the night or a crowded room only to say, ' I've been looking for you too.'

Poetry, a voice of someone whose intentions is more than to just tell their story or expressing their thoughts. But also allowing the audience to read each line briefly living the poet's life. Forming a connection with the reader inviting them to take the poetic journey.

Poetry is indeed this.

Gero Lorna

When Together I Feel Alone

No further words were exchanged□
with his back now to her.

An intense silence, disturbed by
his overtired breathing. She lies
arms folded, sad, looking at the reflection
the light from the clock leaves on her
Dusty Rose walls.

She must have fallen asleep, awakened
by a full bladder. Laying there
for just a moment she wonders
if he held her at all, if he rested his
palm on her hip or if he was close enough
that he could smell the new shampoo from
her shower earlier.

Such space between them, she sighs
accepting that the only form of intimacy
may just be the rubbing of his knee on her
butt, clearly an accident.

Returning back to her warm spot now cold,
she wonders how long she was in the bath-
room. Resting on her back, she slips deep
in to thoughts looking at the ceiling engulfed
in darkness. He inhales deeply, changing
positions, his favorite position on his stomach.
Another human being can fill the emptiness
he's surrendered.

She wonders why, how and if this is all a dream? Embarrassed by the thought,
she pinches herself.

The stinging of a self inflicted injury inspires a smile through a worrisome
expression.

He is beautiful, she thinks to herself with his
muscular back slightly exposed to the rather
cool air. Again he switches positions now leaving
his entire back vulnerable to the morning chill.
Like an emergency rescue she pulls the blanket
up over his shoulder ending at the nape of his neck.

His shoulders shrug gently. She smiles, a "Thank you" she believes.
She yearns for some form of physical acknowledgement.
Letting her hand lead the search she rests her palm

on his side. The soft feeling of his skin pleases her thus far. Seductively she runs her hand heel first across his stomach final destination his well developed chest. His chest a playground for her fingers and kisses. His skin so soft and warm, she lays it, her hand flat fingers open over his left breast. Our hearts beat simultaneously she thought. He remains still; breathing silently his chest rises and falls. I love him so much, a pleasing thought. He's everything inside of me that I wish I could be, she thinks to herself. She lays feeling alone in a bed she shares with another. Her fingers move back & forth over his amazingly fit chest as if to say, "Goodbye." She wonders if she pulls her hand back slowly if he will grab it as if to say, "Don't go." Nothing. She sighs with rejection. She lays hurt, bewildered and dear she say it, "lost." Can you be lost in love, she looks to the heavens and thought. Does he hurt after he's told her no when she pleads, "will you hold me? " Does he love her like he's exclaimed? To be continued.....

Gero Lorna

Woman To Woman

Aching arm muscles from gripping so hard.
I could not control my hands once it started
a broken home an adulterous husband motivated this
woman to pursue my man.
Through the beating of my heart and
the hot flow of blood in my veins.
I see no need to apologize and why should
I refrain.
I dare you, take a moment and walk a yard
in my shoes tell me, what would be your
reaction had this been done to you.
'Woman to woman' Shirley exclaims, again
I ask why should I refrain.
A plead for forgiveness on bended
knee I swear. Through her severely bruised
eye, I refuse to believe those tears.
I struggle through this dishonesty, lies
and deceit forgiving another and
his mistake, the past I won't repeat.

Gero Lorna