Lodigiana Poetess()

I came to poetry late but am now trying to make up for lost time. I guess I am probably a very simplistic writer in that I was never too good at deciphering complicated poetry so whilst I still look for depth and substance I often will include a little humour in my own work. I also write under another name but unless otherwise specified these work are under the Lodigiana banner for now. More than anything I love the idea that other people might enjoy reading my scribbles- I try to make them varied, serious, pensive, romantic, sardonic or funny- in fact any subject that inspires me usually ends up on paper! Do read some of my poetry and let me know what you enjoy or hate about them. Thank you
A Copse For My Corpse

Dusty, grey old headstones, regimented row on row.
I'm sure it must be fine but somewhere I'd chose not to go...
This sea of dead with crumbling stones that shatter and deface,
this designated place of rest in cloistered enclosed space.
When finally I go to sleep for all eternity,
I want to be surrounded by phenomenal beauty.
I want to find a grassy hill that overlooks a stream
where rainbows end and lovers stand together - just to dream.
A meadow soft with tender leaves now fallen on the ground,
and flowers of a cornflower blue grow wildly all around.
A habitat where creatures great and small can safely roam,
Where butterflies and birds fly high each seeking out their home.
Just put me in my wicker bed, laid 'neath a silver birch,
where somewhere in the distance I can hear the choir in church.
Their voices drifting gently through my leaves whilst they all sing,
and when you come to see me, please come visit me in spring!
Where flowers grow unfettered, all so scented, wild and free,
and golden daffodils, like lanterns, lead a path to me.
Just sit beneath my branches, as my roots will now be deep
and love the nature round you, just enjoy it whilst I sleep......

Lodigiana Poetess
A Fatal Friendship

I'll wait on street corners, down dark, shady lanes. In clubs I'll be found there -to just entertain. You think me a friend, and at first -maybe so, but the more I'm your friend, the less you let me go. You had me for free, just a taster or two, but once I'm inside I'll take over you. You'll think of me always not occasionally, but each waking moment - you'll never be free! The person you were will be lost on the way, your life will be mine, you'll do just as I say. I'll make you tell lies, make you cheat and despair, you'll give up your loved ones'cause you just wont care. At night you can't sleep and the demons will call, with shakes and the sweats- yes you will have them all. The person you were doesn't give half a shit, you'll sell your own soul for just one single hit. Your hair is unkempt and you never wash now, you pray to escape but you've no will- no how! No matter how many times you have been told you shouldn't have let me get near, get a hold! You do not exist any longer - you're mine, destroying your life makes me feel oh so fine! I'm now in your schools and your kids are my aim. I'll soon be their friend and they'll end up the same, as long as temptation is taken, not fought, I'll make them forget everything they've been taught. I have become the new plague of mankind, Once I am your friend you leave your life behind!

Lodigiana Poetess
A Kiss

When you don't live to see another day with me,
then I will sing our song alone.
No chorus swelling, clapping, cheering
but repeating words that I have known.

Just the memory of your face
will turn me circles unending.
Searching for the sweetest smile
Now a fading image

Beset with doubt but with surety of spirit,
my trust I gave unswerving.
This world will overwhelm me
but surrender ever waits me

A day with you not close to me
I'll sing me song in unison
No soothing voices heaven sent
to speak the words that I have known

I know too soon your soul will fly
alone but held by angels,
beyond where clouds like white meringues
wait for winds of love to move you onward.

My broken heart will taudry break,
but through the fractured rays will gleam
a light, to point me where you are
within the midnight blue expanse

Tears will dry, sweet breath returns
Etched memories never weathered.
Life moves along obscuring time
But still my cheek will feel your kiss

Lodigiana Poetess
A Letter Of Love

I am undone...I am adrift...I am beset with madness
Will I ever be the same mortal I was before you?
In that moment all was lost....forever
A symbiosis formed that now will never be transformed
Or back to a time before you......
The path we are walking is unknown and with twists and turns
enough to cause us to fall...but holding your hand will
be all I need to face unknown challenges and whatever crossroads we meet.
You filtered through my waking dreams and pulled me into yours.
We sailed blind in to our passion and downfall,
No warning or preparation for the cataclysmic change overtaking us...
Love raw and yet...never more perfect.
Guilt only for others...none for us...we need our love, deserve our love,
yeann and live for our love.
I sit at my window watching the dawn break. A lucid sky promising
A beginning, unknown, familiar - yet secret.
The tree, our tree, starkly outlined against the horizon, now the
bare branches no longer a canopy of leaves sheltering our entwined bodies,
but still the ground's velvet, mossy carpet...so soft and yielding...
forever a memory of love's fulfilment.
Your absence is a void in my heart nothing can repair.
I miss you....so so much beloved....
Does she feel her heart stutter when you come close?
Does she touch your hair- just to connect with you?
Can she know the words of love you hide within your eyes?
Can she see the treachery of unrequited love?
The mute acceptance of a life devoid of passion, the longing to be with you....
Just you.
Folly is for others, ours will be a permanence, a forever love.
To speak of it aloud cuts me, confuses me, makes me afraid...
Too afraid to hope that I am not alone to feel these things...
I write these words hoping to speak to your heart, to fix it
in your promise that today is the day....the promised day,
that you confess your love for me...to her.
Be gentle, be solicitous, be loving..but mostly
Be mine.

Lodigiana Poetess
A Pedants Plea

Call me petty, call me trite
but you know what? try as I might...
I can't skip past a word misspelled,
and vanquish views that I have held,
from times gone by when, as a kid
a word spelled wrong, well God forbid?
So I grew up and learned to write..
Not right- but write - now get it right,
I knew the difference between
their and there and bean and been.
I came to trust nobody who
could not correctly spell too to...
So when I read a point of view
on something serious and true,
if authors get their grammar wrong
then their view's really not worth a song!

Lodigiana Poetess
A Song Of The Sea

Play for me the song of the sea
of reckless, foaming, seismic waves,
that ride astride the ocean swell,
white horses prone to misbehave

Old shanties sung by weathered tars.
Calloused hands towing empty nets.
backs breaking with the daily toil
from early morn to dim sunsets.

Slow flying gulls incessant screech
whilst swooping low through salty brine.
Elusive fish dive deep below,
still nothing on the fishing line

Play for me the song of the sea,
the cry of gulls, a whisper fading.
The skys now darken, a long days ended..
An empty boat sails back unladen.

Lodigiana Poetess
A Spider Haiku

Through crystal dawning
a common spider quivers
betrayed by the web

Lodigiana Poetess
How do I know grief?
Is it by the passage of time between loss and healing?
When the emptiness left by your love going seems endless.
As each day passes, you fight the day to meet the night,
then battle the night to face the day...
Keep fighting...
Keep moving forward...
Looking for the horizon you have lost sight of.
Grief is knowing that there is now an unattainable goal.
To recognise that there is no foothold to grief
only a flacid semblance of acceptance.
Not an acceptance that grief ends,
but rather, that it never does.

Lodigiana Poetess
Acquiescence

Life cannot be lived without the love of others
to catch a nightmare......

Chaotic beauty

is a train that never stops or deviates
but lives with remnants that you have.

Love unites but seems impossible

Yet perfectly addictive.....

Only in memory can we hold someone close

and know the reason you feel your heart swells.....

The waves block out the whispering sighs,

A withered tree betrays my heart
to find the road through the misted path.

No love to reduce to fetid decay

A crystal web with moonlight threads....

Hurting you was my crime

and to go in reverse to undo no wrong;

They say what doesn't kill you makes you strong

I didn't want a memory that gets in my way
to stifle the joy I wanted to stay,

I have to let the days pass me on by.......
The hardest word really is... goodbye.

Lodigiana Poetess
We sailed blind into our passion and downfall,
no warning or preparation for the cataclysmic change overtaking us.
Love raw and yet never more perfect.
Guilt only for others, none for us..we need our love, deserve our love, yearn and
live for our love
I sit at my window watching the dawn break.
A lucid sky promising a beginning, unknown, , familiar yet secret.
The tree, our tree, starkly outlined against the horizon, now bare branches no
longer a canopy of leaves
sheltering our entwined bodies, but still with the mossy ground carpet so soft
and yielding.
Your absence is a void in my soul nothing can repair...
I miss you...so so much
Does she feel her heart stutter when you come close?
does she touch your hair just to connect with you, ?
can she know the words of love you hide within your eyes?
Can she see the treachery of unrequited love?
The mute acceptance of a life devoid of passion, the longing to be with you, just
you?
Folly is for others, ours will be a permanence, a forever love.
To speak of it aloud cuts me, confuses me, makes me afraid, , Too afraid to
hope that I am not alone to feel these things...
I write these word hoping to speak to your heart,
to fix it in your promise that today is the day..
the promised day,
that you confess your love for me..to her.
Be gentle, be solicitious, be loving, but mostly
Be mine

Lodigiana Poetess
Age- Bring It On! ! !

When I hit 80 I'll wear pink......
And I won't care what others think,
'cause I'll be old enough to know
that I'm the boss of me!

I'll dance without shoes- in the nude,
and no one dares tell me that's rude.
I'll swear and cuss and drink neat gin,
and when I've done I'll start again.

I'll braid my hair, what's left of it
and take up smoking finest 'shit'.
A tattoo on my cheek I'll ink
and just not care what others think!

I'll get vejazzles done 'down there',
And wear short skirts so people stare.
Go clubbing till the morning light,
eat, drink and smoke
Get really tight!

I won't control the things I say
I might even decide I'm gay..
I'll swipe on tinder left and right,
and partay every single night

So bring it on-I want to age
and move up to this crazy stage.
Life's boring when you must behave,
Cause being young makes me a slave!

Lodigiana Poetess
Alchemy Of A Kiss

A tender moment captured in time,
surrounding me, owning me.
To still feel the brush of hesitant lips
whilst savouring the blissful night air.
Taking into custody this precious instant,
and embedding it steadfastly
within my memories for recollection
on lonely, grey, solitary days.
Preserving this enchanted feeling,
overwhelming and devouring me,
still marvelling in the unexpected joy it brings.
Imploring it to never leave me,
but forever to be tied to the alchemy created,
by that first kiss

Lodigiana Poetess
Alien Visitor

I want to see through walls...behind drapes...beyond Shutters.
To hide.
To close my eyes and enter a dream realm
To not see them.
Time eases nothing, fear always tangible.
Tightened knots of anticipated impotency clawing at my sanity,
edging me closer to the impenetrable void ...
Each time I see them.
Unanswered questions with sibylline intent and perplexing silent menace Uninvited threshold to my sacrosanct thoughts,
Are they still mine or theirs imposed?
Why do I see them?
Why me? Not you..just me?
Almost forgetting some nights what can attend- to sleep, fitfully always,
But ever cognizant to their unrestrained, unwelcome arrival
To wake, unbidden, enveloped in noiseless silence.
Movement impossible, heart thundering, panic rising,
screaming silently, uncontrollably...'leave me! Leave me! Go....
Shapes forming through solid mass, impossible, unreal, but there...
Always unable to deflect my sight from the emotionless, fathomless blackness of those hypnotic eyes, penetrating my mind until
I have, again, become them....

Lodigiana Poetess
All Within My Day (A Lifetime In A Day)

I listen to my music and my mind just drifts away, 
to sun drenched leas and swaying trees I've seen, within my day. 
Of cuckoo spit on roadside bushes, glinting in the sun, 
October mornings frosty start, as autumn time's begun. 
The evenings drawing in and suppers eaten on a tray, 
the sights and sounds of things I've seen, all within my day.

So many things I've yet to see and gaze upon with awe. 
Gods nature blooming everywhere, His bounty all before. 
I see within my minds eye, people loved from long ago, 
I've missed and laughed and cried about and wish so I could show 
them, how the world has moved along, and what I'd like to say 
about the sights and sounds of things I've seen, all within my day

To contemplate on some events and moments in my past 
Forgetting hurts and sorrows, yet they're the pains that last. 
Remembering the sadness of a wanted child unborn 
who took with him a world of love, yet never saw a dawn. 
A lifetime lived and loved and maybe sometimes thrown away, 
the sights and sounds of things I've seen, all within my day.

Lodigiana Poetess
Starting afresh, eyes awake and squinting in the brilliance of morning sunshine. Through the anonymity of darkness, sun battles the elements to rise..... Rise it does! Through the open window the sound of the morning lark, trumpets a new beginning. Shattering the silence with the triumphant call of the wild, and having called, soars.... Soar it does! Tearstains on the pillow, recounting the tale of a heart deceived and broken. A once held belief that hurt so deep, so raw, so ravaging, never heals..... Heal it does! Glancing towards the mirror, touching a cheek once wet with pain and defeat. Now with a bloom that promises a rebirth, a challenge facing a new life beginning.... Begin it does! All's well .....
Almost There...

I see it now, shimmering, golden,
distant..
I have no desire, other than to reach the light.
Love emanates and surrounds me,
I'm Tourniqueted with an inconceivable intensity
of emotion.
Light,
love,
belonging.
I'm closer now, I want to move faster but nothing moves...
The amber warmth touches my face.
My eyes searching through the brilliance,
my ears straining in the vacuum..
Take me into that 'forever' home
where only flawless love lives...
Don't leave me out here,
abandoned,
afraid,
alone...
My hand outstretched reaching into the glowing phosphorescence
yearning to touch that sacred eternity.
'Your choice' I hear,
through the nothingness in my head.
'Your choice', ..... 
Unbidden images bedazzle my inner eye.
A babe in arms so tenderly cradled, a child walking to school
holding my mothers hand, first kisses, first love, first tears of sadness and joy
A past and a present...
All the small gifts in life that pass by unremarked,
forgotten.
Now so close to my heart, so precious, unique
No words needed,
choice clearly made..
The glow retreated, leaving a permanent warmth in my soul.
Perfect peace shattered,
confusion and life abruptly surrounds me
Caring faces welcome me back,
albeit temporarily..
I was almost there....but now I'm home.

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Lodigiana Poetess
An Angel In Your Heart

You alone savour the sweet breath of air denied me,
but through you, I breathed in a spirit to make me soar.
No one can caress my virgin skin, except your sweet words,
when whispered, in a prayer.
Too soon my stay completed, before a fond goodbye,
to salve a heart wrenched from a dreamed of future together.
It was decreed before my birth, I was too beautiful for this earth.
My hand, though holding my Almighty's grip,
still holds you tightly.. but oh so lightly.
Forever seeks your comforting binding, and longs for our promised day...
Till then my love watches over you and guards
your tender core.
All understanding will come clear, but I will always keep you near,
and never ever part..
Until in heaven, we hold each other close ...Please know,
I am that Angel in your heart.

Lodigiana Poetess
And Then The Sun Danced

When our human nature, in conflict, asks us to look beyond the visible, the believable, the impossible.
I look to my soul for guidance, solace and reassurance, to understand the Omnipotent, know It and praise It.
...And then the sun danced.

Opening my mind to recognise without doubt where You exist.
Knowing that You inhabit even the smallest crevasse of the highest mountains, and the shell strewn ocean floor, teeming with unseen beauty in the perpetual dusk.
The heavens alight above us, as well as in splendid darkness.
....And then the sun danced

You are manifest in every miracle of life You ever called into existence and we merely custodians.
In every unexpected smile from a child, that lights even the most hardened heart.
When we sing and see in the listeners eyes a connection to a deeper sentiment, and acknowledge Him for talents bestowed however great or small...
.....And then the sun danced

I hear You..... in the silence of every thought that wanders, yet always returns to you.
I feel You....... as you touch my soul filling it with appreciation for those precious to me.
I sense You... in the wisdom granted to know right from wrong.
I know You......by the value you place on me and gratitude overwhelms me, allowing me to rejoice in all of this..
......And then the sun danced.

Lodigiana Poetess
Anxiety..A Portrait

Smiling sharks beneath the sea,
Never ever worried me.
Now I'm afraid of all I see...
Surrounded by anxiety

I try to breathe
breathe out..breathe in.
Relax and let the peace begin,
but what I get no one can see...
I'm drowning in anxiety

My chest goes up, but lungs have ceased,
and air can never be released.
The hands of fear all claw at me....
I'm ruled by my anxiety

Lodigiana Poetess
Awakening To Lost Love

The candlelight flame casts strange shapes on the wall.

The cracks in the blinds let in light.

A gold harvest moon floods the room with its thrall.

The dawn creeps so close, soon will banish the night.

I pull up the covers, to hide out my fear,

my pillow, like stone 'neath my head.

I know that when daybreak's about to appear

I'll face what your actions have said.

The wind rushing through the trees, loosen their leaves

as I lay in my bed oh so cold.

The blustering breeze, shaking all of the eaves.

my heart beats but can't be controlled.

The love that I feel for you eats at my soul...

So deep that it makes my world sing.

Without you I'm nothing, not half and not whole,

but I know what tomorrow will bring.

I live for the night and pray morning wont break

and I don't have to see you disguise..

What I know will be there when I see you awake....

Your love's died and it's there in your eyes.....
Lodigiana Poetess
Beauty..A Different Beauty

She's wrapped him up so warm and with his bunny by his side. Her lovely boy, her treasure and her overwhelming pride. A walk in sunshine, through the park and to the lakeside edge, this walk, his first, the one she promised and now will keep her pledge. Out through the gate, into the street and past the local store a group of women chatting, stop and gather round the door. One looks across and turns away and never meets her eyes, she wonders why they're silent now, when suddenly he cries.. A look of shock has stilled the group, one woman draws up close and peers inside the buggy and then suddenly she froze. She stared at him and blustered, mumbled and then turned away, quite clearly suddenly struck dumb, with nothing she could say. The group disperse, each going off and each one deep in thought, so onward to the park she goes, avoiding the onslaught of pitying looks and downcast eyes, and words no one can say, yet knowing that from now on this will happen every day. Her precious boy, light of her life, so perfect in her sight, but different from the other kids, so knows he'll have to fight the prejudice that anyone who's different has to face, to just become a member of the 'privileged 'human race. She'll make him strong, and let him know how special he will be, and that the world can still be good -although no guarantee that everyone will look beyond the difference that they see. But with her help he'll do ok and slowly things can change, and one day someone 'different' will not be thought of strange. But rather they will see them.. not as someone they cold shoulder, and know true beauty's always found in the eye of the beholder.

Lodigiana Poetess
What’s in a line? Just a line?
Separating the past from eternity.
The beginning from the end...
Taking a shortcut through the graveyard,
past the regimented rows of memorials,
Mothers, Fathers, Sister, Brothers,
Children, Lovers
All with inscriptions to show the world their names,
their relationships,
Date of hatching and despatching...
With just a line between those dates.
A line......
that represents their lives,
their whole life,
but now reduced to a dash -a thin stroke -a bar!
A casual demarcation, between what was, and what will be.
No one even thinks about words to replace that
Oh so casual stroke.....
But I think about those lines....
Wondered who they were?
What lives they lived.
Were they creative? Passionate? Imaginative? Foolish?
Did they fulfill their potential and reach dizzying heights of self satisfaction?
Or maybe lived a life beset by poverty,
With uninspiring voices surrounding them.
Were they striving for acknowledgement?
Did they cry in secret or laugh in abandonment?
A life well lived, filled with good intentions,
Or maybe.. evil beyond comprehension?
A stone memorial says nothing of that life..
Just the minutiae, the trivial, the incidental,
enough to read quickly ...
forget..
and walk quickly past.

