

Poetry Series

Jennifer Batch
- poems -

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Jennifer Batch(June 28,1968)

A Cat Who Feared Not

I once came upon a cat who feared not
This odd little beast lay in water and did walk across fire
I thought to myself what insanity be this?
A cat who doth fear not water nor fire.....
Surely his wits must be scrambled and fried
For any creature has fear of the ways he might die

Then another thought did enter my mind
As I pondered upon this cat who feared not
This odd little creature so utterly small
Yet facing great fear with not a shiver at all

What freedom this wondering creature must feel
What a glorious life to have no fear at all
To stare death in the face saying, No, you'll not have me this day'
To walk where others dare only to dream
Tis I think a far better thing to be free of ones fear
Than to cower and hide from the world
Which hath boastfully told you you're not worthy this day

Jennifer Batch

A Disturbed Calming Comfort

Your sickness would feast upon her soul
Consuming, controlling, confusing, slowly killing her within
Turning her heart to darkness filled with fear
Turning her heart to stone
She was so young
Like a lamb led to the slaughter
Your sacrificial lamb
The one paying for your sins
The one living with the pain
Living with the scars burned deep into her soul
A soul that screams out for answers
Answers that will never be known
A soul that screams out for revenge
Screams out for her own salvation
Screams out in search of sanity, clarity
Your touch upon her skin still lingers
Like a rotting, decaying corpse
It sends torment straight to her very core
Her own nails claw, tearing, ripping into her flesh
She must feel the pain of the sacrificial lamb
The one you slaughtered and feasted upon
The one paying for your sins
Once innocent, now her heart has been turned cold
So cold, cold as the black dead of night
Cold as the black onyx strung around her neck
That brings her a calming comfort
Such a disturbed calming comfort
It's all she's ever had, all she's ever known

Jennifer Batch

A Lonely Whispering

Tis a lonely whispering that rustles softly
High atop the newly budded trees of spring
As rumbling in the distance grows near, ever so near
Playful birds gently singing joyfully as they reacquaint with spring
Squirrels flitting from tree to tree, romping happily
Yet an overture of melancholy shades the sky with gray
As a lonely whisper rustles softly high atop the trees

She whispers tales of wounded hearts. of lovers lost at sea
Loved ones who have passed away yet still their light doth glow
Love that never shall be and love that never should have been
Moments lost and moments past and memories yet to be
Of new beginnings and letting go of things left in the past
Alas, tis a lonely whispering that rustles softly
High atop the newly budded trees of spring
As she spins her tales with an overture of melancholy
Touching hearts with such a longing to find a love as pure and new as spring

Jennifer Batch

A Place Well Hidden

Charming, endearing, quite a gentleman was he
Who beguiled her with his quintessential ways
Unsure, insecure, quite naive was she
Who found herself enraptured in his sublime presence
Ensnared with promises of wondrous love, promises of undying devotion
Unaware it was a guise filled with clever manipulation, filled with woeful
deception
Alas, for her tis most assuredly the hardest thing she'll ever do
To face the underlying truth her love is one she hath really never known
The one whom she hath given her heart to, revealed her soul to
Reveled in lustful desire for, allowing only him to quench such desire
Surely her heart bleeds for such a bitterness abounds surrounding her
Bringing no comfort with it's pungent, foul haze of dissemblance
For the one whom she thought embodied a spirit of tender love and giving
kindness
Embodies a spirit of malice and deceit in such a sly, hidden manner
Perhaps she was meant to remain unwittingly naive
Unknowing she was being played upon, the recipient of cruelty
A cold and cunning cruelty for it was well hidden behind a charming smile
Well hidden behind a plea of innocence, well hidden behind a soft touch
Alas, twas so well hidden within an enchantment that when at last revealed
She thought herself to be filled with madness, for surely madness it must be
Yes, tis madness to be sure though not within her mind or soul
Within the maddening hour of darkness falls an assembly of past and present
deeds
Bringing with it something that cannot be looked upon with denial
Something that most assuredly forces her to face the truth
A place well hidden, tis the true nature of her love's soul
Oh, how the jagged edge of truth doth tear her heart apart
Leaving behind a vast desire to escape unchained into another's world

Jennifer Batch

A Storm Awaits

It lay dormant within her quietly waiting
Like a storm brewing on the horizon
Being conjured up by angels or by demons
Haunting her very essence
Haunting her very soul

Her mesmerizing eyes reach out
Like icy hands grasping for a chance
Just one final chance at salvation
As she feels the hounds of hell
Vast upon her heels
And sees the blazing chariots of fire
Rushing through the gates of hell

Thunderous pounding and lightening pulsing
Dancing across the dynamic sky ablaze with fury
The final curse hath been delivered
Pain no longer shall lay dormant
Rage no more shall be contained
The time is nigh the winged take flight

