

Poetry Series

Mari Martin
- poems -

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Mari Martin()

The greatest compliment to a poet is for a poem to touch a heart and stimulate a mind. Thank you for your comments if you leave one, and, if you don't that is fine too. I hope my poetry touches you in some way.

Born the middle child of 10 siblings. My Father was a poet only for my Mother. My Mother was a music major. I have written as far back as memory goes. I actually grew up in Europe the first 14 years of my life. My Father was a lifetime Air Force Pilot. I have seen more countries in my lifetime than some can even dream of. Each summer my Father took us on a 3 month vacation all over the UK, Scandanavia, and Europe. I remember it all with great love. My parents are gone now, but, they live on in my poetry, their gift to me.

I think my first poem was actually pictures. I was eight at the time. Later at age 15 I found the drawings I did, a sequence of pictures. I sat down with them and wrote the poem, 'My Favorite Place'.

I have had many ask me why I write.

It is a question that has been asked of me many times. Each time I smile and repeat the question to myself, wondering if the answer will be the same. It never is.

My Father always said I wrote because I was too shy to speak of things. My Mother saw it a different way. She said I had the gift of seeing with my eyes and heart, and that what I captured with them became words to share with those who could not draw with words.

I write...because it is part of me.

<**≫ A Walk By The Sea

Footsteps in warm sand
a wandering path
washed in the foam of the sea
carressing the bareness of my feet.
Where are you?

Wind's kiss is soft against my cheek,
my minds conception of your touch.
My heart sings
to the music you inspire
as haunting as the whispers
inside the empty sea shells.
Where are you?

I move with the breeze
swaying as the cobra
dancing to music
played by it's captive.
The venom of Love
dripping
finding no place to release.
It spills into my soul.
Where are you?

My lashes rest upon moistened cheek.
The water of my eyes flows,
bleeding my emotions.
The silk of desire floats upon waves of need
becoming their veil.
The spray from the crashing waves
is like henna on my skin
as I imagine them to be
the exquisite pleasure of your touch.
Where are you?

Night bird
sing my song of desire,
a melody for the moon.
Guardian of night

keep vigil
until the sun brings his warmth
to my waiting arms.
Where are you?

Deep cool water of the sea
give me respite from the fires
consuming my mind,
the fever of life's passion.
Salt, cling to my lips
that I may taste
the ambrosia of him
close to me.
Where are you?

Footprints in the sand,
impressions surrounding my feet
as I step into them,
lead me on this path of dreams,
fade not.
I follow them to his heart.

When the sun drinks the sea
and sea birds seek their night's rest,
I am here
with jasmine upon my wrist.
Where are you?

Mari Martin

* Quite Amazing

Endless saturation.

Clear, opaque, transparant, dense, thin.

See through, or blinding.

Smiling, devastated, angry, thankful, loving.

It flows, pools, dries.

It stings, moisturizes, soothes, stains.

It is sometimes hidden.

It is sometimes all there is.

It lives through birth and death.

It speaks thousands of languages.

It is it's own language.

Embraceable or fought,

wasted or cherished,

believed or part of lies,

it has always been

and will always be

quite amazing.

The human tear.

Mari Martin

**** - My Prayer**

In a world of quiet prayers,
where Creator's peace surrounds me
and the only sound is my heart
softly beating,
I lay my head to the earth
to offer my humble thank you
for the blessings in my life.

My life is but a speck of sand
in the immense beauty
of His ocean of Love.
Yet, even as the smallest grain,
He shows me every day
that without me
His ocean would be incomplete.

My every breath, every thought,
is His creation.
I am humbled before the wonder
of His mercy,
to be blessed with my life
and the endless Love
bestowed upon me.

Even in times of sorrow
does Creator's breath give me hope.
Although, I am blinded by my own need,
and walk in my self made darkness,
the blessed light of Creator
illuminates my path
to guide my way.

In the quietness of my prayers,
do I humbly ask
to always be your child,
to always be reminded
by your gentle, loving guidance

that all in life has purpose,
that you have given me your gift of life.

Thank you for my life
All praise and adoration I give to you,
for, without your ocean of Love,
I would be but a grain of sand
in a desert of darkness
where my soul would wander
with no purpose or substance.

Blessed is your name
upon my lips,
Creator of all that is,
all that has been or will be,
giver of mercy to this humble one
who offers my loving heart,
into your hands.

Mari Martin

*** Telescope

Into life we burst
every sense gifted to us alive.
Within the instant of our first breath
is our struggle to survive.

A nova of human life we are,
Creation, in it's glorious array.
We are cast out of the darkness
into the brilliance of day.

The evening sky filled with stars
is an immensity in our eyes,
yet, when compared to the all of things
is simplicity in disguise.

The scent of simplicity, inticing perfume,
intoxication is illusive at best,
until we allow it's aroma to find us
on life's continuous quest.

Should our lives be so different
than that of a distant star?
All the wonder of our creation
is the essence of who we are.

Some stars are gloriously brilliant
while others are hidden from sight.
Our heart can be our telescope
into the depths of night.

How blessed we are
to know the infinite gift
so miraculously intertwined
like an intricate web of roses
growing on life's continuous vine.

-}-<@

For Ohio

Mari Martin

~ Because

In all the world
there is beauty.
It is not always seen.
It is not always felt.
Yet, with the miracle of Creator's gift,
His mercy,
my eyes are filled with a beauty
I have never known.

Through sorrow do we find joy.
Through hardship,
do we find courage.
Through happiness
do we see the depths of sadness.
Through learning
do we find a better way to live.
Through weakness
do we find our strength.

In my life,
I have come to know,
to experience an aloneness so profound,
so deep.
Yet, now,
I find,
I have never been alone
because there is that one heart
that has always been there
through all the tears,
through all the dreams,
through all the endless nights,
waiting for the precise moment in time
when Creator smiles
and says, 'It is time'.

I may falter,
but, your hand will be there to guide me.
I may experience sadness,
but, your arms will comfort me.

I may experience weakness,
but, your smile will give me strength.
I may experience sorrow or hardship,
but, you will be with me when it comes.
I may be afraid,
but, you will be my courage.

How do I know the truth
of all these words?

Because,
Love is your name.

Mari Martin

*~~spell Bound

I see in your eyes
a passion that consumes
my every thought
my every breath.
I tremble
as I look into the depths
of the eyes of my Love
where a thousand thoughts
dance with fire.

I burn from within.
Wild fires, like ocean waves,
move across my mind.
Spiraling cones of flame
rise, fall,
dip, and plunge into my depths,
coarsing through my blood
a tsunami of need
held captive
within it's own power.

Two people, one heart
wildly vibrating,
Sensations,
thundering across untouched skin.
Seconds of time
close around us
as we unleash
a Love so great,
held spell bound,
suspended,
in the instant
just before
our first embrace.

Mari Martin

\: / Row Of Trees

Graceful dancers
your fingers hold stories,
softly spoken secrets,
whispers of love
echoes from the hills,
laughter,
tears.

I lay on your blanket
my lashes laden with hues.
Dreams in color bright
sway with wind
as my eyes behold
the magical movement
perfectly in time
with the melody
in my mind.

Waves of color
flowing gracefully.
Love's blazen red
painted with the designs of life,
images of hope
the green of newness,
memories of sadness
the color of the earth,
a tapestry
woven with desire's
threads of gold.

The sky is your partner
leading the dance
like shadow and light,
like moon and sun,
lovers embracing
moving as one.

I watch in wonder
as my eyes behold

grace in motion.
Here in the Fall of seasons,
I watch your fingers
telling stories,
remembering Spring,
feeling the passion of Summer.
Oh, glorious row of trees
you are perfection
dancing in the ballroom
of God's house.

Mari Martin

` `` Poetry's Voice

It dances across the mind
like wind upon the earth.
At times a butterfly whisper,
stained glass wings across the sky.
At times a gale,
surging the waters of life
against uncertain shores.

It is alive.
Yet, spoken from death.
Silent cries of anguish
dance with Love's embrace.
At times a waltz,
flowing, swirling,
following it's given cadence.
At times a tango,
rhythm born of passion.
At times it's meaning hidden.
Yet, one will understand.

Within shrouds of silken emotion
does it find it's own language
first heard, foreign, but, not.
At times it's voice a drum,
varied are it's sounds.
At times it's voice a symphony
blending instruments into magic.

If we listen with the heart first
it will speak.
If we listen only with our mind
poetry's voice will be silent
forever remaining
a mystery.