Lodigiana Poetess
Beginning Or The End?

Why did you leave? Was it planned by design?
Why did you leave? Aren't I your world? . you're mine! ...
Why did you leave? With no whispered goodbye,
Why did you leave? Why not stay and Still try

You stifled my soul and...that's why I'm gone
You grew far too cold and.. that's why I'm gone
You love only you so ...that's why I'm gone
I love someone new and... that's why I'm gone

Lodigiana Poetess
Am I good or am I bad?
Am I Happy or just Sad?
Whatever you might think or say
you only see what I portray.
Perhaps I am your better self
the one you strive to be,
or just a shadow of the image that I let you see.
I hide behind the words I speak,
The smile so very languidly,
with gentle ease, appears in view..
but none of that is me.....
No one knows of all my fears
or things I aspire to..
You only know the person that
I care to show to you.
But is that any different from each of us I say?
Our face is janus and we never really know which way
we face, ..is it the side that makes us someone nice to know?
Or maybe not, but shows the face of one we should not show.
Can horror hide its thrust behind a painted smile?
and kindness be an empty move we practice for a while.
You don't know me....
You never will....
Enigma is my name,
but I'm in perfect company
as we are all the same.

Lodigiana Poetess
Blessed..Blessed  Rain

The golden orb awakes from flameless inferno,
stretching its tendril across vast plains.
The night dew evaporating, even as creatures slat their thirst,
then scurry off  to find shelter.
Higher  it rises in a sky so  blue and cloudless
but relentless, day after day.
Sapping the moisture, cracking the ground,
and leaving death in its wake.
Nothing grows, nothing moves, barren emptiness...
Sounds unlike any other, the sound of defeat.
The dust rising to choke any breath taken.
The carrion watchers waiting
no item disregarded.

Their is this world, the world of only survivors,
Who adapt to the  arid land of extreme heat and coldness.
Skinks metabolising fats and storing supplies camel-like,
birds constantly flying, searching for waterholes.
Day after day, no respite, no shade, no cooling breeze to restore a flagging soul..
Weary fight to stay alive but ever hopeful of the day a small,
but significant, cloud passes over head...
The plain falls silent....

So silent....

Then just one, then two ....and more and more

Drops from heaven

Faster, violently throwing itself with reckless disdain on the parched land,

The sound of the clash of life on the dying earth,

Small flowers and seeds waiting to take advantage to bloom and

Ripen in double time.

Drinking up, guzzling up, in a crazed, and  desperate passion,

and knowing they will see tomorrow  because of

the blessed, blessed rain...

Lodigiana Poetess
Bon Voyage

The best poetry begins as a blank page!
Virginal, unblemished and waiting...
Waiting for a thought to be
an inspiration,
which is then
translated into a word.
Where it then creates an image,
to generate an emotion...
Thought provoking,
Tear choking,
Laughter making
Conscience stroking
Emotion.
And so begins the poets journey..

Lodigiana Poetess
Box Of Broken Dreams

What happened to dreams?
Mine were such simple ones.
Arranged whilst sleeping and
saved for the waking hours.
Never grandiose, just small and perfect
Never spoken aloud, for fear of loss.
Secrets hugged to my breast for safekeeping,
unwrapped slowly to savour.
To close my eyes and live within my dreamed up world,
smiling a self satisfied grin
at my forthcoming achievement.
What happened to those dreams?
Were they fulfilled?
Did I change them?
Do I still dream them?
No... none of the above
You came into my life.
With your confident swagger you
swept into my space
with your oh so slow, languorous smile,
and your own plans for my future...
Those words spoken in a way that deflects challenge
leaving all around impotent
when faced with your power.
Your feet, large and flat
with no mercy at all
crushing my insignificant dreams into the
dusty box.

Lodigiana Poetess
Broken Souls

Somewhere a woman child believe that she was never loved.

Somewhere a mother gran stares through uncomprehending eyes.

Somewhere, somehow two lives have drifted slowly by

with only pain and hurt the common factor.

A woman child that hurts for love that simply walked away

and yet blames other people that the father didn't stay.

A mother gran who always loved despite no love received

and now feels lost, abandoned and utterly bereaved

Lodigiana Poetess
But I Am Strong

You have tried, God knows you have,
To destroy me
But my weapon is you...
And how little You know me

When you slept whose hand would gently brush your hair from your cheek?
And pull the blankets up a little higher to keep you warm?
Who knew that I wasn't your first or even your second love?
Daddy was first, and Squiggly toy was next
But I am strong...and brushed away that hair

When you were ill and in recovery,
whose voice was it, singing your favourite lullaby?
Stroking your tiny hand and reassuring you that all was well?
yet knowing that when you opened your eyes your first word would be
'Daddy'
But I am strong... and kept humming that lullaby

When you cried because Daddy had gone to another love,
I made excuses for him, and would take you to see museum dinosaurs.
You were too young to understand what a weak and cruel man he was,
and I never told you of the beatings and humiliation- even now,
but I am strong..I am a T-Rex

You grew up believing me weak, believing me bitter.
You never knew all there was to know, only what I chose to share.
You believed you were never loved as a child, you were right-
but it wasnt me who didnt love you, but that is how you cope.
I won't shatter your belief that he was somehow wonderful and I was the wicked
one,
but I am strong... and will keep loving you forever anyway.

Lodigiana Poetess
Caught In The Crossfire Of Abuse

Through the blinds, shackling the silvery glow of a distant icy moon
leaks the mearest glimmer of radiance.
Throwing eerie shadows on the wall bedecked with images..
Images of all that could and should be...but isn't.......

The noiseless cacophony of silence - broken only by the sound of a heart beating
so fast it threatens to escape its protective cage,
A peace descending, that is like the ceasefire on a battlefield...
A battlefield strewn with lifeless faces with grotesque grimaces that lead them
through to the afterworld.
Dismembered bodies and souls that will never reunite and only serve to show the
utter mania of conflict...

A distant scream of a fox, feral cats claiming territory;
a never-ending scenario of want, need, anger, pain and despair
Then...ceasefire over, as fast as it began.
First one voice, them the other, rising in crescendo and venom...
The sound of movement, fierce and unrelenting,
then crying that begins defiantly, but ends up piteously.
Another night...
Another day....
Another fight...
No other way...
My heritage, my memories, my childhood, .....my folks.

Lodigiana Poetess
Crystal Water Haiku

Crystal clear water flows,
Over shiny pebbled stones.
Bubbling to the sea.

Lodigiana Poetess
Death Finding Closure

Don't look for me behind closed doors or drapes and shuttered blind;
Don't look for me in crowded rooms because you'll never find
A hint, a shadow or a sign that I was ever there,
No essence of me can be found if nothing left to care...
Don't look for me within the dark and tragic lonely place
You hide your feelings all the time...I'm not there, not a trace;
I won't appear within the ether nor the mists of time
I'm gone forever and entire there's nothing left that's mine;
Don't look for me- don't call my name -don't think of me with pain
Just leave the past all undisturbed and learn to live again........

Lodigiana Poetess
Death Seems Like.....

Autumns sunflamed trees now skeleton bare.
The empty branches resembling the neuronic brain,
but no activity there....

Winters cold tendrils grip even the warmest heart.
The snow blankets all life and hides stark beauty.
The ice numbs.....

Summers sun scorching the earth and drying the rivers.
Fish dying in mud filled pools and foundations cracking.
Tender plants succumbing......

Spring so indecisive. a poor mans summer
Constant rain, melting the snow covered secrets kept hidden by winter,
yet maybe a whisper of the promise of renewal.......

Lodigiana Poetess
Depression - All You See

Sometimes I pretend I'm normal, I clean up pretty well
But no one sees the black dog sitting on my shoulder.
I talk - with words, I use them - all...
But seems to me that no one really understands.
Sometimes I stumble..., I pick up...stumble again..
Isn't that strange? or maybe not, as no one notices.
I try to keep my eyes focused, mostly on other people but
my attention wanders, I don't want to look any more.
Talking AT me seems the thing, telling me I'm 'doing well'..
Moronic smile and head patting part of the routine.
I'm smiling back..bravely..thinking 'Idiot- how could you know anything?
Sometimes I pretend I'm normal and use my words to say
' I'm good..how are the kids'
But thinking 'I'm dying with sadness, put me in a box

Lodigiana Poetess
Don't Ask Me

Dont ask me if i'm happy, just look within my eyes,
theyscream of disillusionment and pain
fora life promised in youth of unending joy,
but replaced by numbing boredom

Don't ask me if I feel loved, just listen to the platitudes offeredyet I,
without a shred of enthusiasm, saying I don't need to be fussed over,
but no-one ever sees the bitter tears,
of a neglected heart

Don't ask me if I would do it all again, to have sold my soul to
a loveless god and asked for nothing in return except love,
yetfinding only complacancy and acquiescence
in a life of mundane disenchantement

Don't ask me if I love you, the words catch in my throat and exit as
a spiteful whisper, low and menacing, carrying every ounce of resentment
I can muster, yet still I make it sound
like a sonnet of genuine passion

Don't ask me anything, just throw a cursory glance my way
and accept what you think you see, a shell. devoid of life, love and joy,
but smiling inanely whilst dying inside inch by inch...
becausein truth...no one ever did ask me....

Lodigiana Poetess
'Don't Forget Me'(Mother)

Don't forget me' my mum said, at school on my first day.
She smiled her smile and blew a kiss and slowly walked away.
'Don't forget me' my mum said whilst helping me to pack,
but knew that when Uni was done I'd soon be coming back.
'Don't forget me' My mum said through tears of joy and pride,
as I walked down the aisle that day a blushing, happy bride.
Throughout the years she'd say those words and I would always say..
'Forget you mum? There's not a chance you'd ever go away from
all my thoughts of happy days and being close to you,
and all the special things you'd say and all the things you'd do,
your image is imprinted and indelible you see..
I only wish that you had such a memory now of me.....
Your eyes cloud over and you frown when I come in the room,
I see you look at me and blankly stare back in your gloom,
I hold your hand and tell you that no matter what you do,
My darling, lovely angel mum- I'll never forget you.

Lodigiana Poetess
Dragonfly..Haiku

Small faraway pond,
a dragonfly skims ripples
disturbing the deep.

Lodigiana Poetess
Drive By

There was a young lady from Tampa, did all that she could just to hamper, the man of her dreams, a man who it seems, took fright and drove off in his camper

Lodigiana Poetess
Dusty Drawer Memories

Sometimes, memories come unbidden
sneaking in the backdoor of forgotten.
Through dusty clouds of floating life,
a sharp reminder of a life lived

A strip of photos found crumpled in the drawer,
creased with age and image poor,
but just a glance and with no warning
I was back..in the photo booth.

Like crazy kids we pooled our loose cash,
足够 to save a frame for life,
and through the curtain, in we fell
like crazed hyenas, ...smiles in place

The seat revolved with manic speed
rising up then down to show all faces.
Tongues poked out, slash smiles that grew..
Fingers making rabbit ears.

Who could pull the funniest face?
Distorted - yet benign.
Youths joy at living-spilling out
and saved to celluloid.

I see those long ago lost faces,
eyes untarnished, life unlived
Where did the joy of misspent youth go?
Hidden? in a dusty drawer.

Lodigiana Poetess

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Ego...Ergo

To be judged by your inferiors is difficult
To know that their intellect is lacking -yet others equally lacking don't see this.
To have within you the knowledge that you are actually accomplished,
A professional, even a name of note... yet never say a word
for fear of favour.....recognition...
You see others, weak, unskilled, untalented,
believing they are gifted.......
Yet clearly this is not so.
If they were, then they would recognise real brilliance,
real talent, real worth...... real YOU.
You keep your true self, hidden - how foolish they will look
when the great reveal occurs! ! .
For them to confront how poor their judgement really was...
so full of misguided self pride and blustering.
The fearful ones, like deities, dispense their watery praise
with false modesty and condescension oozing....
Others received these gilded words like thirsty travellers
at a disused well, dehydrated to the point of madness...
So grateful for crumbs of approbation from
self aggrandised gurus sitting on their fantasy thrones.
I smile within, knowing their game...
I have seen and played it but with higher and better stakes.
They don't know mine yet...
It's still within me, who will discover it?
Who will recognise it?
Who will admit it?
I have time... so much time.....
it's a test...who will pass? ..who will fail?
I'm waiting.............
One day.......one day..........one day...

Lodigiana Poetess
Erasure

A memory unrecalled and dim to dark,
a passing thought of forgotten laughter.
Sublime recall of nothing of consequence
and no special song to hold onto......
Is that how you remember me?

Awakened by a kiss so light it soothes my dreams...
Long walks through golden fields of waving corn.
The smell of your skin, hair and presence.
How my heart would beat clear out of my chest when you were there
That's how I remember you

Lodigiana Poetess
Eternal Void

Beyond the city of dreams, free-falling into the arms of morpheus. 
The torment of loss is a bygone thought..
Once more all ails find no foothold
and slip carelessly into the swirling lake of forgotten.
Again to be in your custody and held,
your hands encircling, containing me.
Silence our only language and spoken
with unheard reverence.
A promise to forever cherish and be there,
a soul attached and willing.
The fulfilment of trust, warming a fearful soul
like a blanket of moss surrounding new saplings.
Hands clinging to a divine future filled
with endless passion and love,
yet knowing from a silent place within
that this is no reality, no sanity, no sanctuary..
Fitful stirrings echo to bring me back
to this place where torment is real
and abandonment is worn like a cloak of penance.
Knowing that the price to be paid will be in tears
since love has no home and lives in eternal void

Lodigiana Poetess
Fe Fi Faux Pas!

Here I go again! open Mouth, disengage brain.  
Words that tumble out unchecked and with the velocity  
of a renegade comet.  
Good advice disregarded, ploughing on regardless.  
My mouth is not my heart, and my heart is not my mouth..  
I mix the two up too many times.  
Speaking from my heart sometimes sounds different in my head,  
and as to how it enters your ears.  
Sometimes how I act, feels differently in my heart  
as to how it looks to you.  
My filter sprinkler must be blocked...  
My words are scattering everywhere...  
A deluge of inappropriate thoughts  
drown my good intentions.....

Lodigiana Poetess
Feel Me...See Me (Turning From Abuse)

See my face know my heart,
see my fear torn apart.
See my face look at yours,
see your hands the hurt they cause.
See the bruise, see the scar,
see the burns from your cigar.
See the tears that streak my cheek,
see me crushed and think I'm weak.
Feel me shudder with the pain,
feel me shrinking once again.
Feel no pity, no remorse,
feel the power, feel the force.
Feel the change that's taking place,
see the anger on my face,
see the light now in my eyes,
see just how I realise.
Feel me close and sense my heat,
feel me gone and hear my feet
Feel my strength to turn and say,
'see my back' and walk away!

Lodigiana Poetess
Feeling Heaven!

I hope that there's a heaven to go to when we die,
so full of joyous laughter we never need to cry,
but when we talk of heaven I sometimes hesitate,
because a small voice tells me it's somewhere I might hate..
I really don't think floating round all day with harp in hand,
and singing churchy songs as I go flying over land,
is quite the sort of thing I want for all eternity,
I want to do the things that here on earth make me happy!
I want to smell the sweetness of the flowers growing free,
intoxicated with their scent and fabulous beauty.
To hear the laughter of my kids when they all safely play,
and know when they come running home that I will hear them say
'We love you mum, can we play out for just a little more? '
and 'cause I love them, I respond'A little longer? ..sure!
To know love and to give it -just as well as to receive
are all the things I love to do, so that's why I believe
that all these things were given me to use whilst here on earth,
the senses to experience earthly things for all they're worth.
If going to heaven means that all my senses magnify,
Then I'll be more than happy to kiss this life goodbye!

Lodigiana Poetess
Follow Me (Trust)

'I if you follow, I will lead
I'll light the road ahead,
take my hand and trust my step'
Was everything you said......
'I'll steer you clear of rocky roads,
I'll pave the way with love,
I am your lantern in the wind,
the hand inside your glove'
I gently followed, heart in mouth,
trust, hard to give away.
To never know such tenderness
was more than I can say.
You took the lead, and made a path,
my steps would follow yours,
with no idea of aftermath,
or pain this choice would cause.
You lead me for a while through joy,
the like I found unknown,
but later as your pace increased,
I found I was alone.
You held my hand, then let it drop
and found your route in life
Your journey swift, no looking back,
loss cut me like a knife.
I watched as in the distance I could see you disappear,
and knew with crystal clarity my deepest darkest fear.
Our paths in life would never run in parallel again,
You forge ahead whilst I in unrelenting solitude remain.
You found ‘yourself’ you told me in no uncertain terms,
and watching you now walk away, it merely all confirms,
that following is really just to let someone accede
and now’s the time for me to learn that I must take the lead.
I’ll never follow blindly, lead by love or mad desire..
I have a life I need to find and now I must acquire
the will to take the road ahead, alone but not afraid
and never let my trusting heart in that way be betrayed

Lodigiana Poetess
Follow The Beat

The drumbeat sounds a muted drone
monotonous, unceasing.
The camp fires glows with embers
red, all giving heat decreasing.
My love awakes and with a kiss
left lightly, walks away.
My tender love he be by night,
my soldier boy by day

With feet still ragged from the march
o'er rough terrain and hills
and shoes of very thinnest gauge,
unpurposed'gainst the chill.
But love will lead, I follow still,
so tired but wont succumb.
The pacing timed a heartbeat thud
I'm following the drum.

Where'er it leads is where I'll be
my love walks not alone.
The beating drum will play the tune
that soon will lead him home.
As always I will follow on
my fatigued limbs do smart.
My soldier boy will fight his fight,
but I will win his heart!

Lodigiana Poetess
For Sale.. Wedding Dress Never Worn

The title tells the tale I guess
For sale'one unused wedding dress'
It's silky skirt trails on the floor,
forlornly hanging on the door.
The shoes still have the price tag on,
they cost a bomb! - what have you done?
Gossamer veil now looks so sad,
the prettiest dress I never had....
A sexy garter, virgin white,
all ready to be seen tonight,
and underwear that makes me blush
all bought in such a mighty rush.
I loved to think I'd be a bride
with you my darling, by my side.
The church was booked, the breakfast too,
the cars and flowers of every hue,
the music chosen to portray
our happy, happy wedding day.
A dream come true, I thought, until,
you phoned this morning, and I still
can't quite believe the words you said,
you told me that your love was dead.
You met another one now she,
is destined very soon to be
the one who's going to wear your ring,
and have your kids and everything!
So what's there left for me to say?
But advertise it on E-Bay!

Lodigiana Poetess
Forever Friends

Things happen about me I don't participate,
but think of you near me and know I cant wait
to look in your eyes and see history there,
A lifetime of love.....
A lovetime of care......

To just close my eyes and I smell your damp skin,
and stroke your wet head and start to begin
to remember the walks on the moors that we'd take,
to run in the sun, and to splash in the lake.

To wildly abandon all sense of good taste
and run through the grass.. and in all of our haste
I'd fall, and I'd cry, and then rest on a log,

My faithful companion, my soulmate, my dog..

Lodigiana Poetess
Forgiveness....Divine? ?

