

Poetry Series

Lara Nelemans
- poems -

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Lara Nelemans(22-12-1982.)

Dedicated to God who has given me the talents I use today and has given me a great future so I can use them for tomorrow.

Golden Wings

You fly on golden wings
High above my dreams
Will you take me with you?
Your spirit is free
And lives day to day in the moment,
Will you teach me how?
I long to know you,
Yearn for the freedom you bring.
For you life is a dance,
A song,
A tribute ready to be given.
You do not know me
But you cut to the very heart of me.
Words need not be spoken,
You are as you are
And you infect me with your passion,
Let me grown golden wings and fly with you
High above the earth.

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My Husband

Torn,
Bruised,
Battered,
I lay at YOUR feet.
You have my blood on YOUR hands.
I bow in pathetic supplication before your cruelty
And beg simply to be loved.
I know you for the coward you are
But in your cowardice I love you.
You were also broken on the rock of the world,
An Icarus to your dreams.
You have laid so much of yourself
On the bitter ashes
At the altar of life.
You are a burnt sacrifice,
For dead gods to consume.
Now I am the sacrifice,
To your bitterness and rage.
With you I am broken,
With out you I am lost.

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