

Poetry Series

Janet Willemien Mulligan
- poems -

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Janet Willemien Mulligan(03/18/1984)

I began writing poetry late in 2005. To my surprise, my creative side took to the activity quite well, it seems. As my work was recognized as part of 'The Best Poems of 2005' for the Editor's Choice Award by The International Poetry Society. Before last year, I had tried to write poetry but failed miserably. Then, I suffered a traumatic experience and whola; I could write. I guess even the worst experiences can have an upside too.

A Butterfly's Harvest

Please let me follow in your footsteps
To be the one to become the best
I won't evade what I know
I will share the light of the show
I will stay behind to clean up the mess
That is left after all who choose to undress
Someone must be the light in the sky
Otherwise these poor buds will wither and die
Without some directional help
Their fear will not burn to rejuvenation
It will, in turn, let them all melt.
Away from the good, that is transformation

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A Moving Star

I am a part of what we can sense,
A natural condition is embedded so dense.
Deep, somewhere, inside of me
Is a history of man's decree.
I store the records from time
Carry them along genetically.
But they are not really mine,
You see, □
I draw you in magnetically.
I bring the gifts for those too heavy,
So lives' tales become much more steady.
For it is in me, that you want.
Maybe you feel the energy I candidly flaunt.
And the love is, really, yours
You see,
I am just the mirror
Reflecting your true beauty.

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A Torch In The Sky

There is only one thing in life that is true.
And that is you.
We walk around all day
Thinking we know everyone in some sort of way.
But suddenly, just out of the blue,
I introduce a new course leading me astray
From the road you set in motion
It's as easy to do
Say some wrong words and it works like a potion.
All my life I thought what was true was the stuff that I knew.
But now I can't be sure of all that I see, nor hear, nor read.
This make me feel like I know the pain that bleeds
'Cause I don't know how to become un freed
From the chains of my perception
It is the eclipse blocking my sun
From the awareness disclosed to absolutely everyone.
It's just too bad that I stay
Secure in my place beneath the ocean of stars.
Now my only identity has visible scars.

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A Virtue

Please stop looking at me so
You can't understand that it shows.
It is no longer a secret
You see beyond me and I feel it.
I am but of waste,
For your potential is a state of grace.
I should not have to apologize
because through your eyes
I see the truth that cries.
Please stop looking to deny
It's too late to try.
Eight wands carry our fate
Now we must be patient and wait,
For the day when into your eyes I see
The mystery of the first day you saw me.

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Alone

You've already forgotten you wanted it this way
Your tragic tale is not for me you say
Leaving all your treasure in disarray
Even though you think so,
No, I'm not okay
Already wrapped up in your energetic light
Is the only reason I even put up a fight
I'm trying, desperately, not to show you my tears
I don't want to see you for years
The unexpected mess of this experience
Is now all the more serious
I thought I was fucked up before
Well thanks for not wanting to come to the door.
You want to protect me from every little thing
And I never wanted all this to sting
Now it does
And it's way too late to make it straight
You conquered the challenge of me
Now, I know what it is to hate.

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Animal Medicine

It sheds a tear from my eye
And causes the pain of wanting to die.
Because there I can know why
Revenge is not sweet enough to let me cry.
All I want now
Is to be allowed
To see the tiny intricacies
Revolving in our world of probabilities.
Then I can maybe use statistics
To hide behind this karmic fruition
I would be the first name on the list to petition
All uses of forms by Coyote, a rabbit's magician.

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Beautiful Simplicity

Is The Love That Comes Naturally

It is so much more simpler than this.
To begin with just a kiss,
Cautious foresight then did come
Without a tag it soon had begun.
Moments of joy and I saw your ploy.
Quiet I stayed to see what was made.
I, in wanting the truth to be,
Not as it actually was in reality.
A heart so smite, can have such bite.
It structures a path, every time a clone
To feel this lie, is to die alone.
Guarded by the need to BE, was he.
Protected the waters of my sea.
Until, at last, he saw not me
But as his fight to be free.
My liberation grew for me no spite.
I encouraged him to feel it all and ignite.
Though no accord for us could right.
That powerful force behind fear drives strong appetites.
A life long lesson almost missed the delight.

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Fairy Tale

One day, not so very long ago,
Began the union that born in woe.
And as the story tale goes,
It is said, that
Of the two beautiful mates,
Stood between them was the victim of hate.
For where love was not their fate
Strong forces were sung to break
Apart, any, happiness, yet to make,
And in their words face to face,
They spoke of much need to wait.
Though the forces that pull on them so
Were only going to grow and grow.
These outside efforts trying to slow,
Held fast to their prey, and even
The two victims did not know.
The sad part is when their end no longer could glow.
So parted they did,
As the energy forbid,
No longer together,
The two could feel each other.
But this they, quite rightly, hid.
Sure enough, there was a time when
Being together wasn't nearly as tough.
And their eyes grew wide with surprise
Knowing now of the forces that before them did provide,
On them stood time now to decide,
And, naturally, began them to walk side by side.
As to only themselves, had they to abide.
Without the strings that pushed ahead with small lies,
Though, those strings are why they are tied.

