

Poetry Series

Kristina Louisa Carr
- poems -

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Kristina Louisa Carr()

Kristina Louisa Carr with a selection of her poems - some have been published by magazines and college papers. She is a psychology graduate from the University of Central Florida and resides currently on the East Coast with her two dogs.

Kristina's writings reflect her personal worldviews and experiences enriched with fiction and include a lively collection of mostly narrative poetry that focuses on love, death and life. She has been influenced largely by her travels and upbringing.

After The Rain Downtown

Moist compassionate encounters grant forgiveness
For the omitted memories of long forgotten sins
Soft ringlets in the puddles on the sidewalk
Like momentary illusions of smiles from strangers
That will shortly disappear with the emerging sun
Fighting its way through the grey sky of the city

Streams splash playfully through concrete gutters
Searching for the glistening striped metal jewels
The gatekeepers of the cryptic tunnels below
Cleaning the asphalt of the streets now carpeted
With sparkling tiny diamonds dancing in the light
Until evaporated into clouds of steam and vapor

Windows layered with translucent white pearls
Like living little precious stones on mirrored glass
Embossing shiny snail trails on the steep facades
Then a soft wind akin to the fluttering wings of doves
Dispatches raindrops cascading as snowflakes in a storm
Amiable gentle showers leaving traces just for a second

Idle vague humid scents remind of a distant nature
Before diffusing into the buzz of the busy city
The rain only an intangible interruption of a matrix
Serenity in the land of rot and delusion is only a dream
While the diminishing oasis offers an ambiguous retreat
Before drowning in future promises not yet broken

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Amsterdam At Night

The red lights turn on when it's dark outside
Clients searching for things they will never confide
Standing on cobblestones looking up from the street
Illuminated windows highlight goods indiscreet

Under wigs and make up beauty is disguised
What you see is what you get as advertised
Bodies carefully displayed in all shapes and sizes
Gender confusion may cause hidden surprises

Here everything goes and nothing is really taboo
Flesh covered by garments that are see through
Customer service for every fetish is provided
If you're unsure take a full tour that is guided

Bars and shops are open for personal entertainment
If you have the money you can make an arrangement
Dancers deliver the illusion of art hanging from a pole
While the police gets free coffee when on nightly patrol

Latex lace leather piercings and tattoos are on display
There are no unsatisfied dreams as long as you can pay
The oldest profession is in demand and thats no tale
Just a regular night in Amsterdam and love is for sale

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An Argument Forgotten

Some memories need to be re-written to become clear
Because they are newly projected as the events disappear
Things that were said may not apply again in this time
Although the words spoken linger like a committed crime
Words spoken in anger and frustration cut like a knife
Inflicting deep wounds that break open and come to life

Words used as a weapon leave scars in places hidden
But I carry them around with me disguised as forbidden
There is this gutting feeling that burns and hurt my head
The things that were said were meant to destroy and shred
I am no longer free because the burden is heavy and cold
Feelings of despair inflict dark thumbprints like a mold

It is hard to surface after the disappointment moved in
I feel lost and heartbroken and nothing is as it has been
Dark shadows and fog weigh heavy on my recollection
And no excuse I make can erase the threatening infection
I feel every letter of each word that you screamed out loud
Bouncing off my conscience like a suffocating dust cloud

Sitting down in silence your voice still echoes in my mind
But now reason and truth surfaces slowly no longer undefined
I know that your love for me made you insecure and lost
Somehow I did not make it clear that I love you at all cost
I can smile again because loving you gives me perspective
As I walk to tell you that all is good and nothing is defective

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Anticipation

I feel drumming waterfalls invading my mind
Thoughts of crashing floods are newly refined
Answers precede questions never asked before
While excitement lures behind every closed door

Standing at the edge feeling the rush of height
Moving with great speed ignoring every red light
Loading a gun feeling the smooth metal in hand
Going over the options to lie in the witness stand

Riding the rollercoaster backwards for thrills
Taking a high stake bet with fake dollar bills
Fingertips tingle feeling the chill of perspiration
Dreams run wild when waiting with anticipation

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Atonement

Shadows are comforting companions quiet and gentle
Reflecting on my actions nothing appears to be accidental
Surrounded by darkness or a very dim light I am free
Admitting to my true feelings I make you the trustee

You said you envisioned a shadow above your head
Now you know it was me and just like a dark threat
In my room when everything turns to grey and stone
It is you I seek out and to you I truly wish to atone

I want to apologize for everything that I will do wrong
For not being there when you need me and for being gone
I cheated myself pretending that I dont need you at all
Now I wish I could take it back and stay for the long haul

Please believe that you are the only one that I ever needed
All else fades in the shade and nothing important preceded
Forgive me for not being by your side every day of the year
I take full responsibility for leaving and my sorrow is severe

Being sorry is probably not enough for you but please know
I can still feel you every second of the day from head to toe
I am begging you to release my free will and letting me forget
But I guess that wouldn't be fair to you so I remain in your debt

I'm not sure if I ever get closure with you and come to an end
But to you I like to make amends and it is my love I apprehend
I hope that you're o.k. and your heart does not bleed like mine
Knowing that I deserve this I'm saying sorry again and resign

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Before Dark

Dusk right before dark is my favorite time of each day
The dim light feels as if I am only in this world halfway
Right then it is time for shadows taking over the light
And colors fade slowly to shades of black and white
Sometimes I see the sun bathing all in an orange glow
And I wish I could touch the heat before it let go

During dusk I want to have you close and not be alone
In the fading light your features turn to marble and stone
Right then I want to bring back life into each inch of your skin
I want to touch you and feel your strong heartbeat within
Gently I want to glide my hands over your neck to your chest
Feeling gatherings of hair against my palm if you are undressed

The light of dusk kindles a low fire and put sparks into your eyes
Right than I love to be close to you and renew our strong ties
That time of day brings a natural melancholy to my heart
And I am most responsive when you are gentle with me to start
I know you rather see me passionate demanding and strong
Therefore I want to say thanks for running with my mood along

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Black Flag

I dont understand why the sun is shining so bright
You are not here and things are just not all right
This morning I wished that it would rain all day
It would have comforted me and my mood of decay

Now I have to face the sunshine right in my face
And although the warmth is nice - it feels out of place
No one knows that without you I cease to normally exist
And I feel lost among smiling faces right here in their midst

I wish I could crawl into the cracks of the sidewalk
I want to hide for now and set your arrival on my alarm clock
Until then I want to carry your absence around in my bag
Like an omen of sadness instead of hissing a black flag

I am at a loss that I cant find you anywhere I look
It is frustrating - and anguish and despair overtook
While you are sleeping I hope that you can hear my cries
And get up to find me before my heart and spirit dies

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Black Night In The City

Darkness in the city is just an indistinct side effect
Protecting what is scary in day light and wrecked
Abandoned buildings become castles during the night
Busy graffiti artists express what is usually out of sight

Billboards illuminate in bright colorful fluorescents
And creatures of the night shuffle on antidepressants
Red lights invite the late traveler to stay for a while
Loneliness and despair develops rapidly being fertile

The sirens of ambulances whisper tales of our mortality
And a lonesome speaker sells questionable spirituality
In the dark there is not just love for sale in the streets
One may purchase modern chemistry without a receipt

The beaming lights of cars blind the searchers outside
While in adult theaters dejected clients trying to hide
Screeching sounds of the metro are disturbing the dark
And only the adventurous and brave walk in the park

At night the tears of the fallen color the river black
And screams drown on the sidewalks holding back
When blood turns to red liquid velvet like altar wine
I own the shadows in my city and the black night is mine

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Blood On The Moon

When the sand on the beach turns to diamonds and glass
Sparkling with sharp edges like a knife laying in the grass
The sun has vanished and the moon showers a potent glow
Then the world transformed and became an ancient chateau

When dark floods are crowned with a subtle orange light
The pain of our planet is compounded in a vampires bite
Then spells echo in silence and become weapons of war
And creatures stand guard waiting to settle an old score

When ancient rhythms awaken the ones that are sleeping
We hear the weary sobs of mourning women silently weeping
And lovers confess what they were previously hiding inside
Then it's time to gather and worship the arrival of the tide

When all original sins are prevailed in one silent confession
We feel the pulse of time and nature is undeniably in session
Then seasons become millenniums enduring new ice and snow
Covering up all evidence of a future we never meant to know

When words unspoken surface and spread out wings of pride
We become chameleons bathing in all the tears we have cried
Right then we offer a lingering conscience for a ritual sacrifice
Those days speak of mortal truths and we have to pay the price

When cold rivers push black waters into wide open stormy seas
Our memories blister with burning fever as from an odd disease
We celebrate by drinking holy water from a poisoned silver spoon
Embracing the sacred days when we can see the blood on the moon

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Breakthrough

My heart held captured by snow storms
Surrounded by icicles of different forms
A world of silence and covered by snow
Feelings of peace and serenity I can't let go

Then without much notice you came around
And my world is crumbling and breaking down
You know that I never asked you to melt my icy wall
But you did it anyway and I lost my security and all

Now you are residing right here in my heart
But you dont let me find you from the start
I know that you exist only in my dreams
But I will keep searching for you - it seems

You left me out in the cold and without protection
But you are not real yet - only a vague reflection
Understand that I could become anyone you want me to be
Because you are my savior and only you set me free

Only you broke through layers of debris and time
And I must say that the possibility of us is truly sublime
I long to see your smile and a spark in your eyes
I am so tired of pretense empty compromises and lies

I often think of you and if you could love me
Wishing for a crystal ball to finally find you - you see
You broke through to my heart and opened a wide door
So walk on through already and come to the fore

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Cape Town (In Winter)

I am here, close to you but so far away
The blue of the ocean mirrors in your eyes
Your eyes the same temperature as the water
As dark as the earth
As vibrant as the movement of the city
Hidden behind dark shades

I followed you blindly
Because I said that I would
Is that really you - the stranger in the tailored suit
Armed guards on the doorsteps
Bulletproof glass
Silence in the middle of the city

Among strangers
Conducting transactions
Your eyes as you play poker
Reflecting the man I don't know
But then - a spark in your eyes
You're turning to me
And - I recognize the man that I love

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Caught

Is it she who you see when you are dreaming
Or are your words empty as you are scheming
Your voice is monotone when you call her name
Your smile does not reach your eyes as you claim

I notice that your reactions are non-committal
Your excuses are frequent asking for acquittal
Your manner is nonchalant when you call her
And you stand your grounds with connoisseur

She is my friend and she deserves protection
So I will scrutinize your moves and rejections
I am not clear why you are stringing her along
Using her kindness and doing her all wrong

The weekends you reserve for your friends
And when she is sad you act as making amends
But you are playing while she really trusts you
Just be aware that I know and follow through

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Chemistry

I am aware of your arrival
Swallowing your presence from across the room
The black shirt against your tan
Your eyes searching, then stopping, resting, smiling
As in slow motion you walk towards me
Your jeans brushing lightly against your thighs
I know of the birth mark on your hip
Remembering pearls of sweat on your chest
My nostrils flare
The scent of you embossed in my memory
I'm drowning in the blue of your slightly closed eyes
I hear you sharply inhaling just for a second
Your hand on my hips claiming my body
Your cheek against mine, still for a moment
You speak 'Hi Love'
Your voice is trapped in my stomach
Held hostage in my heart
Ever so subtle I feel a time bomb
Starting the count down
Within my being
You smell of earth, soap, love, desire and rain
Face to face, the scent of us changes
Our breathing
Later - after conversing with friends
You're walking behind me
Aware of our departure
A brief stop at the elevator
The black shirt, black buttons on your chest
Your hands claiming my back
The ride home in silence but smiling
You - controlling the vibrations of the engine
Gently with all forces possible
Taking us home
Now pained by the agony of our physical separation
We are finally alone
We meet with intention
And become one as never been apart

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Claude

I have lost you to death my faithful friend
You took my love with you and life is a bend
During your last hour you came back alive
But they said it was only because I arrived

I knew I did the only thing that I could do
But letting you go seems unreal and untrue
You have stayed by my side for over 12 years
What I have left now is your ashes and tears

In 12 years we have only been apart twice
For 2 nights the loss of sleep was the price
I remember your wounds from a raccoon
And your howling at night with a full moon

You never liked anyone that was close to me
For most it was only the pitbull in you they see
To me you were my beautiful friend and my child
No matter what you did it was me you beguiled

