

Poetry Series

Sarah Sisson
- poems -

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Sarah Sisson(11-25-1971)

Sarah Sisson is a professional singer in Texas. Her inspirational poetry is a reflection of her survival and nourishment she received through rigorous honesty, hope and the value of others. Her poetry reproduces the art of growth and the love of living life. As a poet, Sarah has felt compelled to express every emotion in a simple way. Thought and fantasies come through in a danceable, fun way. The pain is intertwined with hope; the fear is laced with happiness. Then there is the growth and sanctuary of age. She has recently switched gears from writing short stories and songs to indulge in her love for poetry. Her rhythm is intrinsic. Her rhyming is artful. Sarah is a new and enthusiastic inspirational poet. For questions or comments please visit poetsarahsisson@

****responsible (Inspirational)**

Where do I get this treasured bliss?
I take the passion of life and I take the risks.
Life isn't for that fool to be me.
I can understand my happiness in a simple kiss.

Truly I hold a key to the world I live in.
My mind is a blessing and I chose to give in.
To a higher power that is mine.
I can live a human life.
I can be forgiven for sin.

Because I believe in light.
I believe in this life you must fight.
For a moment of peace can touch us all.
So deeply that you will find that you
Don't always have to be right.

I can be free and responsible.
I can offer my self to a better cause.
I can be whole and loving.
I can do the things I need to do.
I am responsible.

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Sarah Sisson

****the Day I Will Be Free**

I am up in th morning... alone.... and
I feel so strange. These have been
days of change. Lights and movement
so fond, yet far. Only once the severity
of the cry... was possible. I try I almost
always to give what my heart knows it the
best. This love for life, this angel of my own,
is in my heart, giving breath to my body and
an archway into a world divine. Hope and love
is a shining interface with the beauty of day and
the picture of night. Just once and only once will
I see the way to go towards a life of giving love and
humility. I cry about these things and love, love, love always.

..... this is the day I will be... the day I will be free

Sarah Sisson

*camelot

I am made from water.
My birth was forged from what
one can only say is far and deep,
away from reality. Cold winds blow
the water above me. Here is where
I lay waiting for a reflection to
peer down upon my ivory face.
As I reach up with my sword
I will never fully emerge but you will,
if you are chosen see the cast
of my small figure. I am bound by
sorcery to muddle here in thick sand,
my feet anchored. I can only approach those
who are truly worthy. My white robe is driven
as snow and my hair falls back as
I lift my face to the surface never
allowed to fully emerge.
I am Camelots magic.
I am the lady of the lake.

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Sarah Sisson

***electric Mind**

It is my mind that is electric.
I create energy when I move.
Do I not burn time, yet make
new moments happen with
every choice I make? These
are just a few ways I contribute..
Those are smiles, gestures, hello's
and goodbye's. Every day is filled
with the electricity of life.

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Sarah Sisson

*emotional Girl

I am an emotion.
I surface each night
and feel the pain of yesterday.
I writhe. It is a power that
I give life. It does not soothe
me. Cast an iron shelf on
my shoulder to carry dirt,
soot from a day of anguish
that I wish to combine
with self disgust. I am
proud of my pain. I wear it
like a badge that is forged
from spilled blood. Broken
bones and scars.

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Sarah Sisson

***the Band**

I step up on to the dusty stage.
The wires and tape fused to the weathered floor.
I look to my right and see the lights
that will soon engulf me.
To the left is an empty room,
still energized by last nights crowd.
Soon they will enter in.
Pressing against the bar and handing
their credit cards over for the
fresh tab for the night. Then, the early few
will watch the stage and smile.
Holler a bit; ask what we will play.
So then it all begins again.
The beaten dance floor, the women filtering in
with their small handbags and low pants.
Some start the party when they walk in
and those are the ones,
the ones that create the energy.
The are out there to have the most fun
and they want us to do our very best.
The guitar tunes, the buzz from the bass amp vibrates
and then the drum clicks off.
I welcome the crowd and then
we move into the meat of the night.