Why is forgiveness so hard to find?
Shorn up and buried deep within an unfathomable pit of pride
Time erodes the edges of guilt, removing the seductive lustre,
reducing it to pallid pyrite.
No glister remains....
Forgiveness breaks the illusion of perfection.
Forgiveness breaks the fragility of a once perfect relationship,
into an acceptance of a fractured love.
A meaningless sorry is a dagger to the heart,
inflicting a perpetual wound.
When Pride is no longer successful achievement but a biblical conceit,
Forgiveness can be the balm, the emollient to soothe, to comfort and to heal.
To find Forgiveness is to relinquish the past
and look for 'the thing with feathers' we call hope!

Lodigiana Poetess
Fulfilled

Before my heart loved you, my soul sought after you.

Searching all manner of idolatry, but finding only apathy.

In pursuance of a soaring desire for devotedness,

yet only encountering disloyalty disguised as passion.

All wreaking carnage on an innocent pneuma,

Believing that all was lost and love a mere chimera,

I became a torpid recluse walking through a sunless life.

Feeling a drought in my heart with no oasis in view.

A thirst for survival and a longing to drink at the well of desire.

Our love now could fill an ocean and still overflow.

Your gently sweetness never tidal but ever constant.

Your absence leaves words hanging, waiting for your return,

Yet waiting is a sweet joy, anticipation of dreams fulfilled

and knowing that my heart will evermore be filled with love.

Lodigiana Poetess
Gaslighting Means Control

She loves him, but obsesses endlessly one day he'll love her too;

He loves himself and he alone decides her love for who;

If love means overwriting her personality.....

Then yes he loves her.....

If love is making her believe she is a monster....

That's how he loves her......

If love is telling her his mother was cruel so hers must be as well......

Then he loves her......

If loving her means isolating her from everyone who truly cares....

Again, he loves her.

If love is messing with her memory and perception

and apologising for her thoughts....

Then yes he loves her....

She finds the strength to tell someone that she knows what he has done

But in his presence will deny the words, yes every one....

If love is making her see the apocalypse but telling her she's blind,

To say that she's the crazy one, unloved, out of her mind,

To take away her rights to feelings leaves her open wide

to controlled manipulation, insidiously applied;

She has to love all that he loves, no matter how absurd,
to go against his will would be irrational she's heard.

He conquers all, she trails along to pick up grateful crumbs

To let him overwrite her life until she just becomes

The faintest light that flickers with no luminosity

'cause he's the one gaslighting in a glow no one can see........but me

Lodigiana Poetess
God Shine A Light

As twilight is devoured by the encroaching night,
I gaze up at the silver freckled sky with eyes straining
to see beyond the universe,
To see into the infinite void and find answers...
Answers to questions I have yet to ask- yet to formulate..yet to know.
There is a jeopardy to overthinking,
or searching for the solace to uncertainty
There is a vacuum within me that requires replenishing.
I have failed.....I no longer feel Him near.
God bestowed life to me and whatever I have become,
through life, should be my bequest to Him..
But I am lost ...with no aim or path
and flounder in the dark.
what gift have I but my inadequacy?
There is no question why I am deserted...I know this now...
I expect tenebrosity to envelop me, obscure me,
leave me within this crepuscule.
My loathsome eye is drawn to the dark, the unending dark...
And there before me, softly colouring the blackness with their subtle hues,
and weaving a kalidescope of crackling light, I see my answer.....
fireflies, ... scattering their luminescence throughout the gloom,
lighting a fractured path through the night.
Showing me a way to shine in my own glory
irrespective of the enormity of the dark surround.
I know now, with no doubt, no fear and a hope renewed
That God... my God, .... is a firefly.

Lodigiana Poetess
Grief...Never Brief

Forever... but who sets the time?
Distant seconds turn to infinity, removing all hope of restituted joy.
This mournful infelicity that drones on in perpetuity, cascading all utopia into fissures that imbibe grief like a parched sponge.
Eyes searching hungrily, seeking the familiarity of a love emblazoned on a heart now turned to stone...
Recollections of whispered words of devotion, left suspended in a miasma of memories.
The caress of a kindred spirit ordained a lifetime ago now so close and yet..
hermetically cloaked

to deny the reality of existence.
How to get through this endless continuous day?
Who knew grief was akin to fear...but with no salvation?
Arriving in waves, unpredicatable and tidal.
The longing to turn back time and endlessly brokering deals with the Almighty.
Burdened by the intolerable weight of grief that persists in paralysing any possible future.
The anger of unpredicted abandonment with vile words spoken in lonely desolation...
Yet inevitably followed by the bitterness of regret.
The lamentation that our culture denies that insists grief now has silent domain.
Breaking hearts, silently turning to dust, whilst invoking the winds of acceptance...
To blow them, forever, in a cyclone of irrecoverable love

Lodigiana Poetess
Guilt

It strangles the life out of you
Slowly,
It consumes you
fully
by dictating your thoughts.
Its button set to self destruction
yet enroute stains your soul.
It's non-existent but devours your humanity
and is never satisfied.
The feeling in the pit of your stomach is like a vortex
Searching vainly for its force but constantly turns,
churning those emotions buried...
Tears for the dying,
Fears for the living.
Who dictated I should live when so many more have died?
How to live with the tribulation of knowledge...
knowledge that sees another day when others are
condemned to the night.
Never to sleep easy but relive images burned my mind.
To live whilst others have died,
No reason why it should be me...
You swallow me whole until nothing remains
Guilt..........

Lodigiana Poetess
How dark the trenchant night becomes when overtaken by, that unseen force that violates your thoughts. Unprompted and gratuitous, that unspeaking voice that murmurs immutably in your head..... Pricking at morality we loosely term as 'conscience'. Let me sleep, my conscience's clear-I think and think again..... But then a guilty conscience needs no accuser... Revising actions of my day, am I so sure that in some way I didn't compromise my inner ethics? Did I succumb to seduction of much wilder dreams? that whisper like the wind of black torment and touch your ear, assaulting unprovoked, your integrity, Scruples greet us at every bend, calls on duty to defend.... Our conscience saves us from defeat, makes us honest and complete, but let it slip, you acquiesce diablerie and dereliction. How does the conscience of the punisher rest? Not easy on the pillow... The soldier with blood on his hands obeying blindly gruff commands. This moral sense of right and wrong defines us as of human race. My audit now complete, I find my compass thankfully in place. This day for once was just, and right, and more than this was fair, so time to sleep a peaceful sleep and know my conscience's clear.
Haiku Snowdrop

Awakening Spring
a delicate snowdrop blooms
through the frozen earth

Lodigiana Poetess
Haiku...Wordy?

Thought I could write one
but maybe need some more words
sadly no more left.........

Lodigiana Poetess
Har Meggido..A Tell Awaits

The site awaits, now forlorn, dust bleaching the ragged rocks towering over the flat terrain thirsting for peace, but sensing the rumble of completion far distant... Yet approaching, silently, like a thief in the night.

Unexpected expectation..surprised yet nonchalant. the hawk flies overhead...knowing its prey is vulnerable. Unarmed with only tales of glory and wealth, nothing to fight the evils intent on subjugation

Our lives are so ordered, implacable, immovable. Full of egotistical wonder at our own mistaken splendidness. Blinkered to the existence of our eternal fate, and our belief that we are immortal.

For those who live without conscience, when the God worshiped is a green back, and morals alongside kindness are forgotten in the melee of unbridled greed.

For those who refuse to hear the trumpet and turn up the volume to blind their graces. To never concede that mans footprint leave traces For them, and them alone, Armageddon is not the end of the world

Lodigiana Poetess
Hawk Eye

Fluttering bodies silhouetted across the flaming sunset, disorientated by the approaching darkness. Swiftly yet languidly gliding towards a roost. A safe haven for the night, tucked away within the branches and hidden from hungry predators. Red tailed hawks endlessly circling, beady eyes scanning. Purpose and intent all too evident. Like a child’s kite meandering across the sky, he hovers patiently, waiting. Eyes never leaving the ground, like a supplicant at prayer. Freedom’s air weaving through their veined wings. They dominate the air, dominate the day. Yet impotent under the cloak of each nights embrace.

Lodigiana Poetess
Heartbreak

I always believed that a broken heart was just that -
Broken...
Smashed, Fractured and ground into a
million jagged pieces.
No way to hold any of it together or repair the
bleeding, fragile, core
I recognised in you instantly-a kindred victim.
Your hollow, joyless eyes, cloudy with distrust and
barricaded against hurt
but looking for solace.
Our friendship a laboured, tentative, coalition.
Yet against all odds, somehow together we found an alliance.
Alone, each of us was weak, vulnerable.. but together..
a confederacy of substance.
A foundation built on truth, fidelity and faith
A stronghold to keep us safe.
Your unspoken gentleness and unconditional love
slowly growing in strength.
That strength becoming the cement
that day by day will start to piece my heart,
my shattered,
broken, heart
back together again.

Lodigiana Poetess
Hook Line And Sink Her!

A river thundering through the sculpted banks heavy with fronds that dig deep into the abyss;

Feet slipping on the shifting mud that slopes towards the foaming carpet.

Men swearing underbreath and wildly exaggerating, gesticulating,
the frissant of winning the glory of all gathered.

A pull, a jerk, a bite......

A float bobbing in the glistening water.

Grasping his rod in anticipation...

heart racing......desperate to strike...

His head pounds with the prospect of unfettered accomplishment

as his arms tense and his grip strengthens...

Thrashing, thrashing...fighting for breath..... for life

Surrging forward, then back, then forward again...

Foothold sliding away towards the undulating rush of muddy liquid,

then ugly lips appearing through the water, sneering, fleshy, moist;

A quick determined yank ...and it's out!

The sweat on his temples belies his joy as he falls on his ass,

but glory hangs on the end of his rod, a twitching, defeated, wide mouthed Bass!

Lodigiana Poetess
How Far's Home?

Briskly walking, darkness falling, pathway muddy, all alone.
Flashlight broken, no umbrella, keeping head down, pick up pace
Strangely quiet, no birds singing, night just too dark, saving money.
Taxi next time, creepy noises, all imagined? ..how far's home?
Park deserted, bushes moving, sound of dry twigs, cracking loudly.
Footsteps following, getting closer, look behind, a shadow moving..
Rapid breathing, hands start sweating, heels just too high, start to run..
Feel in pocket, shit no phone! , must have lost it, ...how far's home? .
More leaves rustling, breathing quickens, loudly rasping,
He's behind...
Lungs are burning, no point turning, just keep going, kick shoes off..
See the street gate, but it's too late, feel him grabbing, ..wont see home.....

Lodigiana Poetess
I Am Wolf

She walks through the door, but it's as nothing.....
Except to me..
Head low, eyes down, coat still wrapped tightly round,
she doesn't see me...
Heavy strides into her room the door closes swiftly.
The world now outside....me too
I know she will be on her bed, curled and small,
quilt covering all..
No sound..just the crushing weightof a splintered heart
and the need to return back to her earthly start.
Back to the sanctuary of the womb
the inviolability of protection guaranteed.
My role to protect her then, as now, immeasurably strong..
I feel her pain,
yet unsure how
to ease it...
Tomorrow things will hurt less, her adult life moves on.
Only I will see her hidden wounds
and know she will tend them alone.
But I am here...
Always here...
Like a she-wolf with her cub.

Lodigiana Poetess
I See The Flowers

I see the flowers,
despite the setting amber sun and the chill evening descending,
a kaleidoscope of coloured blooms,
just hours before so vibrant a blanket for me.
Now muted, and slowly wilting beneath the nightdews
approaching dominion.
All around me silence.
The crying of the day now spent,
and hunched shoulders draped in sombre ebony
withdrawn, and in contemplation.
Everyone gone.
Everyone...
Save just one.
Just you.
My love,
Just you.
You sit by the blooms, still and with eyeless stare,
seeing nothing, just emptiness.
Anger rising within your gentle soul,
a rage endeavouring to find deliverance.
Unanswered questions on your lips...all the same
why? Why? Why?
You whisper promises that you will never leave me alone.
Together in life...so also in death
Your tears will water the wilting blooms, but even endless tears
will never save them...soon, they too will be gone.
But, like me, 'even when the heart falls silent
we do not cease forever to be'
Because in the end, despite a myriad of tears we all
Become memories
Make yours fond ones.
Go home my love
I am safe.
I am with you.
We share remembrance always, and will so, through eternity.
Far beneath the flowers, a store of happiness to recapture.
Now go, but remember the glorious blooms...
And know this,
know always
I am with you,
because,
I see the flowers.

Lodigiana Poetess
Idiocracy? ....

O'leary was right- Turn on, tune in and drop Out,
Connect, log on, voluntary oblivion.
Eyes unable to resist constant checking
Of phones, social network,
We are slaves to flat screens,
that make us
thoughtless,
malliable,
possessed,
sheep....
You read this..are you 'connected' too?
Our minds and personalities stolen
Tongues silent,
Love ties loosened.
Digits frantically active.
If you had to choose
Family - forever?
Or
Devices- never?
Even the slightest hesitation
means we are surely doomed
to be enslaved by unloving masters.
Joining a universe of consciousness sapped
creatures,
addicted to our devices.
Yes. De..vices
Subliminal slavery, yet
all willingly submitting..
Who owns you?
Do you care?
Or do you just want to gaze, unblinkingly
at a screen feeding you with idiocy?
Without a single shot being fired,
without destructive means,
we have become our Masters toys.
Stay connected and you will become
disconnected.....
And unable to safely log out
ever...
Lodigiana Poetess
I'm Holding My Breath

Much of my day is so mundane,
   boring, uninspiring,
   mind numbing even...
But there you are again...
Walking past my window..
   A slow, purposeful stride, long legs
   cutting through the air.
   A quick glance at your watch
   and you pick up pace.
I'm holding my breath
   for fear of disturbing the air around me,
   tainting the perfect image I have of you.
You walk a little faster, then start to run.
Your shoulders, so broad, swing in sync
   with your arms.
You glance quickly over your shoulder.
Your face, now etched into my vision.
So classically sculpted,
   a Greek God..almost..
I'm holding my breath,
   unable to gasp at your exquisiteness.
Lungs burning, cheeks flaming,
   head so light it could leave my body.
Your arm outstretched,
   Hailing the bus.
Running, you jump on board,
   coat trailing behind you.
The bus slows and stops, and in an instant
   you and the bus are gone.....
Until tomorrow..
And I exhale....

Lodigiana Poetess
In A Childs Eye

Make a wish then break the wish...
Take the wish away,
Have a look...Make it swift..
Never let it stay.
Hold a hand...
Hold your tongue...
Should be seen not heard.
Left alone...house not home.....
never say a word.
Never dream...never hope....
keep it tucked inside.
Do something new...
Justfor you....
but never show you've cried.
The day begins...The day will end....
You'll say a little prayer.
A hope perhaps that when you wake,
The loveless are not there.......
In Eternal Perpetuity

I am here everywhere and always, never hostile but always passionate for you..
In perpetuity.

Only sensing devotion, never feeling dismayed, yet yearning anticipation
In perpetuity.

My promise of eternal love and ever constancy never wavering in its intent,
In perpetuity.

Longing to tell you how precious you are and how love will never diminish,
in perpetuity.

Waiting for you, outside all time, ready to follow wherever you lead
in perpetuity.

Forever filling my heart with tenderness and my soul with promise. Growing my love immeasurably for you,
In perpetuity

Lodigiana Poetess
Inconcievable Imagination

A gift bestowed before birth, but smothered over millennia
and rendering by nature, a weakened thing making you fearful.
Removing any passion needed to forge ahead... ahead into an unknown future...
Imagination opens your mind to see futures before they become reality
Because all things are possible with imagination.
The hypnotic, mysterious sound of the Hunchback whales oceanic song,
weaving it's mellifluous magic through every brain synapses.
To be stored in your heart memory forever
and to be awestruck with a beauty that exists within your mind.
Marvelling at the ‘Stone of the Sky god ‘its origin and power to remain so still, so mysterious.
To consider the how? why? When? of it's being...
all possibilities you can create...
The wonder of the sparkling carpet created by synchronous fireflies'
building stories in your secret thoughts of magic and illusion.
And what of the dumb silence of the Mexican mapini? You give it a voice, words
A life, existence..
Knowing that all things are possible with imagination and yet....
finding impossibility in imagining how God can love, care and know everyone who was,
is or ever will be...
But all things are possible with imagination...
Give me imagination to hold close and to feed my soul with endless possibilities of unimagined miracles.. and an eventual destiny.

Lodigiana Poetess
Instead Of....

He could have said 'you're not my type'

But didn't and we dated......

Instead he bought a ring that gleamed and promised love.

He could have told the preacher 'I'm not for her- it's a mistake...

Instead he popped champagne then fed me wedding cake.

He could have said' lets wait a while I'm not that keen on kids'

Instead he bought a cot and drapes and did what good dads did.

Instead he said he loved me,

I know now he never did,

but he was all I wanted ..... 

so believed him like a kid.

He could have shared the broken nights, the teething and the joy

Instead he looked away from home - he was a naughty boy.

First one affair and then another and a third as well,

he may have had so many more but really, who can tell?

So finally he made his choice to leave my world behind, 

and go seek fresher pastures new and see what he could find.

He could have said 'I'm sorry for the pain I know you feel'

Instead he walked away without a glance left only me to deal

with children, crying for their dad, and asking where he'd gone,
and if maybe the next day dad would soon be coming home?

No money spare to buy new clothes, or pay for those school trips.

I never could quite rationalize and try to come to grips

how, when a person says they love and care for only you,

they say the things they say and do the things they do.........

I'm used to living with the pain

It hurts to know you're fine,

You were my first and only love

and now your hers, not mine.

Lodigiana Poetess
Is Evil Thy Name?

He gazes at her... transfixed by her untaintedness.
The lustrous glow from her sable eyes drawing him into the promised profundness of her innocent spirit.
Fantasising how eventually she will subjugate to him and willingly acquiesce to his sudden overwhelming desire to possess her.
All reason reduced to manly gratification, he blindly stumbles on.
A languid introduction, palm outstretched, his sweat making contact with her gelid hand
sends an unexpected shiver reverberating through his body....
Strange..but exciting.
She smiles a radiant smile, through parted lips, showing a glimpse of even, white teeth -like jewelled nacre.
Her eyes discreetly lower, he perceives it as shy modesty which she displays so naturally.
He feels in control, vigorous and mighty.
His conscience slowly ebbing as he consigns to oblivion the wedding vows made before God.
He must have her....... 
She saw him enter the room, a fatigued, spiritless soul.
A hollow Godforsaken being, looking to instill some fire into his bromidic life.
A once kindly man, but now defeated, with failure resting heavily on his dejected shoulders,
Such a willing candidate........
Her eyes deep as pitch and fiery as brimstone, looked into his closed soul and she smiled her smile-
irascible and mocking, but to a weak subject -radiant and alluringly shy.
All too easy..... another conquest...her master will be pleased.
He holds her look and whilst caressing her cool, velvety hand -asked her name...
She feel victorious, proud, and vanquished all his qualms, as in a silken, beguiling voice
She spoke the name that would be his downfall.
'I'm Lucy' she said `LucyFerr` so pleased to meet you......

Lodigiana Poetess
It Creeps...

Loneliness is catching,
it just creeps up on you

One minute you're with friends you know,
the next it's just you two

And right before you realise
that number's down to one,

within an instant -all can change
and what was there- has gone.

You thought your life was full and fine-
each moment filled with action,

but when the times are quiet and still
you find you need distraction.