I forgave you for biting my friends and my shoes
The coffee table you destroyed without excuse
Because of your aggression you had to stay inside
But we went for walks and the beaches alongside

I loved your big head and your crooked ears
The scars you carried on your body from the years
At the city pound is where I fell in love with you
Right there at 8 weeks old you made your first debut

Every day I came home you greeted me with a smile
And every second we had together was worth while
I want to say good bye to you but only now and today
Because I will see you again my Claude and we will play

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Coffee Cigarettes And Time

The late afternoon invites leisurely
to inactivity and rest The best time to sit back
and be waited on like a guest At the corner
coffee shop where the air is thick with smoke
People play pool in the back room placing bets
that provoke The writer who lives alone
on the thirteenth floor is relaxed He smiles
unnoticeably having a completed chapter faxed

The bartender is preparing for the night and
Happy Hour Inventing new fancy drinks
that are potent sweet or sour The old guy
sitting at the bar in no rush to get home on time
Shares opinions over strong coffee about a
forgotten war crime A woman ordered wine
getting cigarettes from the machine Slowly strolls
across the room wearing a stone of aquamarine

Late rush hour traffic encourages to hang out
for a while Two attractive men in the corner sharing
kisses really shy From the speakers on the wall we
can hear a funky jazz tune Sitting in club chairs smoking
stirring coffee with a spoon Time stands still for a
little while when it starts to rain Streaks of water
leave teardrops on the sidewalk as in pain

The streetcar stops and new people join
our convention Accompanied by laughter they
do not pay much attention Rings of smoke take off
being swallowed by the big room Some people order
appetizers but all you smell is perfume The walls
are plastered with old posters of musicians past Here
all you need is coffee cigarettes and time that lasts

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Colors I Remember

The colors we see change when we are in love
They may hide the truth or are all you can think of
I wish that I could capture each color in a trap
And when I feel bad I could use them as a map

I remember the hazel color of your eyes
The green sparks in them are my loves allies
White I can recall were the crisp cotton sheets
The only ones witnessed what took place it seems

Of a soft black was the tailored suit you wore
I drank every image of you and not one I can ignore
I made fun of your boxers they were navy blue
I wish I would have kept them - you know it's true

The hotel walls embraced by a subtle yellow glow
Watching us as we came together really slow
You loved the things I wore that were red
You said they against my tan go straight to your head

The green of my eyes you noticed look dark at night
And the brown leather chair stood guard very polite
A few soft silver hairs on your chest and in your beard
That image I keep in my heart and it never disappeared

The next morning the plush carpet had a hint of pink
Your naked feet touched it on the way to the sink
The bathroom tiles were kept in a neutral tan
But I was too stupid to see that my life had began

While you're in the shower I left the room in a hurry
All I remember is your light blue shirt but only very blurry
I could have had breakfast with you downstairs and stay
But I did not and all I feel is sorrow and regret this day

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Cover Up

I agreed to surrender all and speak of lasting peace
But there is still blood on the sidewalks and disease
I have gathered the children and dried their tears
Although the line is busy to the army of volunteers
I told all that there is hope to survive and to smile
But they laughed at me and remained very hostile

In June it was snowing and we decorated a tree
But the Federal Marshal wrote me a ticket for a fee
I was in a locked room walking on mirrored glass
Regretfully they said that the check up I did not pass
I was set free but could not shed the striped shirt
At the time you saw me hiding because I was hurt

On the way to the meeting I rode in a lavender bus
I was whispering confessions I usually don't discuss
When the man in the corner started to bleed in red
I knew that there was a mistake and word had spread
The corner store sold stale bread for a steep price
But who is to complain if we only grow brown rice

Weapons made of steel should be lightweight and handy
Because the carnival can only pay in cotton candy
I saw helicopters looking to land on a white cloud
And the hospitals with the wounded dreadfully overcrowd
Happiness is found in slow morphine drips at large
I was dancing in circles after paying the cover charge

I have found my head within the dirt and destruction
Now I am working hard to keep it ignoring all seduction
Life is a great journey with a blindfold over dark eyes
Oil is pumped in abundance applying for the Nobel Prize
The leaders will gather for the scheduled party on Halloween
But everyone will remain silent to keep it all sober and clean

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Cut Flowers

If you love me - please never bring me cut flowers
Because I know that they will die soon after a few hours
I would feel that whatever the flowers represent
Would be equal to the time we have left to spend

Straight stems, soft petals and a lush green leaf
The hours and minutes are numbered - you better believe
Picking a flower is like a sure sentence to death
Like taking a fish out of water watching his last breath

Cut down their life brutally shortened with a sharp knife
All hope diminished knowing that they will not survive
Sure the flowers may get nourishment from the water in the vase
But their life is over as they know it in just a few days

So do not buy any cut flowers for me pretty please
I rather watch them outside visited by many bees
It is so beautiful to see them sway softly outside
And so sad to see them slowly die and lose their pride

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Day Sounds

Silence in the city appears to be hard to find
The sounds we hear are often raw and unkind
There is noisy traffic that is violent and demanding
And the cries of the engines are loudly expanding
Hot mufflers expose of evaporating dark fumes
Rising up as smog like the towering stones of tombs

Traffic lights are humming to a buzzing steady tune
While street vendors offer goods in the afternoon
The sewers are hissing when releasing warm steam
Surrounded by laughing tourists eating ice cream
The cooing of pigeons is heard wherever you go
People in line are conversing while waiting for a show

Water is pounding against the concrete bank of the river
The brakes of trucks are grinding as they revolt and quiver
Then the whistle from a train echoes in the far distance
And the sirens of ambulances deliver firm persistence
The noise and motions communicate with us in the city
Leaving imprints in our minds of a life that is rather gritty

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Dinner Thoughts

In the kitchen all the pots and pans
are steaming The roast is in the oven there is
no time for dreaming Fresh vegetables are
cleaned and potatoes peeled Salad is
prepared with onions straight from the field

The table is set with white dishes and
beautiful glass Every place setting is styled
with sophisticated class The wine is chilled
and desserts promise to be sweet Everything
is perfect with lots of excess but discreet

One of the seats is occupied by a man
with long hair His clothing is old and torn and
in dire need of repair The woman on the bench
silently weeps over the food Because she is
happy that she is no subject to extrude

Two little boys with smudges of dirt
on their faces With mom and dad they have
lived in many places The old lady from down
the street offers a grin While I turn on
some music to let the feast begin

Well - that is what could be but instead
I eat alone I am wondering why because
I have room in my home Life could be more
fulfilling if I would take a stand But I
continue to hide when I should extend a hand

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Downtown

Architectural wonders built with lots of power and expertise
Tower above a tamed river touching the clouds with ease
Precise vertical constructions planned by structural engineers
Impressive connotations that have to withstand many years
The river once wild and free now stumbles in its concrete bed
Slowly pushes polluted water void of health and almost dead

Much wealth and progress is sheltered in reinforced concrete
And in the sunlight glass fronts sparkle high above the street
Elevators spit out people mostly dressed in dark suits and ties
While marble tiled hallways swallow footsteps without chastise
Bistro and deli restaurants offer sophisticated menus until five
Thereafter the streets change abruptly and new inhabitants arrive

Void of motions parking lots and garages are now empty and dark
The night settled in with patrol cars lining the outskirts of the park
A man on the corner quotes poetry to his bottle hidden in a bag
And empty city buses park in the terminal under the national flag
The lost and forgotten own the sidewalks during the hours of doom
Some are lucky and get a meal at a shelter in an overcrowded room

Furry critters find discards in trashcans then disappear in the shade
While card board hides the wounded in bedrooms that are handmade
The bail bonds man is open for business located by the police station
Where the sleepless gather discussing the consequences of a violation
The city canalization coughs to the whistle of rusty air condition shafts
And dirty layers of clothing are protecting an old woman from cold drafts

Soon it will be dawn again and the nightly creatures will move aside
When fancy cars arrive from the suburbs like an inevitable new tide
Starbucks will sell hot coffee for the price of a warm bed at the shelter
And the self satisfied suits embrace a new day of stress and swelter
At night the streets will change again keeping the equilibrium in tact
What time will you be downtown and are you sure as a matter of fact

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Dream Interpreted

There was a nice girl named January in my dream
When fresh snow fell and ice drifted downstream
After a few weeks her mother February came around
She wore a heavy coat over a furry dressing gown
Her husband March was a funny guy and made me laugh
He atoned for the cold on Januarys and Februarys behalf

There was a woman dancing April was her first name
She was joking around all day making everyone fair game
The twins May and June have a talent for physical sport
They play ball back and forth on the sunny tennis court
July the little dog barks at Joe who is also the plumber
Playing with the kittens in the sun she enjoys the summer

Tall August is a professional clown and has curly red hair
He plays with the kids in colorful leaves at the day care
September is really handsome and wants to be an actor
But right now he is clearing fields with a bright red tractor
Big October the mailman delivers packages all over town
It has been whispered that he sometimes wears a ball gown

The neighbors son November has finally bought a new car
But it remains parked while he is worshiping the North Star
His uncle December loves all bright colors and festivities
And due to the weather he only commits to indoor activities
At the end of my dream all the people slowly disappeared
While the major Glob Al Warming ate food that was engineered

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Dream Of Peace

Soft cotton balls in a room with no doors
Peace for a thriving world without wars
The Benedictine monks offer Gregorian Chants
The absence of fear for tomorrows plans

Promises dismiss the dark night of the soul
Soldiers returning home no longer on patrol
Humanity revisited and races for ever united
Endangered species are commonly sighted

Weapons of destruction no longer needed
Redundant politics forgotten and weeded
Money is no longer in print and out of style
All people are fed and life is worthwhile

Animals treated with respect and love
Abuse is non existent and not heard off
Our planet no longer exploited but free
Clean rivers flow into an abundant sea

Without guns violence no longer exist
Children play happily among our midst
Open borders and a land without police
I hope not to wake from the dream of peace

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Driftwood

Pieces of wood intertwined like the bodies of lovers
Smooth edges ridges and curves for me to discover
Entangled branches held together building a new form
Intimate confrontations left behind by a great storm

The wood shows cracks like the wrinkles of skin
Bleached out by salt and sun a piece of art therein
To me my love - you seem like the driftwood I found
You are beautiful and smooth all the way around

Your expressions are thoughtful and sad at the same time
My heart you have captured committing a victimless crime
You carry the marks of life and adventure on your face
I would love to drown in your arms within your embrace

Like pieces of driftwood connected by fate together
With you I can withstand life in any kind of weather
I want to become a better me with you forever around
Like the beautiful wood we are for eternity bound

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Drowning

My smile has been declined
The laughter in my world silenced
I feel stone weights around my ankles
And tomorrow seems like a year away

I feel blocks of cement on my shoulder
And waves of muddy water pulling me under
I travel close to walls and windows
And in quiet moments my breathing ceases

I yearn for bodies of crystal clear ice cold water
Waves of surrender shattering my soul into pieces
Pieces that will start new life in a different place
A place where every sunrise will renew my life

I want to dance on the ground of oceans
Embrace the shadows of shipwrecks
Float in the nothingness of currents
Be caressed by wild flocks of sea grass

Surrounded by soft masses of liquid
I could find reason in a world of pain
Then I wake up to the dawn of a new morning
And no thoughts of drowning remain

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Enslavement

They watched him walking restricted by a thin thread
As he was counting his losses from a game of roulette
They saw him drowning very slowly in clouds of tar
His lungs were punctured by barbed wire very bizarre
They dumped ice on the road where he was speeding
He cried red tears but no one listened to him pleading

They bought what she offered packed tightly in chains
Her tracks almost hidden behind smiles and great pains
They laughed as she danced revealing her naked soul
Watching her stumble across the room with iron control
They celebrated her beauty buying bottles of champagne
While she counted dollar bills soon lost in dreamy acid rain

They delivered health care with bandages in bright blue
When he was running in circles trying to catch his déjà vu
They prayed for the sinners after signing papers of lies
As he was collecting gear made of glass with hollow eyes
They sleep self-satisfied in their beds throughout the night
When he was alone with his girl without any visible light

When the earth cracked open with pain and explosion
They got richer exploiting the lost without much emotion
When weapons are build for mass destruction and war
They went shopping demanding a discount far offshore
When the Post Master distributed mass mailings of threat
The surgeons could not see because they all bled red