For wicked are the ways of men
And all the pain they deal
Daunting storms await the one who
Scorns the wounded heart
Causing darkness to befall a loving trusting heart
Ere never shall her heart take flight in such a way again

Jennifer Batch

Aboding Darkness

Tis an aboding darkness surrounding her
That brings a calming quiet comfort
Such serenity felt within a sea of empty complexity
Leaving her longing for so much more
A touch of warmth filled with caring kindness
A selfless act of unconditional love offered
An outstretched hand offering limitless desire
Merely a glimpse of sunlight filtering through the darkness
Leaving an everlasting glow upon her heart, upon her soul

Though whence she reaches forth her hand
Tis not a touch of warmth she finds
Rather tis aboding darkness closing in upon her
For some are just not meant to be touched
By such an everlasting glow
That penetrates the heart and soul
Binding two forevermore

Thus within the darkness doth she seek her shelter
Abiding ever so chillingly in it's sweet serenity
Embracing all that she was meant to be
Giving up dreams of grandeur
Knowing thoughts of love are only madness
Drawing strength from whence she came
Drawing strength from earths very center
Alas, tis an aboding darkness surrounding her
That brings a calming quiet comfort

Jennifer Batch

Affairs Of The Heart

Affairs of the heart concerning that of great wondrous love
Perhaps are not meant for me
Alas, some in this world are meant not to fall folly
To such perils concerning the heart

For there once was a time I thought my true love was mine
Though a mere halo on the finger doth not make it so
For any wink of the eye or shake of the hip as she passes him by
Can ensnare him into a web full of lies
And should he choose to stay yours, truth be told
All that's left is a mere shell of the man he once was
Should you choose to accept and give your forgiveness
Tis you who will pay for his vast indiscretion, tis you who will pay in the end

Thus this treacherous lesson did I learn in the most difficult of ways
Twas a long pathway of submission I did travel upon
Not allowing myself to see the truth of the matter
Only longing to salvage what had been torn asunder
Now that my heart nor my mind no longer can turn a blind eye
Tis a rebellious nature my heart hath taken on
For oh how very long have I longed
To march to the beat of my very own drum
To find courage and strength to be able to say
I can achieve what ere I desire today

So long as I dwell not upon affairs of the heart
Concerning that of great wondrous love
Alas, for some are not meant to fall folly
To such perils concerning the heart
Thus I query these things are not meant for me

Jennifer Batch

An Oddity Upon My Face

So many things are said about a smile
A smile is worth a million words
A smile can launch a thousand ships
Did I ever possess such a smile? For I dare say
A smile is something I'd forgotten
An expression rarely seen upon my face
So oft made with deliberate and exhausting attempt
As to ward off questions of wonder regarding contentment
Perhaps because it felt unfitting and rather trite to me
Quite uncomfortable indeed was I parading about a smile

Imagine my enlightenment when to my very own amusement
As I sat completely on my own with no other within view
Did I find upon my face a welcomed oddity to me
Something I had not known for many years my past
For there upon my face for no particular reason at all
A smile had been placed quite naturally
Nothing trite at all could be found within it
For indeed at it's very core was found joyful contentment
Such as spring coming forth after a cold, pale winter

Although everything is tossed and thrown a stew
I know within my heart and soul all will turn out as it should
For I have found my smile that was missing for so long
What an odd thing to conceive when things are in place
Just as one would think they ought to be, happiness is not around
Yet when everything turns upside down and all that's left is what's within
Somehow happiness abounds filling all your doubts with smiles
Even if for just a moment, for in that moment faith is found
Offering up a bounty full of reassurance

Jennifer Batch

Burn The Lies

Burn, burn, burn it down, burn the past
Oh, how it doth drown in a cesspool filled with mirrored lies
Burn the lies surrounded with insanity, putting them to lay at last
Far from view, far from your daunting eyes
Eyes that once lit up my soul
Now you drink my soul like wine
Emptying the last of me until there is nothing more

Burn, burn, burn it down, burn the past, burn the lies
Let it burn until the embers fade away
Leaving only darkness in its stead
From whence I shall rise from the ashes
Reclaiming all that once was me
Taking back my rightful crown
Becoming whom you so deadly feared
Standing strong against your lies
Not drinking of the poison ere again

Jennifer Batch

Chill Upon A Soul

Dreary, consuming, never ending gray encompassing the essence of our being.
Is that the winter you speak of my friend?

Ah, yes, perhaps that has an influence on the mood.

Alas though my dearest friend, tis a much icier melancholy that chills the soul
than the deep gray of winter could ever hold.