So filling silent moments with false gaiety and laughs,
ignoring signs that tell you to take care,

you carry on as if you never feel the slightest fear
that soon, there will be no one left to share

To listen to your hopes and plans
for future days ahead,

surrounded by the ones you love....
but looking round instead,

you see the room is empty, the blinds pulled down and closed,
your thoughts just echoes in this empty space.

All comfort gone, no lasting touch of solace on your heart,
a hollow void is all that's left in this vacant place

Too late to reach out for that hand that once was held outstretched,
but pride turned you away without regret.
Each offer made was cast aside whilst ego held you high,  
all semblance of a friendship lost and never to be met.

So now alone, your thoughts unheard, uncommented, unsaid,  
the air around you now takes on a chill.

Too late to start again and try to draw in friends anew,  
you learn to live with loneliness until....

The quiet stops, the clocks don’t chime, the phone will never ring,  
your smile stays fixed, your eyes a shade too bright

The daytime hustle fills the hours and cloaks you with ‘pretend’  
and loneliness creeps back to join you... every night.

Lodigiana Poetess
Jasmine Haiku

Jasmine flowers bloom,  
fragrant scent fills every room  
sweet memories of summer

Lodigiana Poetess
Judgement  Lest Ye Be Judged

Passing beyond this earthly domain towards a new dawning for the fortunate few.
Time having been spent in earth and dust but now awaiting the old order to pass and all things be made new.
We make this journey alone….always alone....
There remains the fear of being forgotten- a fear of trusting and looking out through hooded eyes towards a future unknown, no longer blinded by material things.
Remembrance slipping away, as we crave to enter a majestic realm where hope and renewal embalms a weakened spirit...
In silence awaiting judgement, pleading from within a once earthly capricious mind- yet now soberingly in awe.
Will the lies of the past envelope me and fade? or will they be emblazoned on the golden doors for all to see and judge?
Will the faces of the souls I have crushed ruthlessly underfoot, appear before me...screaming retribution?
Fear of Hell enfolds my shivering soul..I console myself with thoughts that my lifetime walk through the darkness will help me find my way through the passages of hell,
But piteous longing persists for the brilliance of enlightenment to lead me to a luminous sanctuary,
a brilliance that only Gods spirit can provide- a light that absorbs all the satanic darkness enfolding every new soul breathed into life.
I remember then the blessed words 'Thy kingdom come'
And I wait....I fear.....I trust.

Lodigiana Poetess
Judging..Are We Fair?

Life's unfair...maybe?
But life is us, we dictate how fair life is...don't we?
Do we really act with discretion?
Balancing what we know and don't know?
Or are we too ready to listen to just one side and 'assume'
that what we were told was the 'truth'?
The real truth?
Or is it just that persons truth? ...
There is a difference......
One is always told that to 'Assume' actually
makes an 'ass' out of 'u' and 'me'
and often this is true...
Am I dealing with 'Asses'?
Any silence on my part will often mean I have
no wish to reveal the genuine truth-
A truth that will forever change the hearers perception
of who fed them the lies.
A kindness on my part offering
an undeserved refuge for the 'victim'
Shame on the 'Asses'...
weakness truly is your only virtue
If in doubt...ask
'Asses are made to bear' so sayeth the Bard,
and these particular Asses will bear the knowledge that
they are the pawns in a very clever, but obvious game.

Lodigiana Poetess
Just One More

Just one more.....
I bin bad agin
Forgive me honey do...
I bin bad agin...
And this time..its to you..
I really don't appreciate the kindness that you give,
In fact I bin so bad my babe
I really shouldn't live.
You only say the nicest things that make me fill with shame,
but hell I'm just a no good gal who'll always do the same!
You bale me out and take me home and tuck me in my bed,
but no one ever tries to sort what goes on in my head.
These thoughts I think and then forgit and just pick up a glass
Someone should grab me by the throat and kick me in the ass
I do it all to block it out, the anger and the pain,
but nothin' ever changes and I do it all again.
So yeah, Im sorry honey, that I let you down some more,
but no one cares enough to hold the bottle whilst I pour

Lodigiana Poetess
Lepers Of The Age

How fragile the path to degradation.
Littered with few good intentions and even fewer forgiving hearts.
The outcasts and piranhas,
walking together beneath gas lit lamps.
Ever trembling on the verge of insanity and
knowing that the first step
taken on this road can never be untaken.
Regarded as less than human by the leering lechers,
ever seeking gratification.
No romanticism inhabits these dark and filthy lanes.
Only the dregs that society shuns, the lepers of the age,
walking the destitute streets

Lodigiana Poetess
Who can say what Life is?
Is it that moment of first breath when we awake in the world?
Or maybe that last breath as we exit?

Is life the gift Mother nature hands us?
When a warm summer breeze ripples over hot skin
baking in the sun, and creates a cooling shiver

Life can be watching a seed burst into life,
bringing fragrant blooms to delight our senses
and restore peace to troubled souls.

When the sun shines through falling rain
and creates an arc of magical hues overhead,
then Life exists within the promise of a rainbow.

Life can be found in the innocence of a child’s smile,
or in the grace of an embrace given
by long forgotten friends

Life leads ultimately to death, the circle complete.
It's path always known perhaps, and now seen clearly
for life is, I now believe, the ultimate Journey from God ...to...God

Lodigiana Poetess
Life Ahoy!

Being anchored in life's harbour is safe, 
the horizon remains constant. 
Any squally storms may seek to subjugate you, 
but shelter provided by the sea walls. 
It cocoons you from the reality of savage seas 
that would rip your soul, 
and commit it 
to the depths of the unfathomable ocean. 
But life, 
true life, 
one worth living, demands 
change, 
courage, 
seamanship, 
to find a navigable route through existence. 
When finding one path blocked- try another! 
If one way doesn't work- change tack- 
Sail your boat! 
Sail it onward into another wind. 
Pick up the breeze 
and let it fill the sails that drives you on. 
You may be propelled gratuitously on the scabrous waves, 
but baton down the hatches... 
Put on a life jacket! 
learn to swim! 
There are times when you sail windward and you will be riding high- 
So very high... 
And then leeward 
when the times are low ... 
so very low.... 
But stay at the helm, adjust your tiller, 
you may have to choose to tack or jibe 
but choose.. 
Always choose! 
Life is made on choices- living is made by choosing 
The thrill of heeling over when your sail fills and you feel the speed increase! 
Sweeping you through life's seas -onward, onward 
Check your point of sail as you head to an unknown port. 
Know where your destination lies..
Seek it firstly by looking outward,
searching the oceans vastness
for a vista in the distance.
Use your instinct as a compass,
but remember-
always remember
to look,
to look skyward
and always,
always,
to follow the stars.

Lodigiana Poetess
Loneliness A Secret State

I love to hear the radio -
It's turned on all the time
It's playing when I fall asleep,
still on when I wake.
It helps to hear a voice - not mine
and  fills the lonely hours with sound....
I read the paper for a while
If news is good then I might smile
But if its bad it makes me sad
yet no one  knows but me.
I check the weather one more time
It looks like rain..
I'll stay inside...and watch the raindrops
Rolling down the window pane...
Pretend they're horses on a track
Each one vying to be first back
I even make a silent bet
on who I think will finally get
home  first
And sometimes I might even win...
Yet  no one knows but me
I wash the dishes
Tidy round
And suddenly I hear a sound?
I check the door, my heart beats fast
Is someone calling round at last?
But no its just a crumpled flyer
advertising trucks for Hire
The radio news has finished now
It's time for midday chat
A phone-in show on gardening tips
I know nothing of that!
But listen anyway...who knows
I might learn something new
that I could use if in a crowd
and dont know what to do
Or say..
it's really hard to just converse
sometime when I' m  alone,
i'll even secretly rehearse
Exactly what to chat about....
So i dont feel like I'm left out
Yet no one knows but me
The afternoon drags on and on
i'm happy when the daylights gone
I'll cook an omelette
Drink some tea
and wish I had some company
I like a game of Solitaire
It's company when no ones there
I cheat sometimes but no one cares
'Cause no one sees but me
The clock ticks on in monotone
I go to check the telephone..
But just as every other day
No messages...no one to say
'Hello how are you? Time to chat?
Yet no one else but me knows that....

Lodigiana Poetess
Create the child and love the child,  
take her to your heart.  
Cherish her.....keep her safe,  
ever be apart.  
Watch her grow....be proud so  
of everything she does.  
Always be..the family  
that loves her most because,  
this precious gift is yours, you hope,  
and if one day you find,  
this child you loved  
has grown away  
and left you all behind,  
this child that once was young and sweet,  
has problems now herself.  
Althoughshe never tells you so  
she has poor mental health.  
Her issues make her see the world  
In dark and evil hues.  
She lives in lies, will fantasise  
and give those lies her truths.  
To have a fractured child is  
just too hard to say,  
but as a mum I say a prayer  
each and every day..  
That maybe she'll remember  
how truly loved she was..  
And when she does  
she'll come back home  
no longer a lost cause.  
There's lots of water 'neath that bridge..  
She left her kids behind...  
Forgets she has a kindred blood  
Its really hard to find  
the love that once was without bounds,  
but now is locked inside.  
I always tried to keep in touch  
but all she did was hide.  
And when eventually I found
A way to say 'hello'
As usual, she would tell me exactly where to go..
to f**k the hell off once again
In no uncertain terms,
has now become a message
that I sadly have now learned.

Lodigiana Poetess
Love Beyond Wealth

Sometimes dreams can be opaque,  
I stay asleep but want to wake.  
Dreams can often feel unreal,  
but I feel numb - yet want to feel

Dreams are often black and white,  
things you know that should be right  
take on a new morality,  
Not looking like they ought to be.

A dream can lie, convince you to  
believe bad things are fine to do.  
We tend to talk of dreams as though  
If they're fulfilled our lives will grow.

Yet, in my own reality  
that's not how it affected me.  
I dreamt for years of wealth and fame,  
and happy when at last both came.

I didn't know the price I'd pay  
when one thing comes -one goes away.  
The love of riches makes you blind,  
true valuables are hard to find.

Instead of working night and day  
I should have looked the other way,  
and seen that I was always rich  
instead became a grasping bitch.

I didn't even see you go..  
Too filled with greed to even know  
that riches of the valued kind,  
are ones more difficult to find

I had before me love so sweet,  
the one who made my life complete.  
Who didn't care for fancy stuff,  
just having me would be enough.
But through my dreams, I became blind,  
and sought the stuff we all can find...  
But lost the thing that's beyond wealth,  
my dreams, my love, my heart, myself.

Lodigiana Poetess
Love- If I.....

if I knew tomorrow was never to appear
I'd hold back all the clocks and always keep you here.
If I could only hear one voice for ever in my heart,
I'd turn the volume up to hear your voice alone sweetheart.
If there's a void within my life that no one else can fill,
I'd place you there within that space and love you just until...
all time has stopped,
all sound is mute,
eternity defined....
our love goes on forever andis subtelyentwined.
If every night I close my eyes and felt you by my side,
I'd never sleep a moments sleep, my eyes just open wide.
With every single breath I take
I want to breathe you in,
And every touch I feel you take
remains upon my skin.
If this is love, then I surrender and lose all control,
you have my heart, my life, my love, my body and my soul.

Lodigiana Poetess
Love Is A Seedling

My heart was broken yesterday or was it just today?
When time lost all its meaning and its form.
Within nostalgic space created somethings taken root
to cloud the vision of serenity I invoked.
A growing sense of rhythm out of time and notation beat
that played its tune around my heart and slowed my dancing feet;
The profundity of pain, like penetrated shrapnel shards,
disabling thoughts, emotions, truths and mangling a heart;
Put a hand inside my empty soul it echoes like a tomb,
but in the void created I now know that there is room
within that space that has no form or shape or even name,
to let in light and germinate, a better love to bloom.

Lodigiana Poetess
Love...Do It All Again

I wanted you to know, just once before I go,
how special loving you has been for me.
It brightened every day,
and coloured things I'd say,
I'm going to tell you now just so you know.

We had a bumpy start, broke far too many hearts,
made enemies somewhere along the way.
Some words were left unsaid...
Mute silence reigned instead,
but there's so much that now I need to say.

As time draws to it's end,
you're always my best friend.
We shared together laughter and the pain.
Regrets there are a few..
But I would always do
within a heartbeat—all of it again!

Of course we made mistakes,
we know exactly what it takes
to ride the rough road and then to survive.
But with you next to me,
I know I'll always be,
the one you love and that kept me alive.

But now its time to go and although I love you so,
no distance will ever dim the light,
that your love shines on me
now and always it will be,
a guiding glow to take me through the night.

Goodbye is just a word..
The one we've often heard,
that sounds so very final and urbane.
But darling you should know,
wherever else you go
You'll be with me and we'll do it all again!
Lodigiana Poetess
Loves Addiction

Half not whole, mind and soul.
Lurching ever forward, stumbling, crawling.
Sensibility confused, senses confounded.
Heart breaking, fears all founded...
Dreams shattered within a nightmare setting
where no peace can be reflected just rejected.
Desire all consuming, drowned out with a whisper,
Softly moulding words feeding infatuation,
Yet starving the soul still seeking fulfilment.
Loves addiction grips you-holds you..
The need for it exceeds all boundaries.
Yet you fight the freedom, wanting only the entrapment
to hold you in its power endlessly.

Lodigiana Poetess
Love's An Illusion

Now you see it...now you don't!
Who pulled away the cloth?
Left your table top intact
but destroyed your foundation.
The unseen magician?

Sweet words like dripping honey
filled your ears with deceiving saccharine.
Faith like an overripe melon,
waiting to be crushed and reduced to
an aqueous puddle.

Promises made with sacred honesty
carelessly forgotten on a whim.
Just words with no core or substance,
except for the power to annihilate
with a wave of a whimsical wand.

Lodigiana Poetess
Love's Flow

Like a river jumping for joy over shiny grey rocks. 
That's how my love felt. 
The swirling undercurrent spinning the pearly pebbles every which way, 
that's how my pulse raced when I thought of you 
Meandering, snakelike, it's water flowed along until eventually finding home. 
That's how my confusion became resolution. 
Sweeping all in its path, yet giving sanctuary to kingfishers and dragonflies, 
is how we protected and nurtured our love. 
Sunlight piercing the calm with shafts of golden brilliance, dancing in a glitter array! 
Was our golden love, never to be tarnished but ever glowing. 
Eventually, defying beauty in its path, nature leads it to its destiny - the sea, 
and unhindered and willingly, like the river, 
I am engulfed in a welcoming sea of love.

Lodigiana Poetess
Loves Labourer Lost

Her head bowed low and wracked with shame
within unhallowed ground.
A silent prayer through bitter lips escaped in hissing mockery.
Eyes cast to earth, unwilling to meet the gazes of proud men.
This mans name, known, now blown, like dust to
flights of no avail or salvation.
A soul with no intent to harm, but worked a mighty day.
Hard labourers hands too calloused to touch a silken skin,
yet ploughed the land lovingly.
Till nightfall came, then stirred the notions of failure.
The loss of work and pride, and all that made him whole.
Too great a loss, too shameful to see his childrens hungry eyes.
Too wracked to ever see a future, with him again at the helm.
The cold early morning mist, rising slowly over the dew bejewelled grass.
The solitary oak, majestic with its umbrous leaves and taunting permanence.
His final days work, a coarse length of rope to hasten his demise..
Then shame no more.....
But for her? ......for her?
Head bowed with bitter tears and angry silent words,
spoken only in her heart, as she crosses to the north side and says
farewell forever to her loved, but lost, hero.

Lodigiana Poetess
How can we tell what love is?
Do we love just because we love?
Or because we no longer want to be unloved?
Does loving you exclude all others?
Or make a mockery of faithfulness?
Will heart swell be a symptom of a mortal thing,
Or a miracle of boundless power?
Even in the throws of passion do we seek answers?
Is love an acceptance, a necessity or just blind?
Perhaps just a sideways step in perception...
Avoiding the miracle..
Whatever love is...I found it within your embrace,
and will hold it forever silent and precious,
within my questioning heart.

Lodigiana Poetess
Luna Celestial- (Moon)

I often sit and ponder why
The moon just hangs there in the sky,
and gazes at the world below...
I want to know just what you know!
You make us crazy lunatics,
dictating all our crazy tricks.
You rule the seas, control the tides.
do aliens in your craters hide?
And lovers use your name to 'spoon'
And 'croon', and 'swoon' in blazing 'June'.
Called Luna by the romans, Artemis by the Greeks,
you orbit round our planet about once every four weeks.
I wonder if you're lonely up there hanging in the sky...
I wish I knew, I really do, and will always wonder why......

Lodigiana Poetess
Lust Or Love

Lingering lustful looks
Observing my every move
Verifying my hope that
Eventually love will grow

Lodigiana Poetess
Master Of Your Fate

My crystal ball is hazy, but through clouds I see a form,
a shape so damaged that it seems too fragile for the norm.
I don't suspect that words of mine will resonate with you,
but listen with much more than ears, at words I know are true.
Whatever ails you from the past has left a lasting scar
that no one close can yet erase, or from your memories bar.
It dominates your waking day and infiltrates your night..
It colours everything you do and makes you loath to fight.
But fight you must to keep the demons on your shoulders still,
and give you half a chance to once again restore your will.
That will to say "the past is past and cannot me define,
my future is a better place and one I can design.
I won't forget but can replace the misery once felt,
and take on light within that darkness once wherein I dwelt;"
Please let me help to find a way to make your past a place,
where memories fade and joy appears and slowly will erase
the torment, and the sadness, that has dominated you,
and open up the blinds to let the warming sun shinethrough.

Lodigiana Poetess
It's easy to be brave and strong when luck is on your side,  
when things are clear and straight and there's no danger from the tide.  
To be a figure of great strength and find a way on through  
is easy when you really don't have troubles hounding you.  
But when you face a mountain climb with no summit in sight,  
each step you take makes your heart break, still you go on and fight.  
One day you had a job, a future you could plan,  
then with no warning all was gone, your future down the pan.  
The bills to pay, all mounting up, the mortgage overdue,  
the car that needs a new gearbox all things you have to do.  
The family who looked to you to keep their life on track,  
but now without a job in sight you're falling off the track.  
So take a training course that promises you'll get a job,  
but at the end of it you know in truth that that was just a fob,  
and just a way to keep you busy with words of empty hope  
to keep you thinking that in time you will find different ways to cope.  
Rejection comes at every turn, job after job recedes  
Your self respect could disappear, your wretched heart just bleeds  
The bills mount up, the bank decides it can't extend you credit,  
you think of theft to help you though but know that you'd regret it.  
Instead you carry on, you try to keep your self respect,  
and every day's a struggle you keep trying to connect.  
Until one day you get the call that turns your life around..  
A chance to get your future back, you feel on solid ground.  
You start to feel you might be good to start where you began  
Your dignity intact - yes that's the true measure of a man!

Lodigiana Poetess
Medieval Marriage A Noble Arrangement

Seraphina rises, eyes red rimmed from absent sleep.

Dawning day begins with monstrous effort

Feet on cold stone floor feeling for warm comfort...

Laid before her ruby, red silken gown..

and in honour of proceedings soon

the edgings trimmed with rusty red fox.

Undergarment, chemise and hose in close proximity,

all newly woven and sewn.

Abandoned on the floor... her 'poppet'

So belov'd since babyhood.....

But now a brutish reminder of her changing status.

Brushing burning tears, she washes in the scented water,

Her maids scurrying, flustering, blustering..

