

Poetry Series

Maya Thurber

- poems -

Publication Date:
2007

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Maya Thurber()

Make Luminous Your Dark Places

Sometimes, some time
Life is complicated.
Confusion stirs
The loose particles
Floating about in my soul,
Until a murky soup
Results.

A
Heaviness pulls
At my limbs
At my heart.

My head, bowed
Toward the ground
Glances up.

A bright color
Glow through
The murk

Iris,
Sensual tongues
Of velvet color
Beckon.

A glimpse inside
And I fall
Into its furry
Velvet mouth,
Waiting for me,
Waiting my whole life
For this
Lush moment.

This is not
One of those scary,
Falling dreams.
One of those

Jerk me out of sleep
Dreams.

No,
This is
A leisurely
Slow motion tumble.
There is time
To slide naked
Down the smooth
Silky tongues.

I plunge my face
In to pollen filled
Velvet.

Look up
With wonder
And
Laugh.

Doris Thurber
-Spring 2006

Maya Thurber

Once Again I Feel Like Crying

Once again I feel like crying from the pain of the divorce. I need to cry but I cant I don't think crying is a waste of my time anymore. I feel depressed. I need a day alone without anyone for a whole 24 hours. I need a day to write and to flush my body of the toxins from life and death I need a day for me. My mind feels as if it has snapped. I am scared of the unknown. I didn't use to be. I use to look forward to it. I feel like I am going crazy. How is this happening? What is happening? I have no idea about what my life should be. I feel lost. I feel alone in a crowd of people. I didn't know that was possible but it is. It feels like I am letting everyone down. I want to simply throw my body off a tower but I know I couldn't actually do it its harder to be happy I have almost perfected the act of being a normal teenage girl. But sometimes I simply can't keep the act up. It simply gets too hard. I need a break I need to get away from all I want to leave I want to runaway from it all but once again I know I couldn't do that I love this place too much I think that's why it hurts so much its what makes it so hard to let go I need a day to cry, to scream, to vent my fury, a day to release all of my emotions otherwise I will let it keep building until I do something dangerous or stupid and hurt myself.

Maya Thurber

Self-Healing

Silent too long
with the crazy-making games
fantastically playing out.
I understand.

In spite of sharing a home,
Alone I was
and remain.
In the center of the night
I dive deep into art's process.
And melt into the colors.

Maya Thurber

What Have I Become?

I feel the burning on my arms from my bladed friend
I watch as blood seeps to the slits in my skin
I sometimes look forward to that certain pain
That only I can control
It kind of feels good
I don't know exactly why it happens but it does
I hate that no one truly knows who I am
My heart is slowly being torn apart
I think that's why I look forward to that small little blade
In a way it helps ease the pain
I am shaking as I set down the blade
Not from the pain but from the ease of pain
It feels good

Maya Thurber