Jennifer Batch

Dagger's Handle

Thrust the dagger deeply in
How sweet would be the flow of crimson
Dreams of water running red
Washing away every impurity
Washing away every trace of evil
Oh to feel the the daggers handle
Wicked power within the hand
To thrust the dagger deeply in
How sweet would be the flow of crimson
There are those who ought feel the painful tip of the dagger's blade
Though I will remain untouched by such a wickedness as the dagger's handle
Still dreams abound filling the mind with unsettling, woeful longings
Thrust the dagger deeply in
How sweet would be the flow of crimson

Jennifer Batch

Darkness Abounds

Darkness abounds filling the night with deepened sorrow
Darkness abounds filling the heart with empty longing
Darkness abounds filling the soul with a cold, icy blackness
Darkness abounds bringing with it a desire for absolution
Bringing with it such a somber mood of melancholy
Stirring the soul within, offering up a sweet abundant array of music
Odd the quiet disillusionment of warmth and comfort that it brings
Darkness abounds and the night is filled with an ever so deepening desire
Desire to quell the distant voices of a haunted past
Voices beckoning to join them in the maddening chaos
Chaos swirling like a storm upon open turbulent waters
Laying in wait to claim the tormented soul
Dragging it down to the coldest blackness in the depths of despair
Bringing a still, quiet, calming comfort
Odd the quiet disillusionment of warmth and comfort that it brings
As Darkness abounds bringing with it such a somber mood of melancholy

Jennifer Batch

Darkness Enraptures Me

Icy breath upon my cheek
Phantom hands reach out to me
Crushing weight upon my chest
My spirit sinks into the depths
Cold darkness enraptures me
Oh, who were you to steal my soul?
Left to be an empty shell
Moving, motions, appearing to live
A hollow core within exists
A silent scream aches to escape
Shattered pieces cutting deep
Oh cold, dark water wash over me
Cleanse my soul deep within
Soothing darkness enraptures me

Jennifer Batch

Darkness Sets Upon Her

Dark as ebony, dark as night
Dark as the raven in mid flight
Dark as the grave doth her heart grow
Cold and silent as the dead of night
Oh sweet angel of mercy, sweet angel of light
Beckon to her before she takes flight
Speak ever so softly, breath life back into her soul
That she'll not tread life's pathway
A hollow, empty shell full of darkness so foul
That eats away at the radiant light
Which once from the windows of her soul did flow
For quickly doth darkness set upon her
Stealing away what little remains pure
Blackening her heart, blotting out the light
Nevermore to shine, cold and silent as the dead of night

Jennifer Batch

Disillusionment Falls Away

Fabrication, disbelief spinning round her head
Drenching her in somber realization
Revealing mesmerized spells enchanting her
Capturing, enrapturing her mind and soul
Spinning webs of lies into fabricated truths
The looking glass doth not show but an image
Alas, an image that hath been spun with much deceit
Hence, when shattered into pieces falling about like snow
Cold bitter reality doth reveal abounding truth

Shards of mirrored bits falling down like snow
Each delivering a stinging cut drawing crimson
As if a rose lying upon the freshest sparkling snow
Each containing mystery unveiled as they penetrate her heart
Delivering a loathsome tale her eyes did not wish to see
For in an instant dreams are turned to nightmares
When the looking glass disappears returning in disarray

Let the pieces fall where they may for truth shall rule this day
At last disillusionment falls away from the looking glass
The foreground fades away leaving behind crystal clear clarity
Through the cold, through the darkness still a guiding light doth shine
Leading down a path which must be traveled
From dream into nightmare through to reality
Where abundant possibilities lay in waiting to be claimed

Jennifer Batch

Doorways

Doorways to other worlds unknown leading into mystery
Doorways to the soul leading into light or darkness
Oh how they fill my dreams with open possibilities
Flooding my mind like an open sea of endless choices.....

Old worn rickety wooden stairs leading to a rugged narrow door
White marbled gold lined stairs temptingly leading
Towards a door glazed in deep crimson
Down a darkened corridor another doorway beckons
Tis the enormous mahogany door that leads me
To it's stature though I dare not enter in
For I sense an aboding desire to
Simply linger basking in it's presence
For beyond the threshold I sense
Overwhelming fear residing, looming in wait of my arrival
Unaware of whether it be daunting danger or foreboding warnings
Lying in wait for me beyond the strong sturdy barrier

Perhaps had I allowed fear not to hinder me within my dreams
I may have been awakened in my life
Awakened from false illusions blinding me
Had I allowed myself to view the truth behind that door
Perhaps true integrity I would have found
Creating a world where I am strong and free
A world full of possibility where nothing, even for me, is impossible

But dreams are oh so oft overlooked as mere imagination
Not given merit for cleverness or revelation
And so for me twas not the dream that made me see reality
Reality tis what made me see the dream
Whilst I for years was in a state of blurred haze and confusion
Covering truths with clever lies to which I accepted and fed upon
Twas a large door intently placed half mast
Which knocked me to the ground leaving me to see
The solar system swirling all around and up above my head
And yet I in my mind continued to wander amidst confusion and denial
That love could such a cruel thing intently do
Until reality made me see the dream.....
Until waking to the reality