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Equilibrium

I went to meet you, as I have met you before
Exploring you as a stranger
I did not mind to be your back door
Satisfying my personal hunger for danger
You are the one that I wanted all along
The temptation to finally have you was strong

You took what I offered without second thought
Playing along I made available what you bought
I know it was like a financial transaction
Your body for my wanting as a subtraction
We played - knowing we were wrong from the start
But it's too late now because we have each other's heart

I hate you for what you are doing to me
I love you for finally setting me free
You hate me for the way I invaded your mind
You love me because you are no longer blind
Together we are going strong
A concept I considered before to be wrong

My happiness surrounds your satisfaction
You're right there for me in every interaction
Encounters are passionate one after another
But forever we never promised each other
Still - I always know at the end of each day
We meet right here - just as we never stray

You get me and your nature I understand
I'm o.k. to be the ostrich with the-head-in-the sand
You let me explore the soft feminine things
So we're even and without any strings
You say that your love for me is unbearably strong
And I finally know where I belong

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Evolutionary Soul

I was told that in the mirror I see my soul's reflection
But I only look at my face without a deeper connection
I have been searching for a sign of this soul of mine
Being curious about the aspects of intelligent design
Scriptures say that my immaterial parts are immortal
To join my creator one day leaving through a portal

But what if I only have material parts that are me
Tiny molecules held together tightly woven like a tree
Will they join others one day within time and space
Become one and form a new and smarter DNA base
That diversified me will it be better in spirit and form
And grow within someone else creating a new norm

Well - I like to believe that my conscience is my soul
That grows and learns like my own quality control
My soul is what is speaking to me when I am unsure
When I am lost it figures me out like an entrepreneur
My soul puts me back in line and keeps me intact
It reminds me that I am human and at times overreact

In my mind I combine the terms soul and humanity
But humans are often not humane and haunted by insanity
Within every person I try to see a soul but it is a struggle
Life occurs like a carnival exposing good and evil in a juggle
While I am staring in the mirror asking if I have done all I could
I am confused about my evolutionary soul hoping all is good

Kristina Louisa Carr

Faith

I want to be tightly embraced by strong steel beams
Anchored in the hard ground buried by my screams
Rushing through millenniums without recognizing time
Forgetting the promises of a suffered through prime
Searching for skeletons in my closet long left behind
I assign new meanings to curves now newly streamlined

Sharp rusty particles cut open the raw pain in my veins
While I go on vacation boarding camouflaged war planes
The beat of empty drums reflect the throbbing of my heart
And forlorn silence sells the notes of a rejuvenated Mozart
Then I step onto a salty desert converting it to green wetlands
Hanging from stalactite I swing from secured iron wristbands

Later I report to do time sweeping sorrows from sidewalks
Listening to a sermon delivering empty promises and talks
I bleach out blood stains from a long white Christening gown
Knowing that time has failed me giving birth to a cultured clown
But all is not lost yet assigning new hope in form of reincarnations
We always have a second chance if choosing the right destinations

Kristina Louisa Carr

Falling

Lost words return to me like fog on rainy afternoons
When conversations lose their meaning like cartoons
I feel the breath of all seconds when the moments stand still
While an eerie silence is circling my aura for a lasting thrill
Shift-shaping memories become illusions of imminent pain
When I scream into the darkness bound by an iron chain

As illicit dreams of travels release meanings previously confined
Quiet tears are gathered as witnesses in ponds for peace of mind
Hiding between mirrored walls is a task spellbindingly clear
When the dust in my eyes makes tomorrow almost disappear
The darkness is warm and comforting in a small empty room
Like compacted dirt piled in layers on a fresh marble tomb

Questions become answers in a familiar world without a sound
As the ice ruptures and angry waves collide on common ground
When glass breaks into a thousand pieces small and undefined
I can compartmentalize my choices written in Braille for the blind
But the lines of my borders become blurry like an infinite grey sky
And breathing appears to be easy when living is just waiting to die

I put my foot down shattering the ground of concrete and steel
But my balance had been lost during a ride on the Ferris wheel
Hiding under the looking glass was an idea that came to me in the rain
Now the umbrella has been lost that shielded me from the pain
Individual sweet notes from a tune long forgotten I now recall
But I can't apply the brakes and in a large mirror I slowly fall

Kristina Louisa Carr

Fertility

As a little girl I was prepared to be fertile
But I knew all along it wasn't my style
I made plans for a future and career
Everything I lined out very sincere
There was no room for additional life
I never missed a family or being a wife

Then only once I lost myself in another
Very briefly I surrendered to smother
I was tempted and invincible for a while
Until I left sentiments behind like a junk pile
In my schedule and work I found satisfaction
I was on my path again without distraction

The corporate world is a tough play ground
Women have to fight harder to stick around
What is given to a man a woman has to earn
And it is a lonely path disregarding concern
I played by the rules and had it all figured out
But life reserved the last laugh without doubt

New emotions suddenly opened my heart
And all my changes became part of a chart
I carefully outweighed my goals and choices
While I started to listen to familiar voices
My reflection in the mirror changed to another
And I chose to become someone else – a mother

Kristina Louisa Carr

Forces Of Nature

When there is silence outside under the snow
I wish I could be a stone watching from below
The cold masses would provide me with peace
A state of mind I would love to increase

When there is a sandstorm arriving in a big cloud
I want to be able to withstand it alone in a crowd
The sand would surround me and rub against my skin
Like an innocent warm embrace rocking my body within

When there is a thunderstorm with great force
I want to use the lightening as an energy source
The electricity would rejuvenate my tired soul
The loud thunder would chase me out of my black whole

When a hurricane is turning the sky pitch black
I want to be outside and bathe in its violent attack
The winds would carry me to distant lands and oceans
And the rains would nurture my starved emotions

When a storm crowns the ocean with white foam
Swallowed by the water I would never miss home
Crashing waves would destroy every vessel at sea
But I understand the hunger and can't disagree

When the sun shines bright and it's peaceful outside
I could disappear behind large shadows or hide
The tall grass would cradle me until I'm fast asleep
Dreaming of the forces of nature for me to keep

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Freedom

Our world is so beautiful and we are supposed to be free
But more often than not we feel the burden of a penitentiary
Because we have to be politically correct feelings are disguised
And we became slaves to the goods we want that are advertised
People no longer just need clothing water shelter and food
Now it's riches and lots of excess as a necessity they include

Keeping up with the Joneses we often lose our perspective
And our motives are selfish and opinions at best subjective
We became addicts needing things we want to have in our lives
And it seems to be important what kind of vehicles we drive
Lots of plastic pays for all the things we don't really need
Every day we are stressing and life passes by with great speed

Children that are parked in front of the TV mostly unattended
Preparing to become valid contributors to a life that's splendid
All sense for family compassion and environment are long lost
And the only important values in our lives are the things that cost
Lots of excess generate mountains of discards and smelly trash
And people don't care where it all goes because it's no longer cash

On holidays flags rise in the name of patriotism and country pride
Forgetting that the values once fought for have been casted aside
HIV still kills by the thousands while guns and drugs infested our cities
Families are homeless but benefits are cut by political committees
The media tells us what to feel and we obediently take the pop quiz
Because we're free thinkers and freedom comes easy like show biz

Kristina Louisa Carr

Good Bye

The morning after we said our final good bye
What I remember is a single tear from your eye
Today it hit me that I can't call you anymore
To tell you how my day was and it's you I adore
Please know that when you left you took pieces of me
And my life will never be the same I guarantee

I had to leave you - because it's me I had to save
I know I acted like a coward and I am not very brave
Please understand that I love you more than anybody ever will
But I'm too afraid that things one day go downhill
I want to remember you just the way we were before
And not face what the future has for us in store

My love for you is so consuming and almost unreal
And I know that for me only you are the real deal
But I can't face the possibility of you leaving me one day
So I had to leave first and be gone and far away
In my heart I will keep my love for you going strong
And no one will ever know that I keep you with me - lifelong

Today I want to stay right here in my bed and think of you
Once more envision our love and think of your point of view
Right now I will cry and loose all my tears over night
And tomorrow I will smile to the world and act all right
Because of you I'll have to wear a mask for the rest of my life
I wish that I would be stronger and become your wife

No other man will ever know or even assume
That I abandoned true love right here in this room
The other guy will be happy with your left over and only a shell
For - I have already given my heart away and wished it farewell
He will never know of my dreams and my cries in the night
Because looking at him I will smile and put up a fight

So tonight please let me wail in pain and sorrow
Starting over without you with the new day tomorrow
I pray that you will move on - forget me and never call
Because hearing your voice would crumble my wall

I hope that I will never see you face to face ever again
Because if I will I would go back to where we were and go insane

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Heartburn

Fresh tar on the road covers up voices in black
But suggestive words will linger like an attack
The silence like an offering misunderstood
Triggers memories of all that has been good
Empty rooms carefully decorated with ease
Suggest a salty taste like food that is Chinese

Fire carefully contained in a box made of tin
Still causes blisters and scars on tender skin
Repetitions safe and familiar at the same time
Lock away the wanting like a potential crime
The heart is a muscle definitive deaf and blind
When illusions take flight no longer confined

Like tree bark breaks open giving birth to a new leaf
I am suffocating in anticipation in form of grief
New love may not be worth the effort in the shade
Missing my serenity I feel vulnerable and betrayed
A heart that is burning brings hope wrapped like a gift
But unanswered questions remain open floating adrift

Kristina Louisa Carr

Heat In The City

Bumper to bumper traffic in the heat of the city
The air is thick and dusty full of smog and gritty
Dirty Yellow Cabs contributing to noisy confusion
While a hot dog stand on the corner sells profusion

The pavement is sticky reflecting the heat in waves
Throughout cars are swallowed by hot asphalt graves
Overcrowded busses spit out passengers one by one
While temperatures are rising with an unforgiving sun

Vegetables and fruits for sale covered in dirt and grime
On the sidewalks of the city bait flies in the mean time
People rushing downstairs to the Metro escaping the heat
Only realizing that it is just as bad and by far no retreat

A broken fire hydrant provides the illusion of cool relieve
But only street children bathe in the grey water taking leave
A lonely traffic cop damp with perspiration looks atrocious
Hot sweaty faces wait for his signal resentful and ferocious

Curriers on bikes with sunburns between cars are speeding
Steaming masses waiting for the light before proceeding
The smells of the hot city are overpowering and very strong
Torturing its inhabitants without sense of right and wrong

Kristina Louisa Carr

Hiding The Edge

Running from me is tedious and often difficult
Because I see more crossroads than I should
Trying to cut the circle so it has a start and an end
I often rattle things that are strange and offend
Standing still while showering in a cold déjà vu
Thoughts at random deliver things I never knew

Hiding behind expressions and smiles untrue
Easy conversation covers the real things I do
With practice I'm the perfect magician in the light
While in darkness I find memories that I rewrite
Colorful chips of glass collected but definitely broken
Can never be surrendered to recycle for a token

Then sometimes bright mornings become dark nights
And I feel the rhythm of words spoken as last rites
Like waves of sadness shatter on sharp cliffs ahead
I struggle to find reason for the loss and the dead
Memories forgotten surface and become swiftly true
Right then I just live and smile while existing in view

The grey circle around my heart may turn black or white
Depending if I can face the sun and things are alright
Or if shadows silently hidden swallow all sound and love
Days appear at random and that - I am afraid to speak of
So - on some days better than on others I smile and chat
Not showing that I swim against the current like in combat

Kristina Louisa Carr

Hold Me Over

Today is a good day and I'm holding on
Not once have I cried because you're gone
Looking over jade green waters in the pond
I see Canadian Geese making a lifelong bond

The sun casts beautiful shadows on the grass
Resting on the bench the time just slowly pass
A welcoming cool breeze traveling from the sea
And I'm dreaming of you and how things could be

I have met someone that is holding me over
Until I can breathe again and live without fever
A calming sensation that has crept in slowly
It's only temporarily and feels almost unholy

I look into blue eyes but see hazel mostly
Your image still strong in my mind and ghostly
There are so many things I could have done
But I missed my chance and it can't be undone

Barely holding me over is this new situation
While thinking of you I have no new motivation
Maybe one day you will be back and find me
And we can start over right here by the sea