Mari Martin

~~ A Walk In The Rain ~~

I watch the droplets of moisture fall
down the glass of illusion
tiny pathways find their way
through the mists of confusion.

From within the surface is dry
as my fingers trace the lines
shielded by a translucent barrier
so simple in design.

A wall our touch can sense,
yet, our eyes can see straight through.
Although we know it is there
we can still enjoy the view.

Inside I know the pleasures of
this place, my comfort zone.
And yet, to my heart, it seems
within comfort, I am alone.

Is my comfort my umbrella
to shield me from the storm?
Or, has being drenched bewildered me
wearing a raincoat that is torn.

Perhaps I shall venture out today
to the other side of the pane.
I always did enjoy the freedom
of walking in the rain.

Mari Martin

~~ Moonlight Dreams ~~

Soft light shimmers on the darkened walls.
White iridescent streams of brightness
cascade across the bed
blending with the shadows.

A calm surrounds me
wandering in and out of my thoughts.
Drifting memories within my heart
caress the emotions surging through me
joining to create a myriad of feelings
that course through my body.

The reflections of shimmering opal
cast across the ceiling
dance like lovers
experiencing ecstasy for the first time
as their bodies meet in quiet passions.

I feel the urgency of their touches,
the fires that peak and ripple
with each passing of their hands
across skin unfamiliar
but desired above all else.

There is a music here,
a melody heard in the depths of my heart.
It's haunting notes played on a magical harp
in a symphony written for Lovers.

I can feel you
in the music
in the streaming opal light
of the moonlight dreams
that find me wishing you were here.

Mari Martin

++ Elements ++

In the quietness of my heart
do I hear his thoughts.
His remembrances intertwine with mine
becoming one memory.

The morning breaks
in hues of golden pink
bringing with it the first dawn
of a new beginning.

Where the stars of the night
fade into the silent watch
there is a calmness.

Yet,
a storm thrives within
that reels my senses
from one opened dream to another
like waves of endless motion
cresting and falling.

A deep ocean filled with currents
on which I ride.
Here, where earth meets water
is the strength of emotions
driven by an inner compass
that guides them home
to be renewed again
by pure gentleness.

Lingering in the quietness
I feel him.
In the brightness of a new dawn
do I see his soul.
My lips whisper to him

in words only he hears.

As my eyes explore his,
he takes me to a depth I have never known.
My soul soars in his ocean
as he glides on my waves.

Here in the quietness of my heart
will there always be a new dawn,
a place where two halves join,
a place where two souls meet.
Earth and water, elements,
in a world only known
by those who Love.

Mari Martin

A Talk With My Father

If I could be just half
of what you dreamed I'd be
with all the rainbows at my feet
for all the world to see,
I know that I would never fail
in anything I do,
and all the efforts I put forth
would be a reflection of you.
Should I ever feel alone
and need a shoulder to cry on
I know that you will always be
the one I can rely on.

For, from the Father children learn
a sense of worth and pride
that only comes from knowing
that they really tried.

Your eyes of approval lift me high
giving strength to always try.
That voice of reason is your trumpet
to alert me of moments passing by.

I know that life is waiting for me
to walk it's path without you
but, for now, I hold your hand
and dance with life about you.

Always know I will remember
how true your words can be.
And, when life's burdens slow me down
I will recall what you dreamed for me.

Mari Martin

Ablaze In The Eye Of The Storm

In quiet dimness am I,
body vanquished,
weak,
bathed with ashes,
the aftermath of his storm,
a monsoon upon the flames of my desire.

Once ignited within,
my fires burn as consuming thoughts,
passions insanity bound in my Lover's grasp.

I am drawn to the captivation of his passion,
thunderclouds raining upon me,
his touch lightning burning my earth,
my body washed in his raging floods,
his eyes devouring all that I am.

When I call to him begging his winds come
lay your force upon me,
I hear his wailing entreatment to capture my flames.
Lips dripping with ancient songs,
words hypnotic,
spoken to my soul.

In tempest wind,
his body undulates as the sea,
a waterspout.
I am sucked into him.
Fire soaked eternity,
a blazen sky within the eye.

In the aftermath,
I am cast upon the shores of his Love
He brings sweet flowers to lay at my feet.
The twilight time of passion.

Mari Martin

Barefoot Dreams

Shadowed are my footprints
through silent hallways
lined with unfired lamps
dampened by mornings dew.
I walk in your gentleness
soft like petals touch
to the coolness of stone
pressing against my feet.
Silken mists of remembrance
cling to my body.

Is my sigh the wind?
Or is the wind your sigh?
Indistinguishable breaths
rise and fall upon my breast.
My heart is thunder
rolling through clouds
heavy with tears,
rain upon passions fire
long since turned to ashes
in the pit of farewells.

Distant moonlight
begs the sun to rise
if but once to meet
as Love's first sweet kiss.
Into veils of springs wildness
did we run as children.
Soaring kites with no string.
Ribbons of color our dance.
Reckless abandon our playmate.

Now, I wander each night
through these hallways
seeking the illusive steps of hope
that will take my feet
one moment closer
to your return.

Before Dawn

The sky awakens
light caressed by my dreams
lingering in eyes that are shaded
lashes full
laden with the waters of my heart.

Dreams
mountains of mystery
shrouded in the mists of entrancement
rise to touch the sky.
Their embrace is Love
Their breath a whisper of promise.

When does remembrance cry?
Does our heart have it's own memory
a hidden river
a gift to our thoughts
gently wrapped with the ribbons of life
to be opened when we dream?

Eyes of mine be still.
Do not let your lashes dance
with the songs of day
adorned in silken veil
that steal as a thief
the dreams that rest upon you.

Glittering rays of sunlight
take not the moments of in between
from me.
Cast your brilliance across these walls
like a thousand lamps
flickering in the night.

Oh daybreak,
as a maestro would bring to life
this heart's songs,
written notes on the paper of my soul,
stand in the shadows,

lift your wand
to cast the magic upon this moment.

Bring to me the melodies
that are the stars in the water of my tears
held to my lashes
and their dreams of Love
that linger there.

Mari Martin

Before The Storm

It is in the rolling weeping sky
that my eyes have begun to see
what rain truly is,
what beauty the sky holds
when it cries.

Before, it was only water
and the grey clouds their keeper.
Before, thunder was but noise
cast across a moving sky.
Before, lightning was but light
escaping from bondage.

Now, as I stand in the winds
you are the lightning
traversing my body with such power.
Now, as I feel the raindrops upon my face
it is your kiss.
Now, as the thunder surrounds me
it is your love shaking the ground
of my world.

A storm has come.
I toss my umbrella into the winds
and dance within its downpour
splashing in the puddles
that caress my feet.

Mari Martin

Brief Encounter

Watched a dragonfly today.
We sat and looked at each other for a while.
He so small compared to even my fingers.
I thought how beautiful he is.
I thought how wonderful his life of flying to be.
I envied him his travels.
I envied him his carefree life.
I wonder, what did he see in me?

Mari Martin

Chance Meeting

I watched you
across the room
conversing with someone you knew.
Your eyes like mirrors to your soul,
she never seemed to see you.

Our eyes met
you smiled and I shied away
Smiling to myself I wondered
what words would I find to say?

Words spoken from one soul to another
dreams drifting in silent song
crossing between time and space
always searching for a place to belong.

I could not keep my eyes from watching
something magical drew me.
Our eyes locked for a moment in time.
A burning seared right through me.

Your table was ready.
You turned and walked away.
Perhaps the chance meeting was meant
to happen another day.

Was it you?
The one whose touch turns spark to fire
The one to awaken loves desire?

I waited for a while unable to move
then found the courage to rise
only to walk out through the door
and look into your eyes.

An instant of recognition
Words spoken with no reply
Questions passing instantly
Did you speak?

Did I?

Mari Martin

Dance In The Rains

I dance
in the mists of your breath
that float upon the highest mountain
of dreams.

I pray,
gentle rains, come,
bathe these eyes
shaded to his hearts vision
moving within the drops.

Whispers in the thunder
his voice
is my music.
These feet
are bare upon the grasses,
the earth of your mysteries.

Rain, sweet gentle rain
fall upon me as I dance.
Let the mists envelope me
swirling, swaying.
Make heavy the veil that adorns
my head.

The light of your flashes,
oh lightning,
strike my heart with love.
Fill me with life
that my feet may move upon desire.