Leather and velvet shoes buckles gleaming.

Her thoughts stray to yesterday...

a lifetime, almost years, away.

Sun glinting on the tumbling stream

where grass stained feet would skim the shiny stones;

and the cool waters would soothe her soul.

'Poppet' always in tow and held to her breast as though
Never to be let go.

But let go she must, for today she fulfils her parents bond.

Dowry paid, nobleman chosen.

Told his name is Gorvenal...my Lord Gorvenal..

A memory stirs somewhere in the dim beyond

of when she was small the sight of a noble of the name

Thrusting his lance at the Quintain,

and when all went well he roared with  savage delight but when

he failed the target his squire  would feel his might.

She felt fear  even then and turned her head away..

Now she must show forever allegiance to this man today.

Alone she faces a future unknown, a contract drawn between two friends

Her mind still not  yet fully grown, today she knows her childhood ends.

Lodigiana Poetess
Menopause And Me!

When I was a kid we called it the 'change'
Or sometimes just 'Middle age spread'
but when just like you,
I also went through,
this passage that we ladies dread!
I always would have, a fan in my hand,
and I checked that a 'ladies' was near.
At meetings I'd stand
dripping sweat, fan in hand
saying 'sorry I feel a bit queer! '
I'd stand wet and tall
Pressed against a cold wall
Until all the heat had defused
Then confusion would reign
And I'd sweat all again
'Menopause' it just gives me the blues! ! !

Lodigiana Poetess
Misery Fills The Cavity In My Heart

I'll always be...afraid of snakes.
You always love the unexpected.
I'll always be...not tall enough.
You raise the bar effortlessly.
I'll always be...on a permanent diet.
You're always flexing your face in the mirror.
I'll always be ...invisible in a corner, my face a mask.
You will open your mouth and illuminate the dark.
I'll always be...your biggest fan.
You'll always be unaware of me.
I'll always be... hidden, watching you.
You'll always be smiling at the pretty ladies.
I'll always be ...anticipating when I, alone, can have you.
You'll always be careless about walking in alone.
I'll always be...ready with my nitrous oxideto quieten you
You'lljust keep breathing....gently, so gently..
I'll always be..lookingand touchingyour senseless face.
You'll always be my defenseless prisoner
I'll always be...ready to painlessly hurt you.
You'll always want to avoid me
I'll always ensure my love wont decay.
You'll always be ....sograteful to me...and
I'll always be....your besotted dentist

Lodigiana Poetess
Missing You

Missing you.
I don't know how to do this...........
No manual came with love.
Trying still to find a place of solace,
I gaze at the rivers crystalline beauty.
Glimpsing the colourful minnows
weaving through the flowing rush
making rainbows unbidden....
But I just don't seem to care.....
Each morning when I wake
I see your face....
Just for a second...
Joy.
Then it's gone and empty pain continues.
Someone once said 'There is nothing as whole as a broken heart'
How did they know so well?
As I look in the mirror I wonder why I don't see
the withering that's happening inside.
The constant feeling of choking on unseen tears.
Every time I hope I might be moving forward,
to then smell someone wearing your fragrance..
and feel desolate, lost, abandoned and out of control....
Again...and ...again.
My body is in the present,
my thoughts are in the past
I'm trying hard to be what you wanted me to be,
but fail at every turn..
The phone rings,
Your beautiful face fills the screen,
I cant ever erase it,
I cant ever replace it.

Lodigiana Poetess
Monolith

A wind so sweet with pungent memories
blows through my cobweb thoughts;

Takes root and harvests each delicate bloom
and savours the scent....

Flowing past a sea of recollections all too dark and taut,
to find safe harbour in a sanctuary port.

Out on the horizon of despair are ripples ever widening,
and the temporal splendour evaporating into a stormy maelstrom.

As the waves reach their zenith the sweet wind overtakes
and the memories return in a crashing surrender on the beach.

Leave me be in splendidiferous solitude to mourn my hidden past
and bury hopeless dreams beneath a monolith of pain.

Lodigiana Poetess
Mothers Love

I'll give you my tomorrow
if you give me your today.
A mothers love is boundless,
I'll make it go away.

I want to feel the pain you hold,
and give you back your life,
To run and play with kids again,
to grow old with your wife.

To take away the daily fear
you have to face each day,
I'd welcome every single ache
and won't meet you halfway

To give you back some semblance
of a future not just past.
Good health to help sustain you
through the years and then will last

I want to make it go away,
but weep because no one
can do what I would do for you,
my darling, precious Son

Lodigiana Poetess
My 'car-Ma 'sutra!

I never thought I'd find a man I know will always be
so happily and totally, faithful just to me.
He never minds if I am late when we go out to dinner.
He'll never say 'don't eat too much - you need to get much thinner'
He doesn't moan when panty hose are hanging up to dry,
and never even says a word when I go to buy
another purse, or some more shoes, or maybe some perfume...
and wouldn't dream to comment on the state of my bedroom!
The only time he comments is when I am in the car,
and once I start to drive I know I won't get very far
before he'll say, in velvet tones, 'hun please turn round the car'
and turn I do, because I know I'm fixed in his radar.
He keeps me safe and lets me know If I am driving fast,
and if a speed trap's up ahead, I'll slow until we pass.
He knows best how to get me home and tells me where I am,
and always know just how to miss a wretched traffic jam.
I love my man I really do - I'd trust him with my life.
And every day I wish he'd ask me to become his wife.
But sadly this will never be, it's something I can't have,
So will just have to be content to love..my own SatNav!

Lodigiana Poetess
My Domain

Tender steps on a frozen lake.
Overhanging boughs, dripping with leaves like rabbits ears.
Catkins arching slender branches,
their furry pods cocooning a promise of spring life.
No longer any dragonflies skimming the glacial ballroom,
just a watery sun reflected in the icy stillness,
glinting, spitefully at the onlooker,
to distract what's concealed below.
A distant 'V' of geese flying majestically, in rhythm, in sync,
with a purpose sublime.
Wings boldly undulating, hypnotically, uncurious.
There is a paralyzing sense of loneliness
about a frozen lake.
A surface so serene, calm, quietly endless...
And yet
beneath..
A world trapped in prisms of sunlight.
No escape into the gelid, but life giving air.
Hidden from sight,
contained,
restrained,
suffocating.
Only ever looking upwards through the frozen layers
at the cerulean sky -just beyond reach.
Tangled in reeds that constantly draw you down,
Deeper,
Darker,
Colder,
Until all light dissipates and liquid sun becomes murky night.
Tender steps on a frozen lake
beware..
Walk gently,
tread softly,
lest you fall beneath the surface,
beyond retrieval,
to my aqueous domain.

Lodigiana Poetess
My Friend

F is for faithful as you are each day
R is for rebel at games we would play
I is for innocent stories we'd tell
E is for enjoyment we knew oh so well
N is for no one on earth I like more
D is for the dearest friend I just adore!

Lodigiana Poetess
My Man...The Tree

Were I to describing a tree to a blind person it would reveal a new vision of you. From the window of my soul, I now see far more than my eyes ever truly perceived.

Your roots, burrowed deeply and clinging within the ground, makes you unassailable, so safe and secure, immobile... yet able to sway when the wind of love tugs at your heart.
The gnarly bark covering the delicate inner fibres, protecting their vulnerability, speaks of your quiet strength, that so often appears brash, rough and flaky... yet hides the soul of an angel.
The luxuriant foliage, disguising the bracken interior, merely a cloak for your gentleness.
Glistening sap gathering in sticky globules adorning the trunk, so reminiscent of the life blood coursing through your veins, that I know you would be willing to shed, without hesitation, for the ones you love.
A man with many facets, like a tree provides wood for warmth, your all embracing arms draw me into the incandescent glow of your love.
Your constancy providing a shelter against all weathers, as solid as a woodland log cabin.
Knowing also, that amidst all the strength, when autumn comes and you shed your leaves.
your defences are willingly down and you are forever in my charge.

Lodigiana Poetess
My Mothers Perfume

Memories I had as a child are like dreams you keep seeing- even when awake. Sounds tinkling in the deep recesses of my mind become a sublime score for revived pleasures. How to capture a single memory and hold it forever? To live within it? How to surround myself with the warmth of love each picture of happiness brings?

I am remembering back into a distant past, and return unwillingly, to the racket of the wind whistling, malevolently, through the tiniest window cracks, forming unearthly sounds that filled my mind and robbed me of sleep. Burrowing under blankets to escape the fear felt by a small child in bed, in the dark, eyes closed..

Unwillingly picturing horrors within tightly closed lids. Then, almost imperceivably, but definitely, the gentle soothing balm of sweet mimosa, gently seeping through the cocoon of fear I was frozen in. A fragrance announcing her welcome arrival. A cloud of living love surrounding my trembling body. A hand stroking my wild damp curls into serenity. To sense an angel by my side, to smell heaven... to find sanctuary and be enveloped, totally and securely with unending shelter and a sweet, longed for asylum. Never to be found in any other medium but this...

To know love, To find refuge from the unseen terrors of the darkness, To remember the essence of all that is good and worth remembering, created by the recollection of just one single thing.... my Mothers perfume.

Lodigiana Poetess
My Son

When breath of life gave you to me
My life became complete,
We never say how much we care,
We take as understood.
But I was wrong to soldier on
And not divulge a word,
to tell you what you mean to me
It just never occurred......
When others hurt me, made me cry
Your arm was always there.
Your silent presence like a screen
To filter out the pain.
You listened patiently to tales
Of how she'd hurt me yet again
I didn't see your manly strength,
Or know you too were pained.
You let me vent my hurt and loss
I never saw your own,
I didn't stop to see that you and me
Were together- not alone.
My eyes are clear now, reason back
and that's because of you.
Your love and loyalty unfailing,
Your filial love so true.
I hope that you will always know
how much you mean to me.
Sometimes words really aren't enough
because my son you see..
You are my rock, you are my life,
my pleasure and my joy,
My very special gift from God,
My precious, unique boy

Lodigiana Poetess
My Words

My writing’s never complicated, not hard to understand.
Just words and insight simply put and very rarely planned.
I write of life, the ups and downs, the low times and the high.
the joys that make us smile and also things that make us cry.
Don't look for hidden meanings, you'll find none hiding here.
No fancy words to baffle you, no verses from Shakespeare.
Some things I think I know about, and write it from the heart.
Other stuff I analyse and try to break apart
to get a feel of what it must be like to live through that,
imagination plays it's part and that's what I work at.
I love the sound that words can make when turning in my head.
and putting words together and watching them embed.
And sometimes when a work is done and I read it out aloud,
my hope is that it's understood and THAT makes me feel proud.
For as a child I stuttered and I stumbled with each word,
and silence for so long became my way of being heard.
I never thought I'd ever have the chance to say my piece,
but putting pen to paper now my words just never cease..
They tumble out, they rush and dash to form a single thought,
sometimes so fast I lose all sense of grammar I was taught.
But ultimately that's just fine, I've learn to live with that,
as writing words for me became like friends having a chat.
No hesitation any more, a cacophony of words...
that fly around my mind just like a symphony of birds.
They find a branch to rest upon and settle down to nest,
I thank my God that I have found 'my words' 'cause they're the best!

Lodigiana Poetess

Never to feel again the joy of a special time,
Only the lingering watery memory
Sweetly playing around inside your head,
Telling you that things then were so much better.
Altering the true events to become magical by
Listening to romantic tunes that conjure up joy
Greater than you could ever describe,
Inspiring a need to relive those long forgotten days
Always aware that they will never return.

Lodigiana Poetess
Naivety Of Youth

Meet me by the bandstand
I'll be there after eight.
Remembering all the things we've planned,
Oh hun I just can't wait!

I've left a note Its short and sweet
saying that I've gone,
I'm leaving home and off to meet
my love, my number one!

I know i'm young but all the same
I know what's in my heart,
And yes I know he's got a 'name'
but this is our new start

Ok'so he's a little rough
and round the edges frayed,
but I can make him diamond tough,
he loves me - that's the trade.

I have some money that I've saved
we really dont need much.
He's all that I have ever craved,
I live just for his touch

So understand me when I say
we have to leave you all...
We've no choice but to run away..
So please dont write or call!

I'm waiting by the bandstand
Its eleven forty three.
The park's a dark and empty place.
He's forgotten about me..

Is it too late to go back home?
My folks will be real mad.
He really was a no good bum..
Should've listened to my dad
I really thought he loved me tho'
He told all the girls the same...
I guess I now look pretty dumb..
Now I'm the one who's got a 'name'

Lodigiana Poetess
Narcissism-A Mothers Anguish

A childhood where love offered was selfless and free
and sacrifices never recognised.
To feel the warmth of unconditional love and know security in an embrace,
Or a smile,
To sleep with the peace of angels and no demons...
That's family

To always be foremost in someone's eyes and thoughts.
No worthy request denied.
To never worry about a future unknown,
because the safety buffer was there....
That's family

Bad behaviour forgiven, cruel words spoken with no regret.
Lies told to friends to impress,
and actions ever more bizarre and hostile.
Pushing away the love that binds them.....
That's change.

To replace love with hate, respect with disdain.
Never explaining why or when this change happened.
No confidences exchanged, no kindness spoken.
Only cutting words and sharper looks......
That's pain.

To feel impotent against the wave of animosity rising
and crashing against my heart.
To have no protection against the vitriol of antipathy
and to never understand why.......
That's confusion.

A journey of parenthood decried and reduced to waste.
No conscience of causal effect.
Learning of lies about a childhood that exists only in their imagination.
Reducing love, loyalty and acceptance to valueless vapour....
That's destruction.

Leaving behind all honesty, love, support and truth.
Closing all doors to a past that they have tainted with delusion.
Reducing the heart of the forever lovegiver to bleak emptiness. 
Never to see where faith and love were precious gifts given freely but rejected......
That's abandonment

When the child you love, stabs you 
yet tells the world that they are the one bleeding. 
Lies 'confessed' to therapists 
become the 'healer's truths...
That's manipulation

To believe in a past of fantasy and cobwebs of lies. 
To have no empathy and only arrogance and jealousy with anyone in their path. 
A sense of importance and a belief that they are unique but 
with a distorted self image and a love of exploiting others.....
That's Narcissism.

Lodigiana Poetess
Neon

Normal? ..what's normal?
Bombarded with diversity,
Racism, sexual orientation,
Disability..
See stuff and recognise it
Easy!
Really?
Take a 12 year old shopping
He turns from angel to demon
In a heartbeat.
Sanctimonious 'tut tuts' and icy stares
'Blame the parents' 'not enough discipline'
Heard it all..I'm bored
Open your eyes and open your minds
Autism comes without neon signs!

Lodigiana Poetess
Never Know....Never Show

Never live........Never die
Never smile........Never cry
Never wake........Never sleep
Never take.........Never keep
Never good........Never bad
Never happy.......Never sad
Never win..........Never lose
Never say.........Never chose
Never know ........never see
Never really ........ever me.

Lodigiana Poetess
Nostalgia - Dad His Shed And Childhood

Today I walked a thousand miles but never moved a measured yard.

Transported by a choir of memories rising in crescendo.

My father voice so still, so safe, so silent ... for so long
talking to my rabbit whilst cleaning cages.

Laying on a grassy bank ... anticipating ... rolling
down the slope, rotating faster ... first grass then sky then grass and sky again;
captured up in a wondrous heap ... dishevelled clothes and hair.

The smell of lunch percolating through the summer air,
bathes me in nostalgia - the longing to be there.

A piece of parchment paper, sugar coating rhubarb chunks,
delicious sourness ... so sweet ... eyes crinkling in delight.

A creaking swing to fly me high ... my feet DO touch the sky.

Another fledgling fallen from its nest up in the roof
and me the saviour, nursing it with milk and soaking bread.

A shoebox in the garden shed with tissues for a bed.

Next day my dad would always say, 'all's well he's flown away'

I never knew that 'flown away' was really not the truth
as 'Florence Nightingale' for birds was the image of my youth.

The shed that smelled of dads old tools, cane hampers, oily tins,
dust moving in hypnotic swirls and coating old beach chairs,
a rusty bucket with a spade, a tangled kite, old bikes,

a pair of roller skates, a hula hoop and dried up tins of paint

Today I walked a thousand miles, through memories in my mind;

remembering warm and sunny days and pink anemones,

and when it rained, the smell of dusty pavements filled the air.

The autumn winds would cut like whetted blades through trees still bare but

Vigorous with life.....

And chiseled snowflakes landing one by one on frosted panes.

Is memory a forgotten sense we like to locked away?

And just bring out to fill our hearts so full of yesterday.....

Lodigiana Poetess
On A Nightstand

She kept her dreams in a jar on a nightstand.
Locked away, hidden from the light.
Before sleep overtook her, she would gently caress it.
Sweetly humming as her hands explored the familiar shape.
The cold glass always came as a surprise,
but she smiled a secret smile knowing the warmth contained within
would melt even the most gelid heart.
As fingers slowly felt around the lid, she knew all was secure.
Nothing would escape from there unless she willed it.
As she turned the jar with infinite care,
she felt each dream forming and taking shape,
happy to remain within, nestling with all her
other fantasies, floridly dancing within her head.
Holding the jar to her face, she felt the etched glass imprint
on her cheek, and she sighed, a deep contented sigh,
whilst eyes sought refuge in morpheus's arms,
and slowly, languidly, she held her dreams safe
Never to be revealed,
Broken,
Lost,
But preserved forever in the jar on her nightstand
till next she woke.

Lodigiana Poetess
One Mans Meat

We all have choices we can make
between perspectives or the paths we take.
As night and day offer separate views,
we have the choice of which we choose.

When enemy and friend collide
each valuing a different side,
but each so sure their view unique
deny the other chance to speak.

Stand back, take charge, forget the pride,
leave your perceived views to one side,
and open up to other views
and take a walk in others shoes!

Lodigiana Poetess
One Mans Words

Sometimes I wallow mildly, fruitlessly in wonderment at the thinking of man. So obsessed with his own glorification, he loses sight of any hidden beauty. To read aloud the words of long dead poets and soak in their pledge, to follow the lineation and catch their intent. Slowly, maybe never, to immerse myself within the expression the poet feels in that parsec of time. Allowing all thoughts of preconception, to die and be re born within anothers thoughts, Yet fumbling for clarity and finding emptiness, looking to abandon the search. And yet...not quite yet... to read on....read on Believe and imagine, hear and feel, know and awaken within, a silent slumbering monster, that having been disturbed now will never more sleep the long sleep..one of perception, clarity and light, and welcome the thirst to continue this voyage of expression and cohesion with a fellow human being.

Lodigiana Poetess
Our Ways Divide

The end of our road has come sudden and fierce.
No path to re take and no respite from tears.
I have to forget, yours a heart I required,
but lost to my future, the one I desired

With friends who will speak of you in lowered tones.
The thought of your name sends a chill through my bones.
Too long we were bound by a love seeming true,
but promises broken, what else could we do?

We met in a subterfuge ripe with deceit,
we now hide our sadness whenever we meet.
Our lips can no longer seek passions embrace,
our greetings exchanged as in chilled cyberspace.

Your love I held dear and hugged close to my breast,
Some memories recalled are still precious and blessed,
but time will move on and a new love replace,
your once loved and lost, but now, fast fading face.

Lodigiana Poetess
Pain...Again

The god of pain is pitiless and devoid of human frailty.
I feel life laughing at me, mocking me, demeaning me.