Kristina Louisa Carr

Hope Of A Parallel Universe

The notion of parallel universes are a wonderful possibility
Thinking that I could be somewhere else but still be me
Interpretations of quantum physics truly keep me captive
Possibilities that we could live anywhere and life is adaptive

I love the angle of random selection and different chances
In another universe I would make other choices and advances
Possibilities of a Fata Morgana replicating my own existence here
Appears like an astonishing dream and let my small stuff disappear

Thinking that I would be with you in another world and space
Loving you just the same or even more is a thought I embrace
Right now and here while I mourn your absence and that I let you go
There I would be smarter and we be happy on a different plateau

In this other universe I may knew you from when I was a child
We would love each other from the beginning and later grow wild
I know that each morning I am right by your side and never leave
Life would be great and I am not sitting down thinking with grievance

Right there I would believe in you and give us a chance to grow
I would tell you that I love you and instead of good bye say hello
I harbor hope to live in a parallel universe with you and be free
To do all I dare not here and with you I forever be the real me

Kristina Louisa Carr

I Lost You To Money

You have walked great distances in a trance
Not noticing that life is more than a chance
You have laughter and love every day here
But you're not happy and chose to overhear

In every corner you are hunting for money
Missing all joy and the things that are funny
You can only smile about your bank account
Attaching to everything you value an amount

You are stressed but you just keep on going
Satisfaction equals numbers that are growing
You don't see that life is just passing you by
Failing to notice the sunshine and the blue sky

You look stunning in your shirt and tailored suit
But that's all you ever wear you can't dispute
I speak more often to your secretary than to you
You've no time and I'm just waiting in your queue

It appears that you have forgotten who you are
We used to talk for hours and you were my star
I want to just say that I miss our time together
And I want to go back to where we were altogether

Kristina Louisa Carr

I Love You

Our worlds are connected by the energy of lightening
The storm we create is powerful and often frightening
When our eyes lock surroundings disappear into vapor
The love I feel for you is real and never subject to taper

On my sad days you create rainbows that are glowing
Changing my aura I instantly feel better and easygoing
When I cry you wrap your arms around me and I'm intact
You are my sun that gives me life and reason matter of fact

With you I have days that are like sunshine and bliss
Everything appears to be perfect and nothing is amiss
I admire your strength and your reasoning every day
The cool you keep and that nothing you say is a one-way

I cherish your patience that I can bounce off playing
And your laugh when I don't understand what you're saying
You stand up solid with rationality purpose and fact
While I'm emotional daydreaming and at times overreact

I have never met anyone that can be so demanding but tender
Never leaving me guessing it's honesty that you render
You know I don't need you but it's myself around you I outdo
I hope that you truly understand that I only love you

Kristina Louisa Carr

Instincts

Thinking about human interactions and behavior
I believe that's why we may need scriptures and a savior
Learned components and expressions are ample
But predatory instincts are voiced daily by example

Our dominant motivational forces are aggression and sex
And they are often lurking in the shade and leave us perplex
Even if our genetic interrelations of instincts are hiding
I feel their forces within me and am most often abiding

I am saying that forces of instinctual drives are calling
And only my innate behavior gives me reason for stalling
The way I give in to you is it really a hereditary reaction
Or only me on an infinite quest for habitual satisfaction

I classify you as my genetically predetermined property
Triggering my prodigious instincts that brings out the real me
You really don't know that I feel constructivism and fear
Whenever there is a threat that's keeping you from being near

You provoke both my native and acquired forms of reaction
All combined result in an overwhelming and scary attraction
Around you I am not ever what propriety dictates at large
With you my survival and sexual love instincts are in charge

My instinct of acquisitiveness is the one coming out with you
But you think its curiosity and really don't have a clue
I fill a magazine with my life and emotions and load the gun
Aiming for you to embrace my love and consider us to be one

Thinking about our interactions and specific behavior
I truly believe that we will make it and I can be your savior
We learn together and our expressions are in sync for ever
Instincts or not what we have is real and something to treasure

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Just A Few Days (Or: More Than An Affair)

I want to wake with your smell on my skin
To feel your body against mine as it has been
Your suitcase no time to unpack
The way it always goes - that's a fact

I know that you will have to leave again after a while
And our relationship is flexible and versatile
I already miss you although you are not gone yet
Your absence lingering over me like a threat

For once I want to keep you here with me
But I understand about your business and responsibility
In another world, another time and place
I want the two of us - our commitment to embrace

Your love for me you confess all the time
I wish holding you hostage wouldn't be a crime
I believe your feelings for me are really true
They reflect in your eyes all the way through

You stir my passions each time and more
Often I struggle for my breathing to restore
You tell me that one day we will be together
But first I would have to leave him like bad weather

What you don't know is that I only call your name
And being with him is by far not the same
But he is right here and will never leave me
You - as soon as I blink you're across the sea

I promise to come back to you each time you are here
I don't mind having you as my personal puppeteer
When I don't see you I just barely survive
You should know - only when you are here I come alive

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Just For A Moment

I want to come home and find you sleeping
Slipping under the cover
Feeling the cool cotton sheets on my skin
I hear your breathing
Then you notice my presence
Just for a moment

Molding my body to your back
Carefully not to disturb you
Skin on skin - your skin on my skin
Your warmth is invading my senses
My hand trailing lightly along your arm
Just for a moment

Setting my heart by your heartbeat
You are the one I come home to
My fingers slightly brushing the hair on your thigh
Resting on your hip
I kiss your shoulder Good Night
Just for a moment

Turning around
I feel your movement
Now you - molding your body against mine
Skin on skin
Your hand trailing lightly along my arm
Just for a moment

Intoxicated by your touch I feel you
We awake together
Letting go of our weariness
Collide, struggle, unfold, explode, release
Breathe, laugh, wind down
Until we fall to sleep - holding each other
Just for a moment

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Lagos

City of noise, fumes, dirt and corruption
City of beaches, money, luxury and lust
A city where your wisdom is lost
Where serenity is covered in sweat and blood

Lagos will disregard your identity
Hires blind men as tour guides
Desperate hours in internet cafes
While the gambler awaits his reward

The souls of men held hostage in hotel rooms
Privacy is non existent
And loneliness is right by your side
Your sleep is surrounded by tears and sorrow

Lagos the city of false dreams
Salt on the open wounds of insignificance
Morality lost during nights of surrender
Among oppression hope barely survives

Dreams of a land in the distance
Remain unfulfilled in a cloud of promises
Promises of a better tomorrow
Only found in the arms of true love

Kristina Louisa Carr

Lazy Afternoon

Listening to the haunting voice of Nina Simone
Celebrating time to myself as a temporary loan
Everything is quiet but thoughts are invading
Giving in to temptation reality is slowly fading

Crisp white cotton sheets feel cool on my skin
Soft fluffy clouds granting the remission of sin
Blinds filter the light and the room has a glow
Thoughts of the hierophant from a spread of Tarot

Floating on a dark stream in a great big seashell
Pulled by graceful swans wishing me farewell
I'm dreaming of a dark forest with huge oak trees
A place among moist tall grass puts me at ease

Memories of past times surface on a lazy afternoon
Leaning against the piano like resting in a saloon
Time seems to stand still drowning all evil and fears
While it gets darker outside and the moon appears

A lazy afternoon gives way to a sensual dark night
And thoughts of the one I love urgently excite
Thundering waves rolling in and brake on shore
He undresses slowly after walking through the door

Kristina Louisa Carr

Lies

Promises are void if given under false pretense
It is like making a bad joke at your own expense
You delivered words that came smooth and easy
While in reality they were worthless and sleazy

Your voice remained steady but delivered lies
I do not know what you gained with your disguise
Was it just your own ego that you were feeding
Or was it control you are after when misleading

You showered me with plans and none were true
I'm glad I did not fall and put you under review
Still I wish you the best and will not hold a grudge
Because you will get what you deserve I judge

It seems pathetic that you needed false schemes
To make you feel more of a man in your dreams
There was no damage done and I let you off fast
After all it is your loss and the test you did not pass

(dedicated to Duncan Tanner Jr.)

Kristina Louisa Carr

Little People

Have you ever noticed when looking into a baby's eyes
The child seems to know more than you and is wise
At times I wonder if they remember life of a previous time
And know all downfalls of our world and every crime
I wish that I could be excited for the life they will explore
But in reality I rather hide and close my door
I wish I can protect all from indifference and neglect
To preserve the innocence no one has damaged yet

What could I say to prepare them for life
Without gutting the truth with a very sharp knife
Should I be honest about all evil and pain
Or let them go into reality taking later the blame
I hope they will have loyal friends one day and thrive
Without thinking a cliff may be the answer and dive
I want to create a wall of protection around every black hole
And build a 10 foot fence of barb wire around their soul

Have you ever noticed the wishes for a new born child
All carefully selected and plentiful compiled
Right there not one person feels sorrow and is afraid
For all the other little people growing up in the shade
I want to collect and protect the ones that are already here
But no matter how loud I shout it - people just overhear
So my message is to you right now, and today
Save the ones we already have - without second thought and betray

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Lost

The palm of my hand is empty but I still hold on
Your voice just an imagination and long gone
The smile I love haunts my every dream
But loneliness is my companion per diem

A love lost as it had been previously found
No longer an option and all hope has drowned
I want to evaporate like a raindropp in the sun
And with thoughts of you I become undone

My world appears to be smaller these days
And new visions appear to me as in a haze
My life every day is the work of a pretender
Should I admit defeat and finally surrender

My own sanity at large is at stake
And with every thought I slowly break
I took a chance but now everything is lost
Everything reminding me of you I tossed

Sure I may find solace with another guy
But the thought to find you again I could never deny
I am lost in this world and everything seems strange
The fact that I feel only for you will never change

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Lost Identity

Right here walking alone down the road I feel free
Because there is nothing pressuring me to agree
I can miss a step or slow down and shout out loud
Because no one will ask what I'm screaming about

Around you I have to watch my every step and move
Being careful not to do anything you'll not approve
Somewhere some time ago I lost me and became you
Being who you want me to be - someone brand new

My nails are now manicured and I wear a heavy ring
You only buy me designer outfits as a regular thing
I drive what you bought because you donated my car
But sometimes I can't breathe because my life is afar

You are always working and your time for me is spare
My days are filled with silly things and that's not fair
I finished my degree but now I don't remember why
Because here I live my life around you on stand by

You vowed to take care of me and you certainly do
You take care of everything and all is just about you
I can't find myself and I miss me how I was before
You control all of my moves and still ask for more

Kristina Louisa Carr

Lost In A Night

During a dark night the streets come to life on their own
Lurking danger is cradled by disciples reigning from a throne
Sirens at midnight echo like the forlorn souls of sinners
When survival is a gamble without disclosing any winners
Subtle like a symphony last rites are spoken in confessions
And the free on the corner burning their worldly possessions

The night train claims its victims slowly in long tiled caves
While the tired indulge in discussions disclosing the brave
The dark night is no longer mysterious like a virgin at dawn
When the river swallows pride and hope with a stifled yawn
Then the bright lights of the windows lead the way like stars
While hiding its inhabitants selling the smoke of Cuban cigars

The words written on billboards have a double meaning now
Because the creatures of the dark are on their nightly prowl
Prisoners lock their chains tightly with allegiance and lies
Drinking the wine from silver goblets being newly baptized
Yellow plastic tape reveals scenes of old crimes committed
While diseases make room for blistering wounds omitted

High black boots over nylon protect from the icy rain
Worn by smiling creatures in costumes lined in naked pain
Silent screams dance slowly to the rhythms of electric guitars
When warm blood runs over the edges of newly inflicted scars
In hotel rooms illusions are buried in caskets with iron doors
While illuminated casinos are the new twenty-four hour stores

Dancers dressed in grey asphalt park the ruins of rusty cars
And the nightly sounds of celebrations travel from behind bars
Initiating new battles with alibis originated in secrets drowned
The coroner is collecting rewards on frozen common ground
The children of tomorrow now veterans of wars and extortion
Face the night losing dreams with the pain of a silent abortion

Kristina Louisa Carr

Love & Heat

Heat has a strange affect on the human mind
Sensations are felt strongly and often undefined
It appears that temperatures are rising from within
To match the sweltering heat outside like a twin
It feels like a fever crawling slowly through veins
Spreading all over until no cool spot remains

Some people feel a rage when driving or agitation
But to me the heat feels like a welcome sedation
It appears as my senses are running in a low gear
And everything is fuzzy and I'm unsure and unclear
The heat surrounds me with a steaming outer shell
It paralyzes my reactions and invades every cell