Rising waters of love
kiss my ankles bare
to cleanse that which will hold
the silver bells,
the chains of beauty
to be placed there.

I dance
with destiny.

My fate the fragrance of lavender.
Oh beautiful bloom
open to my shaded eyes
that see his face
as a rainbow upon the hills,
here, where I dance.

Mari Martin

Dance Of The Ghosts

There is a room inside my heart
large and filled with song
where Ghosts of past do gather
and dance forever long.

They glide across my mind
dancing memories of my past,
familiar doubts, insecurities
across my thoughts their image cast.

Here the memories glide along
in steps I've grown to know
swaying to melodies of mistake
their shadows dancing to and fro.

At times my mind does listen
I'm caught up in their dance.
As the music invades the present
I dare to take a chance.

I let the sad songs find me
trying to Love again.
I feel the rhythm of the dance,
my songs of now and then.

Dancing shadows, hands entwined
glide across the floor.
My Ghosts of sadness past do come
to haunt my heart once more.

Gentlemen of lost Love
dance with ladies of regret.
Their steps so perfectly move in time
to a dance I can't forget.

When time has dried my tears
and Love doth happily descend,
perhaps this dance of my Ghosts
will finally come to end.

Mari Martin

Dare To Dream

In the calm of night
when my body sleeps in soft repose
my heart awakens to your touch.
Ever gentle does your presense
capture my dreams
to take them soaring through the mists
of passion yet unawakened.

Here in the drifting essence of your love
do I know the touch of such tenderness,
the fire of unbridled need
that takes my spirit higher
into the abyss of desire.

Ablaze in the endless waves
as the nova of our love is born,
do you take my need of you
to enfold it within your own
as the caterpillar retreats
to it's cocoon
there to rest
until the time of awakening comes
to burst forth
in a glorious stained glass splendor
created only once in a lifetime
spent in a breaths exhale.

If it is but in this place
of moonlight rapture and blazing sun
that I find you
let me remain captured
intertwined
in the silken web
woven of dreams
reaching to the endless boundries
that keeps me within
the realm of blissful sleep.

Dawning

Within the streams of sunlight
that gently paint the outline
of your sleeping body,
dancing particles of color
seem to move with each breath.

It is quiet here
in this world of what is now.
Thoughts once dreamed
are touchable.
Dreams not touched
are felt beneath my hands.

I listen to the music
that surrounds you,
drums that beat,
voices that sway in the air.
I find my own voice
knowing their songs.

A gentle voice touches my thoughts.
In all things there is purpose it says.
For now
that purpose lies beneath my touch.
For now
I hold the dream
that has for so long
been a part of me
and will always be
forever within.

Mari Martin

Death In Love

Bury me
in your silken touch.
Cover me
in the endless velvetness of your desire.
Lay me down
in the earth that is your soul.
I will take my last breath
in your embrace.

Lay me to rest
with the taste of you upon my lips.
Let your eyes be my last vision.
May your heartbeat
be the final sound I hear.

Take me to bleed
with your body joined in mine.
The waters of my passion
flowing from me.
I will thirst no more.

Let me die
in the sweet death of Love.

Mari Martin

Desire

Does my need of you evoke only memories
intertwined in dreams?

Enchantment flows from the depths of you
casting my heart blindly through a journey in time.

Succumbing to you,
I plunge into the tides
that consume me in their abyss.

Impetuous time,
do you hold me in your spiraling grasp
to abate my need?

Redolent, I acquiesce to your magical call
echoing through the canyons of my heart.

Enveloped within your memory does my body lay resplendent,
waiting to embrace you once again,
Oh Desire,
in the unforgettable joy of Love.

Mari Martin

Do You Feel Me?

Quietly in the night
I search for the heart I feel.
I walk through mists of uncertainty
with a secret to reveal.

Once upon a time
I felt you close to me
desiring that which I could give
yet you were not free.

Time so quickly passes
when yearning souls do cry.
With tears of hope the heart calls out
to the one it would deny.

In each sunrise do you see the eyes
whose brightness brings the day.
And when night comes your body yearns
for a love so far away.

One day there will be a time for us.
One day your eyes will see.
One day your fingers will touch my skin
and you will know your dream was me.

Mari Martin

Dolphin Dance

In the sea of life he glides
graceful and caring
with a light of guidance.
Quiet is his song to those who are lost.

Guiding them, he glides
through waves of sadness
to a place of brightness.
Always aware of storms,
his voice in signal calls.
Safety and comfort he brings.

Within the sea so vast
I find the place he has shown others.
A place of hope where many may come,
no matter their sorrows.

The light of the sun beckons them
and in the sun the Dolphin swims.
His soundings bouncing from the depths.
A beacon to me.
And he tells me 'swim through the waves'
I follow him into the endless blue.
To the depths we glide, dancing shadows.

He turns like silken thread in the winds.
Serping to the surface for air
he speaks to me, 'breathe'.
I see the blue skies above me
just above the waters.
I break the surface to breathe.
The depths of the sea are mine to know,
for the Dolphin has shown me
and I am not afraid.

Mari Martin

Echoes In A Far Pavillion

Snow covered
sleeping stone
rising to kiss the sky
do you hear my songs
I sing into the winds?
They kiss my skin as a lover.
I long for his coming
standing with flowers of anticipation
about my feet.

Sweet violin
your melody haunts my thoughts
shrouded in a mist of dreams.
How will I dance to this desire
only feeling the movement
of the strings?
The beat of my heart
a drum against my breast
begs to hear your sweet music
bow gliding in silken wave.
Waterfalls of love
falling, falling.

Is this magic?
Illusion born of yearning.
Fingertips upon my skin,
are you but the wind?
Honeyed is the taste of my lips
painted by Love.

Such sweetness consumes my senses
taking my breath.

Snow covered
sleeping stone
echo my songs
across your far pavillions.
This veil of joy
concealing my eyes

waits for his hands
to lower it
taking possession of my soul.

Mari Martin

Eclipse

Dawn,
It comes as a breath upon my skin
warm, bathing me.
My lashes beg to remain upon my cheeks
where they fell
feeling your Love within me.

My heart thunders as it awakens
to the call of Love's desire.
A sun that pierces me
with shards of brightness
filling my mind.
Bursting flames
burn my skin
taking me into their fury.

I am naked
before eyes that cast spells
enfold me in magical embrace
where passion's moon rises
as desire's blazing sun crests the horizon.
Night within day,
Day within night,
an eclipse.
Time stilled in your kiss.

The desert of my soul thirsts
as a shadowed star in a night sky.
I beg the sun, bring me to life.
Come, lay with me.

Life exists in darkness
until the sun surrounds it,
sending its brightness through the sky.
Unseen, light within time,
traversing oceans, mountains,
power moving untouched
until it finds the star
to whom it gives all.

I am a star shining.
You touch my body.
I am cast into your soul
bursting.

Dawn,
It comes as a breath upon my skin.
I awaken,
a nova
born of your Love.

Mari Martin

End Of Deafness

Unyielding silence
lain shattered
by your first hello.

Here now do I exist
in a world of beautiful sounds.

The trees are the same.
The sky unchanged.
Rain still bathes the earth.
Night comes.
Day kisses it gently
awakening me each day.

Birds still fly.
Ants still work.
Bees still pollinate.
Hummingbirds still magically entrance.
Seasons come.
Seasons go.

Then why am I so changed?

The silence is gone.

Mari Martin

Evergreen

Graceful movements of bow
dancing in the afternoon breeze
feeding on the sun's warmth,
you are the forever one
among the family of trees.

I have seen the seasons change
from the green newness of spring
to summer heat and fall ablaze
yet, you do not change a thing.

Your branches still full and alive,
your color a vibrant green,
even in the cold of winter
with you
there is no in between.

Within, you feed on life's waters
just as the others do,
growing in life,
stretching to the sky,
but, they are different than you.

You are spring in summer.
You are summer in fall.
You are fall in winter.
You, my evergreen, are all.

You do not need the colors
to reveal your worth to me,
for, you are always new
in every season
as love should always be.

Mari Martin

Fire And Storm

I am earth beneath your carress
spill upon me my Storm,
rains of passion,
flood me into a river
I will overflow.

I am earth bathed in monsoon.
Inferno within me, a liquid fire.
Seep into me my Storm.
Steam rising,
rain and fire dancing
upon my skin.

I am earth, shaded,
thunder clouds my silken veil,
lightning my jewels,
Storm my adornment.
Anklets of raindrops bells
sparkle and ring
I dance in your rain.

