

Poetry Series

**Mandy S...**  
**- poems -**

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Mandy S...()

# A Call For Imagery

I am watching life through a kaleidoscope  
with swirling colors and foreign displays.  
The still life reveals dripping ink down sincere faces.  
Beneath a superficial lens  
the depiction of lucid ambitions reach out.

Mandy S...

# A Child

Sitting, wishing, dreaming  
life was just a game.  
I played the day,  
slept through the night,  
no care beside my name.

The little things in life did not seem so dear,  
incalculable moments to treasure,  
in my youth this was not clear.

Innocent, juvenile, open,  
the bold things I would say,  
no riddles or uncertainty,  
just went about my way.

My parents so amazed at everything I did,  
they giggled at my insights,  
for I was just a kid.

Mandy S...

# A Rememberance

((This was part of a class I took. It doesn't make much sense because it's not supposed to) .

A message written in lipstick on the bathroom mirror  
pieced back my memory like popping dents out of a tin can.  
Just seeing the reflection through those Las Vegas red markings  
implied that I must ask myself about this ecaggerated time.  
The acoustics create a soothing mood,  
like being in a coal mine.  
The sound waves have noting to bounce off of,  
but these wine dark tiles.  
Having no agenda, I recall my story,  
unaware of it's final destination.

Mandy S...

# As They Watch

((A metaphor, more than a poem)) ..

A story of wrong  
beginning with the unforgiving fog of full night.

With the smell of rain in the air  
and sense of anxiety  
I bring myself to the window.

I look out blinking uncontrollably.  
There is no logical explanation for this phenomenon.  
I can't get past the awful image of having no where to go.

I try to sneak out while everyone watches through the mist.  
They see my struggle, but offer no help.  
I shouldn't expect any.

Mandy S...

# Dave

This isn't meant to move anyone. There is an underlying joke behind this whole poem.

Feeling like a corkboard,  
being stabbed continuously with push pins,  
he takes a drink,  
and hits another wrong key.

Making his move with desolate eyes,  
pretending no one is present,  
the vision of a satisfied soul seems likely.  
It is quite a brilliant act.

A coffee and a back beat,  
waiting in that everyday line.  
We stare in astonishment at his actions,  
recalling the day of his first dance.

Mandy S...

# Didn'T Have To End This Way

I wrote this about someone close to me many years ago. It's very sing-songy, but gets my point across.

Destroyed and alone, desperate for narration,  
stranger to the night she had before.  
Behavior of an underaged essence of temptation,  
an empty glass had brought her to the floor.  
Now, every day has lapsed,  
she forfeit from the game.  
The girl just couldn't take it anymore.  
No dignity was left,  
her head just hung in shame,  
closed out from her own life she shuts the door.  
Then an angel came pulled her off the floor,  
up onto her knees.  
Saved her from a fatal path rewrote her destiny.  
They looked up at the night sky,  
she shed one final tear,  
'Where have all my days gone? '  
'How did I end up here? '

Mandy S...

# Discovery

Retched enough to dirty the souls of one-thousand lives  
a discovery so bold, so un-called for.

He lays on the floor  
unconscious without a care.

What a sight to witness.

The grout between the tiles; deep and filled with liquid,  
the shower curtain ripped; sink filthy.

He awakens with pupils enlarged  
rolling back into his head uncontrollably.

The warmth flows through his veins  
until the realization of my unfortunate findings.

Mandy S...

# January 26th

Eleven days and counting,  
I've forgotten the sound of your voice,  
all my feeling have gone stale.

Hope it was all worth it,  
Because now the only time you'll hear mine  
is on my voicemail

So, was it ever really love,  
Or was it just lust,  
Because you've lost all my faith,  
And you've lost all my trust.

But the pain I've gone through  
hoping this would last,  
Time I've lost, and I'll never get back.

You never should have had me,  
I wish we hadn't met,  
They say we learn lessons we shouldn't have regrets.  
But you're just a regret, with a lesson learned,  
No matter how much I struggled, I was never your concern.

So, this is good-bye  
this time I won't turn back,  
Last time I wasn't strong enough,  
Without you my life's on track.

You'll miss me, cry over me,  
And I hope you feel this pain.  
Lose sleep, you won't eat,  
Maybe now you have reason to change....

Mandy S...

# Motionless

((A day I wish to forget))

A warm carpet to soothe me,

I am numb to all senses.