□

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Forgiveness Sake

Every time we speak
It's as if because I'm too weak.
Turning to me you seek,
And wanting to make me feel complete.
A solid warrior stands up tall
He is afraid that one day he must fall
It is in that moment that he builds a wall.
He no longer can carry the weight of it all.
Though he is not of due praise,
My actions are somehow delayed.
Emotional ties filtering the haze
Dark clouds surround the blaming stage.
Judgement tells me about the wise old sage
His story shines light on the days.
I believe I'm supposed to be swayed
To let go, and say, 'Come what may'
Because the light of truth is not prey
Forgiveness knows me better than I can play
For it knows I'll always love you anyway.

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In An Abstract World

It causes nothing but pain and agony,
That something that cannot be seen.
And when choosing to let time just be
Temptation will be steering an ugly fiend.
So castaway all that cannot be set free.
It is the crutch on which to lean.
And don't fight just to be mean.
Don't be your own worst enemy.
Open your eyes to life's precious garden of trees.
Her beauty is yours to wash a new pathway clean.
All that emerges is the magic of loving what always was more
supreme.

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Inverted

If my sense of dignity was wrought
with a plaguing scarcity.

Then should I give of myself
with the full force behind my faculties?

Too timid a soul to master all the
courage available to me

Because I'm living in foreign lands
that seem barren compared to my home in the sea.

Where I stroke the tides,
my body so easily collides.

At home, here, emotional currents
persuading me to stay and play; and love to reside.

Until now, my home swelled up
this valleys' hillsides.

I cannot freely glide along
these mountain tops

I have to trudge up the big boulders
and cliffs' tops like road blocks.

Just to survive the insanity I see
surrounding me in this social chaos.

Adapting to the new ways of time's changed days,
of nature's newfound era or stage.

"Play" says the voice wanting me to stay.
To give a chance to the game of illusion that preys

On the inhabiting here; I'm supposed to instill fear.
And I wonder if I can make it okay here;

Where I am akin to no peer
This game is a solace to me...

Dark
Cold
Cloudy

... And drear

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On Earth And Neptune

I am so good at pretending
That is how I should be doing
This act of transcending
An incident has with it similar properties
So I can manipulate the similarities
Change your mind, as you change the time
Not yesterday it is from today
Oh no, it has been but a year instead
Oft I shall believe
That never happened, the memories
And soon that is the truth that shall be
I am not joking
This method is my sanity
Clenching its fist tightly
Me, the me of equally two parts
One for humanity,
With love and compassion for everybody
The other for me and me alone
Protector of tragic tales never shown.

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The Coat Of Time

The sensations I feel
They are real
I perceive.
And I believe,
Though, others might disagree
Of the inherant beauty
It does give rise inside of me.
Of course, a physical manifestation,
Everyone has experienced such elation.
I feel as if somehow it's real.
And if it does exist,
Then distorted is the claim
That is to persist.
For like hard iron and solid steel,
Majority has a visible fist.
And forever I sit
Out amongst the ranks of misfits.
Truth is found whence in eternity,
But I am of subject to a material reality.

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The Fountainhead

I am in my head and I live like the Divine
Witness to the mess of life in the flesh,
Of faster times and blessed shrines
My mind wanders as it climbs.

My body aches for sweet, green grapes
Illicit pleasure to my soul that treasures,
A silky soft touch means so much
I can never get enough.

Suddenly struck by a distant delight
Overcome by my keen foresight,
Control is the center of surprising attacks
That provide understanding where I lack.

Crashing down comes the crown
My gown of smiles turned into a seedy frown,
Forewarned of the currents' power and speeds
No chance that I can see that tacit, as creed.

Because I am fraught by a lacking scope
All I have is my hope,
To practice waiting for prose
I cannot believe in a bed, petal full o' rose.

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The Gamble

I wish I could say it's all or nothing
Just to save myself from bluffing;
Behind a hand dealt to me
Is the story I fight to break free
From the prison enslaving me.
I wish I could say goodbye to you
So I save myself from going through
A loss from which I try to save face,
But refuse to let my heart go to waste.
I wish I could say I care for you
Before you move on to something new.
Though fear prevents me from seeing
Nothing but tales will have me believing.
I wish I could say I trust what I feel.
I wish I could say that love wasn't real.

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The Shades I Wear

My shield has worn down;
I can feel the shadows all around.
How did I not sense this before?
These stabbing knives
Thrown by darkened eyes.
Never before could I hear your cries.
When you kept it hidden somewhere,
When the depths of your soul quaked with fear.
And abused your emotions,
Like that you did mine.
And though I got along fine,
I am not nearly as kind.
Tainted, I am now living.
Everyday I can see you are green
With envious thoughts;
Play the world like you are connecting the dots.
The more I am worn down with this race,
The less I care for this place.
I would rather be living without your waste,
Since the only gift you have given me
Is a lens to see.
Through the illusions you pitted toward yourself
And beauty you shadowed
Behind the mask you wear,
And call it stealth.

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To Wage A War With 6 Swords

Should one day I be granted the courage I see
In which is carried so proudly in those surrounding me.

I will surge at the wall barricading me in
Unlock the door enclosing my sin.

And my generation will seek to prevail
And we will set traditions a sail.

To float upon waters of purity
That no longer is masked by a sea.

An ocean of hope with waves that crash atypically free.
Free from a past of misery.

Where once were carried the tales of insecurity
No longer will I let that be.

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