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Sarah Sisson

*the World

The air supports life.
The canopy of leaves keeps my skin ivory.
I am exposed and I am free.
The sun rises and falls and all I have ever seen
is the masterpiece of life that I am the mother of.
I sleep in peace.
I am never alone.
My bed is woven from soft vines.
No thorns or blemishes exist in my world.
I feel heat from the sun and I bathe in cool mist
from falling water.
My feet splash the water and moss goes through my toes.
I am alive and not alone.
My skin is sweet;
my hair is long and soft.
I do not hunger nor do I thirst.
I am full; always full.
Something slithers up my thigh and between my breasts.
A tongue tickles my neck and then the most beautiful golden fruit drops at my
soft feet.
I take it like a wild animal and it is left to a few seeds.
The clouds roll in cold.
My soft feet crack
and I am alone with a scaled creature
hissing and as it goes I feel pain.
I know I am dead inside for I made sin come and be real.
I am Eve.

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Sarah Sisson

2009 (Inspirational)

Today I will welcome two thousand nine.
I've gotten in no trouble... I've done no crime.

I've cleaned up my act now... this is the third year...
...I've been blessed with goodness and shed fewer tears.

This year God will bless all the Earth, human race
to start fresh and let this new chapter erase...

...the damage I may have done though minimum.
I have to admit that last year was real fun.

But off to a new year we today do start.
Goodbye two thousand eight; last year we do part.

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Sarah Sisson

A Confused World

A place of confusion, today is the norm.
The entropy has us, the roads that are torn...

...up make us go crazy, know not where to turn.
They change it again just as soon as we learn.

And lines at the store are long. Do you have ten
or less items to check out? Eleven! Then...

...you stay in the long line your car is way out
in the parking lot the rain pours from a spout.

Then you remember that your laundry is due
to pick up; you break your heel off your new shoe.

And children next too you are crying in church.
Their parents wont take them out; 'fraid you will hurt...

...the usher for ignoring this obvious, ...
...rude and unfit decision while they discus...

...the topics today that we really should share.
So we can go back out in that world; compare...

...ourselves to the noisy, the brutal and stray.
And hope that we also aren't nearly that way.

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Sarah Sisson

A Good Intoxication

I thought my life was well
rounded in a bottle.
I was aloof and trampled
by the weight of my despair.
The canopy of drear was in
all the curves of my circumference.
It was a blasphemous time and
I had no loving God. Just a
power that was not dainty, but me.
Alone, was my past life.
This world was rounded
to converge with a fit of
jealous rage that I suppressed
with a good intoxication. Now,
although late in this life, I have
those things. I have taken advantage
of this life He has given me. With
every new breath I take I absorb
a gift a new love for my life.
I have a chance; a new start.

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Sarah Sisson

A Jeanie In The Bottle

I am a Jeanie in a bottle.
A ripe age sent from the times long ago.

Here I am in todays world
waiting for a wish... a magical endeavor.

Come all of you who try, who love each day and
fill your hearts content.

Live your wishes and mark the times.
All is available if only we go out and seek...

...the life we deserve.

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Sarah Sisson

A New Friend

Pulling a new friend into
your life is a form of balance.
Its a ripple in the system
that is so beautiful...
a new spirit... a new energy.
Both are souls combined.
When two people compliment
each other, it is a valuable commodity...
to the flow of the world. A chain
of events that bring a happiness
to more than just the new friends.

Sarah Sisson

A New Start

It is a damp day and
I am stuck here inside...
...forced to dream.

It is time for me to muster courage,
for tomorrow I must recreate my mystique in a new way.
I have a chance to start again.
My surroundings will be fresh and my positive actions I will make ample.

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Sarah Sisson

A Starlet

A starlet was I in a city of idiots.
A community of wolves on a roll.

They were predators on the make.
The maidens all in their fancy.

Maybe one was the prince, but the fact holds true.
These prowlers were relentless.

Women of kindness put their necks out.
The cave men schemed for a conquest.

This was the scene of a club that had low lights.
A drunk environment with plenty of prey.

I was in reverse. I was the mad panther.
In my world I could extinguish even the best of them.

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Sarah Sisson

Adolescent Actions

There is a child beneath my callous, developed age.
I see with inexperienced eyes, and at times
I do believe my thoughts of former days.
I make choices with no discoveries.
I see with an open heart not yet scathed by hardships of simply living.
I protest my responsibilities to imitate what I have learned through the years.
I refuse to behave appropriately in mature situations.
I cannot mask that child in every beat of day and night.
I will not seek comfort in my advancement.
I relinquish the ability to choose wisely.
I have that child within me always.
I carry the burden of recalled experience.
It is as if situations are ongoing collisions of first time experiences
I have innate familiar pain.
It comes back to me.
The challenge of childhood...
Those thoughts of the first time... in good or bad situations
Those thoughts still lie within all my needy moments.
This child is who I believe to be...
...as the recollection of growth does not respond to my fear of living.
I taste my life in the past with no unfolding.
My child will always be inside me.
I will not let her go.