Of what a fool I'd been

Now I wonder what doorways line my path with open possibilities
Possibilities I once thought only existed in my mind within my dreams
Things I did not realize were well within my reach
For truth to me has been revealed;
Tis fear that lives within the mind and possibilities are all around
Everywhere just waiting to be ceased
Because with faith anything is possible to achieve
And so head held high I will walk through whatever doorway
Life presents to me knowing that I can
For no longer will I be hindered by voices....
Voices in my head, voices of the world, voices of claimed love
Feeding fear to me, feeding deception to me
Lining my pathway with stumbling stones
I shall walk through the doorway
Out of darkness into light

Jennifer Batch

Euphoric Awakening

Gazing into nothingness, alluring red illuminating
Quiet calmness all around, a sense of sweetness in the air
Wonderment entices the spirit filling it with joyful song
Eyes close in relaxation as the spirit gently soars
Euphoric awakening as the spirit freely moves
Intoxicating sensations the spirit doth delight in
Dancing in the shadows of the pale flickering light
All the while knowing it must return from flight

Jennifer Batch

Fairytale

Ribbons and bows all pretty and pink
Fairy tales teach little girls not to think
Wait for Prince Charming riding to the rescue
Isn't it alarming how quickly we believe?
How very, very easily we girls are deceived

Men want us to be charming all pretty and petite
They want us to need them and prefer we not think
Men desire submission and want all done for them
A good little princess who does as she's told
And seeks not to advance greater than his earnings in gold

Take heed young girls for I'll tell you the truth
Tis not the frog who turns into the prince
But the prince who turns into the frog once he's kissed
Revealing the truth of his spirit within
How soon you will long for escape
From your never ending tale of being held captive within

So look not for a prince nor a knight in shining armor
Rather look within, find the strength that you harbor
Hold your head up high and your spirit even higher
May your spirit soar to great wondrous heights
Far beyond the dim borders of any fairytale story
Taking you down a path filled with far greater glory

Jennifer Batch

Free To Be

Oh how the mind attempts to protect the heart, protect the soul
Veiling the unbearable truth in mist, fog, cloudiness
Alas, what lay in the past could not be accepted or sorted through
Without woeful companionship of insanity
Better to walk hand in hand with unknown fear, uncertainty, deception
Simple the notion that love is not unkind
Hence, are unloving acts by one who loves you done for your own good?
When you have found strength to draw upon, and thus you shall
A single moment of clarity, just a glimpse of truth
Will undoubtedly change the pictures of your mind
Revelations of what you once could not face will be seen
Splattering across the canvas of your mind
Like moths swarming around the soft glow of light
As if it were a source of life that must be drawn upon
Alas, the choice is yours. Will you gather memories like moths in a jar?
Keeping them tightly under guard to wither and drop, slowly decaying
Seeping, bitter destruction absorbing into your pores
Perhaps the better choice would be to set them free
Free to fly, free to breath, free to be accepted not forgotten
Free to be forgiven, free from malice, simply free to be

Jennifer Batch

Hazy Confusion

Achy and worn, tired and sore, crumpled the weary body lay upon the floor
Tis dull the pain, compared to such immense torment held within the withered
soul

Like a turbulent storm brewing in the dark night sky a deafening rage cries out
Pouring down unto the soul drenching it in disenchantment as lies be told
Rumbling thunder loudly pounding; fierce, jagged lightening brilliantly disperses
Dancing unencumbered weaving intricate details spinning truths into lies; lies
into truths

Slowly seeping out like a thick, dense blanket of deceptive illusionary shadows
Tis a foul, tainted, ever thickening blanket woven of hazy confusion

Laced in poisoned wicked folly, immensely full of contradiction

Faintly glowing doth dim light from a distance entrance delicate, fluttering wings

Like truth being dismantled by lies, foul poison draws life from the unwitting
moth

Leaving behind a soul filled with lingering doubt

As the truth, like moths, are slowly eliminated one by one

Within the hazy confusion of the ever thickening poisonous fog of deception

All well hidden within the soul of the crumpled, weary body laying upon the floor

Jennifer Batch

Love Or Madness

Blinded by what was perceived as kindness
Entangled in a spun web, is it love or is it madness?
Knowing something isn't right, unable to determine my plight
My mind is numb, too numb to think, too numb to function
My body aches, so tired, too tired to function
Too tired to fight against invisible chains of bondage
I've spent my life afraid to dream, afraid to try, too scared to fly
I've lived for you and your desires to earn your love
The more I try the more I fail, I've fallen into a pit of deep despair
Sinking ever deeper, reaching for an anchor, grasping for salvation
Life is fading, bleeding out, like the once vibrant color in a photo full of smiles
Smiles that others saw as blissfulness, joy and happiness
Once content to play the pawn, to be kept under rule of thumb
No longer willing to play the victim controlled with sweet deception
Perhaps too late to realize what an entangled web for me was spun
For even in the realization my minds confusion betters me
Unable to detect through hazy manipulating sweetness
Is it love or is it madness?