I am earth warmed in Love,
Sunrays reaching through clouds
reflect from my rivers of blood
casting back into the Storm.
Raging winds, your need
Thundering sky your passion.
Lightning shards your desire,
Oh Storm,
Earth vibrates beneath you.

Monsoon nights,
I beg your power
to move,
to consume,
to nourish,
to blanket me
with liquid Love,
I am Earth,

fill my caves
may your rains become deep pools
moving within me.

Oh wonderful Storm
our dance is timeless.
Come to the Fire
deep within me.
Draw it to you
sucking it into your winds,
spiril of fire
bursting from me
piercing the night
lighting your sky.

Mari Martin

Forever Love

Through time and space,
through wind and fire,
our hearts have survived.

Like earth and water
we have always been.

Across the star filled sky
our song is kept alive
carried by the wind
to far pavillions.

Through the depths of the oceans
it finds it's way,
this melody born of our love.

To our hearts
does it speak
in such innocense
bringing with it
all memory

all thought

all need

all desire

to be as one

if but for a moment in time.

For,

you and I are forever connected

by a silver thread

woven of moon and sun.

It will be forever ours to follow.

It joins our hearts.

It guides our way

until time is again

ours to share.

Now, in this time,

we are.

Though I feel not your touch to my skin,

though my eyes thirst

to drink from the pools that are my beloved's,

and my yearning for you fills the valley of time
that stretches before me,
Love will find it's way home.

Home,
where two hearts dwell in joy,
where lifetimes meet
in blissful dance
as shadow and light,
once again
to bask in the brightness
that is forever ours.

Love will find it's way home.
Love will find it's way home.

Mari Martin

Forgotten Blooms

In a garden,
where malliflowers grace the air,
tiny snails traverse green leaves
leaving trails of their life
like a poet's lament onto pages
wet with his blood.
Gathered stone from the streams
are placed along paths of lost love
there for my feet to follow.
My soul breathes the dried earth
as if it were sweetest nectar.

My soul casts off it's dress.
I walk naked through the thorns adorning Love's rose.
My breast is pierced, bleeding,
thighs scratched and raped
by a poet's pen dipped in the ink of need
written upon me like wounds.
Pain sleeps upon fragrant petals
that stick to my bloodsoaked skin.
The scent of rose a pungent aphrodisiac
assaulting my senses like monsoon.

Malliflowers rise and fall in the breeze
spreading blooms before me
as I lay open my heart
to the assault of his poetry
upon my body.
Exquisite pollination.

Like the dew of a new morn,
I sleep on the empty pages of his aloneness
planting marigold seeds
in this long forgotten garden
that once was his heart.

Mari Martin

Gentle Man

Like a spring rain, he surrounds me.
His touch light as the soft breezes
that carry the drops of water
making them flow in the air as if dancing.

The voice whispering to me is a melody
filling my mind with an unforgettable song.
Eyes that seek truth search deeply in mine
finding the essence of me that opens to him
like a rose in first bloom.

His carress the touch of the sun.
His kiss as natural as the Earth.
With such tenderness he explores my body
releasing the fires of a secret passion
that has been waiting for him.

Entreating desires echo in my mind.
A voice like deep water flowing through me
asks me that which I now give freely.

Here, into the depths of my soul
does he come.
One man of gentleness and, yet, another of fire.
Mirror images I see within him
as I surrender to his completeness of me.

Mari Martin

God Made You For Me - Letters, Worlds Apart

Storm -

Night is sweet.
So are you.
Your body drives me.
I am ready to journey through the Fire.
To see your smile,
Taste your smile,
Take it
paste it on my soul.
Come soon.
Life is nothing without you.

Fire -

Sweet embrace of my heart
night's sweetness cannot be tasted
unless it is upon your skin.
Fire is but embers
unless it is born of your touch.
You are henna.
Adorn my body.
A thousand lifetimes
will I beg of God
for this continuance
of you.

Storm -

Spread me on your bed.
Kisses on my body,
rainbows of marigolds.
You are inside me.
I am inside you.
Heaven showers flowers.
You are beauty,
power,
poetry.
You are ancient desire.

Fire -

Destroyed in Love.
Born again.
I breathe you.
My eyes are filled with only one.
My heart beats for only one.
You plant the seed of passion
in my womb
there to be nurtured
as a new born child
born of God's touch.

Storm -

God give me a chance
to feed this hunger.
I starve.
I will make poetic love to you.
We will live in each other.
What is life without you?
Wind brings news it is spring.
I am indiffrent.
No one to kiss me.
No one to hold my hand.
No one to show me the way.
to the continent of malliflowers.
No one to read a poem to me, with me.
No one
but my Fire,
My rose.

Fire -

The pain of separation,
tears shed like rivers.
Yearning, constant yearning.
Knowing you pass through me
like sunshine through clouds,
shadow through darkness.
I feel you

as mountains feel wind
blanketing every part,
blowing into caves
lifting earths dust
to become part of it's existence.

Storm -

We will sail in a boat to some island
where no one but our naked sexy shadows
will cast life upon the shore.
We will sit by river side
read poems, dream into each other.
Sleep in caves
till we are awakened by rainbows,
fed by dew.
Drunk on kisses,
we will live as lovers
With God's blessings.

Fire -

The mournful sighs of Nightengale
will sing our song
until we sail,
floating in God's hands
upon the river of Love
that flows from His eyes.
Let my hands touch the water
that is my life
offering malliflowers
as prayers
upon my lips.

Storm -

We will make a bed of marigolds.
You are my sun.
I never had happiness
until you came into my life.
There is no moment you are out of my mind.
In my night you sleep upon my heart.

You walk with me always.
You are poetry.
I am a poet in search of a beautiful world.
You are walking poet.
Two poets live in dreams.
Two poets eat in dreams.
Two poets die in words
to be immortal.
Two poets open their hearts
minds
eyes
stomachs
thighs
caves
mountains.
Words enter words,
become words.
Live forever as poem.
You are with me.
We will be.
God made you for me.

Mari Martin

His Breath

A Lingering breeze.

Perfumed desire floating in realms of dreams.

Wet mists warmed by passion's nova.

Spring reborn.

Malliflowers hypnotizing my mind.

Need.

Promises spread upon my skin as oil flowing onto glass.

Fireflies.

Raging storms traversing my body.

Consuming.

Murmurs of entreatment.

Mystical spells cast into my drowning mind.

Englufing Kamasutra.

A bath of ultimate sensuality.

Eclipse.

Shifting dunes sliding, flowing
burying all thought.

Ache saturating my blood.

Craving.

His lips possess me.
His breath claims me,

forever leaving his mark upon my soul.

Mari Martin

If I.....

If I never met you.
Would this world seem colder?
If we never met.

If I never knew your Love
would my life have been in sadness?
If I never knew your Love.

Shadows disappeared.
My smile is warmer.
My body yearns.
My heart flutters.
My eyes are filled with you.

If I never met you
who would I Love?
Who would I be?

I never want to know.

Mari Martin

Is It You?

As time continues to capture the days
coming and going in a breath's exhale,
Is it you that I breath in?
Each movement of the air
that brings life to me
breath in, breath out,
Is it you?

The sand that gathers at my ankles
as the sea brings it home.
The leaves that burst in glorious colors
before winter comes to give them rest,
Is it you?

The waves of the lake glistening in moonlight
that touch the shore in gentleness.
The blazing sun that warms me.
Or the chill of night sheltered by a closeness,
Is it you?

The soft whisper of morning in sleep
that gently touches my skin.
The warmth of the pillow next to me
marked with an impression,
Is it you?

The eyes that capture mine in a moments embrace.
The gentle laughter that bubbles from within
when the child in me emerges to play.
The echo of a heartbeat
as my head rests upon warm skin.
Is it you?

The feel of the earth beneath my feet
as I walk through a vineyard bathed in the evening light
and feel such closeness.
Is it you?

The sparkle of the lights distant on the shore

as the sound of waves beat gently against the bow.
The unexplainable strength I feel
when I am alone.
Is it you?

The feel of passions fire rising within me
that brings me home to a place I have never known.
The mystical feeling of someone always near.
The voice I hear that simply says hello,
Is it you?

Mari Martin

Jasmine Dreams

Cast into the myriad of colored dreams
where Myrtle's blooms burst rainbows
upon my sleeping form,
my mind wanders, entranced,
lost inside a world of need.
Silent sweat trickles down my ribs
like abandoned streams
traversing the desert of my skin.