The walls bleed as I gaze at them from the ceiling down.

I crouch and watch the intricate carvings of the wooden rails,  
awaiting fingertips to run down them.

I hear no voice, see no sight of life, but continue to be patient.

The shattered windows and spray painted barriers tell me to flip over the mood,  
and pretend it's a better day.

I obey my surroundings with cooperative delight,  
and awake to the realizations of a broken memory.

Mandy S...

# Reflection

The wire hanger of life is twisted and turned  
into an indefinite shape,  
while the corset of my unusual thoughts  
restrain my most desired wants.  
Legs shackled to unwanted damaged ground,  
in which they can not be removed.  
Although, the flowers lay silently, why can't I?  
Teargas and a wrecking-ball  
could not disturb the elongated pulsing in my temples.  
Desperate for a greater meaning,  
I take my chances on the boulevard.

Mandy S...

# Stimulation

As I listen in on the deep inhalations of tired bodies  
the victorious sound of sharp footwork rebounds through my ears.  
A bite-sized taste of passion and skill  
fused into one simple element of inspiration.  
With such an immense crowd  
the feeling of excitement and being alive  
creates an unbreakable atmosphere.  
I set my vision on reality and my hearing to mute  
while wondering thoughts become solid direction.  
A spotless exhibit of powerful movements accompanied by a seasoned gift, leads  
inquiring minds to stand alert and intrigued.  
The activity comes to a halt and a moment of silence engulfs what once was  
unruly air.

Mandy S...

# Stronger Now

This sounds so cliché  
I can't stand all the rhymes,  
But why write something thoughtful?  
So you can take more of my time? ...

Relationships gone,  
Trust lost,  
Knowledge gained,  
Broken heart,  
Weigh lifted,  
Stronger now,  
Pride stripped..  
Left with doubt..

New beginning..  
Lesson learned..  
Got hurt..  
Lasting burn..  
Let go..  
Please do..  
Forget me..  
It'll be easier on you..

Mandy S...

# The Room

Back, back again to that room,  
I've been many times before.  
The sensation has substantially changed.  
Scoping this colorless pasty space  
the walls conceal an unknown secret.  
Lights are fluttering  
it's as though they can feel my chest sprint with every tick of the clock.  
Trying to disregard the most prominent corner,  
there is a resonance, a hum, and then silence.  
Footsteps hustle across dirty tiled floors,  
as his presence consumes my mind.  
I only make it look like it's not hard to breathe.  
I am a brushfire amidst a windstorm,  
and he is fully unaware of my compassion.  
Wishing I could evacuate my body  
the room becomes cold.  
A draft blows about this gathering place,  
sweeping across each crevice, taking my confidence along.  
I start gazing at a black and white piece of paper  
paying no attention to his very being,  
although I see his profile just past the page,  
wondering if he can see right through me.

Mandy S...

# Untitled

Baby I'd do anything for you to see,  
just how much you mean to me.  
So, you can take my heart if you like the beat,  
and you can have my lungs if its hard to breathe  
Because...

You make life what it should be.  
Without you is like a song without melody.  
And hours go by like minutes, but days go by like weeks.  
Life and love are hard to get,  
unless it's you and me.

It's so tough to get the words right,  
to explain the way I feel.  
It's hard to put in verses,  
to let you know my heart's for real.

If I could show you the future.  
make you see the things I see,  
you wouldn't need a magic mirror to see you alone with me.

Mandy S...

# Upcoming

Riffling through list of expectations  
papers, letters, and my future are tossed in mid-air.  
A single note lies upon the ground  
as a beam of setting sunlight creeps slowly across my wooden floor.  
With dust particles bouncing about  
for the first time I see just how small life can break down to be.  
The clanging echo of hollowed windchimes sing past thin walls.  
I realize I'm living behind a mesh barrier.  
With contradicting thoughts, I seek response.

Mandy S...

# What Used To Be

The scent of musky cologne and alcohol  
making me cringe.

The bass screams through the woofers  
as nauseating vocals pulse in and out of my system.

Damp and dark

with one single aura of light

an empty bottle lies on the stained coffee table.

Boiling red liquid rushes through my core.

Smoke puffs in clouds burning and blurring my sight.

Ashes and clothing line this concrete ground

recognizing an old shattered frame,

craving the days of my innocence.

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