Jennifer Batch

Luminous

Overcome with grief and sadness lay she
Stretched out upon the newborn grass of spring
As the luminous rays of the sun
Laid upon her tear streaked face
She looks upward soaking in the warmth
And as her soul begins to rejoice
She is struck with the notion
Though she may be but a small speck
Walking a lonely path in a vast universe
There is always hope for a brighter tomorrow
Hope for a love that will spark something wondrous
Hope for a world filled with laughter and joy
She prays that her tears not be shed in vain
That where they fall a spring flower might bloom
And with faith holds her head high
Looking into the vast blue sky
Knowing her future might quite possibly be
As bright as the luminous rays of the sun
For with a bit of faith and hope
Who is to say what one's world could become

Jennifer Batch

My Dearest Childhood Friend

I am who I am; I will not bend nor change in a manner
Swaying with the direction of the wind to suit another
Having learned from my past, from my mistakes
I intend to remain true to myself
Growing in strength, alas, I am happy
I need not anyone else give me that
For it is something that comes from deep within
Daily my spirit doth grow in strength
When I stumble, when falling flat upon my face
I know I have substantial strength to carry on
To hold my head up ever so high
Whilst staring in the face of vast adversity
And thus this prayer I pray for thee
Along with love and blessings
May they always be bestowed upon thee;
My dearest childhood friend

Jennifer Batch

Nature Of Your Heart

Such a familiar face I see before me
Though I do not recognize your heart
How can I not know the one who's touch is so familiar?
Deep within you've kept your true self hidden tightly under guard
Have I ever known the truth of who you are?
I long for understanding, for confusion to subside
I cannot go on living whilst you scheme to keep me bound
I cannot go on living whilst you feast upon my pain
All the while I've been sharing what is in my heart
You've been playing at a game of hide and seek
Keeping what is in your heart hidden in the dark
Although I seek, I've never found the true nature of your heart

Jennifer Batch

Promise Not

Broken promises made with empty words
Tossed amidst shattered dreams
Like slivered shards of glass
Embedded deep within the heart
Which bleeds for love that's never been
Such as a love full of promise that blossoms
Like a flower taking it's first breath of spring

Therefore promise not what thou cannot deliver
Promise not a moonbeam strung of gold
Nor of a fountain purer than a baby's first shed tear
Promise not your love for all eternity
Nor tears you'll ere not cause for me to shed
Promise not your hand you'll one day not withdraw
Nor lift someway in anger to push far from you my love
Promise not the things which thou cannot give
Nor strip from me my pride leaving me clothed in emptiness

Jennifer Batch

Release Me

Cruelty masked with kindness plagues me
Cutting deeply to my core
Tis a maddening thing to comprehend
How the smile can snare the heart within
Only to turn the tables, bleeding the heart of joy
Smoke and mirrors created a mirage of love and pleasure
If only my heart had been able to see past it
Now it's broken, tormented by endless silly games
That were always given tangible excuses
Always laying underneath the surface
Were two companions, deceitfulness and lies
My heart longs to be free of this union
To feel the happiness of freedom flowing through it
But fear holds it's grip upon me tightly
As it whispers unwelcome sounds of defeat into my ears
Oh, sweet angel of mercy, please release me
Release me from all that I have ever known

Jennifer Batch

Round And Round They Spin

Can't get the thoughts out of my head
Round and round they spin
Feeling sick like I could spew thoughts out of my mouth
Filling caskets full of wretched memories
Filthy, foul smelling thoughts
Oh, how they taint the ground with blackness from within
You feed upon my anguish, feed upon my soul
Draining every dropp of energy until at last I desire nothing more
Time evades my comprehension as day fades into night
Beware the mirage, it's only voodoo capturing my heart
All the while feeding, draining, lusting upon the anguish of my soul
A glided bird upon a birch, whose wings are clipped, kept in a house of gold
Whose only escape tis to fall from it's perch, snapping it's neck into
Still time keeps turning, still the thoughts keep churning
Round and round they spin

Jennifer Batch

Shades Of Gray

Illusions, every one of them, everything she's come to know
Her whole world crumbles before her, disappearing colorful vapors
Leaving only shades of gray desolation and destruction
As if a dream were being transformed into an unfathomable nightmare
Not as if the signs had never been shown
Not as if the warnings had never been sounded
Tis a sort of bliss not to face the reality of the hangman before the final moments
A resounding voice deep within kept calling out to be heard though she would not listen
Only the beckoning of your voice falling upon her ears is what she heard
Two faces you possess though her eyes only ever saw one
How could she not know the completeness of who you are for so long?
Sensing her own world coming undone, trying to hold on by escaping into other worlds
What a silly girl to think that someone else's world could somehow save her
So here she lay, hiding beneath covers, trying not to look upon her fading world
A world made of crumbled paper illusions, like water colors upon a canvas
All the pretty colors being washed away, disappearing colorful vapors
Leaving only shades of gray desolation and destruction