When the humidity rises and temperatures are high
The wind feels like heat waves or a blazing drive-by
The hot breeze invades my pores and heats my heart
I can sense the blood pumping not needing a kick start
Running down my collarbone I feel a wet salty trail
And I am helpless against the reactions you prevail

In the heat of the day I like to come together real slow
Your touch silencing my thoughts and my mind I let go
When our bodies collide surrounded by vapor and steam
Making love in slow motion I perceive like a great dream
The ceiling fan cuts through thick layers of scorching heat
But our bodies are breathing together and are complete

Kristina Louisa Carr

Love Of Flavors

Preferences vary the same as arrays of attractions
Different flavors often cause interesting reactions
People in general react to the same stimulations
I in particular fall repeatedly for the same temptations
Cayenne pepper burns like your love on a hot day
Frozen Mojito's you made for me - served on a tray

Your lotion is slippery and smells of earth and rain
Leaving a slight shimmer on your skin I cannot constrain
The vague scent of your shower soap lingers in your hair
And my senses you set aflame each time I'm fully aware
The hint of fabric softener on the shirt you wear today
I embrace like a gift from you when close to me you stay

When driving to the coast I fall for the salty sea breeze
Imitating your sweat on my body while it's you I please
Being with you triggers my senses right now and when I dream
And alone with you your scent drives me to the extreme
Little pearls of your sweat I conceive like fluid for my soul
All of your flavors actually send me spinning out of control

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Loving You Is Easy

Warm feelings of contentment and familiarity
Everything quite organized surfacing with clarity
Smiles relinquished without rumor or suggestion
The hand that's missing the ace of diamonds in question
Long evenings spent side by side without confrontation
A shoulder to lean on forgetting intruding desolation

Blue skies for stormy days ahead in the far distance
Thoughts discussed in the open missing passive resistance
Clear shallow waters have nothing to hide or to disclose
Love offered is quietly breathing careful not to impose
Topics of the day are the menu or upcoming festivities
In unity decisions are made about contributing activities

Daily phone calls at work talking about traffic and weather
Consuming happiness about a great life spend together
At night longing dreams of different times bring confusion
While long gone passions abandoned voice reason of disillusion
In the morning life returns to its usual track real breezy
But considering everything life is good and loving you is easy

Kristina Louisa Carr

Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds

A tiny brown triangle on the finger tip
Promises to explore distant lands on a trip
Lying back slowly to relax and be easy
Drinking clear fluids not to feel queasy

Warm waters rush from my toes to my head
Translucent images surface slowly from ahead
Beautiful crystals dance to Rock & Roll tunes
While the stars twinkle on early afternoons

A kaleidoscopic mirage is born from the light
While words spoken in whispers calmly excite
Snowflakes of feathers are refreshing in July
A dragon is crowned visiting from Shanghai

Strawberries become mountains to explore
A room without doors I'm trying to ignore
From the corner the North Wind is blowing
Green marbles in a vase are brightly glowing

Seductive rivers displaying waves in pastel
Raining on the angel of truth casting a spell
Reminiscing about a time that seems long gone
Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds was the song

Kristina Louisa Carr

Matchmaker

Behind my house there is a quaint little pond
And every time it rains a little green frog responds
I know that he is lonely and cries into the night
He is longing to find a mate to be complete and all right

The heat is sweltering and he swims on afternoons
Longing for the rain during the night to voice his tunes
Sometimes he is resting on a moist mossy green rock
Looking around aware of his biological clock

On the other side there is a creek behind the pool
There is a small green frog all alone and it's cruel
So I went and captured the one by my pond
And brought it over to the creek to make a bond

Now my nights are filled with silence and peace
And one would think my good night's rest would increase
But instead I was wondering if the frogs getting along
Because if not - then what I did was totally wrong

This morning my neighbor that lives by the creek
Came over to complain about the noise at night's peak
She said that there is a whole family of green frog's right there
She will never know how happy I am about that - I swear

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Missing You

Missing you feels like hours spend in slow motion
Desperate moments alone in the dark
Watching the clock loosing seconds
Quicksand layering the surface of my distraction

Missing you as I had met you before
Submitting to the vision of you in my mind
Abandonment of all reasons
As I vacate my room of mirrors and glass

Insanity in full motion
While you are still not by my side
Founding you as my institution
While a mirage monopolizes my life

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Monday Morning

As the sun comes up between the grey of the rain clouds
Brighter than the streetlights along the industrial parks
I travel slowly gaining foot by foot in the dense traffic
As the buses, trucks and cars fight their way up the bridge
I see beauty on this Monday morning after the rain

While misty drops of water elevated by the tires ahead
Splash on my windshield before illuminating like diamonds
The sun rises in my back welcoming this new rainy day
Harbor cranes like silhouettes along the river shores
Tower high above the freight piers blue and grey on grey

Crossing the bridge high above the city in the midst of traffic
I see the dark waters sleeping very still after the storm
Drops of water lingering on the railing far on the outer edge
Before losing balance and making the journey into the deep
To mingle with the river then travel the short distance to the sea

I dream about flying and diving into cool black waters
About becoming one with the particles of our existence
Surrounded by a vacuum I could start over in a different form
But the traffic merciless pushes me further along into the city
I missed my chance and just smile about the beauty of today

Kristina Louisa Carr

Morgana Le Fay

Many mystic stories about the Lady Morgana are told
About her being a priestesses intelligent and very bold
Ahead of her time she may've been the Merlin's student
She had a child with her brother Arthur and was prudent
Her oratory was artistically defined powerfull and strong
During her life time she already was a legend and had a song

Living in the mists of Avalon she was a fairy and very small
Brooding over the powers of King Arthur one can recall
She used manipulative methods that were underhanded
She danced naked under the moon when the craft demanded
Morgana was beautiful with long black hair and fair skin
She used her sexuality combined with magic to surely win

Morgana inflicted pain and destruction while being daring
She demanded the crown and kingdom no word of sharing
Morgana so different from the more popular Guinevere
Caused the King's adultery as Camille with results severe
But later she remains with the king her brother until his death
Escorting him on his final trip to Avalon in great distress

The stories of strong women of past times and generations
Causing men to shiver and voice doubts fears and allegations
How Morgana would be observed during modern times today
We can't say because what she did would still be foul play
So Morgana remains a mystery and her life's forces unclear
We may look at her as a first feminist - kind of as a pioneer

Kristina Louisa Carr

Motherhood

You - born with my blood
On your body like a sacrifice
I looked at you breathing, taking
My air into your lungs as you
Occupied my space.

Like the reiteration of sirens
I hear your cries
As I learn to distinct the sounds
I find solitude in your
Wellbeing and your comfort

Taking ownership of your
Existence I give love, shelter
And protection freely and not
Because you need it but
Because you are mine

I am determined to overlook
Our similarities and celebrate
Your differences the ones still
undiscovered, slumbering, waiting.
Surprise me in exchange for love.

With you my life became a journey
Always hoping always setting
New goals, new mile stones to discover
Unexpected obstacles to conquer ☐
And loving every minute of it.

Today after the years, I would do it again
All over without looking back
I would let nature rip you from my ☐
Womb and catapult you out
Into my world to give you love.

Kristina Louisa Carr

Mourning (To My Mother)

Flying above water in new time and space
Memories remain and cannot be erased
Waters ripple with soft winds approaching
I bathe in despair and miss your coaching

Treasures discarded or carefully tucked away
Beautiful flowers in vases send in a bouquet
The green of your eyes once deep like the ocean
They no longer see and are void of emotion

Humble assumptions received in a letter
Meant to console do not make me feel better
Ripped out from my life you left a deep scar
The silence around me seems almost bizarre

Your book of life is now open for evaluation
And it is much too late for a new foundation
Your sweater will never give you warmth again
While my tears burn trails like hot acid rain

The days before yesterday I lose out of sight
And my tomorrows are foggy under a blue light
I feel the time that I have lost a long time ago
While new days settle in like icicles and snow

Mistakes speak loudly and echo in my room
But every season passes by all in full bloom
Regret is hurtful because I ignored the signs
While the words disappear between the lines

Today I look at death with a new perspective
Because you cleared the road very effective
No longer afraid because you will be there
I will live out my days the best I can and prepare

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Mr. Wrong

He sent me flying just with a single glance
Meeting him I never stood a fighting chance
I wanted to walk with him on unexplored trails
Setting silence free behind translucent veils

Tall marble statues breathing started to bleed
Dragonflies gave passage but ready to mislead
His eyes mirrored words while exhaling real slow
Speaking of all the things I never meant to know

We danced in circles to a subtle haunting Blues tune
While reality was bathed in the light of a blue moon
Smiling he was transmuting poison into champagne
Rapidly falling we never experienced any restrain

His touch burned like fire and left scars behind
Bound by iron chains all words remained confined
Truth became lies and lies where never spoken
He is Mr. Wrong but the spell was never broken

Kristina Louisa Carr

My Lies

I love the way you call my name
My whole being you seem to claim
But I also know that my reality with you is untrue
Right now in my life - you're just passing through
I live in a castle bursting of unfulfilled dreams
And nothing is truly the way it seems

I wish I could find true love and surrender
But right now that thought is only a contender
In fact - today I am not after change at all
Keeping my sanity may be a close call
Today - tonight I just want to lay my head in your lap
Avoiding thoughts of tomorrow like a booby trap

A future with you in my life is just a momentary vision
And embracing the truth hurts like a bad collision
I crave being with you like a vampire needs blood to survive
But we only play house like conducting a test drive
All is o.k. I guess - so let me lie to myself a bit longer
I know I have to get back to the truth one day - when I'm stronger

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Kristina Louisa Carr

My Mask Is One

Every day I feel the power of life in my veins
The life that causes my passions and pains
At times I can barely stay still and rest
All my emotions piled up and tightly compressed
I am often afraid that I will release the wrong one
Because once something is out you can't make it undone
So I take everything I got and appear like a bore
When in reality I just want to scream and be his whore

Around him I am someone else - someone nice and calm
Retracting my claws - watching like a peeking Tom
I let him make love to me in the missionary position
He has no clue that I could be the perfect technician
And a little while later when he is fast asleep and snoring
I come out from under the cover and I go exploring
Wearing jeans and a tank top I may become a biker bride
Or in a sleazy pub I meet you and do shots by your side

He will never find out who I am and certainly never tried
And one day I will be gone and don't care that I ever lied
I see myself in you and I can go swimming in your eyes
With you I become me without any need to improvise
So I get that you pressure me to make a decision
But I am hesitant because I want it all without any provision
So will you just bear with me - relax and chill out
Until I am sure and without any doubt!