'it's in your head' 'control is yours' 'pain is there to overcome'
Do I accept it? Or fight at every turn?
I am encompassed by the blinding, unrelenting ache of pain.
I can't touch you! I would hurt you if I could.
You touch every part of me with cruel, thorned hands, that show no compassion.
I am subjugated...
I am weak...
I hurt......
I awake and pray- no more pain today..please!
Rejoice when movement returns.
Give praise for release -albeit temporary.
When pain invades I bargain with God.......pleading pitifully
Does that make me a hypocrite?
Clock looking....time for a pill? ...time for small comfort?
Each day less comfort time, more clock watching.
What is pain? A Punishment? A Challenge?
Sometimes the pain is almost a friend that lets me know I am still here.
A dubious friend who gives nothing and takes all...
But some friends are like that and we accept them with all their faults.
So I accept your hateful friendship...your intermittent absences,
but reach out to hold the hand of God when I need a constant friend

Lodigiana Poetess
Past And Beyond Evil

Is a crime less wrong with the passage of time?
Can evil be diluted through the years?
Does the passage of time excuse wrongs done?
Excuses of ‘another world’ ‘another time’
Are just that
Excuses…..
So many wrongs we have to right
So many hurts we have to heal.
People shamed and degraded
Who takes culpability?
Who?
We do! That's who.
Each and everyone of us
How can we put things right though?
Do we ask for forgiveness and show contrition?
Do we make promises of ‘Never again’?
Offer recompense and restitution?
I don't know....
But what I do know is that I feel the weight of past wrongdoings,
and shame at man's inhumanity to man
A bleeding heart offers no solace
But that's all I have....

Lodigiana Poetess
Patchwork Of Hope

To read my words you might imagine my life dark and grey,
but you would be mistaken friend in every single way;
It's like a patchwork quilt that has been lovingly arranged
to represent the ups and downs of how my life has changed.
Happiness is something we don't shout enough about,
'cause tragedy and grief will make our senses all call out
and say 'such feeling!' 'Depth and imagery 'I understand your pain'
But really if we had the chance would we relive again?
those time of such immense despair, we find hard to dispel,
and burning tears that flow unbridled down an endless well.
Such loneliness an overriding cloak we hide within...
afraid of laughter, life and guilt, making it sin:
To fight the demons of the dark when light seems too obscure,
and change the daily mask we wear in order to ensure
that no one sees the real me, that hides behind the smile,
To hide the lie that all is well or will be in a while....
The big black dog that sits astride my shoulder looking down
just waiting for the time to come and help my feelings drown....
In seas of bitter roaring waves that crash on lifeless sand,
and knowing no one's ever there to stretch a saving hand....
But wait......that was the past and there are now fresh joys anew,

To find a love with arms so broad they encompassed me and drew me into your safe harbour and though pain has left its scars,

I now look for the sunshine and marvel in the stars....

There is a meaning to today and also to tomorrow

For love and joy can override the deepest kind of sorrow.

Lodigiana Poetess
We see the moon in the daylight sky, obscured by wispy strands of cloud.

Somewhere on earth the same moon shines in inky blackness......

One moon, two visions, both real

We see the wind blow trees in arching boughs, leaves scattering,

a blindman feels the breeze warm and gentle on his cheek.......

Same wind, two views, both real

Can single hands clap? falling trees make sound?

As vibration passes through the earth and gives the deaf an ear to hear

the rhythms beat playing in their minds..

Same song, two views, both real

You were my destiny, my future and my life

My heart, my thoughts, my soul and all I feel..

To you I was a nobody, a clinging, boring wife

How can this be? ...Same love, two views, both real.

Lodigiana Poetess
Phoenix Of The Burning Bridge

There is a bridge I need to burn.
A burning bridge, now, the only warmth I know I will feel.
Knowing once gone, the only way across is to swim..
I don't swim....
I flounder, I wade,
I splash, I thrash,
I drift...
Without navigation...aimlessly
I have crossed this bridge so many times..with the end in sight,
yet, always out of reach.
We have no choice who we love,
or, who in return, loves us.
I sought to understand her, to forgive,
to stab the devil taunting her,
but always found rejection.
I awake alive to strangers, moribund to those I love.
Whimpering within..unheard..
Pushing back against pain only creates a delusion of passivity.
Invisible scars, unseen, with no wound to excise and release the putridity of pain.
Each word you no longer speak, a sliver of crystal piercing my fragmented heart.
To be weak one moment then revived the next, is exhausting,
paralysing, in its chaotic oscillation.
It ends now...
I am no warrior,
I am defeated.
I am ashes of the bridges I am burning.
A phoenix to rise?
Maybe? ....

Lodigiana Poetess
Poetic Dilemma

'You like to scribble then?
How d'ya make it rhyme?
What- it doesn't rhyme sometimes!
That's not proper poems!
That's just writing.....
How d'ya make stuff up?
Or is it all real life?
You can write stuff   that you've not lived then?
I'd run out of words.....'

'You poets- all pretentious fools..
Like artwork no one understands,
but talk about it knowingly
to not appear uncool'
I've heard these comments, seen the sneers
but what these people miss,
Is how the words spill from lips to pen
and end up with all this...
Our lifeblood spilt across a page,
Our thoughts spoken aloud,
To write reality that's threaded through
Imagination we expound.
No, not everything I write is something
personal to me.
Some things are really alien
and I hope I never see.
But poets write and write some more,
we see words in our sleep,
and for as long as words will come
I know that I will keep...
On writing words, ... creating themes
that maybe strike a chord,
transporting   readers for a while
will be my best reward.

Lodigiana Poetess
Poetic Justice

Life is Ying and Yang, truth and lies,
depending on which ‘truth 'is heard the first;
You don’t know my truth.....
And I wont tell...
as love holds back words that can hurt.
Silence sometimes is best
It cannot be distorted  or misreported,
and to judge a half as whole
Sees just the spirit... not the soul

Lodigiana Poetess
Poetry..Just 'floury'thoughts?

Sometimes my mind is like a bag of white flour
Dusty, drab, messy, pulverized...
Nothing happens and it vacations in its cranium.. just waiting,
Waiting, for something to move and inspire it...
But at times it abruptly rekindles, becomes resuscitated and invigorated
And then it's insuppressible, ebullient and unconstrained.
So starts the steady stream of words on paper....

Pouring out totally unrestrained, producing work after work.....
Hieroglyphics scrawled across the page, with the hope the words
have a kinship with sense and understanding...
I have to keep churning whilst the kindling's still burning,
'The moving finger writes' and knows no end my friend,
until exhausted the cranial pundit grinds to a halt
and reverts to its mill like process once again...ready to bake bread once more...

Lodigiana Poetess
Poverty - How Did I End Up Here?

Poverty creeps a loathsome step, never announcing its arrival,
from finer means to meagre times, now dependant for survival.

To clothes that smell of thrift shop musk and shoes already worn
by people now long gone or dead, ...and coats quite warm but torn....

The checkout girls impatient 'tut', you counting every penny
to find you're still a little short -and must decide how many
items to discard to make the cost meet yours;

Eyes looking down in shame and knowing that this pregnant pause
reflects your future now.

When each step forward seems as though you take a step reverse,
as bills arrive you look within a deep, black, empty purse.

You work at making both ends meet but goalposts have been moved,
the person you once thought you were is gone and times have proved....

you're now invisible.

Poverty is punishment....and you still serve the time....

Poverty is shame...and yet without a crime.....

Poverty is lack of aspiration and of hope,
of living everyday and praying that some way you'll cope.

Deprivation reeks of apathy and musty half dried clothes,
the smell of social housing mildew lingers up your nose.
The rich will tell you that so many things in life are free,
I spend free time imagining people poorer still than me....

The mask comes off, the drink comes out...or would if cash was there,

My soul is dead, my spirit gone.... this life feels so unfair

Lodigiana Poetess
Recognition Failed!

You appeared right beside me, from nowhere,
a weary old man with a frown
I asked who you were and your blue glacial stare
looked me up first..and then slowly down
A snarled reply came, 'I'm your angel' you said
I did wonder, perhaps - am I dead?
I was curious to know if you really were..so
with a trembling voice here's what I said...
'Dont think that I'm stupid and don't see your game
I don't think angels look much like you,
If you're here just to con,
well you'd better move on
and go and find somebody new!
With a sigh and a shrug you gave your coat a tug,
and the garment just fell to the ground.
From a place far away, I heard harps start to play
as the air filled with heavenly sound.
From within a rucksack
that you had on your back,
was a rustling of unearthly things.
As I looked on in awe
I was shocked when I saw
that attached to you now were two wings!
The scowl and the frown were now gone from that face
and replaced with a warm peaceful glow,
and you spoke oh so gently, direct to my heart
saying, 'sorry but now I must go..
I gave you a chance to accept who I was, but
your fear made you not see the light,
so my mission has failed,
and my work is curtailed,
so I leave you now as I take flight'
He flew through the skies, leaving tears in my eyes
as I saw that like chances we lose,
we make judgements each day,
things we do and we say
And so often wrong choices we choose.
I'll never again turn an angel away
even though he might come in disguise,
I'll look for the good,
and then maybe I could,
find an angel that I don’t despise.

Lodigiana Poetess
Respect

Don't let me turn the other way
when I hear other people say,
'our jobs have gone to lesser men'
I hear this said, time and again.

Don't still my voice and tie my tongue
when I see something that is wrong,
and let it pass without a sound,
release my cry, make it profound.

Don't let my eyes begin to cloud
when I see people in a crowd,
who gather round a simple man
and chant about the 'final plan'.

Don't let me miss a single plea
for those who crave equality.
I don't have strength but do believe,
we work as one so we achieve.

Don't let me shy away from fights
that serve to save those Human rights,
that some would see just disappear
replaced by slavery and fear

When ignorance betrays mankind
humanity will end up blind,
and stumble on from place to place,
no vision left to value Race.

Respect and justice hand in hand,
as brothers walk through every land,
and keep their own humanity
Is how Mankind says it should be.

Lodigiana Poetess
Reunited

The rocky cliff edge perilously beckons the jumper....
Murmuring seductively...'Over me"over me!'
Oceans roar below, muted by the silence of intent.
One step....one small step....then
soaring,
like a fallen feather fluttering to its demise.
A sudden updraught lifting spirits momentarily-
then released -with no hesitation, no compassion.
Still silently plummeting, like a stone hurtling
down a disused well
where infinity benumbsthe echoingscream of eternity.
Buffeted by the blusterous breeze stinging eyes once tear filled,
but now sponge dry, blank and seeking closure.
Alone... flying through the elements ...seconds like hours
momentum maximum, ground closer
Begging silently for forgiveness but remembering instead,
the children's faces, so loved, so missed, so missed....
Imprinting that image as solace for whatever awaits.
Arms outstretched- open to deliverance....a planned embrace.
No regrets, no indecision, no fear,
just another point in time..... until it's over... and the reunion complete

Lodigiana Poetess
Revenge -One Lump Or Two?

My love you're a crime scene I've planned from afar,
You don't know it yet..but my darling..you are.
Each morning you wake and lock the bathroom door,
and start humming tunes that I know you adore.
Perhaps you can visualise your day ahead,
the deals you will broker,
the lies you'll have said.
What promises you'll make..
and whose heart you will break?
How clever you were with the lies you have told..
Pretending you love me but really so cold...
You put on a clean shirt, all starched and pristine,
You look like the charmer that you've always been.
You're thinking of her now and how she will smell,
the way you seduced her and how you would tell
her tales of the sad life you're spending with me,
and how loving her eases your misery.
She smiles at the thought that you think her divine.
She wonders and hopes that 'one day he'll be mine'
No.. no.. that won't happen, because left to me,
I'm putting some poison in his morning tea.
'How bitter it tastes! ' will be your final word,
I'll put in more sugar, and when I have stirred
I'll sit back and watch as it slips down your throat,
my exterior calm, but inside I will gloat.
Your face changes from a self -satisfied smile,
to twisted, contorted, demonically vile.
Your last second living I hope you will see,
that this vengeance is sweet.. and your nemesis.. ME!

Lodigiana Poetess
Rodin's...The Thinker (An Ekphrastic Offering!)

Poised above the Gates of Hell, surveying the monstrous pit of eternal damnation...
Yet...melancholic, rather than aghast, at the prospect laid before him. Far from the Divine Comedy, he sits alone, in solitary, contemplative thought. To a fresh contemporary eye, appears a modern, secular man..strong in mind and body taut. Yet lonely and still as a statue...but arranged with a sense of movement..
His arm resting on his knee- an exaggerated pose.. but deceiving the mind to believe at any moment... he could rise up and leave

Lodigiana Poetess
Rosemary For Remembrance

Hidden from sight, locked into darkness
the key retained but..
for safe keeping sequestered.
Memories stored within my mental casket,
denied the light of perspicuous day.
Like drapes of plushest velvet,
each memory filled crease
cascading with a forgotten reminiscence
to lie, now abandoned,
consigned, to the depth of
forgotten recollection.
Gathering dust in the basement of my
dank repository.
Walk away,
No backward glance,
Nothing to stir sleeping thoughts
and forgotten nightmares,
save maybe... for a sprig of rosemary...
For remembrance

Lodigiana Poetess
School Reunion

Her smile hides it all
The confidence radiates and warms all within its sphere
Nothing is amiss,
No one notices….
Lingering on the periphery of the chatting groups,
debating when to enter the conversation- and how..
Knowing that whatever words she speaks will be a lie...
Well, maybe embellishment would be more honest...
Listening to whining voices droning on about holidays,
Childrens nannies and buying bigger houses.
Who's wearing Louboutin heels? And more importantly who isn't! ....
Shifting uneasily on her well worn wedges
She glides between the perfumed, mannequins hiding her un-manicured nails.
Praying no one asks her 'what do you do? '
How will she make School dinner server sound dynamic?
How could she show these shallow, ghost women
that nothing much compares to the smile a child gives you when you slip an extra
piece of pie on their plate?
How does she explain the joy felt when little hands excitedly thrust end of term chocolates at you? ...
Would they know the fulfilment felt when, once a year,
a class of 7 year olds sing a rousing 'Happy Birthday' to you?
whilst giving you that wonderfully toothless grin all 7 year old have?
No... these woman know nothing of that!
Keep your shoes ladies! ..
Keep your keeping up with the Jones's!
She has discovered treasures beyond compare...and smilingly knows
It's time to go home... until next year.

Lodigiana Poetess
Serenity

In the still velvety ink of night she found me sleeping,
The rustling of the sheets disturbed my sense of impending gloom.
The knot of fear and panic rising in my chest...
Hands clutching clammily to pull the wrinkled sheets over my irrational fears;
Nothing hides them, my dry breath rasps coarsely through clenched jaws
And I hyperventilate.
Insomnia is my friend-I know you well
My heart beats so loudly it muffles the sound of foxes screaming to their mate.
Am I dying? Here comes the dread, the apprehension in my head....
Think straight.., think clear.......exhaustion makes for confusion
Each night, every day this silent curse engulfs me
Anxiety...........
Then I feel a cool.....no.... a calm cocoon
Sheltering me from the rising chaos
Her voice soft, gentle and familiar.. and so known
'sleep child I am your remedy'....... 
Give me your fears ...I'm your serenity'
Lodigiana Poetess
Short 'n Sweet(Part 1)

I want to be your one and only,
let me be your coffee pot.
I'll put some sweetness in your life,
and you will keep me steaming hot

Lodigiana Poetess
Short V Tall

Tall reaches tallest shelf, stretching heights he achieves by himself.  
Short always struggles way, way down below, short always knows just how low he cango.  
Tall takes big steps..  
Short likes short drops..  
Tall's high'n mighty..  
Short's low n' flighty..  
Tall bangs head on normal door frames,  
Short has very much less leg to shave.  
Greek Gods were tall  
and almost never small.  
Short like to naps just about anywhere,  
tall always rides the best rides at the fair.  
Short can ignore signs proclaiming 'Please Mind your head, '  
tall's feet will always hang out from the bed  
Shorts temper maybe match with his size,  
tall's stories again maybe match all his lies.  
Short means you get to the front of show,  
Tall tells the shorties just where they can go go  
So shortie or tall, really it's all the same...  
Their height, you will find now lives up to their frame!

Lodigiana Poetess
Short'nsweet (Part 2)

Look at me I'm waiting here.
I've bought my ticket for the bus,
but this love is a driver only-
only me - and never us........

Lodigiana Poetess
Short'nsweet (Part 3)

Pass the cookies and the cake,
the only passions in my life.
I'm the soft and creamy centre
you just cut through with a knife

Lodigiana Poetess
Short'nsweet (Part 4 Final Part)

I'm alone with just my thoughts
You were my almanac
But words don't change the things you did
Or make me want you back

Lodigiana Poetess
Sky

It's dusky hues are cloaking the cooling earth, 
rendering the once vibrant, sun-kissed, flowers dim. 
The raggedy birds exhausted from flight yet still heading southwards 
against your azure backcloth. 
The seagulls mocking taunt, as they dive for remnants of food abandoned... 
Vermin but beautiful....like forbidden love. 
Whilst turning to deep indigo, the clouds melt against your slowly diminishing portrait 
and the distant laughing sun now silencing slowly as it descends into its nightly cocoon. 
Rolling grey webs of clouds, spreading their fingers over the panorama 
Then the final shimmering of our earthly star opens a shaft of softly brilliant light, 
gently kissing the now mottled gloaming. 
A moment in time, captured forever within the stillness of sky and land. 
A moment when Gods glory abounds. 
Then breath re taken.. all glow dissipates..and finally 
the sky's inky blackness precludes the sleeping earth.

Lodigiana Poetess
Somewhere A Window Opens

Like the grains in an hourglass,
memories slip through into a forgotten pool.
No remnant of joy perceived, or retained.
The grains, once on an endless beach
thrashed by oceans unceasing torment,
still warm underfoot from lovers walking
gentle steps within each others footprints.
At the lapping waters edge,
green weeds tangle, eating through the purity
Changing the crystal blue to lurid verdant.
Hiding the beauty that was from the obscurity that remains.
Deserted headland, promontory seeking inclusion.
Ever enveloped by the encroaching tide..
Worn away slowly, like love untended
Yet uncompromising and
seeking a lighthouse beacon
to focus on.
Cliffs, edging paradise yet, on a precipice
awaiting the inevitable and
crashing into a devouring sea..
Life and love becomes driftwood,
sailing away, out of sight..
But in the darkness approaching,
as hope and love become confounded,
forgotten, misremembered..
Still on a clifftop, a solitary structure remains
tettering, uncertain, condemned,
Slowly, with trembling hands and a hopeful heart,
a sanguine soul, ravenous to recapture enchantment,
opens a window to lookout, with ever trusting eyes
seeking a new horizon,
far, far beyond memory...