Jennifer Batch

Shroud Of Darkness

Stepping out from behind the shroud of darkness
Which hath veiled mine eyes from truth
Oh, my soul doth weep for it is more than I can bear
How the trickling effect of past pain and sorrows
Effects every aspect of my life
How past afflictions have molded us and shaped our future
Burning a loathsome disdain for life into our souls
Slowly it creeps in silence into our minds, into our hearts
Etching away at our core, our very essence
Until I am left hollow within
Fear walks with me, whispering in my ear
Longing to consume me, drench me in it's spirit
My only hope is terrifying for truth has not been my friend
Step out from behind the shroud of darkness
Which hath veiled mine eyes from truth
And embrace the gift it brings though painful it may be

Jennifer Batch

Summons For Love

Oh such a cold chill has been cast upon the spring nights air
Yet falling upon her pale skin, compared to the cold concealed within her
It feels like a gentle warmth softly enveloping the essence of her body
Ah, night is filled with a low rumbling accompanied by a caressing warning
It calls out as if an owl of enormous size
were hooting in magical tones to summon its love
And as the illusionary warmth of the cold chill begins to dissipate
Leaving her entwined in her disparaging state, she longs to reach out into the
night
To grab hold of the rumbling, hooting beast and be swept away
As if an ocean of sky were swallowing her up only to find herself
Washed upon the shore where unimaginable love awaits her
For just as the enormous owl had called out to summon its love
Sent she a summons out into the night for a love
One who, unlike the illusionary warmth of the cold spring air
Would warm her heart, warm her soul, remaining true without fading away

Jennifer Batch

The Battlefield

As she turns her face towards the heavens
She cries out for the sweetest mercy
Begging mercy wash over her, stripping away her pain
Alone she'll face the battlefield
Unspoken words buried over time are her enemy
To be victorious is an unattainable desire
How long must she wage the war before she puts the armory down?
How long must she battle a never ending war?

Jennifer Batch

The Edge Of Darkness

As a young poet I was told
Write things of a tender heart
Write of blue skies high above
Write of bluebirds sweetly singing
Write of bluebells newly bloomed

Write of happiness and sorrow
Write of love and laughter
Write of things gained and a new tomorrow
Write of wonders in nature as seasons doth unfold

But what is to be when the heart turns dark and cold
What then shall words bludgeoned upon the page speak of
For the poet's heart hath become heavy
Stained with pain and contemptuous iniquities
Where anger and hatred doth not find recoil
And redemption be it far out of reach

For alas the poets heart hath become shackled
With ice cold laden veins from whence life doth not flow
Empty longings fill the soul pouring from it vile debris
The mind blotted and blurred with lurid visions
Visions of darkness sent from afar beyond the grave
Where lies a wilted rose of unacquainted love
For whom the poet's withered heart shall never know
And thus sweet sorrow brings the edge of darkness ever near
Ah, yes, alas sweet sorrow brings the edge of darkness ever near

Jennifer Batch

The Madness Within

Ever-present darkness swirling all around
Memories decaying like rotting corpses on the ground
Being pillaged by centipedes and worms
Crawling in my mind, they've been buried for so long
Voices echoing inside my head, confusion's my companion
Nightmares are brought to life before my eyes
Awakening me with terrifying screams
Something deep inside, pulling me under, keeping it hid
There is no end, there is no escape
From the Madness within that enraptures my mind
The Madness within that captivates my soul
Pain against my flesh for I must feel punishment
I cry out for release, I cry out for salvation
What is it that causes me so much pain and torment?
What is it that causes this insanity, this madness within?
Something buried deep within, something I don't want to see
Something I must live to find before it gets the best of me

Jennifer Batch

The Quagmire

Deep within the quagmire, far beneath earth's surface
Her body lays hidden, forever shackled in her bondage
She sits alone within her room praying she'll be saved
Pleading sighs which flee her lips float upon the air
From her lips your name escapes like sweetness in the morning dew
Will you reach out your hand to her, freeing her from her captor?
Alas, tis much too late for her, her pleas will go unheard
Never again will her lips whisper, softly speaking to your heart
No longer will she beg for freedom, no longer will she plead for help
For deep within the quagmire, far beneath earth's surface
Her body lays hidden, forever shackled in her bondage

Jennifer Batch

The Struggle

Tired, so tired. A lifetime of chains that bind, struggling to break free.
Freedom, so bittersweet when bondage is all you've ever known.
Still so afraid to take the leap and really live before life fades.
A touch of sunlight on the cheek stirs the life within.
Darkness all around bringing comfort of unsurpassed depth,
The injured soul cannot escape such a familiar scent.
Struggling to aspire, struggling against time. Tired, so tired.