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Night Time

Distant vague voices waking me up when I sleep
Lightening illuminates my heart diving deep
The vibrations of life are my steady attendant
While a hypnotist claims his share with a pendant

Bathing in oceans under the guard of a silver moon
I'm shaking off the weariness of an inert afternoon
The embraces of long dark shadows are inviting
Dreams not yet dreamed are a threat but exciting

Searching shallow surfaces for intimate destinations
New memories visited give reason for interpretations
Listening to the silence and imitating every tune
Deserts turn to liquid welcoming the rains of monsoon

Primordial rituals of darkness assist in transubstantiation
Blood is running faster betraying the body's revelation
Past struggles become new promises while rapidly expanding
Thrills of the night are powerful without misunderstanding

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Kristina Louisa Carr

November Clarity

In a world surrounded by concrete walls painted in white
Words spoken are barely whispered being calm and polite
The executioner is the one you can see in the mirror
Offering explanations without making the events any clearer
Behind the walls the wrecking ball is dancing on a string
Threatening to fall into the water of a frozen hot spring

Icy rain leaves a trail of burnt paper on the slope of a hill
Hiding the letters of words spoken in truth and good will
In the years to come clothes of mourning will be worn
Costumes of war carefully camouflaged but mostly torn
The echo of soft words speaking of chance and repetition
Erases the memories that cannot manifest in ambition

Missing out because love is actually a surrendering emotion
While its chance is confined in water drops of the ocean
Vaporized by sun light and notions of frost in November
Hours will turn into years with next to nothing to remember
Through the glass long lost thoughts start to run without aim
Protected by a shield I am waiting without anything to claim

New truths are formed by ambivalence as a distraction
Protected by a thick shell sound proved hidden from action
Raising November fog thick and hollow is hugging the day
As I stand interpreting maps trying to find my own way
With patience I am awaiting the clearing of the road ahead
Passing lots of time with words that better being left unsaid

Kristina Louisa Carr

Numb

I am breathing but the air does not fill my lungs
Minutes turn into days with ice on the tip of my tongue
Thoughts of life bypass my heart and linger in the room
I can't make sense of the noise invading like stale perfume
Walking down the road I lose my inner perspective
Searching for something under stones like a detective

Sleep saves me with clouds of darkness during the night
While ideas of tenderness surrender without a fight
Stone walls keep me captive in pastures of green grass
Waiting I watch the seasons through a kaleidoscope glass
Like the echo of sirens vibrating in a storm of dust and sand
I am swaying in the breeze to the beat of a forgotten band

Crossing the bridge across a river of clammy cold sweat
I attempt to clean up the blood of the wounded as in debt
The breath of death touched my surface missing my heart
Every day I get up and move around pretending not to fall apart
Iron chains keep me captive without chafing my ankles and skin
Reborn as a virgin I gain inches embracing the shadow of my twin

I can hear the screams of the silent mirrored in pleading eyes
Paralyzed they cannot save me permitting excuses and lies
Time stands still clutching to the dances of sleepless nights
I am rattling confessions disguised in rituals of last rites
In a world of anguish I am still free blowing bubbles of gum
Smiling I am hiding my tears and sorrows remaining numb

Kristina Louisa Carr

Off Days

On my off days I may need a little attention
Just a smile may be o.k. that rids the tension
Sometimes there are clouds that are really dark
No matter what I say or do I just miss the mark

There are days I say things to cover up my fear
You will have to listen closely so it becomes clear
At random I may want everything right here and then
To disguise my hurt over and over time and again

Occasionally all I see is the damage previously done
Paralyzed I say crazy things forgetting where it begun
I started collecting my hurt going a long time back
Defenseless I show it sometimes all gloomy and black

I am sorry but there are days I can't laugh or smile
Taking cover I may hide without going the extra mile
I feel like drowning and emotions threaten to overflow
It's hard to stay focused when carrying a big load very slow

Those days are my personal penitentiary I can't outrun
I am really vulnerable and very easily I become undone
Please understand that it's difficult to surface and start new
On my off days please just love me - and help me through

Kristina Louisa Carr

Passions Ablaze

Cascading waterfalls caress my body and skin
Drops of water evaporate without trace within
Slumbering heat surfaces slowly and burning
Like a rumbling volcano an eruption it's yearning

Suppressed explosions become a current threat
While whispered words induce hot sticky sweat
Trembling voices make promises hard to keep later
Intentions declared obviously not needing a translator

Frank collisions are powerful with purpose and aim
Wanting everything that's offered without restrain
Flooding emotions run over without reason to control
Dancing on hot coals prolonging the inevitable goal

Playfully braking on a steep icy road going downhill
Bathing in blood with Piranhas showing an iron will
Moist rainbows shatter the great powers of thunder
While embracing the universe trying not to go under

Silent screams yearning to be heard and set free
Breaking through a wall of fire with an urgent plea
Forceful lightening strikes violently and expanding
Tight bundles of fire explode with a crash landing

Climbing down the ladder into a warm green ocean
Reason surfaces slowly still burning in slow motion
Brewing storm clouds compounding new twisters inside
Tempting thunder and lightning to welcome a new bride

Kristina Louisa Carr

Poppies

Spread out bright red silky fragile petals
Folded together tightly like sheet metals
Become masses of delicate flesh and blood
Heat is rushing through veins like during a flood
When water is dripping from the petals to the stem
It turns to a silver teardropp like a precious gem

Teardrops collected from a beautiful flower
I let run over your shoulders during night hour
It will form a river of sorrow down your back
Because there is nothing left to seal the pact
In the morning you will forget what took place
And all evidence of our love will be erased

Evidence is the one thing we can't afford to keep
Because what happens here stays here and sleeps
Another time we can awaken our passions again
But for now feelings and words we have to detain
I watch while the taxi is leaving really slow
Passing the meadow where the poppies grow

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Pure Love (For My Friend Marie)

Marie asked me to write something about pure love
But it's difficult for me and not really even thought of
So - pure love must be the opposite of love that's not pure
Something that is not about lust but grown up and mature

Pure love would be what a mother feels for her child
And unpure love is what's between lovers that are wild
A love that truly gives without asking anything back
The past will be forgiven and remains forever unpacked

The kind of love that disregards physical attraction
A love that does not care about personal satisfaction
A true commitment uncaring about beauty and location
Something that goes past illness and all types of allegation

Pure love does not know jealousy, anger or greed
This kind of love is fulfilling, silent and doesn't mislead
A feeling that puts your soul to rest and lets you sleep
And when you get up it's still strong and never cheap

Pure love is something that's respectful, giving and true
It's born within you and gives happiness all the way through
Well my friend if you have experienced pure love in your life
Hold on to it tightly and don't let anyone cut it out with a knife

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Rain

Rain is electricity for my soul
Like a light switch turning on my emotions
The rain - soft, wet, warm embracing
Water in the desert of my world
Dusty leaves awaken to a new level of life
Emerald sparks for my existence

Rivers of rain drops cascading through my dreams
Innocents lost in white rains of destruction
Memories dismissed in streams of blue water
My yearnings embraced by grey streaks of rain
Sapphire tides ignite my abandoned passions
Wet moss green bandages for my heart

Restrained tears like salty drops born of infinite oceans
Traces of pain washed away by the rain
The rain - pleasing, moist, warm, forgiving
Water spilling over sidewalks as gestures of kindness
Slippery saturating encounters
Raindrops stir tidal motions in the name of love

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Rainbow People

The sign of the rainbow has been deliberated and set free
It represents multiple cultures and people - you see
I see the same colors as every other person on this planet
So why not open your heart and mind and free it from granite

Why would anyone care what people do behind a closed door
Love is love and regardless where you find it - you score
In this world today everyone can chose their family and friends
So be careful or you may lose a loved one forever - without sense

A family depends on love to be strong and to survive
In my book it doesn't matter who gives it as long as it thrives
I love to see couples in love walking hand in hand
We should be happy for all without judging and reprehend

I wouldn't want to discuss my sexual practices out loud
Why does the church do it although true Christianity they vowed
Reading the bible I remember faith compassion and love
So what happened to all when its differences you speak of

Does your scripture not say that you should judge none
So why not let people love who they want without being shun
I strongly appeal to common sense and education in this matter
After all it could be your or your loved ones DNA on the platter

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Regret

I still see your face appearing to me like a wave
Senses are still tuned to the scent of your aftershave
The white towel you have left behind in the shower
Remains like a withered memory or a pressed flower

I experience more sad days now since you've been gone
The most difficult time I have without you is right at dawn
Settling in for the night you no longer by my side right here
Often I scream silently hoping for everyone to overhear

At night sometimes I wake up afraid of the new day to come
With your visions in my mind repetitive like the beat of a drum
There are no more tears left to cry over you going away
Nothing left to say there is silence around me every day

I will try to forget the smile you gave me each morning
You took it away with you and I feel as in mourning
In time I know I will get better at this missing you less
But for the time being I am desolate and in great distress

It may appear selfish to bathe in self pity and hurt
But right now I am just barely holding on very inert
It was me saying that love is just an imaginary emotion
Now I'm paying for it and my life goes by in slow motion

I wish I could take back my analytical point of view
But I can't and you would not believe it although it's true
You said that my heart is frozen and you have no heat left
You don't know that it was you that took it with a theft

Kristina Louisa Carr

Sadness

Some days I am sad and I don't know why
I can see an overcast in a brightly blue sky
Sleeping in I still lack energy and motivation
My whole life appears to be one stagnation

Feeling pain without actually being hurt
I can't swallow my food and leave dessert
My eyes are burning with tears never cried
I miss everything I haven't done yet and hide

Surrounded by thick layers of a heavy haze
My thoughts are bleak and I'm lost in a maze
I can listen to music without hearing a sound
Breathing is difficult and happiness not found

Sitting by the window I can see life passing by
But I am only watching as being on standby
While bathing in quicksand I am slowly sinking
And dark clouds are preventing me from thinking

Those days are difficult and hard to overcome
Because all emotions are muffled and numb
Sad days are lonely and I feel cold and strange
But tomorrow is a new day and it brings change

Kristina Louisa Carr

Saturday Morning

There is a long road I never went down before
Where you greeted me with a familiar smile
I let your arms embrace me and keep me safe
Your eyes the color of blue waters meet mine
Like a lighthouse you guide me to your world
Within your wisdom you let me talk it all out
Until you fully understand why I hesitated

Your head imprinted in the pillow next to mine
The sound of the shower invading like a waterfall
I am contemplating to start this day with you right
Abandoning large arid regions of my soul as agreed
I will open my heart and hear all of your words
As the drops of water run slowly down your back
Undistracted I find a new solitude in your presence

Listening to your gentle words I think about love
As you reach for the coffee steaming in your cup
I am no longer waiting but conforming what you give
Tucking away the sorrows of long lost days in time
I can look at you now and let you walk with me
Down that long road with the construction sign
So my answer for your Sunday plan is - Yes

Kristina Louisa Carr

Shades Of Grey

Black is the color of the night
Grey is the shadow of you I sight
White is the shirt you wear
Black is your suit I declare

White is the wall you lean against
Grey is our path I sensed
Black is the memory I lost
Black is the road we never crossed

Grey is the prospect of the day
Grey is the taxi driving away
Black is the truth to never find you
Black is everything I can't undo

Black is my room without light
White is my color of hope in spite
Grey is the circle around my heart
Black is the truth like a work of art

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Silence Unbroken

Fragile sounds disturbing my sentence of silence
Like the ink dipped needle of a brand new tattoo
Words that should've been spoken earlier wither
Forgotten and worn out like a used leather shoe

The wrinkles of heavy silk speak softly of tomorrow
While yesterday's thoughts still echo in an empty room
Smoke inhaled deeply burns trails like fire on skin
And I can feel the blood dripping from the moon

The fluorescent lights illuminate the lies of the day
When dark waters crash on abandoned cliffs at night
White paper sail boats sinking within the salty waves
Nothing appears the way it is not even black or white

When dancers embrace the death of a new tune
Listening to the drum of a sledgehammer outside
While the news exaggerating events on brittle paper
I feel hot tears of sorrows - the ones I've never cried

Kristina Louisa Carr

Small Minds

It is hard for me to understand the thoughts of a small mind
A mind that operates within a box with walls strongly defined
I wish to know how one can stay so closed up and sheltered
In a world full of diversity and progress they must feel sweltered
Not understanding the world due to limited abilities I can get
But if you have the IQ and still turn your head it makes me upset

How about the guy that is infected with an inferiority complex
And covers it up with an attitude that is loud and lacking respect
We all know that the bossy macho guy is actually a small man
In all aspects he is narrow as found in the members of the klan
At times I wish I could shake some guys severely and wake them up
Welcoming them to a new world by handing over reality in a cup

Then there are women that hide behind the religious writings
Freely interpret them as they see fit being afraid of excitements
It is a vicious circle to teach daughters dependency and shame
Saying that they are less worth than a man and not the same
I don't understand why religion is the main cause of all denial
Small minds kept small - I wish to put the false prophets on trial

Sometimes I am afraid because small minds gain power very fast
Which has been a very sad fact of our history and proven in the past
It should be lonely so deeply burried in a black box without doors
But instead the small minded recruit others and start more wars
I wish I could break through speaking the language of the seeing blind
Because it is hard for me to understand the thoughts of a small mind

Kristina Louisa Carr

Smiles About Love

If you find that the days are lovely and bright
Although the morning seems rather boring
And you are standing at your window smiling
Feeling a slight breeze while you are at ease

If you find that lunch time is greater than ever
When it's fruit you eat and every bite is sweet
And you're smiling at people you don't know
This calm midday drinking hot tea from a tray

If you find yourself wondering what happened
On this rainy day when sunshine is far away
And you are sitting and smiling at the mirror
On this afternoon without hearing a single tune

If you find that you are looking for the night
Happily waiting perceiving the darkness sedating
Anticipating warm embraces and words whispered
Emotions no longer gloved you know you are loved

Kristina Louisa Carr

Soulmate

In my universe I am no longer alone
You are here with me and well known
I have summoned you a long time ago
You give me love that's what I know

I feel stronger and all around protected
You make laughter easy and perfected
Looking in the mirror I see a different me
You own my heart and hold the master key

When I'm sad you hold me and smile
You let me be without cramping my style
You anticipate what I want to say each day
Chasing my nightmares and horrors away

I learned to trust you and opened my heart
You never disappointed me from the start
You have awakened the music I never heard
I feel secure and believe in your every word

My life is easy because I have you around
No longer holding back emotions are unbound
The love I give you is undisturbed and free
You know I'm yours not needing a guarantee

You communicate wisdom with each touch
My life is happy because you share so much
I have your back no matter of the situation
You are my soulmate not needing confirmation

Kristina Louisa Carr

Starting Over

There was an infinite stillness as I slowly walked away
The door closed behind me flashing thoughts of a replay
Did I forget something that I had not noticed before
On this long road of rebirth I had to settle an old score
Fighting to sleep without haunting memories in the night
I will admit that nothing seemed familiar or quite right

Behind frosted glass I saw silhouettes that had been hiding
Stepping into the sunlight I was in need of help and guiding
It was like listening to a speech in a crowded illuminated room
But I just longed to bathe in the rain alone on this afternoon
Where tall redwood trees cast shadows all comforting and dark
There I realized that I had repeatedly missed a very clear mark

On tomorrows yesterday I formed important words in my head
But they were held captive in silence sleeping on a rusty iron bed
Running without moving all time stood still in a puddle of mud
Feelings I had to sort out broke free like a powerful storm flood
I am determined not to give in to the comfort of doom and grey
Slowly dancing I am happy because I know everything will be o.k.