Sarah Sisson

All Mine

I never thought of anything other than myself
my rage was a comfort in a symphony with peace
poles unearthed on rampage

Sarah Sisson

All My Cat Wants Is Food (Attempted Humor)

All my cat wants from me is food.
The only time his fickle mood...

...is pleasant in every way.
It is the only time of day...

...that he is nice, he does come near.
He wants his fancy feast. I hear...

...him coming round the corner now
I must feed him...my kitty cow.

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Sarah Sisson

All The Shining People

A feeling is a savage beast
that ruins the party, spoils the feast

and dances high but brings you down
to make you seem unwanted. Clown

you are to those you try to fix.
Leave them alone maybe you'll mix

a few martinis. Down they go
and you can then have all the woe

of those you care for, those that may
dilute your heart; lead it astray,

and to the drummer, beat and all
a nothingness will break the fall

Sarah Sisson

Alone With You

Alone, you and I...
No one is here to stop us.
We are here and have all the power...
...to do anything we want with each other.
It is not obvious at every moment.
Sometimes you are clearly not in need.
But I will always wonder...
...if you are wanting me...
...and struggling like I am.

Sarah Sisson

Am I Really That Bad?

I'm just not sure...

that a whisper...

is poisonous enough...

to contort me.

However, it does.

That's just not me...Whatever it is
they are saying...

But it might be true...

That's why it makes me so damn mad.

Sarah Sisson

Among The Rest

As I fall low beyond the rest,
I pale my lips, I loose my breath

Though baited I adored the 'rough'
The wisdom came through the tough...

...and spaded line or magic time
of my inventions; my divine.

Sarah Sisson

An Animal Appraisal

When one is called simple
that may simply not be so.
A context in rhythm
is an arrogant conception,
a bereavement of solace
and an independent curator of time.
Hell hops the furry forward
and the breath of ones
own mother horn the adjunct.
A brazen blow to a humorous head
A jackal knightly; a usefull dish
among the kindled flame of orange hue.
Anticipate this. A brush with
the word; a coffin to suit the
most pleasurable death.
A just moment and a comprehensible
tip should not a hearty meal choke.
This is the metal, the straight
that bores the iron and shields man.

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Sarah Sisson

Are You In Denial?

Why do you hold what you are thinking?
I know you are no blank canvas of a man.

You deny your lusty tastelessness.
Something must fill the void.

I am no fool.

Man cannot live without thoughts.
They fill every moment,
and those who refuse to say this,
battle being conscious.

Still you ignore the truth.
After and again I continue the fight
to pull you away from your secrets.

I know you are thinking the wrong thing today.

Sarah Sisson

Are You There?

'are you there? ' she said trembling;
wanting to beat his body for invading her home.
She came around the corner with a fist filled with might.
Anticipating a rage upon this faceless intruder.
She was ready to fight.
There was much disappointment
when there was no one there.

Sarah Sisson

Ark

The ark of serenity, power and time
seeks refuge on water in a simple design...

...that keeps it a float while the world stays confused.
There are a few blemishes and even bruise.

And out of the corners a puddle, dismay
is tingling there, undisturbed. Has a way...

...of reminding us all that there is a chance
that if we don't work together in this trance...

...of life we wont get to the good stuff at hand
and waters will not dry. No ark can reach land.

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Sarah Sisson

Aromatic Christmas

The most aromatic time
of the year is the Christmas season.
Trees and candy, even wrapping
paper has that seasonal smell.

Merry Christmas to all of
you that celebrate.
May your nose be filled
with merry scents that will
last the whole year!

Love to you all

Sarah Sisson

Awesome Lady

She was terribly kind from the beginning.
She smiled right at me even though I was a stranger
barreling into her home
The gradual familiarities created a bond
and that bond was sealed with one joyful hug.

Sarah Sisson

Bad Idea

ok maybe the book thing was a bad idea....lol

Sarah Sisson

Bedtime

The lights go out, I come alive
Increasing heartbeat makes me thrive
A timid rascal in the room
If I come out he'd surely swoon

I come alone, I'm here all night
I feed on fear, I dine on fright
You timid rascal in the room
Your corner bedroom I do loom

A crack of light that's in the door
I sneak around on darkened floor
That timid rascal in the bed
I'm right above your covered head

The crickets creek, the windows draft
My disposition is my craft
You timid rascal in the sheets
I keep you covered; my defeats....