Jennifer Batch

The Warning Bell Within Your Head

Feeling all alone and deceived
Manipulation delivered drenched in sweetness
How could you be so blinded
Cold hard facts don't exist
Just the warning bell within your head
Little things that don't make sense
All the things that haven't been said
God, have mercy upon you
You just want to scream
Insanity, confusion, repulsion
Mixed with love, kindness, cleverness
This is nothing new
You want to run but don't know how
You've lived so long within these walls
Prisoner or princess, are they the same?
Envied by so many for what they think you have
Smiling on the outside, screaming on the inside
What have you become? Barely functioning, you're so numb
Nothing left inside to give, nowhere you can turn to run
You should have looked beyond the smile
You should have listened to the warning bell so long ago
The warning bell within your head

Jennifer Batch

To Stare Truth Directly In The Eye

Unaware, kept in the darkness
Like bread of life lies were offered and consumed
Accepted in my youthful innocence
Oh what a tormenting grip on me you held
I knew not when the veil was lifted
With such swiftness the floodgates would be opened
Truth pouring forth, surging with mighty force
Consuming like a fire, purging the essence of my soul
Freeing memories from a haunted past
I beg the world not look upon me with contempt
For truth to me were the lies I had been fed
A child being nurtured in the guise of righteousness
Innocence being bathed in unholy transgression
When the truth to me was revealed
I tried to hide my face from light
Tried to hide the shame
Tried to be consumed in pain
Longed for darkness all around
Oh such a frightening thing to stare truth directly in the eye
It ushers in revelations of the past
Now embracing what was mine all along
For truth had not been stolen away
Only locked away for me to find
All along the key was me
Oh such a freeing thing to stare truth directly in the eye

Jennifer Batch

Trophies Of Upheaval

Voices shout like barbaric drums pounding in her head
A resounding scream sends shivers
Turning the blood in her veins a pure icy cold
Wailing fills the air like the wind howling in the darkened night
Cries cascade upon her ears like water falling off a mountain height
Nothing she can say or do will stop this awful happening
Hands placed tightly over her ears, the sounds cannot be muffled
Prayers sent up to heaven seem to fall upon deafened ears
Cradled in her own arms gently she rocks to and fro
Waiting for the madness to leave victoriously
Carrying with it trophies of upheaval and broken wounded spirits
Which are left behind to face the uncertainty of the coming day
As voices shouting like barbaric drums pounding in her head
Slowly fade away leaving behind a darkened, overbearing, ever-present mood

Jennifer Batch

Turbulence Within

Turbulent dark waters effervescently stirring
Pounding forcefully upon the rocky shore
High above she stands atop the desolate jagged cliffs
Starring into the deep gray abyss filling the darkening sky
Like tiny, delicate shards of glass,
Water droplets pour down from above
Slicing into her porcelain skin, burrowing deep within her face
Festering like small splinters beneath the skin
She can feel them as if they were alive
Moving, crawling, squirming their way to the surface
Causing blistering pain as blood begins to pool
Falling crimson droplets covering her with an unexpected soothing warmth
And in the darkening shadows as she sits atop a sink
Gazing into a mirror at the scars left upon her face
Her soul is filled with pain and rage
As confusion wraps around her throat
Tightening its grip as she struggles for release
Over the edge of the porcelain bath, water doth begin to flow
Glancing from the mirror her gaze falls upon
Her crimson covered hands and arms
As her mind wanders to the cliff tops
Where raindrops fall down from an ever darkening sky of gray
With a catatonic state of being she slips into the porcelain bath
Sinking down until the beckoning turbulent dark waters
Far beneath the desolate jagged cliffs
Cover her completely washing away the crimson stains
If only for an instant, washing away the pain and rage held so deeply within

Jennifer Batch

Two Bottles

Lost and drifting, like a bottle cast to sea
With a pleading unseen message, save me
Searching for someone I used to be
Reflecting on who I have become
Wondering why I've become one who you prey upon
Just can't comprehend or understand
How your love has turned into a shallow grave
Where I lay in waiting for you to pull me from
The cold heavy laden darkness that envelops me
Or break the chains that bind me to the grave
Set me free that I can rid myself from
All the lingering rotting decay gathering inside of me
For where I once found comfort has become
A place of utter desolation and confusion
Like a vast dry desert filled with deceptive mirages
The timeless true meaning and entity of love
In this dwelling doth not reside
Like a shimmering mirage upon the white sands
Tis an illusionary presence, merely an enticing reflection
Taunting me with what could but will never be
For as an empty bottle lays upon the blowing sands
Greedily gathering tiny particles of sand
Slowly doth it fill with gritty granules
Keeping each one for itself as if
An intoxicating essence it provides
Beneath the weight of sands and time
Chipped and buried it becomes
Harboring the tiny granules packed within tightly
Leaving no room for anything of worthy substance
If only slowly setting loose the sand could bring about a loving heart
Sadly, to my dismay it has unleashed your anger
Causing me to drift away
Like a bottle cast into a stormy sea
Filled with a pleading unseen message, save me