Kristina Louisa Carr

Staying Above Water

Sometimes I get up and believe I'm not quite awake
Because images of my dreams still make me ache
At times I think I am a child and waiting for my mother
Only to find out that she's not here and is lost like many other

Sometimes I stare out of my window and feel depleted
Because life seems to pass by and I feel empty and cheated
At times I feel I have to get out and scream real loud
Only to find that I don't know what I'm screaming about

Life is a strange experience and often I feel like an actor
Everything is just seems to be a game without a common factor
Every day we face choices that are impossible to foresee
We just have to hope we make the right ones - don't you agree

For me staying above water seems to be a really difficult task
And it's hard to show emotions and live without a mask
Once you reveal that you care you are no longer strong
And others can drown you and make your suffering prolong

But hiding your happiness and live without laughter
Is like surviving in darkness without anyone to look after
So I think it is better to give it a try and say what you feel
Because life is short and you may miss out on the real deal

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Stepping Forward

Often I see my other self around the corner in the shade
Like a threat from the dark side not usually displayed
That one that is unpredictable prone to leave the regular path
She feels the need to explore possibilities hidden - you do the math
I see the other me behind the mirror I recognize another face
The one that is resilient and at times deceptive in the best case

You may find that one - dressed in latex and leather
Abandoning all normative conventions altogether
She smiles about thoughts of commitment and love
She is smooth and will dropp you like a used glove
Without friends and family she travels her path alone
She lives on the edge within her own combat zone

Neglect and indifference past made her what she is today
And what she feels and thinks is never truthfully on display
At times she feels panic as being trapped like a bird in a cage
Wanting to leave everything behind and just disengage
She communicates in generalities with the people she knows
Days become years but life remains fuzzy like Broadway shows

She didn't have a happy beginning during her younger years
And she can't undo or erase the agony she felt and all her tears
So - that other me shows itself sometimes mirroring my DNA
And I am tempted to pack up and just go very far away
But instead I just stay put and ride all of the emotions out
Until the anxiety stops and I am reasonably calm throughout

I know it's allot and it seems complicated and hard to understand
But all I really need is someone to get me and help me to withstand
I wish to no longer needing to hold back my dark and sad side
Today I just want to find my own truth and no longer hide
I am so tired of being lost and participating only halfway
So I am begging you - please stay with me on this brand new day

(2011)

Stranger (Who Are You)

Life can be easy if you just play it cool
You may find a stranger like a precious jewel
Encounters with strangers are non committing
And you can go as far as you like and find fitting

For one night only you can express real love
You can let go and say things you never spoke of
Or you may encounter wild and passionate sex
That you forget tomorrow without being perplex

Well the stranger I met was almost familiar to me
So I went along with him using the hotel key
He was perfect - the one guy I always wanted
Not anticipating that my future will be haunted

At the time we met I didn't want to know his name
Now I am devastated because I made him fair game
I declined all his requests to get to know me better
And I threw out his information he left in a letter

Since - I think of him every day and often more
I've been searching for him but only find a closed door
I truly believe in my heart that he may be the one
But I was stupid and ended something before it begun

I'm standing here now with only a few pictures I kept
I don't know his name or address and surely I'm trapped
If I'm lucky he may find me or I him out here on the net
But know that's all I have left and with him I'm in debt

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Sundays Past

On Sunday mornings you would wear a dark suit
With a tie and shiny shoes you are ready to en route
The church bells would ring calling for morning mass
While you check the weather through the window glass
A last glance in the mirror and you are on your way
You join the church goes without any further delay

Walking over uneven cobblestones in our small town
Children would jump on the sidewalks up and down
Dressed up for church everyone is wearing their best
Thinking about the priest and what they have to confess
Men lifting their dark hats as they wish a Good Morning
Then pass by the cemetery bowing heads as in mourning

The church bells now ringing louder and more demanding
Calling all sinners to mass without misunderstanding
I always knew that right then the decision was made
And it was agreed to skip church without being afraid
Through the old alley you and others took a known detour
Heading straight to the pub on the corner that is for sure

Around noon I would go to meet my father by the church
And he would talk about mass having done some research
At home my mother would just smile and shake her head
While my father gave her a wink that was hardly misread
Joking around we would eat lunch smiling with every bite
Keeping my father's Sunday secret and the world was alright

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Sunny Days

Sometimes it does not take much
To make my day just a nice smile
In the morning before I go on my way
I love it when the sun casts shadows
On the dark street and when I glance
At your picture by the window seat

My days are happy when my mood
Is steady and serene nothing can disturb
My equilibrium not even caffeine
I call those times my sunny days
Because I love the sun and I feel
Well anchored while having fun

Walking around seems easy because
My weight is lite I dismiss all darker thoughts
And everything is all right objects sparkle
And I can smile about threatful things
Because I am well protected
And easily spread my wings

Sunny days are great and
I can connect all the dots even the ones
I had missed before and there are lots
I wish I could thank everyone
For those special days because it appears
That all take part in their own ways

Kristina Louisa Carr

Tango D'Amore

Staring at the one you love and perspire
Intense emotions confined in balls of fire
The black shirt covers his bold tattoos
While she stands and it's him she refuses
He challenges her love with a daring stare
Trembling she finally admits to the affair

Eyes lock and longing now rawly displayed
It's too late to be gentle and to persuade
The powerful rhythm of the Tango is heard
Surroundings are fading and no one stirred
The first touch is fueled with burning coals
Lovers standing still to surrender all controls

With a left step he is demanding the lead
Giving in she moves backwards as agreed
He pushes her but she comes back really strong
Both understand what's at stake and prolong
Movements are spontaneous and freely driven
The dance is a fight and no judgment is given

The Tango is reserved to dance with a lover
All will surface and nothing stays undercover
He supports her fall with love and admiration
Her curves are noted with fever and desperation
To challenge a lover offering a fighting chance
Only the Tango d'amore is the perfect dance

Kristina Louisa Carr

Tattoos

The faint sound of the tattoo needle dipped in ink
Is rising the anticipation with every single blink
In my mind I celebrate the finished works of art
A great piece of self declaration born in my heart

Every tattoo has a beginning story and an inspiration
A carefully selected self expression and liberation
The subtle pain is a sacrifice in the name of creativity
Forever embedded in my skin as a treasured exclusivity

I crave the puncturing cuts that mark my body and mind
The whispering of the needle and the sting it leaves behind
I marvel at the beauty and detail of all styles and designs
But mostly I long to trace with my finger all of your lines

I admire the beauty of the marks on your tanned skin
A sight that inspires admiration from deep down within
What could be more exciting than touching your tattoos
Mingle them with mine illuminating all colors and blues

The large tribal designs on your skin end on your sleeve
And it is your business suit and demeanor that strongly deceive
What you do not display in the open I still know that it is there
And it feels exhilarating just like a private undisclosed affair

Kristina Louisa Carr

Temporary Contentment

For a long time now I have felt the void in my heart
My happiness is split into pieces as from a pie chart
One section alone never gets enough honest attention
Satisfaction comes in small doses hardly worth to mention
I smile but it never leaves the surface and only touches skin
It feels as swimming with a strong current knowing to win

I long to feel more like touching thunder and lightening
But I am unengaged and nothing that emerges is exciting
Everything is easy and I am floating downstream very tamed
Without giving in to passion my life appears to be maimed
Whenever I look in the mirror I still recognize what is hiding
But I am uninspired and remain silent giving in and abiding

From my front window I see the world walk on by every day
But I stand muted and confined in my plastic bubble I stay
Is contentment really only a state of the mind and resting
Something that slyly bypasses my soul without protesting
Or is it something that is achieved with practice and loss
That crept into my routine like a rescue by the Red Cross

In steralyzed packages I learned to confine my emotions
Protecting them from life applying layers of numbing lotions
I no longer wail in sorrow due to disapointments and pain
Because everything is alright and I have no reason to complain
Hurtful words ricochet of my pride and all wounds have healed
For now my slumbering memories are temporarily concealed

Kristina Louisa Carr

Temptations Of The Night

Looking at the stars at night I feel small
The darkness wraps my body like a shawl
Through the pale light from the moon above
I see silhouettes of things only dreamed of
Grey and black shadows bear new life and meaning
While the voices born at nightfall are intervening

A dark leaf falling to the ground really slowly
Becomes a mysterious object foreign and unholy
Thoughts of times past mystic dances under a pale moon
I like to surrender to that and stay with nature attune
Water lilies gracefully accompany me on a nightly swim
While creatures of the night dance around my love to win

Tall grass on the waterside looks like prophets of doom
Inviting me for a quick chat to a beautiful marble tomb
I'm thinking of fireflies that could save me tonight
But instead I fall in love with a beautiful black knight
The night holds promises mesmerizing and waiting
Becoming one with the shadows luring creatures are mating

Cries into the dark echo and become nights temptations
Dark muddy waters disclose confessions in consultations
Dragonflies like lovers sing to the tunes of a silent silver light
While the darkness protects me and keeps me out of sight
My eyes linger before the night gives in to a new day
Bathing in the moonlight touching the silver crystal display

Kristina Louisa Carr

Thank You

I've tried my very best but memories are hard to evict
They feel like a monkey on my back as if I'm an addict
Daily I attempt to shake them off more often than not
But they remain right here as if my head is a parking lot
I really don't want to visit every place I have been before
But thinking of you makes me happy and so I will do it more

Although I knew that losing you has always been a valid threat
I accepted the risk and embraced the temptation without sweat
I want to thank you that you never took for granted what I gave
That you let me take your heart and body to enslave
Our love was so destructive and overwhelming all the time
It would have never lasted without ending in a passionate crime

You opened a world for me that I never knew to exist
We challenged each other with things we checked off a list
I have never met a man so angry and yet so tender
Someone that did not mind to give me all and surrender
You are the only one I rather stayed in with than go out
The one guy I wanted to know everything about and throughout

We gave each other all until there was nothing left to share
To envision a perfect love I have nothing else to compare
Outsiders observed you as being very arrogant and remote
But to me with every glance you sent me a passionate note
I am happy to have experienced something so intense
Because now I know that I can and my life makes sense

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Threads Of Passion

You ignite Northern Lights in my universe
Like a gift from the goddess Aurora
With you I float in cool azure oceans
Aware of the darkness in the depths below

You are sailing on still waters waiting
Anticipating the storms from the horizon
With thorns of sea cucumbers invading
I inflict puncture wounds seeping surrender

You help me float out into the distance
Waiting with hourglasses for my arrival
With the white foam of breaking waves
I create fluffy dream clouds of aspiration

You set the sea surf by my heartbeat
Letting the tide surround me with silence
Out of reefs I built fragile castles on sand
That are later destroyed by infinite currents