In night do I bloom with loves passions,
a fragrance untouched by day.
I am Chameli clinging on desire's wall
awaiting the nights sun
to cast it's brilliance upon me
as the petals of my soul
prepare their beckoning allure.

Early in the morn
before the sun kisses the night,
my body turns to cover you.
I lick my lips
finding only that taste that is you.
I think God paints my lips with it when I sleep
as a sweet remembrance
to console my pleading heart
as I awaken
to only me.

Mari Martin

Know Yourself

I believe in me.

For, if my belief in myself should fail
my life would soon be less
than what I expect of me.

Use what gifts are given you.

For, what you give of yourself freely
will be returned to replace the space
made by giving your kindness.

Put forth all effort

to make the challenge possible.

Use what resources you possess
and watch an idea become reality.

Seek knowledge from those you meet.

For, their thoughts may be the missing link
in your chain of achievement.

Every moment of life is a lesson.

Hear with your mind.

Listen with your heart.

Two precious gifts of God
that will always guide you.

Walk in light to recognize the darkness.

Walk in darkness to see the light.

Words of wisdom I have seen.

Now, I come to know.

I believe in me.

Mari Martin

Light Of Night

Night,
open and alive, signs of life hidden.
They move in silence around them.
Yet, the light within them grows.
The proof of life surrounds them.

Darkness,
the beginning or the end?
It was there before it all.
For, from it came the light.
Thus, the darkness then did fall.

Escape,
the path before the light.
Leading away from the truth within.
The spirit knows the way.
Once the darkness is left behind
life will soon begin.

Light,
surrounding the soul in Love.
It glows in colors too few seen.
For some it never comes.
It shines or not, a sign of life.
There is no inbetween.

Color,
it's essence pure, infinite.
For each their own is seen.
The purest violet intertwines it's chosen color green.
Thus the joining of the heart,
colors of light.
The power born from within
strong against the night.

Mari Martin

Listening With The Heart

The words are sometimes silent
and yet I hear a song
the melody of it's meaning rings
a haunting peal to which belong
a heart so hidden from all who seek
to find the part of him that's weak.

In words do I hear his voice sing out
to some it attacks as if to shout.
To others it is but a fleeting sound.
To me a melody inside I found.
Dark of meaning it tells it's tale
with black it's color in hidden veil
dense the fog that lingers in
lessened air so very thin.

Inside a cavern I awoke
wrapped in the soft scent of his cloak
which rends me weak if I let it consume
like walls to close in a darkened room.
And yet I breath with little air
fed to my lungs in secrecy there.
Inside the cavern his heart I found
by listening to words within the sound.

So softly I hear his music playing
a song within me, I hear it saying
'The brightness of my soul you have set free.
How come you here to awaken me? '
Wings of silken black arise
lifting high to meet the skies
folding the brightness of the moon
into the darkness that will come too soon.

So shines there in the blackness of night
one small beam of knowing light
that follows him hence where ere he goes
Listening with a heart he forever knows.

Little Sparrow

On winds of change
his wings do soar
on whispers of Old
lost no more.

Across tall trees
whose Spirits rise
singing songs
to fill the skies.

Through golden meadows
of ancient trails
in fields of gold
where truth prevails.

Finding refuge
from storms that rage
in time worn crevices
wise with age.

His journey is long
but yet he finds
solace in shadows
left behind
whose changing color
with moon and sun
completes the cycle
once begun
by those whose wings
soared high as he
through time
in search
for what will be.

Little Sparrow flying by
take my spirit to soar on high.
Teach me patience so that I
may soar with you when hope is nigh
to reach the heights to which you fly

on winds of hope
in a darkened sky.

Mari Martin

Living Illusion

Once lost in a vastness,
I wandered
the sands of time
burning my feet
as I walked upon shifting dreams,
love's mirage.
Illusions of passion, desire, need
touched my face
yet, left my body needing
as dreams often do.
My minds imaginary lover.

This reality moving within me
is untouching,
yet I feel it
surging from my depths
covering my skin.
It bleeds Love's blood.
Dripping from my wrists,
I drink it tasting you.
My lips crave.
My eyes drown.
I run with marigolds falling from my eyes,
the beauty of your Love
flowing from me.
Rain of my eyes,
blood of my veins,
you are alive in me.

I feel you deep within
pounding against the shores of my need,
ravaging me.
White blood bathes me,
possessing me,
taking me as it's own.
Your lips drink me
with a thirst of lifetimes.
I feast on your body.
Two hearts feeding

on life giving joy.

I am lost
as the sands of my soul are pulled from me
into the sea
where your storm
is my illusion.

Mari Martin

Love Is Hope

In the mists of morning
when the dew sleeps
upon the earth
my heart hears your voice.

In the brilliant rays
of the sun's first awakening
I see a smile
that warms my soul.

In the blueness
of a noon day sky
I find your love
and soar upon it.

In the gentle rains
that bathe my skin
I feel your touch
and want to drown in it.

In the endless night sky
I see the moon
knowing
Your eyes see it too.

How is love born?
How can it exist
in such vastness?

In Love's world
there are no mountains.
There are no oceans.
No space between breaths
or beats of a heart.
There is only
the path it lays
for hearts to follow.
There is only
hope.

As long as my eyes behold
the sun,
As long as my eyes behold
the blueness,
As long as my eyes behold
the moon we share,
Love will give me Hope
to one day
stand with you
to share it's beauty.

Mari Martin

Love's Madness

Oh, sweetness of life
how come you to find me here
lost in past dreams?
You smiled upon me
even as I closed my eyes
with wishe's tears
dampening my cheeks.

So filled with hope am I
with but a breath of your winds.
Winter blossoms in my heart
where once fields of grass
drifted in the breeze.
The scent of Love
fills my lungs.
I breathe.

Oh sweetness of life
from woman to child
have you brought me.
My eyes are filled with wonder
as I chase the butterflies of joy.
The cotton of my dress dances
as the clouds drifting in the sky.

Upon my soul have you whispered
with springs allure.
Inhale, exhale,
I draw you into my body
as earth absorbs the rains.
My lips are warm with smiles.
My lashes are laden with your pollen
brought to mate with my heart's flower.

Oh sweetness of life
your fragrance intoxicates me.
Drunk on Love am I.
Crazy may I always be
when you fill me.

If I am mad to the world,
then let me drift
in this bliss of sweetness
to wander endlessly
where Love possesses all,
where desire is obsession,
where need is addiction,
where only lovers find peace.

Mari Martin

Manta

The sun glitters
diamonds upon the sea
a vast blanket of emotions
moving, swaying
currents of Love consume me
drawing me into their power.

Above life flows bathed in sun
or tossed by storm.
Sea birds dance in the winds
their songs filling empty ears.
Ever drifting in the sky,
their need to feed continuous
always watching for the silver waves
that swim just below the surface.
They dip and dive
beaks piercing water
filling their bellies
then lift into the air
to search again and again for food,
a place to rest.

I am embraced by you
flowing within your vastness,
deep endless storm currents
or the calm.
Foating,
held by your beauty.
I do not hunger.
Your blueness is filled with nourishment.
Oh Sea, my Beloved,
I have but to glide
open myself
let your waters flow through me
around me
surround me.

Deep within you where no light cast shadow
I live.

I do not need eyes to see.
Deep within you, I am.
Continuous,
a part of your world.
Your drifting sands my pillow.
Your hidden cliffs my pathways traversed in gentleness.

I am Manta,
wings outstretched,
flowing.
I glide, bathed in you,
part of your life,
neither within or without.
I breathe you.
Live you.
One speck
within the ocean of the universe.
I am no more
no less.
I am Manta.

Mari Martin

Moonlight - Dreams

Soft light shimmers on the darkened walls.
White iridescent streams of brightness
cascade across the bed
blending with the shadows.

A calm surrounds me
wandering in and out of my thoughts.
Drifting memories within my heart
caress the emotions surging through me
joining to create a myriad of feelings
that course through my body.

The reflections of shimmering opal
cast across the ceiling
dance like lovers
experiencing ecstasy for the first time
as their bodies meet in quiet passions.

I feel the urgency of their touches,
the fires that peak and ripple
with each passing of their hands
across skin unfamiliar
but desired above all else.

There is a music here,
a melody heard in the depths of my heart.
It's haunting notes played on a magical harp
in a symphony written for Lovers.

I can feel you
in the music
in the streaming opal light
of the moonlight dreams
that find me wishing you were here.