...of soothing mother in next room
You wish you might just slumber soon
But little rascals pending doom
Is my objection, my air loom

I am a monster strong of mind
Emotion craving is my kind
I want the rascal in that bed
To pay me heed not sleep instead

My clownlike face is broken, bruised
a foul confection on my shoes
My hair is soiled, my clothes too tight
Inside my costume is a sight....

....of turmoiled faces I have seen
and once did see me so they screamed
While trapped forever in my being
That rascal's sure to know what seeing...

...and believing share tonight
A strange horrific clownlike sight
to rustle strangely near his bed
He'll lie awake just like I said

But both his eyes stay shut right now
I wait each night for when, where how
I'll get that rascal while he sleeps
I'll wake him with my scary feats

And low behold when I am done
He'll pass me right on to his son
Then soothing father coming soon
will all forget whats in the room

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Sarah Sisson

Believe

where would I be
behind the blind subtle whisper
of my own intentions?
It is not stopping to come closer to the world.
If I dreamed life then my fantasy would no longer catch me.
I can't breathe with this nonsense of life that has become right.
And life knows me well.
I have to jest at the world I receive
and come to believe I am sane.

Sarah Sisson

Beloved Lightform

Forever; what would be my notion
Extreme belief. A shattered wild commotion
A dream; that wouldn't be the answer
I filed away the fine outstanding dancer
My right; the altercation keeping
I strain and struggle, No more my believing

So now I comfort all man's waiting
My tangled and impatient confiscating
I travel deep to get back what I've stolen
This madness has my heart that's tossed and swollen

Sarah Sisson

Better Than Just A Friend

Her enthusiastic tone of voice
has turned simple faith
in to true excitement
Energetic talks
create massive momentum
exchanging into hope.
To say she is my friend
understates my admiration
and I look forward to all of her new ideas
I am blessed with someone talented in arranging happiness
She brings a new light to my world
and I am in awe of this education
My goal came to me.
She has generously raised my potential
and now that we are working together
The possibilities grow
with every conversation

Sarah Sisson

Binding Love

How can I know if it is love
I feel when I bind it? A conclusion
is unobtainable at this time.
I can see beyond my hand
but the focus is weary.
My chances are in my choices
and change is in my realm
of a sutured wound.

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Sarah Sisson

Black Out

There is nothing like a
black out to scare the
light out of you. Or driving
home with one eye shut.
Waking up the next morning
and not knowing how you
got home. They call this
firewater spirits for a
reason. I am compelled
to tell you all that I was
muddled and taken away.
To a never ending crater
I called living. There is a
place that has always been
there crying for a solution.
Those days haunt me now
...in my dreams.

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Sarah Sisson

Blame

I have not separated from you.
Your words linger in my thoughts
and punish me in every notion.
I try to allow myself to live
without your insane dialog....
running through my mind
and effecting my temperament.
A peaceful world is not your choice.
I have buried most of your haunting tactics,
however, I am bruised and fine with that.
Still it hurts even though I have tools
and do not blame you anymore.

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Sarah Sisson

Blurry Shade

A fat mess in a blurry shade
from a canopy of delusion.

A mirror stabs me yet it is unbroken.
What I have here is an answer,
but only if I ask those on the other side.
Those I will never trust.

I seek approval.
I give myself none.
I bake in my mirror as the sun reflects behind me.
It blurs my figure so I cannot see.

The heat seeks my body and I feel pain.
Let the sun move,
as the heavens rotation promises it to do so.

Please, I wish to stay in the same place.
I wish for the same land to hold my feet
so the glare wont char me.

Sarah Sisson

Boat On The Street

Things I have to deal
with are far from perfect.
Do they not stem from me
and my well being? I can
look at life as perfect but
I don't really want to make
that choice. I can laugh
at the specks on my skin.
I can complain about
the boat on the street.
These are my days.
To live in the mania of peace.

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Sarah Sisson

Body And Wine

Here I am in this eternal nightmare...
and drink, I will, till the cocks crow.
Impale me softly,
then kiss the kindness
away... start it all from my mouth.
Apparently, laughing the bottom
of the tide, rests my youth
and here the drums
sound again with a yearning.