Lodigiana Poetess
How rarefied the air must be on the pinnacle you occupy.
Where, looking down on lesser mortals
your blinkered vision blinds you further.
In one hand you hold righteousness..
which weighs heavy on you
The other palm cradles the savage hypocracy you treasure.
You see only the raggle, taggle, broken man.
A silent, 'dusky' man -so unlike you.
And you mumble 'why don't you stay in your homeland?'
'why come here? '
A homeland devastated by years of war.
Where stability has become fallen disorder,
where the only value he now places on anything.
Is how safe he can keep his children.
Children, who have seen barbarism beyond human boundaries.
Where violation is a daily fear seen and suffered.
His love of fine clothes and home now a distant memory
with no validity in the world he now inhabits.
His love of his heritage buried deep within him
as he faces a choice no father wants to make.
Stay, fight, hide, die, maybe survive, lose all, stay 'home'
Or,
Flee, like a thief in the night, with only unholy souls to protect you.
To face the perils of a journey over a vindictive, vengeful sea.
A sea impatient to devour the hapless aged,
who slowly lose their frail hold.
The babes in arms, whose mothers slip, exhausted,
into the deep watery blackness.
Abandoning a land he loves but feels has been forgotten by the world
Everything he once cherished now become as nothing.
Meaningless.
Valueless.
All left behind.
Abandoned,
To begin again, anew, but friendless,
reviled, and with suspicion all around him.
But, with faith, he clutches the hands of his children,
and knows exactly where his world is.
Pride, now put aside, the seas undulations rocking the desperate souls clinging
aboard.
This raggle, taggle, broken man, sacrifices all he has ever had,
To bring life, to bring peace,
to save for a new world those he loves...
somewhere beyond home.

Lodigiana Poetess
Ssshhh.......(Silence)

Silence isn’t the absence of noise it’s the muteness of words
The stillness of death and the silence of the dark tomb is heavy and laden with unresolved regrets
that waits for the judgement day to call ...it's purpose for now..stillness .....but yet keeping the secrets of the dead.
Beneath the bluest ocean filled with life, there exists a silence of preoccupation-
just basking with the sharks in the languorous, undulating tides- mute yet voluble.
Silence is a friend who locks shared secrets within their heart and holds them precious as jewels and preserved from the degrading light
The enemy is also silence... who has not felt the betrayal of trust when words would have eased pain but there came only silence?
Silence is fear...instilled by those wishing to subjugate, harm or hurt - a silent child is a travesty.
Silence is the love expressed in an arm around a weeping mothers shoulders.
Silence lives in lonely places, lonely hearts and lonely faces.
Silence is different....
Silence is everywhere......
Silence is everyone.....

Lodigiana Poetess
Star Seed

Evolved over millennia, beyond seeing eyes, carrying a plethora of wisdom, encoded...
to unlock knowledge, abilities, spirituality.
Existing isolated with no compass, and only a sense of emptiness.
Constantly different, always difficult..
Tagged ‘strange’, troublesome or Odd....
Filed away in a box, orderly, normal but silently extraordinary!
Living in realms of empathy, yet unable to connect.
These are the indigo, crystal, rainbow children
Waiting to shine a beacon of love and hope.
Propelling humanity towards an enlightened age.
They beat to a different resonance of the Creators light.
Knowing that the path to enlightenment awaits..
not to save the world... but to remind it...how to save itself.
They are ‘Old souls'
recognise them, listen to them....
They will be our Salvation

Lodigiana Poetess
State Of Reparation, , Purgatory

Who appointed you God and holder of the keys to my private hell?

Where purgation and lustration must be endured.

I feel it beckoning, its abyss opening to welcome in the penitent...

Hades and the underworld could not prepare me for this,

this netherworld of pandemonium

Am I to be chastened or castigated to achieve the joy of your heaven?

Am I forever seeking redemption- but loathing every penance?

Or an abandoned soul no one can pray for?

To head straight to the light or miss the half night

Where angels truly fear to tread..

I am in an endless space ‘twixt right and wrongs,

where other creatures seek sacrifice....

To free them from this living death... my purgatory

Lodigiana Poetess
Tacet Lacrimae (Silent Tears)

I see her....she brushes her cheek...slowly...gently,  
then holds her hand to her lips  
tasting the salt, bitter as wormwood.  
Her eyes a turbulent ocean thrashing within a teardrop.  
She tries, but fails to hold back the deluvian breach,  
waiting to cascade down that sodden cheek.  
By day she pretends nothing's wrong, smiles....  
To save hurting others.....who smile back...  
Relieved at her dry eyes.  
No one sees her tears, yet all see her pain.  
She wears her pain so beautifully, unknown and unremarked.  
When a memory appears - it results in her tears-  
First thing in the morning, throughout the day...  
They just keep falling....  
And never go away.  
Her tears are the silent accusers....  
The reason she smiled was the same reason she cries...  
And no one can make her heart smile...yet.

Lodigiana Poetess
Forever mourning.
A love I hoped eternal,
yet lives in my dreams,
alive and ever vibrant.
Makes mockery of my pain

Lodigiana Poetess
Simplicity, even though considered complex
is still just plain simple.
No need to jazz it up, dress it up,
bedeck it with twinkling musical lights...
It will still be... simplicity.
Strip away extraneous vestiges and flags,
whitewash it or let trumpets blast...
Sing in praise of it and write eulogising verses deifying it...
And yet, it will still... just... be... simplicity...
So this is it then? ..... 
Where can I go from here?
My deepest, darkest desire is just to give myself to you
And likewise you just to give yourself into my care...
Simple... always... simple
Simplicity needs no explaining, defining, or reasoning
It just needs to be that....
Simplicity itself.

Lodigiana Poetess
The Bequest

I went to see my friend today, she's dying and soon will pass away,
She's looking tiny in that bed, can hardly breathe but this she said,
"Don't wait for peaceful passing dear, with all your family gathered near,
and curtains drawn to dim the light, and candles burning oh so bright.
With hushed Ave Maria's said, by local priest, dear Father Ted.
Those relatives you hardly know, inspecting what's left when you go.
Sad eulogies about your worth and what you've given to this earth,
Of how you were just much too young to stand with angels, sing their song.
Forget all that.... I wish I had! .. and lived and died and not been sad.
I wish I'd kicked my heels a bit, and been a rebel, kicked up shit
I should have spent up my last dime, 'cause now I'm gone -I won't have time,
but here's a gift I give to you, do what I say not what I do!
Go travel everywhere first class, economy can kiss my arse
And if there's romance in the air, put on some 'lippy' get in there!
The kids don't need your hard saved cash, they'll only spend it on more trash.
Go spend it on a night of love and I'll look down from up above
I wish that friends had told me how, to save from being where I am now.
And with that wish her last desire, she closed her eyes and did expire
I gazed at her a while and thought, about the lesson she had taught.
I looked around her room so bleak, thought of that trip to
Martinique,
that I had longed for all my life, but in my role as mother, 
wife,
had pushed those dreams in to a drawer not thinking of them 
any more. 
Yet now I'm thinking I can't wait until the day it's much 
too late. 
So rushing home I'll grab a case and head off to my dreamed of 
place,
and on the beach with glass in hand, I'll thank my friend for a life 
not planned!

Lodigiana Poetess
The Eternal Guide

Looking for purpose, but floundering wildly
asoul seekingwisdom yet lost on the route.
Sometimes tooblinkered tosee right at their side
The ever omnipotent Eternal Guide

Passing the time finding faults we forget,
Re-living errors we walked through alone.
Some clarity needed, yet remain mystified,
too blind to yet see the Eternal guide

A call in the dark, a longing expressed,
A heart that's laid open, willing and waiting.
A silent prayer offered with minimal pride,
‘Oh come and please find me, my Eternal Guide

To feel filled with hope and a rekindled faith,
no longer alone in a strange, lonely place
Your waiting is over, your fears ratified,
He's come to stay with you, your Eternal Guide

Lodigiana Poetess
The Gift- A Child

God whispered in my ear 'please listen and draw near
I have a plan that needs you to be there.
A thought for now, but soon, somehow, a gift I will impart,
and hope that you will treat it dear and take it to your heart.
A child awaits, unknown, unloved, unsure and in great need
for loving arms to welcome him and help him to succeed.
He has no gifts that anyone with no faith could ever see,
but he is love and most of all he is a gift from Me.
He'll bring you love and fill your heart with memories galore,
and as you grow to know him, you will love him more and more.
His world is hard, there'll be great pain, and tears will fall too free,
but you will learn so very much, and one day will thank Me.
I cannot say how long he'll stay, his journey may be short,
but young or old he'll benefit from all he'll have been taught.
You'll show him love, you'll get it back and you will be his guide,
he'll know that when the chips are down you're always by his side,
and when his time is come and I will call him back to me,
your heart will break, but deep inside you'll know his soul is free.
It's free to spend unending time surrounded by pure love,
and in your heart you know that when you look to stars above,
The universe around you will be filled up with his smile
And you'll thank Me that I gifted him to you... for just a while.'

Lodigiana Poetess
The Greatest Weapon

Were you fooled by the perennial smile and bonhomie?
His living presence hiding deep despair, silently borne and inwardly grown.
Swarmed by dark lonely thoughts and a tornado of self doubt.
The social perfectionism now too great for him to just shy away from.
Who's watching over him?
Just a boy....hardly a man.
Yet the chains of life drag heavily on him.
It's not that he wants to die, but rather that he no longer wants to live.
Sometimes we need to see the darkness before appreciating the light...
Turn that light on!
Don't deny your worries and believe it wouldn't happen..
The Gender Paradox screams, that often girls think about it, but boys do it......
Speak up darling boys
You yourselves are the greatest danger you face
Before the deathly silence ...speak out! Seek out!
Loving ears ready to listen.
Willing arms ready to hold, hold until the stumble in the road is past and the journey can continue, and hope becomes the greatest weapon against your dark......

Lodigiana Poetess
The Lost Hours

Like a shadowy ghost from a forgotten past,
joy, passes me by.
Touching my shoulder to acknowledge its fragile existence..
Just barely...Then it's gone.
Back to the dark recesses of lonely hours
where all sadness dwells,
undisturbed, unnoticed, unrelenting.
The timeless, monotonous rhythms of an ordinary life
lived and presented to the world
with a serene smile and countenance,
yet decaying minute by minute into an ocean
of timelessness.
I can't ever see beyond 'now'
Now is all there is.....or ever will be, for me..
I live within a time of grey mist and silent screams.
My secret world, where I am queen
but with no realm to rule, and no wish ever fulfilled.
Just despondency and living within layers of time.
Hoping to awake and find despair defeated,
yet knowing this bitter legacy is mine to nurture,
to hide,
within the dark, deep wells of memory and desire.
Sometimes,
for one fleeting, diaphanous moment,
there is a moratorium, a hiatus
where my soul flies....unhindered,
above all the wretched melancholy beneath me.
My lungs fill with untainted air, revitalised.
But too quickly, a return.
Reality awaits...the endless hours pass
and become again, never to be relived,
the hours..
The lost hours.

Lodigiana Poetess
The New Girl

Say my name - just say it....
roll the sounds around your tongue.
Fashion your lips - to expel the breath-to create the word...
Just once look my way, not in that' just having a look around' way but seek me
out...hold my gaze....just for a second..but long enough for me to perceive it..
Let that glorious light of recognition illuminate your dark and impenetrable eyes,
seeing the passion kindling in mine and knowing you have a power over me....
Feel the nape of your neck begin to shiver with anticipation of warm lips brushing
that delicious spot you find irresistible,
And as you walk past, brush my shoulder languidly....
Leave a lingering memory of your presence -Gucci 'Guilty Absolute'...are you
ready to take a leap of faith?
To smile and say 'hello you're new aren't you'
Show me the coffee machine! - point out the fire exit! - ask me to
dinner...anything...but see me...just see me
All I ever see is you......

Lodigiana Poetess
The Night

As the night rides in
firstly in a stately trot, then picking up the pace,
the stars, in gratitude, ignite the darkening backcloth.
Each pinprick of light, a promise of a future still distantly seen.
The light of day slowly rests her head on the distant horizon.
Hypnotic in her lessening.
Monochrome covers all the once vibrant life, teeming and jostling for recognition
Now all becomes willingly equal.....one
As the darkness falls, I feel a flame of brilliance ignite itself within my core,
the shabby day replaced slowly by this unifying element.
We all become anonymous, hidden from clear sight
Anyone we wish to be..dream of being..need to be.
To feel impervious to harm whilst cradled within the pitch blackness
this magical cloak of protection, no one can touch or reach me...
A limited reprieve.... until the dawn.

Lodigiana Poetess
The Raging Silence

Whisper low,
whisper soft,
Choke back the burning words,
Consign them to the oubliette
now so filled with hurts
disremembered.
Sighs that escape unbidden,
suffusing the misery
enclosing this living entity.
Silent grief unspoken.
Silent rage confined.
An ephemeral enigma,
this Gordian Knot unknown to all.
Unresolved.
Moves through life
silently kicking unseen happiness.
Destroying roses in full bloom,
and impaling Purgatory on its thorns
Weaving tears into baskets of
regret.
Ever whispering low,
whispering soft,
not able to forgive
or forget...

Lodigiana Poetess
The Rapture

Time...slowly passing, achieving nothing, wilting into mists of complacency.
Eyes ever seeking greater expectations, but seeing nothing.
Hearts closed..unaware of the coming tribulation..
Like the flood to engulf and saturate every living thing.
The dead..awaiting...sleeping...unstirred.
Ground over them grown and long since forgotten.
Unexpected, call from heaven a trumpet roars....
Louder than the gates of hell closing
is the sound of heaven opening.... Unknown bliss awaits.
All looking skyward to discern the light- the light
shining between that of God and the dark of day.
Hands being wrenched apart, one from another,
Child from mother, father from brother,
No lottery to know who will be chosen...
Disappearing forever into the beyond, but safe with God.
Weeping for the souls left to face the tribulation,
but offering up a silent prayer of redemption.......
The Rock

Majestic black, hewn from a millennia of wild tempests.
Standing erect and unmoving amidst the ever volatile onslaught.
So much hidden beneath, unseen, unremarkable.
Beckoning complacency, but offering destruction.
Within the sable blackness of a moonless sky
small sailing boats unwillingly negotiate its rocky periphery.
Many falling prey to the innocent silence of disaster
and a watery tomb.
Whilst waves gently lap the outer petrification,
this xenolith reigning in its Atlantic world.
Remains static, knowing one day the force of nature will change this outcropping,
insidiously crumbling its very existence into the depths.
Returning it to the sand from which it evolved, ready to begin life anew

Lodigiana Poetess
The Sandman Does Not Cometh

Daylight
Still bright
Eyes wide
All night
Snore
Try
Sheep
Count
Mind runs
Thoughts think
Ears plugged
Mind games
Thump pillow
No change
Clock ticks
Kick spouse
Toss
Turn
Hate house
Cuddle ted
Fuzzy head
Cock crows
Night goes.............

Lodigiana Poetess
The Sea Of Faith

The tide is out on the sea of faith.
We paddle in the shallow waters
shuddering as the cold engulfs us.
Afraid to swim for fear of sharks attacking,
but amused by the minnows between our toes
We cowards love the calm seas,
so brave
when no demands are made,
but when the waves begin their tumultuous rolling,
we turn,
and head back to shore...
quickly..
Without a backward glance,
Sure in our righteous belief we are heading for the salvation
offered by the beach.
Forgetting that just standing on the sand
it will start slowly sifting away from us,
trying to pull us back...but we resist it...
Still feeling safe? ..... 
Many of us swim but dare not put our head beneath the water,
afraid we might fill our lungs with truth.
Is our faith like the dead sea?
Not sustaining life, just barren and empty?
Just as the sea needs the moon-
so our souls need revival.
Close your eyes and listen in your heart to
the call of the sea.
Smell the briny ocean and know its power,
be brave,
take a leap of faith,
dive in....
You will stay afloat,
you will swim,
enough to await the coming tsunami,
soon to rush the shore.

Lodigiana Poetess
The Still Small Voice

I am conscience
live with me, live without me,
retain or rethink me...
But never deny me

I am conscience,
whilst I prick or salve your mind,
I debate my existence, real or induced?
Used for good or evil?

I am conscience
to keep you whole, to feed your soul.
Test your resolve or change your thoughts,
to bring you peace.

Lodigiana Poetess
The Void Unknown

To spend our lives in drab isolation.

a mockery of our own creation.

A sense of oneness we don't share

with anybody else out there.

The universe...exploding stars,

too distant, cold and when seen- gone.

Forgotten in the realms of time and space

by no one and yet everyone.

Earth, air, water, fire, sky.

The cosmos composed of each and all.

Expanse of emptiness and swirling nebulas..

A universe still untouchable

Beyond, within, without, below,

our watery blue domain survives.

Enshrouded with the dust of millennia

and the glow of comets passing.

Two suns dominate a seaweed sky...

where light has no place to hide or die,

and unknown eyes that search horizons,

ever looking for a brother soul.
Lodigiana Poetess
The Warmth Of Boats?

Just a pinprick now on the horizon
I watch as you slowly come near.
Your head bowed as though weighed with concrete,
your eyes show the pain and the fear.
Each step that you take brings you closer,
in spirit you're still miles away.
Grotesquely your mouth twists in spasm
not forming the words they should say.
The buffeting wind sweeps you onwards,
but pride keeps you further apart.
Your body now creaky and wispy,
limbs fragile and weak like your heart.
The pain in your joints hot and searing,
those legs now unbending, once pliant.
Suffering in silence no longer endearing
we all know you're now pain defiant.
For so long you've kept your love hidden,
cruel words said, but you never learned
that warmth comes from loving your kinfolk,
and not from the boats that you've burned.....

Lodigiana Poetess
The Watcher

Obedient observer as though with sightless eyes
plucked out where ruin reigns,
yet still forever watching Man.
Ascent denied for many seen, but through Sons of God new world created-
Daughters of Man conjoined with the Nephilim.
All powerful but fallen, still seeking consorts with mortality.
Rudiments of love passed over.
No demons these but fallen angels whose cascading descent
renders them senseless.
Those envious ones, who remain without form, can never be
Equalled with the fallen ones, who possess that earthly
token, flesh and blood..living, breathing..
To procreate a hybrid race, the giants of man with
the Daughters of beauty.
Demons cursed to wander the earth infinitely- yet,
can only look on the fallen ones,
who though fallen, can elect to stand before God
in the splendour of his domain.
The Watcher sees all, knows all, but in silence abides
To conserve his judgement in his own time,
In his own sight,
to a higher plane.

Lodigiana Poetess
The Wish

Time passes and worlds fall apart.
Loves grow and die, feelings change.
We look the same but differently and no one sees....
Smile, keep going..don't rock the boat.
Don't let the world outside, into your grief.
At night cry quietly, don't stain the pillow.
In the morning cold water heals puffed eyes...
If pain were visible...you would feel warmth, cocooned, loved...
No one would look beyond you.
You talk to yourself in the car, admonish those who have hurt you beyond measure, and cry burning tears of anger.
Then put back on the mask of 'I'm ok' 'no problem here'
Every second that passes, more of your spirit is crushed.
less and less of your loving heart loves.
More and more of your kindness and sweetness dissipates...
until one day, with a void for a soul, a shell for a spirit,
you know the only options are obvious.....
A choice to permanently leave life and it's torment, or leave the torment and this life......
Bags packed, no one home, notes written, small plan formed,
walk through the door one last time and leave the emotionless void behind.
No one will understand, you will be vilified.
Your hope is that they will recognise after you are gone how they are culpable..but you know deep inside that wont happen...
You will always be the villain......
You dream of finding a love to protect you and hold you,
Of finding a new family with kids who will love you back with the same depth you love them.
A family who will smile when you come into a room,
who will phone for no reason other than to hear your voice....
To give you an unexpected squeeze that says 'I love you! '
And ask how your day has been and listen to your reply.
To know and care if someone has hurt you and immediately be your protector.
To see the most insignificant of things and know that because you might like it they will buy it for you,
so they can rejoice in seeing you smile...just as you smiled when you made the ones you loved most happy.
To love you.... just love you... truly love you,
With no boundaries or automated responses and to let you love them, the way
that you want them to love you in return........
A silent, forlorn, longed for, wish........