Mari Martin

Now

My eyes seemed like pools
fed by the springs of aloneness
constantly flowing into their endless depths.

When I was young, I welcomed Love
with all it's newness and life.
I prayed for it to find me.

Now, as I sit alone
with the scars from it's knife
I wait for them to heal.

When I was young, my heart longed for Love
with all it's passion fire.
I searched for it.

Now, as I sit alone
with the fear of it's flames
I feel the coolness of life's waters
begin to extinguish the pain of it.

When I was young,
my body ached for the touch of Love.
I yearned for the feel of it
upon my skin.

Now, as I sit alone
with rememberances
I smile
waiting for the healer's hand
who has shown me
What Love truly is.

Mari Martin

One Dream At A Time

Yesterday my dream was to know Love.
How many yesterdays have come and gone?

In my youth my dream was to be grown.
How many years will I grow?

Today, my dream is you.
Will you always be a dream?

Tommorow I will have another dream
of knowing how many days I have with you,
of your remembered touch,
of Love's sweet continuance
through tomorrow's dreams.

Mari Martin

Only Once

Stars that endlessly shine
going on forever in time.
A rose that blooms in winter.
Can such a Love be mine?

The sad song of the nightengale
silenced by the night.
A sun that never rises
A second chance to make it right.

A rain that does not fall.
Clouds like wishes upon the sky.
One moment in time to say I Love you
but passes forever by.

Once in a lifetime
then gone the thoughts may be.
Cling to hope and happiness
a Love that can be freed.

Just once does time stop for you
and then continues on.
Capture this moment, hold it close
or it's gift will soon be gone.

Mari Martin

Out Of The Depths

Pools,
deep with life.
Hidden secrets cast in their depths,
currents swirl
touching abandoned wreckage
strewn about the dark depths,
motionless but not forgotten.
Kept reminders,
cradled memories.

Dive deep.
Remember the forgotten
scattered pieces of gold,
broken pieces of wood,
cracked glass.
Treasures all.

Look to the sun
dancing in the ripples
of the pool.
Lotus leaves floating,
fragrant gifts of life,
offerings of sweetness.

In the depths
memory's home.
In the sun
life's continuance,
breath
passion
desire
Love
Choices

Mari Martin

Pebbles And Puffs

I used to walk hurridly upon pebbles.
My shoes, with tattered soles,
balanced against sharp edges,
carried my weight precariously.
I was anxious to reach the soft dirt
that puffed small clouds about my ankles,
a respite for my sensitive feet.

One day, while taking a strole
on a relaxing afternoon,
along a road of pleasing ankle puffs,
some over loaded wagon had spilled the path
with finger like waves of pebbles.
I studied my recourse to such carelessness,
having snatched my relaxing walk.

I concluded,
the tattered soles had fared well to date.
I had enjoyed, so far, my relaxing strole
with the puffs of comfort.
So, with a continued smile
I embarked upon the spilled pebbles
with moderate interruption
to an otherwise enlightened walk
along the river's edge.

Mari Martin

Prayers Of A Dancer

Night,
your beauty is infinite
cast upon ever moving blankets,
grains of life
shifting, changing,
molded by the hands of time.

In your embrace does wind dance
as a Goddess
laden with stars.
Moonbeams cast their reflection
upon swirling, flowing skirt.

Your songs of lifetimes
a precious water
emerging from hidden wells.
May I drink of your nectar.

Lifting sands
hide not your mystery
under veils transparency.
Reveal the beauty, I pray.
Let me emerge from the blindness
cast upon visions.
May my seeking eyes
be not devoid of dreams.

Here,
in the breath of memory's whisper
does my heart awaken
to the dance.
Rising with the music I sway.
It's allure fills me.

Strings of ages
reveal your gentle voice.
Mezmerize my heart.

Fingers of time move me
with the drums of remembrance.

Shaded are my eyes
painted with your color, Oh night.
Honey flows upon my lips.
I will sing your songs of enchantment,
a sweetness long forgotten
in a world of glass.

Oh, beautiful night
bequeath your secrets to me
that I may dance with wind
upon the shifting sands.
Let my hands speak the stories of lifetimes
held in waiting.

Oh, endless night,
keeper of dreams,
may I honor you with my dance.
Graced by your vastness,
filled with your mysteries,
will my body express my prayers
offering them to you
with an open, happy heart.

Mari Martin

Prophecies

Come the ones with hollow eyes
whos voices drip deceit and lies.
Come the ones with hands that choose
to leave their signs of blueing bruise
upon the skin of Creator's child
who's heart is pure and manner mild.

Come the ones who's walk is laid
by phophecy told and mouth displayed
first to come and last to go
reaping from Mother what is not sowed.
Shadowed faces with eyes so hollow
say they lead but choose to follow
walking on paths where no tree grows
nor flower blooms or winds to blow.
Silent footsteps leading on
guided by greed and hearts far gone
dancing upon our sacred ground
their feet do thud around around.
Drum beats heart to ears far dead
while schemes swirl round inside their head

We are watching with eyes that see
to bring our promise of days to be.
We are watching through the fire
who's flames grow ever higher higher.
We are watching, we are here
to see their footsteps trod in fear.

when our voices sing the song
to drum beats lost so very long
tears once shed in dust will rise
waters sacred in our eyes.
When we gather come to see
the circle fire, two plus three
cast by warriors bow they fly
flaming arrow through the sky.

Five with five to touch the ground

within the circle eight is bound.
Cries the eagle end is four
gone forever, ever more.

Sacred fire within the flames
Creator's children hear their names.
One by one will spirits awaken
across the land that has been taken
to dance within the circle gifted
burning arrows, Mother shifted.

Some will know us through the eyes.
Some will see us in the skies.
Some will walk with mirror feet
across the fires of searing heat.
Some will sing while others play
upon the reeds of yesterday.

Songs of ancients drums of old
ancient prophecy to unfold.

We are watching we are near
carrying whispers to hearts that hear
awakening spirits with our voices,
Creator's children given choices.

Mari Martin

Ride The Sacred River

I stand watching with wonder.
High above white wings catch the sun
to cast shadows across my eyes.
Ripples in the water flow and fold behind me
as I drift
past offered marigolds.

Ahead, trees bend in the breeze.
I feel the movement of current quickening
as it traverses Mother Earth's paths.
Almost unnoticed, the foam rises
curling in and out of the crevices
as it swirls around rocks.

I close my eyes, listening
as my heart beats with a rhythmic echo.
Voices rise and fall,
songs in the water
of journeys begun, journeys ended,
songs of joy, songs of sorrow,
songs of departing, songs of homecoming.

Strands of hair dance in the wind
keeping time with the swish against bow.
Blue sky is tinged with sun's awakening.
as the smoke from distant fires speak of greetings.

Swiftly the water courses
through the narrowed shores.
Swaying with the movements,
I glide across the waves that carry me.

Since before time have we flowed with the water,
feeling it's power, knowing it's song,
Understanding it's blessings.

Now, as I move with the water,
I feel it call my name,
telling me of it's life,

sharing stories of those I follow.

It is I who sing now,
giving thanks for it's bounties,
honoring it's power,
asking it's forgiveness
of those who have forgotten.

I offer my prayers that I might always know
what it shares with me,
the water,
the food,
the beauty.

I am humbled
as I ride the sacred river,
giver of life.

Mari Martin

River Of Life

My heart hears your's with every beat.
I am immersed in the blood.
A river flowing through us.

Every breath moves it along it's path
forged by fates hand.
Our bodies sway as a soft breeze
forming the tide that dances
in the sunlight born of Love.

The echo of the beat,
a drum
that gives our feet the music to dance.
A dance of lifetimes.

The bells of my anklets sing for you.
The silks of my veil the clouds we dance upon.

Your touch the warmth of the river
bathing me in the essence of desire.
I am a flower
opening to your whispers,
a fragrance so sweet,
dew upon your lips.

My happiness,
a gentle rain
spilling over,
joys of Love flowing from my shaded eyes
that hold only you within their pools.

The river is our blood,
Passion's flame the lotus floating upon the ripples.

I will dance for you
to the rhythms of entreatment,
My hands weaving desire's longing
into the web of rapture
clinging to destiny's branch.

Adrift on the river of life,
our need lays upon the reeds
bound by ties of promise
fresh upon our breath.

I am but a hollow bone
through which the river flows.
My veins the tributaries
taking the river on it's journey.
My skin the shores that absorb it's nourishment.

