

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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'Believe In What You Do And Do What You Believe In'

Some great man said: 'believe in what you do and do what you believe in'
If you listen to what he said, I am sure you wont commit a single sin.

Always in life have a positive attitude

Then see if it takes you to the highest altitude,

Don't listen to those who asked you not to dream

For then your life shall melt like an ice- cream,

Dream, so that dreams may come true

To emerge a winner, I will give you a clue,

If you think you will win, you surely will

Slowly and steadily you are climbing the hill,

Life is a battlefield and the battles fought

Don't go to the strong or fast man the way you thought,

Ultimately the winner man

Is only the one who thinks he can!

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Darkness

Into that pit of darkness,
though I still search for light,
light, the twin of darkness...
never appeared but, before thine eyes.
You, who have breathed in darkness,
you who had smelt the pain...
you who had embraced death,
you who grew under light but when grown, loved darkness
darkness within thyself,
darkness within the four sooted walls that restrict you,
for light, had changed it's direction
light, had fallen prey to darkness,
you who have lived life to meet
death one certain day
Death - the heart of darkness.

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Dream

Late one night loosely hanging in the foggy end of October
I slipped into a Saturday dream with sunflower seeds:
My mind spat flashes like hot shotgun pellets
As I sank slowly away from the nightflower's blackness.

The dark of night melted to puddles, yet I was still in my room.
The green leaves rustled dryly, in a concert for my windowframe.
The rubber wall scene was interrupted by a rattle at the window.
No one there, but a pine cone; rudely blundering in its fall
From the world of the tree to the flat of the land below.

Deep inside, the boil of my anger was cooled by the ice of fear
To deep contemplation, reddening and growing in new light
I jumped through the window following the dry of the cone
From my crazy, enclosed world to the flat of the land below.

I stood beneath the tree shocked and mocked by the height.
I didn't even look at the window I wouldn't have seen if I did.
I bent, and aimed my cone up high, the boughs flat and distant.
Past my ear I snapped it, hurled it highly back to whence it came
Quite expecting the arrogant old tree to take back his errant.

For an hour's space I sent the cones to regain the tree,
Watching those seed-sowers sail through the branches, and return.
Each one came back, rejected, cast from the height to Earth.
Now finally my anger came, not for the cone, but for the tree.

But round globs of blackness came down with the cones now.
They splashed and robbed this midnight day of its light
No! Tree, why couldn't you take back but one single cone?
Before darkness heightened the tree, my ethereal dream ended,

And original night landed me back in my room.

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My Closed Room

I live in my closed room
you live in yours
Our home stretches
an open courtyard between them

It is here where I have seen...

Nights, in silver spread of moonlight
Days unfurled with smiles of sunshine
Mischievous clouds as they drain,
and playful laughter of all the rain

Somewhere here we meet and talk
About changing cloaks of weather,
of seasons as they move from one
and merge into another

I take a dip in a shallow river.
and search those depths
where I can drown and everything blends
Our solitude floats, all boundaries melt
The rooms are there but the courtyard never ends.

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Stars

I once began to count the stars i almost had them all.
Then a clash of thunder rang and rain began to fall.
I went outside to unchain the dog the wind was utterly strong.
The sky was dark, moody and sad, and sounds were raindropp songs.
The dog was confused, the ground was a pond.
No life was in sight, all creatures were gone.
I reached the house, water dripping from my hair.
The cold shivers down my body were too sharp to bear.
Through the night i didnt sleep one bit.
I continuesly heard rain on the roof as lightning hit.
Morning came fresh air filled my lungs.
I go back inside and wait for the stars to come.

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Today Of Many Yesterday

There is no day more beautiful than today.
The sum of many yesterdays makes up my
past.

My past is composed of memories,
some happy... some sad.

Some are photographed and are now
nothing but paper,

papers where I can see myself when
I was little,

where my parents are still together.
where my city seems like another.

Yesterday could've been a gorgeous day...
... But, could I go on constantly

Looking behind, missing the faces of
those marching with me?

Could tomorrow be even a more
beautiful day? But could I go on

only looking at the horizon, missing
the nature that opens up around me?

No! that is why I like today better
TODAY I'm alive...

Like you!

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