Smiling I push the muddy water of rivers
Defrauding you - I seize your breathing
My salty tears mingle with green seas
That carry you away to another coast

You swim with lethal blue-ringed octopus
While I am drowning in sea grass and algae
Together we crash against rocky shores
And dive from icebergs into warm oceans

You are watching me through dark shades
With dark eyes that hide your emotions
Like in black waters I see the moon reflecting
Is it me or is it you that needs protecting

Kristina Louisa Carr

Three Nights In One Room

In the corners of my memory its nothing but silence that I hear
I am searching for visions of you afraid they've disappeared
Like the sun illuminates the edges behind a storm cloud
I'm still harboring thoughts of you - remaining unbowed

There are times I just want to give up on your existence
But you're out there I just have to eliminate the distance
I have been searching for you looking at hundreds of faces
But you have disappeared completely not leaving any traces

Recalling the three nights we have spent in this one room
We were pretending that it was nothing like wearing a costume
You know nothing of me not even my location or my name
Evidence has been destroyed and I have nothing to reclaim

You are the only one that captured my heart in one take
And today I know that letting you go was a huge mistake
They've said that you postponed your flight and returned
Arriving again in the lobby you had just left I learned

Maybe we were not meant to be and faith was stronger
But we did meet and forget us - I don't want to any longer
In my heart I know that you carry thoughts of me around
Because you took pieces of me with you that can't be drowned

Therefore if the three nights is all I will ever get from you
I hope that you know how much I loved you passing through
For three nights and two whole days you spoke of true love
I was just too afraid - and it was that room I walked out of

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Three Some

Your vision in my head is a deceit
You're not the one that I wanted
The beginning of the affair was sweet
But what I feel now is being taunted

Nothing appears to be black and white
Just many nuances of grey
My thoughts are with you in spite
And with my emotions I play

Your intellect I truly care for
But it's him who I see in my dreams
Are you the one I will explore
Or him - the one fitting into your schemes

Your description of him torments my mind
He does not know of my attraction
Commanding my responses blind
I can only imagine his reaction

Would it be you I pick up in a bar
Or is it him I'm craving
In my world he is the star
But it's your words that I'm saving

I'm haunted by brown, blue, green eyes
Waiting for you to make a match
So - I scammed myself believing lies
Still - the itch for him I want to scratch

Visions and words are a powerful tool
I've been unable to combine
Here - I admit I am the fool
For my feelings are out of line.

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Time Of The Oak

At the end of my fence there is a beautiful big oak tree
It has withstood all weathers remaining proud and free
The trees bark is overgrown with wild ivy and faded
It's never alone because many insects and critters invaded

I often see the sparkling eyes of a racoon at twilight
Or an opossum hanging from a branch holding on tight
Thousands of insects and birds visited over the years
Because the tree provides shade and shelter it appears

I often think of trimming it but I do not have the heart
Leaving nature alone seems to be the way that's smart
During fall I usually get mad because of the falling leaves
But I enjoy watching the squirrels taking acorns like thieves

The old tree has seen different times and past generations
It has fought with the wind and endured heat with patience
The oak spreaded out and with majestic posture it stands
The tree is a statement of time without making demands

During a storm I know I am safe if the oak tree survives
Because it has conquered time - being part of many lives
I am waiting for whispers of ancient secrets it may shares
Telling me about natures yet undiscovered evolutionary affairs

Kristina Louisa Carr

Traffic Jam

Traffic has stopped and came to a halt
Vehicles seem to be floating as on basalt
The bass of a car stereo is loudly invading
On road trips the laughter is slowly fading

Demanding passage fire trucks are blaring
Drivers move out of the way grimly staring
Thinking about previous incidences speeding
Taking chances all of a sudden seems misleading

Vivid images of accidents and lots of blood
Disturbs the minds of the waiting like a flood
Thinking about responsibilities and loved ones
Officers on motorcycles passing by with guns

Clouds of smoke ahead make people unsure
To arrive at the destination without a detour
Imagination takes its course in intermission
Giving up people finally turn off their ignition

Cars' starting to move again as the road clears
But rubber necks induce a new jam it appears
Car horns are beeping with impatience ahead
Road rage is at its best again and widespread

Kristina Louisa Carr

Urban Disappointment

Disturbing nature within the mortal sin of confusion
We pretend to be blind to a world of optical illusion
Blood and sweat camouflaged in greed and brutality
Surfaces more often than not relegating all morality

A dull knife covered in morphine cuts raw incisions
While we dismiss a grim reality with projected visions
In houses of religion corrupt prophets inflict false hope
And hard earned money is collected by the mighty pope

Love all and judge none has no meaning in the streets
Where skeletons dance to the tune of cocaine treats
Tall fences with barbed wire - risen to keep people in
Cast shadows of desperation because no one will win

Long lines in front of soup kitchens throughout downtown
Speak of dreams that have died keeping the survivor down
At the same time lots of excess and limousines are displayed
Owned by blind men monopolizing a new form of slave trade

Within card board castles families build stepping stones
While real estate moguls increase the rent on cell phones
The hopeless seek shelter behind iron bars at nights peak
When the urban jungle lights up in the dark with mystique

At dawn huge mountains of trash border asphalt arms in grey
Inviting all the critters of the night to begin a brand new day
While bundled city newspapers with stories of doom are for sale
On which we measure our own disappointments using their scale

Kristina Louisa Carr

Waiting

Would you know right from the start
That I treasure your picture like a piece of fine art
That I am the one searching for you
Or am I just someone waiting in your queue

Will I be disappointed because of the You in my head
May not be the same man I would get
Am I so far gone with my attraction
That I can't differentiate between real and abstraction

It's your smile that I really want to see
But the one you would give only for me
I am sure we could be the perfect pair
After all this time waiting it would only be fair

Could you say to me that you truly understand
That I would go anywhere on your command
If you read my words could you really hear me
And recognize that you hold the master key

When at the beach we're looking at different oceans
But it's the same one if we blend our emotions
It's only you that I want to hold without any doubt
Could you match that or would you just freak out

Well - I am here and waiting for you
It is up to you now to stop and not just pass through
I promise that I will work on it to give this a real shot
But know that just forget you - I cannot

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Waiting For A Storm

I have to admit that I love all kinds of bad weather
Right then it seems that nature and I are in sync forever
Listening to howling winds from my room
It feels like evolution is calling right to my womb

I wish I could feel the power of lightening inside of me
The heat could boil my blood to a stormy read sea
I want to experience the power of a tidal wave
I would let it capture me - my arousal to enslave

I often wonder if you would find my heart under layers of ice
To melt all over you - demanding your soul for a price
I want to feel hard hail drumming down on my skin
Commanding me to open up and letting you in

I long to be manipulated by a strong abundant storm
Riding the waves with you - free form
I want to be on fire by a year long drought
So we can be ablaze together until our passion burns out

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Waiting For Love

Silence as a definite quantum of infinity
Found in the cold wet icicles of virginity
A heavy burden are the layers of snow
Hiding the longing for heat from below
The surface of waters covered by ice
It's the calling of nature that surely entice

As the sun is all beginning of life and death
Waiting in silence is like catching your last breath
Unspoken thoughts while dancing in the rain
With driving forces of storms claiming new domain
Unsought battles fought with sweat and blood
Remain hidden by shadows like a sleeping bud

Passions undiscovered by exposed deserts ablaze
Arid regions waiting slumbering for rainy days
Silence surrounds vague hopes of nondescript affairs
While wild abundant streams touch our unawares
Fever spreading in slow motion through time and space
Awaiting the beginning of sound and a world to embrace

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Wanting More

There are days when I can hardly exhale
Emotions keep getting away like a sliding scale
I want to bathe in darkness dressed in red
The moon will make it look as if I had bled

At times nothing is quite right or enough
I'm craving abundance and extraordinary stuff
I want to partake in an eclipse hiding the light
Or watch the blue illuminations of a polar night

After sunset I wish to swim in algal bloom
Get married to a lunar rainbow as my groom
I want to converse with the goddess Venus
Meet Albert Einstein because he is a great genius

I want to understand the mysteries of the Kabbalah
Speak every language and drink sweet Marsala
Dance with Dionysus and learn from the wise Athena
Voice my questions about the life of Mary Magdalena

There are days when I want everything and more
I want to swim in quicksand and eliminate all war
Diving to the darkest corners of every ocean
I want all that and letting go of every emotion

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Kristina Louisa Carr

Water On Skin

Slow drops of ice water
From my mouth to your skin
Small cascades of liquid
This game you may not win

Your lips slowly quiver
My tongue on your neck
Your nipples harden
Your desire no longer in check

Small rivers of liquid
Running down your chest
Welcomed by your navel
Your restraints put to the test

As I drink from the crater
My mouth really moist
Welcomes your hardness
Your intentions clearly voiced

Exploring your soft firmness
Hot ridges and flexible skin
I feel your convulsion
Anticipating your win

Slow drops of hot water
From me to your thigh
Small rivers of lava
A new game I imply

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Kristina Louisa Carr

What If!

Adam - what would you say to me today?
Would you be sorry for the lies told
about my seduction? Would you tell the truth today?
Would you admit that we developed equally from
tiny particles through space and time!

Holy Pope - do you weep at night about the blood
that's clinging to your fortunes? About the
children sacrificed, the virgins raped and the women
burned in the name of God! Do you think that today
God would accept an invitation to your house?

Jesus - would you be dressed in a suit today trying to
sell your writings to strangers? Would the publishers reject
you, having missed bloody crusades and endless wars!
Would you dream of the path of destruction you caused, if
born over 2000 years ago before praying in the synagogue?

Revising history could we have a daughter of God, born
to forgive the sins of men. Could God her mother be a merciful
ruler teaching forgiveness, peace and love. What if God is a
woman and we have it all wrong! What if men could admit
that their scriptures and laws are written to protect men only?

Kristina Louisa Carr

Winter To Summer (In Florida)

Brown gives way to green over green to turn brown again
Stuffy rooms with thick air breathe freely just for a moment
Until the humming sound of the air conditioning suffocates
The lazy days monopolized by grey clouds over the river
We start running to greet summer jumping briskly over spring

From the dark corners of long shadows hidden whispers
Shortening the time of stalled excitement ready to run
Outside in shorts and flip flops to welcome a new summer
For now fresh and green, loved and pampered until
It overstays its welcome becoming stifling and stagnant

Tears of mourning are not shed this brand new day
While the heat slowly becomes our new companion
Soon to surround our whole being threatening with
Smothering, sweltering humidity to crawl under our skin
We will long for the cooler brisk winds of the winter

But today the sun illuminates the dew drops on the grass
Where insects humming to the tune of bright green leaves
Palms gently swaying and tenderly promising beach days
When soon we will burn the bottom of our feet in hot sand
Temperatures that make us dive for shelter in cool rooms

Holding on to the melancholy of days by a warming fire
In the middle of January I felt safe and sheltered
Now discovered I am in the open in the bright sun
Together with the heavy smell of Confederate Jasmine
I will wait for another winter dreaming of long nights
Living this new endless summer like a tourist

Kristina Louisa Carr

Wonderland

Down by the park there is a majestic big willow tree
I tell the little girl on my hand that elves live there free
She giggles in wonder and runs away from my hand
To explore the new mythical creatures from wonderland

We sit down in an ocean of daisies and poppy seeds
And talk about unicorns with white saddles and beads
I tell her of castles and beauties that sleep for years
Of rainbows and wood creatures with fluffy rabbit ears

I teach her to rhyme and make crowns out of clover
We eat sweet little snacks in the grass we roll over
Time just flies by and soon we have to return home
She is humming and smiling in her hair a pink comb

Later on when it's night time I watch her sleeping
Looking down on her I pray for her safekeeping
Today was a beautiful day we spend together
And I hope that she will find happiness forever

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Kristina Louisa Carr

You Are Far

Your hazel eyes fade in my memory
Too far for my touch
Like lightening you invade my existence
Awakening the sleepy part of me

Have I fallen so deep for you
Because you fill the empty space in me
Because the love you give is my heartbeat
Because without you I could never be me

I have never told you
The affect you have on my breathing
About the hours I stare at your picture
And that distance only disappears while I'm sleeping

I'm exploring the opportunity of your intention
Subconsciously my hands on your skin
Your strength diffusing over the rays of my essence
I saw myself in you - therefore you win

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