Touch me my Love
that this river finds a new pathway
flowing into your heart
there to travel endlessly
a part of me.

Mari Martin

Second Chance

My heart remembers the Spring of Love
it's blossoms bright
filling the air with a sweet perfume
that lingers still in my senses.

It was a time of newness
when gentle rains fell
and the earth came alive with Love.
A time of exploring the boundries of my heart.

My days burst forth from the night sky
exploding in wonderous hues
filling the heavens with miriads of color
seen through the eyes of my heart.

My soul sang such sweet music
harmonizing with the world
as it took it's first breath
to fill me with Love's essence.

I remember First Love as it danced with me
to the melodies of two hearts singing.
My body has not forgotten
how a single touch can bring such joy,
how a certain smile
can part the rain clouds,
how it felt to be held in such completeness.

I have walked so many roads that made me grow,
helped me to keep believing,
encouraged me,
tore me down,
and lifted me up again.

Now, as I stand to see another sunrise,
those memories fill me now
as my heart sings once more
and my eyes behold the blossoms of Spring
surrounding me

in the garden that is your Love.

Mari Martin

Separation

Lie with me
in perfumed water.
I will bathe you in the soap of my desire
leaving it's scent upon your skin
to breathe when we are apart.

Mari Martin

Seven

Our eyes met.
I held my breath.
I was afraid of myself,
afraid of losing myself
in your eyes.
You could not speak.
Your eyes spoke a poetry
as you fell into my gaze.
We both knew how wonderful it felt
to say hello
with such unexpected happiness.

You touched me.
All the softness and passion of lifetimes
flowed through my veins.
I remembered that touch
in my dreams at night
in wonderous thoughts
in the middle of the day.
My heart pounded in my head.
My skin tingled with it's lingering mists.
I could not breathe.
You walked in my footprints
following me blindly.
Your eyes danced with mischief
holding my hand
as if it was a delicate rose.

We gave our hearts
with no question.
We kissed with passions colors.
Our desire burned with craving.
Our bodies slept as newborn babes.
Just the thought of you
brought the sun to shine
in midnight skies.
I was your book of poems.

Life became our togetherness.
We were Love.
Completeness was our world.

In you did I find my reason to be.
Your arms held me in heaven's embrace.
I was a child and a woman in your eyes.
You were a boy and a man in mine.
Our moments of Love
became our garden of Eden.
God smiled.

No moment passed I did not think of you.
Where you walked I followed.
Where I led you walked along.
No more could we exist alone.
We craved giving to each other
the bounties of our hearts.
Mine would not beat
without yours.
I was everything in your world.

Time stood still when we loved.
Not a moment of life was without you.
You fed me when I was starving for you.
I poured the water of desire upon your thirsty lips.
There were no others, only faces.
Our bodies drowned in possession.
I walked behind you
tying my heart to yours.
Then, you followed giving me your promise
as I vowed, after leaving this life,
to welcome you into God's Heaven
to continue the seven lifetimes of our Love.
Only we existed for each other.
Sweet unsatiated need.

Now, as I stand with this flame

I yearn to lay with you
upon the stillness
that enfolds you.
Bathed in white
I tremble.
These tears are my memories
flowing into the sacred river of my life with you.

You are my Attraction.

You are my Infatuation.

You are my Love.

You are my Reverence and prayer.

You are the temple of my hearts Worship.

You are my Obsession.

When my lashes at last rest upon my cheeks
holding the last rays of sun in this world
I will walk upon the stars to your waiting arms
and be reborn again.

Mari Martin

Shadow Dance

My feet were still
waiting to hear the music
that did not come.
My ears heard only silence
and in that silence I stood
without seeing.

Then the skies began to cry
the tears inside of me
began falling
to Mother Earth.
I touched them
and they became a bird
that took flight to the skies.
When my eyes followed him
he flew high into the grayness.
I sighed.

When I looked again
the sky was being painted
with colors my eyes could see.
The bird began to sing
and my feet began to dance.
There did I stand
dancing to his songs
and watching the shadows move
and dance
with the brightness of the colors
that his spirit painted for me
guided by Creators hand.

I closed my eyes to listen
to the songs that filled my heart
and when my eyes opened
the bird became you
standing with me
under the painted sky
your tears my tears
and our feet were

dancing with the shadows.

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The Elders of our People teach us
those things in life that they have learned.
They give us their wisdom as a gift and a guidance.
Whether Elder or Child, our life is filled with lessons
One of those lessons in life is to dance with our shadows,
those fears that keep our feet still, the hurt, anger, or sorrow of our past.
They are part of who we are today.
Let them be a part of who we are, not control who we are.

When we are able to dance with our shadows
we are able to unbind them from our spirit,
to see them with a clear heart.

Mari Martin

Silent Eyes

In the darkness I see your eyes
questioning what they see.
Do they say in silence
what you cannot say to me?

The words will not be spoken now
but, do you need to hear them?
Would they stop the trembling
or would you only fear them?

Some days those eyes see through my soul
my body aches with need
to know the simple feel of you
and let desire be freed.

A touch begins an endless night
of dreams in passions thrall
quenching the hunger inside of me
that should not exist at all.

In secret memories of passions dreams
I touch your shoulders bare
following curves in gentle strokes
the fire within me flares.

My fingers feel you tremble
as my hands glide down your spine
I lay my cheek against your chest
your heart beats wildly in time with mine.

With quickening breath I close my eyes
my kiss finds dampened skin
the urgent carresses of your hands
ignite the fires within.

Our lips meet for the first time
with all the questions gone
our wanting of each other now
has left no boundaries drawn.

My eyes reveal the need of your
your hands give their reply
slowly moving down my side
to rest upon my thigh.

Your mouth moves slowly down my neck
sending fire through my veins
consuming me completely
so no doubt of you remains.

I reach to touch the curving muscle
where beads of moisture stand
your eyes meet mine in silent words
you gently kiss my hand.

The feel of your kiss so softly placed
inside my trembling palm
slows the world around me
to a misty fulfilled calm.

The morning sun shines through the glass
how swiftly passed the time.
I watch it sparkle
on the moistened body next to mine.

We need no words to tell us
what our bodies seem to know
they taste each others hunger
as the passion starts to flow.

How long will it haunt me
hidden in disguise
the dream of passion that I find
in your silent eyes.

Mari Martin

Soar

Through the blazon sky I soar
carried on black and silver wings
outstretched to fold the wind
Soaring higher
above what is known.

Over mountain peaks he takes me
ever higher lifted am I
with grace and elegance
he moves among the clouds
keeping wind at bay.

I ride
feeling the power of his spirit
lifting me.
Together we fly
through the mists of ages
as rainbows paint the sky.

We are one
my Eagle and I,
flying with one heart.

I reach to touch the moon
as his wings take me there
on the winds of change
to bring my prayers
and hopes
to Creator.

Mari Martin

The Fire And Storm Of A Romantic Poet

The Fire and Storm of A Romantic Poet

We write.

Our pen is relentless in it's pursuit to satiate the readers hunger.
Or, to satisfy our own.

We pour words as a monsoon, life giving water,
rivers of emotion like carving fingers,
flash floods forever changing the face of possession, obsession.

We erupt passion as earth spilling it's core fires,
spitting the molten aphrodisiac into the sky of intoxication.
We pine poetic yearnings, inflaming seduction,
or, suffuse loss into memories.

We inscribe upon hearts
words that saturate the blood of human need
with erotic infusion of intangible desire.

We impale dreams upon the knife of loneliness,
then, drive it deep into the flesh of human expression.
Touch is but physical.

We propel imagination into barren fields
to propagate hope.
We anesthetize wounds.

We are a laureate singing the infinite beginning of life,
the battlefield of despair,
the respite for pain,
the healing poultice;
the within and without of emotion.
Love, the Atlantis of the heart,
the Nirvana.
Passion, the sweet juice of the enticing peach.
Desire, the addiction of the soul.

This is our Fire.

This is our Storm.

Our poetry.

Yet, we are nothing without inspiration, we are simply
an ocean of words with no congruency.

Until we find it, that inexplicable spark
that places a pen in our hand
and brings forth the tempest of phrase.

From Shadow to light.....

For Stephen..... the unexpected inspiration that brings me out of the shadows.

Mari Martin

The Hidden Me

Within

colors dance in magical swirl
blending, contrasting, meeting
becoming one
like the colors of the pearl.

Within

are the melodies of my soul
rhapsodies, waltzes, tangos
my dance
that makes two pieces whole.