Lodigiana Poetess
The Wolf

Penetrating pinpricks, like icy glowing embers, blaze a trail through the stygian night.
Laser straight, defying compromise.
Prey spotted, paralysed with primeval fear,
fight or flight decisions considering.
This forty thousand year old dog, now master of his domain,
has no thoughts of retreat,
only
warm,
fresh,
meat.
Alpha male stands proud, but resolute, knowing the pack awaits his gesture.
Nostrils flare, taking in the scent also, of the damp,
urine soaked bracken,
the isolated, pungent sign post of a feast.
Razor talons claw slowly, but relentlessly,
caressing and releasing the earth....
Patiently....
waiting,
but,
salivating.
The standoff now stretching into hypnotic oneupmanship....
Fear has a pungency that excites..
Knowing his job is almost completed, the smirking lips languidly curl, slowly and malevolently,
revealing ivory incisors.
The soft nape hair now bristling and the gentle rhythmic breathing, transformed into a low, satisfied, growl.
Becoming deeper now and louder, vibrating through his hungry lean body...
Lithe limbs fiercely spring into life, Beta, Delta and Omega,
like a multi limbed body.... in unison strike.
The kill,
swift and merciless,
is over.

Lodigiana Poetess
Can time be bent? Or only spent... 
It's lost before begun. 
To travel through it .....never to it 
really isn't fun. 
It flies and heals, robs and steals, 
It's currency you spend... 
No way to know when it begins 
or when it will all end. 
Time is a gift, the clock winds down, 
our lives will all run slow. 
Years fly....friends die, we ask again 
'where did that time just go? &quot; 
Our lives are intertwined with time 
that hidden silken thread, 
that weaves a pattern just for us 
ignoring all we've said. 
Time is framed.....time is gained, 
Time is shared.....and lost. 
Time defeats us. 
passing, beats us, 
Is it friend or foe? 
It's eternal, waits for no man 
Time for us to know. 
We have no way to cheat on time, 
we serve it with deep sorrows 
Time is that thief of memory, 
that steals all your tomorrows... 

Lodigiana Poetess
Times Are A'changing!

It's hard to tell a stranger quite how pissed off I can feel,

to always be the ‘fall guy' every time.

No matter how I act, or say, or do, it's never right,

my sense of who I am and how I'm seen, just never rhymes.

Inside my head I'm gentle, thoughtful, loving, even kind

Do anything for anyone, and never, ever mind.

Take insults with a smile and hold my tongue all of the while,

but no one gives an inch oh no they always take a mile!

I bite my lip when someone tells me that I've put on weight,

and smile the joker smile that hides the tears...

I'm nonchalant when telling them how many cakes I ate,

say nothing of the diets failed over oh so many years.

I never snap, I bite my lip and let the cruel words wash

right over me in seas of foaming bile,

My ego smashed, my heart in shreds, and yet I carry on

and fix about my face my stupid smile.

I'm looking in a mirror now and don't like what I see

this grinning, parody of life- I recognise as me...

All sweetness, sugar coated, wouldn't ever hurt a fly

about to change and rearrange the order all will die.
The school friend who would bully me and know I would not tell,
she will be the first to go-to be despatched to hell.

The teenage pal who tagged along ‘cause I made her feel good,
who stole my friends and did it all ' just because she could'.

Well she's the next to go and what a pleasure it will be
to bring her down a peg or two and give her misery.

And then that colleague that would spread bad rumours about me,
and when a work trip was arranged she'd make sure that I'd see
that everyone was going to go, but I was not a part...

Oh yes I will have fun with her
Just ripping out her heart......

And what about the boyfriends who cheated and who lied?
Who used me and abused me and then threw me to one side.
I'll search them out and slowly- but with such delicious joy,
will take each one of them apart -just like a broken toy.

And what about the goodly ladies of the local church?
Each one of them so holy and sincere....

Yet laughed at me and told the world that I sang out of tune...

It's their turn now to sing with raptured fear!

Yes I WILL change I tell myself, no longer be that mouse,
who hides in deep dark corners filled with fear,
I will become -I know I will, the mistress of my house,

As Dante said ‘abandon hope -all ye who enter here’!

Lodigiana Poetess
Tread Softly

Tread softly with my heart tonight,  
a gentle step with caution take.  
Walk gently through my troubled dreams  
lest careless word my heart would break.

Forgive with boundless openness  
the crushing failure of despair.  
An empty soul with naught contained  
finds only sorrow hiding there.

Awake within a lovelorn heart  
a warmth to kindle seasoned wood.  
From smouldering embers reach within  
and see a love no one else could

Tread softly now, my precious one,  
For in your hands you hold my heart,  
I gift it you, and hold my faith,  
to hope 'gainst hope, we never part.

Lodigiana Poetess
Could this be my swan song, time now for goodbye...
my heart spilled on paper, end the chapters now.
Time has dragged on too long - no resolution found,
I've no more words, and even fewer opinions.
Full stop, all change, no need for regret,
my conscience is clear, my best works all done...
No need to comment, completion now sought.
Get past the preface, onto the start,
dig into the body and study the text
The story unfolded, a tale of two halves
the good and the bad, the truth and the lies.
Imagine the scene, compose dialogue...
attribute feelings and life to a name.
Read and re read ... it's the same every day
But no new words come and the characters flat.
A quick break for coffee, a biscuit, some fruit,
still no inspiration and panic sets in...
What if I never find my words again? ..
and all of the words just turn out the same...
A deadline is up, all pages just blank,
frustration my partner, a mind full of clouds
I need inspiration to try to unlock
The fear that confronts me ... that's my writers block...

Lodigiana Poetess
Umbral Retreat

Alone I think of those pervasive shadows, and sit, in petrified awe, in that illusory fog. This tormentor of my dreams. Becoming lost in a kingdom full of penumbra, a kingdom full of laconic storms, where sunlight relentlessly overshadows this delusory domain. Throwing its ghost, involuntarily, against the dreamscape. As day reluctantly dawns my soul involuntarily grows silent. Mutely hearing twilight, dark, hiding, receding. Cognizant and fleeing the cocoon, I became submerged into the eclipsing darkness, awake once more, to the austerity of dispersing reality.

Lodigiana Poetess
Unrepentant

Your meaningless words just float in the ether.
Senses wishing for truth but finding a mocking vacuum.
Egotism reigns in your realm of self aggrandizement
that never allows for error or transgression.
Too late we see self regard dominate self respect...
awaiting, despondently, for an admission of culpability
but when pride totally dominates humility - the silence
becomes self evident.....
Forgiveness relies on remorse.
To forgive is optional not obligatory and
only the truth of contrition deserves acceptance-
All else is a mockery.....

Lodigiana Poetess
Unseen Nemesis

Caught in a maelstrom of emotion
reduced to unbridled, phobic obsession.
That first moment of recognition clouding any notion
of a sorcery induced to possession.
Senses once dormant, now passively coerced into life,
oblivious to the parched aridness of a previous existence.
Becomes a flourishing oasis beckoning his muse to remain
and be his candle to her perpetual and eternal flame.
The elixir of passion replacing life blood by sustaining
a foolish heart, given with no limits, no blame.
Yet taken greedily with no thoughts of nurture to impart.
Intermittent amusement provoking a smile, not credulous
he perceives as a shy inducement to surrender his heart....
Too late- and forever her slave and she..... his inexorable nemesis

Lodigiana Poetess
Have I told you that I love you?
Not a proclamation with fanfare and flags,
just simple words...
Have I shown you how I think of you?
Not with daydreaming eyes glazed
but with a warm memory....
Have I promised you forever?
Not with gifts and wild grand gestures,
only with a golden circlet all eternal....
Have I been the love you wanted?
No seductive femme fatale guise
but loving arms to just enfold you...
You have been all these things to me..
No words ever needed...
Yet all words clearly spoken

Lodigiana Poetess
Until The Orchestra Stops Playing

When love was young we barely heard the overture..
So wildly gentle were we in our race to clasp each other.
Hands tentatively touching, lips barely brushing
in anticipation of the lyrical composition being composed.

As the intermezzo struck up we were learning our steps..
More confident now and each learning to take the lead
Yet remaining in hold we tentatively negotiate the floor
and allow the music to enter our souls, dictating the rhythm

The Finale approaching we prepare for a final flourish.
So much behind us-yet with the best still to come.
Steps in synch we seamlessly glide together always,
astounding onlookers with the skill our love has developed.

Too soon the curtains are trembling for closure,
but the audience rise demanding an 'Encore'...
Smiling through eyes brimming with love, we take our place centre stage,
and will continue our dance until the orchestra stops playing.

Lodigiana Poetess
Until...

When I am gone
no space to fill,
no sound to make
no time to kill,
no tears that stain a cheek so soft,
nor fly with larks high up aloft.
An empty room
is empty still..
When I am gone

When I am gone
The stars and sun
continue in their princely realm.
As winter chills dissolve to spring
and flowering buds are opening,
each seasons charm will leave its mark
as nests are built, and still, the lark
soars high above and sings of love..
When I am gone...

When I am gone
the song we sang
will silent stay,
tha' toll bells rang
a mournful beat of pulsing heart -
now still,
remains forever yours
and will.....
until, until,
and still,
until......

Lodigiana Poetess
Violet Eyes

Watch me...
See me move..
Gliding, sliding, floating through the room.
Women look, then look away, and look again..
Unsure of why they need to..but just do!
No great beauty, but..
And there's the rub,
I am, in the beholders perception,
just
'Fascinating Violet eyes ',
A little duller now with age
intense, deep and fathomless,
but with an inscrutable mystique,
that beguiles the unsuspecting
and the weak.
'Elizabeth Taylor eyes', my mama said.
The eyes have it... but so too the walk.
I love my walk! slow, deliberate, languorous.
I have a good core, a dancers core
and pride keeps me tall.
My feet a little large but graceful,
my style more timeless than tasteful,
and always, an enticing balm, like pheromones,
drawing flies to my web.
I knew nothing of my power when young,
such time wasted!
But now? well now
I Scrutinise,
Mesmerize,
Polarize,
and utilize....
My violet eyes!

Lodigiana Poetess
We Are As Nothing (In The Depth Of The Universe)

When I feel weighed down with worries
and all the problems of the day surround me,
sometimes I need to stop and remember..
We are as nothing

To only see what is before me,
and feel what I can hear or touch or sense
is deceiving and tricks my mind into forgetting that..
We exist as nothing

From the depths of the universe we are captured.
Nothing more that a mote of dust
suspended in a sunbeam...
We seem as nothing

Those things that we allow to drive us to despair and sorrow.
The sadness we feel that seems unsurmountable
Looked at from a different perspective, we realise
We remain as nothing

So much left to discover, even though we are miniscule
within the observable Universe, the incomprehensibly sized cosmos.
We may never see the light from other galaxies, yet we know
that our blue planet is everything

Lodigiana Poetess
When Love Comes A'calling

I think love's like a stranger
who beckons at your door..
To let him in will change your life
now and forever more....

I think 'forever's' just a time
of passage in your mind.
It's long or short depending on
whatever you might find....

I think you 'find' a way through life
A path to call your own.
It's twist and bends might get you lost,
don't travel it alone....

I think 'alone's' a lonely word
So friendless and bizarre.
No one to shorten that long trek
and make it not so far....

I think that 'far's' away to go
when all you want is near.
So open up, let strangers in
don't lose love just to fear...

Lodigiana Poetess
When Someone

When someone you love has Dementia...there's no Christmas presents no more.
When someone you love has Dementia...there's scant trace of the one you adore.
When someone you love has Dementia...there's a stranger who's taken their place.
When someone you love has Dementia.. all that's left is a familiar face...

Lodigiana Poetess
When.. Life Changes

When life was new........When endings start,
when dreams were real...When love departs
When eyes see love.........When closed are blind,
when twilight comes........ When stars align.
When hope was fresh...... When youth was gone,
when singing starts........ When ends the song.
When time's eternal ........When time drags by,
when eyes all smile.........When eyes just cry.
When love was peace......When love was wars,
when you were mine.........When I was yours.
When at the start..........When at the end,
when love was real........When love pretends.
When all seemed bliss..... When all was grey,
when all you did .............Was walk away......

Lodigiana Poetess
Who Cares?

As day follows night so begins a new dawn,
and starting anew there's a life that is born,
and lived for a while in the crook of your arm.

As day follows night you forsake all your dreams,
forget all your plans, all your hopes and your schemes.
For now there are others, to think of, it seems.

As day follows night children grow into men,
and caring for others starts over again,
the adult is child and you take on their pain

As day follows night you begin to feel old.
This wasn't the life you had thought would unfold,
things happened that spiraled your life uncontrolled

As day follows night soon the caring is gone.
The loves of your life have grown up or passed on.
You're just treading water a tired, old mute swan.

As day follows night each new sunset comes near.
You look at your past and you know that it's clear,
the smile on your face is a mask, a veneer

As day follows night you've no life left to share.
The ones that you loved most are no longer there,
as death just gets nearer, you no longer care.

Lodigiana Poetess
Who Said You Could Die?

Who said you could die?
I know it wasn't I,
In my heart you are always alive.
As I wake up each day
I turn to you and say
'that's another night that I survive.

Who said you could die?
I keep thinking that I
have misheard what the others have said.
In my mind you're still here
strange, but I feel you near,
there's no way that you ever are dead!

Who said you could die?
Leave without a goodbye and
abandon me here on my own.
In a world where we two
stuck together like glue,
now I find I'm afraid and alone.

Who said you could die?
Oh my love wasn't I..
Left to me you would be by my side.
With no word, you moved on
I can't face that you're gone
and can't wipe all the tears that I've cried

Lodigiana Poetess
Who Sees Me? ....God

Anonymity cloaks me when reality exposes all the pain of existence.

A voyeur hiding behind dark glasses.. always observing, judging, witnessing

Seeking something unfathomable, but never finding the reveal...

Go forward...clean sweep, new start, born again,

Always afraid of being discovered but more afraid of being forgotten...

With no back story to support or crush my withering spirit.

Any veiled inference can suffice... but never expand..

Anonymous we go into a crowded lift, bodies touching,

percolated coffee breath, eyes seeking recognition, naked ...

We come out, undone, defrocked, identified.

There is loneliness in anonymity.

An impenetrable shield, like a gladiatorial weapon fielding thrusting blows.

But we are each in our own way hidden heroes.

An inconspicuous, heroic act that is done with the love of mankind being its only objective

and never for eminence.

Still looking, searching for the missing meaning,

I can see, be seen but no one sees me...

To then give up the quest- as a job unfinished and open my heart

The shield dropped, I turned around ...and God has instead found me.
Within The Shell

Standing in the ocean, soft waves brush past my legs. The autumn chill is felt now as the suns watery rays fade. Between my toes the sand slips and slides leaving me unsteady...
As in life

On the horizon dark shapes form, blotting a clear skyline. Is the earth flat or is there a curve? Hard to say, but what I hoped for was to see far into infinity...uninterrupted...
As in life

A deserted beach bleak and savage, seemingly devoid of life but teeming with unseen beauty. All wonders from the deep now on the surface but hidden...
As in life

As in death the sea relentlessly meets the shore and retreats at its own will, turning the tide to ebb and flow...
Commanding all

As in death the surface hides the unknown beneath which a tempest rages and squalls form. The whirlpool draws all into its hypnotic dance... And takes away and subjugates.

As in death I feel the cold penetrate my body rendering a blessed numbness. Fish explore the sand beneath my feet, unearthing the shell trembling hands open it to reveal the sought for mystery of life... A lustrous pearl.

Lodigiana Poetess
Words Are Mightier Than The Sword

Nature has power.
Emotions are powerful.
Love has the greatest power.
Words have power to change.
Love has the power to drive despair and, likewise, rekindle it
Love creates life, destroys life.
Love recaptures a living force that brings a fragile survival.
We are powerless to love.....
As is the moon when in the presence of the powerful sun,
yet unaware that its power can reduce all about it to smouldering nothingness.
We cower in obeisance to the natural majesty of nature's ravishing beauty..
Yet we reel, dementedly, when faced with the obscenity of the same powers destructive rampage,
Fire destroying all it encounters, with no mercy or regret...
It's blustering winds ripping hearts and homes apart.
We are powerless to nature....
Swamped by feelings of despair, joy, anger, fear
We fight the dark monsters of our psyche and try to make some order of them,
when faced with dark despots who are emotionless to our own emotions.
Clutching at air, breathing in a vacuum, lifeblood draining relentlessly.
We face ordeals more grievous that emotionsever want to soothe.
Joy come briefly but fleetingly.
We have no defence to emotions...
Love has the power to drive, despairing love, yet, likewise, rekindle it
Love creates life, destroys life.
Love recaptures a living force that brings a fragile survival.
We are powerless to love...
Words are just a whisper, spoken softly with love.
Words are a torrent, cutting flesh and spirit with barbarity.
Words make and break pacts, seals and destroys trust
Words are memory makers and destroyers.
Use them with care, with respect....
Use them to fulfil a destiny and build an Empire.
Make each one a monument to the sanity of man,
and a lasting balm to mankind's troubled soul

Lodigiana Poetess
You...

You're still in my head, you're still words unsaid,  
your palm holds the essence of life.  
You devoured my mind, being cruel never kind,  
your malice, to cut like a knife

You reached an untouchable part of my soul  
now exposed, and cut through to the core.  
Like crumbs fed to birds, you scattered my words  
now devoured, in the distance they soar.

The strings to my heart are corroded and worn,  
a viola too battered to play.  
I am ground down to dust, just a game for your lust,  
but I'm still strong enough to just say

I once saw a part of your cold wretched heart,  
that I thought was so gentle and raw,  
but the wind now blows cold through the hole in my soul  
you were never the man I adored.

Lodigiana Poetess
Zombie Or Not Zom-Bie?

Eyes straining towards the horizon, feasting on desolation.
Wasteland upon wasteland.
Silence screams its presence and fixes itself in your head,
Quiescence hearing quiescence
The malodour of death pervades the toxic air filling scorched lungs,
Fetor senses fetor.
Through the stillness a sound...movement, rustling....
Softly at first......so softly..
You're not alone...thank God....you're not alone!
The sound now becomes disjointed... louder! ...frantic! ! ...
Somewhere close by a howl invades the stillness - tormented, unearthly
invading the depths of your ravaged soul.
You're not alone...oh please God NO.... you're not alone..
Run, hide, move, move......now... NOW! ! !
Paralysed with fear, ..legs like stone, breath rasping through a sandpaper throat,
falling to the ground crawling, stumbling, vainly scratching the dried earth...
Looking left, right, above, below, scanning for sanctuary....
Night falling quickly, daylight retreating to a saner place.
Somewhere..ANYWHERE..please now.. NOW..
You hear the sounds of the approaching enemy, crazy, rabid, raging.
The undead now command these Badlands.
It's easier to die than face the destiny of the undead,
but existence is a strong motivator, so you keep propelling that broken body,
onwards ever onwards,
keep moving, keep searching, keep living....
towards a shelter....for now,
maybe just......... for now,
but now is enough... to survive.......