Jennifer Batch

Unsought Intentions

A child cries in the dark of night.
Dreams are stolen, nightmares are made.
Nightmares that haunt the very soul,
Nightmares that will be forevermore.
Shadows creep stealing away an innocence.
Hush, be still,
Hush, be quiet.
Hush, it's only a nightmare.
Hush, drift off to sleep.
Bury it deep, bury it deep.
So deep within that the cries cannot be heard.
Though shed, the tears will not be seen.
So deep within that even the child must forget.

A young woman cries out 'No.'
Her voice silenced by fear and shame.
Her arms held down against her will.
Hush, be still,
Hush, be quiet.
Spirit floats at will above her body
Longing not to be tainted, oh painful brutality be stilled.
Let the water run pouring over her body,
Pouring over her soul.
Let the water run like a fountain of salvation.
She struggles for her life,
She struggles for her sanity.
Bury it deep within, Bury it deep within.
Her cries will not be heard,
Though shed, her tears will not be seen.

Jennifer Batch

Until The Break Of Dawn

She reaches out her hand into the mist
Reaches out into emptiness where nobody exists
The one she thought you were has never been
Just a shadow lingering until the break of dawn
All the while a figment of imagination
Reality bringing to life haunting desolation
Look into the mirror, confusion staring back
Time has passed so quickly, when did she become the one you feed upon?
Is she just now fully comprehending the damage that was done?
She's denied it in the past, now she can't break down the wall
Lost within a maze of deception and insanity, unable to break free
Her face shrouded in a veil of tears that nobody will see
And in her lowest moment she longs to fall asleep
To sleep and wake no more, to walk where angels trod
For the life to slowly bleed from her, for her sweet breath to fall still
Alas, faint of heart fear not, for she will remain strong drawing upon
All that remains fair, all that remains good, all that is untainted
Holding her head high through the turbulent storm
In the darkness she will keep her eye upon the oil burning lamp ahead
No turning back, moving straight ahead, so unaware
Which direction upon the narrow, cobbled path she shall be lead

Jennifer Batch

When A Wounded Heart Is Set Free

When a wounded heart is set free
Doth it bring sorrow or joy?
Sorrow for what cometh to an end
Or joy for what the future holds

A pocketful of mixed emotions
Laced with intangible queries of the mind
Sorting through the excess rubble
Leaving all the questions of the heart behind

For when a wounded heart is set free
Tis more than one way to view the possibilities
Daunting embers of dismay
For a life that never shall be quite the same
Or perhaps the chance to fly somewhere
To heights once thought to be
Achievable only in your wildest dreams

Jennifer Batch

Winter Doth Set Upon Us

Oh how quickly winter doth set upon us
Whilst the setting sun's brilliant color fades to nigh
An oddity is time for an instant can last an eternity
Yet in the blink of an eye
One hundred years can go fleeting by
The mother sees her child grown
With great longing to cradle her child
Tenderly in her arms once more
The father wonders when his child became grown
And longs for one more day of playfulness
The lover longs for one more chance
To touch the heart which bloomed with
Such a fragrant sweetness
As to take ones breath away
The old man gazes into his grandson's eyes
Knowing through this child his legacy will survive
The old woman gazes into her granddaughter's eyes
Whispering a prayer that she will prosper and grow strong
Yet as seasons come and seasons go
It seems the story remains the same
A broken heart, a wounded soul, toil and pain
Nations at war, famine and fear, joy and hope
Prayers sent forth to Heaven's gates
Whispers echoing woeful pleas in the night
As for me, I cannot say this life has been the journey I expected
Though along the way I have laughed and shed many a tear
I have been the child, the lover and the mother
And as the winter doth draw near
Whilst the setting suns brilliant color fades to nigh
The time will just as fleetingly be upon me
I shall be the old woman gazing into her grandchild's eyes
Alas, oh how quickly winter doth set upon us.

Jennifer Batch

Winter's Heart

Icy mounds of pure white snow melting in the warmth of day
Ah, a sense of spring tis in the air as gray begins to turn to blue
The sullen mood of melancholy winter's heart beholds
Tis soon to turn to joyful song as flower's bloom and fragrance fills the air
If only spring could fill the chambers of my heart with such delight
Melt away the icy coldness of melancholy and despair
Leaving in it's stead a new beginning free of emptiness
Recreating a heart filled with joyful song, eluding signs of woe

Jennifer Batch