Within

one who knows of pain and sorrow
yet, also the beauty of love
a smile
for all the promises of tomorrow.

Within

a part of me grounded and steady
following the footsteps I find
happily dancing
knowing, now, I am ready.

Within

the same person made of dreams
evolving, creating, searching
for the me
that waits patiently inbetween.

Outward

lines form the face I see each day
seasoned, graceful, matured
I smile
as the years all fall away.

Outward

I know it is time for Love to see
all, everything, past and present

inviting to discover
the person within, the hidden me.

Mari Martin

The Seduction

Just as the silken threads of morning
weave their magical patterns
across the darkened walls
so too the dancing notes
join them in celebration
bringing life to an otherwise gray day.

They are life, these wondrous
breathing, dreaming, mystical movements
that awaken me to a new time
where I am part of the melody
that takes a breath
with each note, each nuance
cast upon my waking senses.

Within such moments
does my soul float upon tranquil water
gliding through rising canyons
ever changing pathways,
always knowing that which remains
will forever stay a part of what will be.

Drifting inside the current
my mind desires it's capture,
it's bondage to such beauty born of life,
transcending that which is written,
or, learned by instruction.
It is the purest of emotions
played with the most precious of instruments,
the heart.

A maestro to my waiting desire,
it plays across me like a lover
bringing me to an ecstasy
only experienced when surrender is completely.

Here in the waning remnants of night,
with lingering shadows cast upon the walls
does the music find me

a willing suppliant to it's need to embrace,
to satisfy my soul
in effervescent beauty.

Mari Martin

Walls

I am alone once more
sitting by the lake
filled with the tears of my heart.
I have been here before, long ago
when it's waters were not so high.
It's edges did not cover much land.

The willows weep beside the water.
Their branches low, swaying in the breeze
making ripples
as their leaves gently touch the surface.
The stars are hidden by misty clouds
that cross the moon
leaving only shadows
cast across the lake.

The night birds sing a melody
born of my heart.
It echoes through the valleys
like a whisper
almost not heard, more felt.
Is it a sadness they sing
answered only by silence?
My heart cries out in the silence.
No answer comes.

Slowly, with but a trace of movement,
the mender of walls begins his work,
One layer at a time,
Ever so gently replacing the stones
now scattered around me.
Inch by inch he builds.

A craftsman of solitude is he.
No words spoken, just mending does he do.
Each time he builds the walls
his mortar is stronger.
I feel it enclosing around my heart,
this wall he gently replaces.

The touch of his hands a comfort.

The night winds now come
blowing across the lake
whose waters are warm
pushing waves to the shore.
His work finished,
the mender departs
leaving no trace of foot print,
no evidence of his being here.

I am alone once more
sitting by the lake
letting my tears flow
over the walls
like a waterfall.

Mari Martin

Waterfall

Only you have seen my soul.
You pour poetry of life upon it like waterfall of malliflowers.
Only you have seen my soul.

Standing in the cascade that forever bathes me,
it sings for you, this soul of mine,
music born of body, mind, and heart.

Only you have seen my soul.
through eyes of Love,
through eyes of compassion.

Into the water of life my heart is cast
escaping earthly bondage to live in God's breath.
Blessed am I.

No others had eyes.
Only you have seen my soul.

Mari Martin

When Love Came To Call

One day Love came for me.
It brought to my heart a song
a melody of happiness
and a promise to belong.

My heart so long had hidden
not hearing it's melody.
Then one beautiful stary night
it guided you to me.

Standing on the waters edge
I looked into the sky.
Still clinging to a Lovers hope
I prayed 'don't pass me by'.

My eyes searched in the night
as my hearts walls crumbled and fell.
The night wind carried a secret
only to me 'twould tell.

It told me of my dreams
whose face my heart did see
surrounded by my Love
that flowed so endlessly.

The tears danced down my cheeks
as I heard you whisper 'Hello'.
Was it then that Love came to me
in a voice my heart did know?

Was it the sun that rose that night
to shine within my heart?
I touched your hand just once
and the darkness did depart.

You took your hand and dried the tears
as you looked into my eyes.
It was then I saw and recognized
there would be no more goodbyes.

One day Love came for me
and with it, it brought you.
Forever in my heart you'll stay
to make each day so new.

At my feet you saw the stones
that had fallen from the wall.
In your eyes you held me there
as your Love did come to call.

Mari Martin

Wing Song

Gentle breeze who sings to me
softly as a lover's kiss,
I will write your poetry
in my heart
to sing with your songs.

Your melody haunts me
as it touches my mind
in quiet whispers.
In day's first light,
or nights embrace
I feel your warmth.

Waves float like silk
carressing the sands
where my bare feet
leave their solitary imprint
upon a path
to a place of dreams.

Your voice is entreatment
to a heart that holds the pages
awaiting your musical notes
so much a part of the symphony
we are creating.

The softness of your touch,
as you dance across the sea,
becomes the hand
that invites me
to waltz in this dream
of your beautiful music
flowing and swaying
with soft abandon.

As I stand in your melody
all of life becomes your voice
that sings to my soul

in a rhapsody of beauty
I cannot forget.

Here, by the sea,
where I walk in silent footsteps
cradled by the sand,
you are ever present
singing your songs.
A protective lover
who watches over me
like the iridescent moon
clinging to my skin.

Mari Martin

Within

Along the waters edge
small white pebbles sparkle in the sun.
Tiny ripples of liquid silver cascade over them
finding the curve of each stone.
I watch as the delicate green grass
waves in the light breeze.
It bends and sways as if dancing with the water.
With each movement the sunlight reflects
from iridescent drops of water.
Shadows of wings pass over me.
I hear the far cry of the soaring hawk.
He too dances, dances in the swirling air
that takes him high
into the blueness of the sky and the white wind swept clouds.

The winds are filled with the scent of fall.
Evergreen pine in crisp cool air fills my senses
as I lay upon the sun warmed ground.
My fingers touch the tall slender grass.
It's tops, like soft delicate feathers, golden white,
move with the air currents sweeping from the trees.

Here, in the beauty, do I feel you.
Your quiet song echoing through my mind
makes my body ache for you,
yearn for the touch of you,
the warmth of your smile,
the softness of your kiss on my lips.

I feel your body flow over me like the water.
I sway in the gentle breeze of your love.
My heart soars on the winds of your desire.
I smell and taste you in the air.
My heart and spirit dance with the happiness
you have given me.

I lay down with your warmth that penetrates my skin
as it becomes part of me.

Within Twilight

As night awakens
in the evening sky
I watch the tendrils of scarlet dreams
lift the twilight high.

Shadow and light meet
to dance their dance
as colors transpose to black and white
at a blissful moment of happenstance.

Into the darkened sky
do shadows melt
like chocolate blending to liquid flow
a changing time so rarely felt.

Yet, here
in this blissful moment of time
when day succumbs to night's romance
Love is never so defined.

It begins
with the brightness of the sun
as it rises above the horizon's line
a miracle never to be undone.

It lives, breathes and grows
in daylight play
with laughter and discovery it's toys,
keeping illusion at bay.

Dreams and memory
drift in the breeze
playing in the tree of our lives
where all our thoughts agree.

In afternoon's lingering embraces
we are
captured, held suspended by joy
knowing night is never far.

Now, as I contemplate
in the darkness here
where Love is an enchanting star
my heart will know no fear.

For now,
just as day fades into night
at the fleeting moments of in between
does this Love feel so right.

Laying in the arms
of night's beguiling caress
I enfold my heart within it
and to it's power acquiesce.

Mari Martin

Your Eyes

Tendrils of smoke rise
swirling, curling.
Transparant fingers painting images
hidden within the flames
from which they rise.

I lay by the fire
surrounded by the chill of life.
My senses are filled
with the scent of the wood
intricately placed
by the hands of the builder of fires
who warms my soul.

Brilliant coals lie within,
the heart of the fire searing,
leaving burns of desire upon me.
I am hypnotized by the flames.

The water of my tears
pool and flow
spilling over my heart's river
flooded by the rains of need.
Water and flame meet
consuming each other
giving life to the steam
that fills the stilled air
leaving the mist of passion
wet upon my skin.

The smoke rises.
It's fragrance surrounds me.
I breath in,
afraid to exhale.
The drug of it
mixes with my blood
coarsing through my veins.
A wild fire
devouring the forest of my hidden need.

I see you.
Rising tendrils of smoke
within your eyes
masked in waiting.

Mari Martin