Sarah Sisson

Broken Diamond

someones love has bound me
yet do I love them back?

my diamond has broken

I wonder where all the trust has gone
I feel the ember burn

I yearn to know what may or may not be real

Still I hold on to this incomplete bond
and tremor until he does

Sarah Sisson

Build My Trust

Do you like me yes or no?
I must know now so I can go...

..about my day and think of what
I'd say to you if we broke up.

I'm tired of the silly things
I have to bring up 'bout living...

..with curiosity of you.
Then trying to tell you to do...

..the simple ritual I need
to build my trust and ego feed.

So tell me now, wont ask again
are you leaving or my boyfriend?

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Sarah Sisson

Candy At Night (Attempted Humor)

I close my eyes and try to sleep
but in the midst of night I eat...

...the candy in the other room,
the kitchen' where I go to tune...

..myself in to hungry beast
I must have candy...say the least...

..so here I go around the bend
To blow my diet. hence this trend...

...has got to stop! I must resist
this candy bar or Hershey's kiss.

Satisfied I go back to bed...
the sugar all gone to my head.

Tomorrow is another day
work out, send calories away,

So I can eat tomorrow night.
I try to keep sweets out of sight...

...so I cant remember they are
They're in the kitchen... not so far.

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Sarah Sisson

Cave Dwelling

I did dare to live in the cave born in the cliff of my cynical self. I was in there and felt quite safe. It was leaving and coming home that scared me. I never figured out that dream of climbing in and out of that cave. It had no fire. I still, every day crept in and out, always thinking of you.

Sarah Sisson

Change Of Heart (Inspirational)

There have been times
that I took things out
on people. Those were
truly days that something
was just wrong with me.
When I am upset, the first
thing I must look at is my
own serenity. I can not tell you
how many times I didn't even
notice that I was the only
one in the room with
the problem. It's not so easy
to let go and lay back. I just
have to remember that when
I do lose my cool...It's me that
I am mad at. The only thing
I can change... is my heart.

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Sarah Sisson

Change Revised

I've changed a little here and there.
There are less people I do scare.

My mom would find me on the floor
with ripped up clothes I know I tore.

While reckless thoughts went though my head.
I implemented them, no bed...

...did I go to, I stayed up late
to have mania, seal my fate...

...of crazy motions, choices too
I was so wrong my whistle blew.

And those that saw were so aware
that I was sick. The things I dare...

...to do were massive, luck was mine
because I had relations, kind...

...and not so gentle when they took
me out to pasture, world they shook...

...was mine. I needed lots of care
to bring me back to life. This tare...

...on my shirt reminds me of that.
The day I changed. The day I sat...

...and thought I about what I must loose.
The mania I could not choose.

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Sarah Sisson

Chiseled In Many Ways

On occasion I think of your face.
I am compelled by your expressions

of a true conversational understanding.
Your wisdom has surpassed your time.

The chiseled features and the grand
escape from age you have managed

to achieve while keeping your skin fair.
A timeless look is yours. A love for the past and

a knowledge of things one deems pertinent.
I can speak to you dear sister. You are a

charm. A gift that blossomed from a drearier time.
As one with a similar passion for life

we speak a language, together, that is
abundant... a spectrum large.

And on we go as our lives change.
A friendship has been born.

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Sarah Sisson

Choices

In the middle of right and wrong
I must stay clear, I must stay strong.

For I have lived here everyday.
I do not falter, nor do pray...

...I come into that stagnant trap....
...when I'm not honest, I do tap...

...a vein that keeps me struggling
when I can not do the right thing.

I'm stuck between the obvious
choices that could be chosen; must...

...take responsibility today
'cause ups and downs are here to play...

...with my emotions centered so
that I can't free my self, let go...

...and choose to be the good or bad
to keep myself from going mad.

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Sarah Sisson

Christmas Aftermath

This mess that I clean up from Christmas is grand.
I've no Santa's helpers, no boyfriends lent hand.

So I sit and look at my disastrous house.
And on top of all that cat brought in a mouse.

I'm serious! This is a task I will hate.
I'm going to get it done though..sure cant wait.

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Sarah Sisson

Computer Crazy (Attempted Humor)

When my computer is slow
I have to get up and go...

...to cleanse my brain of this strife.
I must say... I have a life!

But I cant get stuff done now.
This computer...don't know how...

...I put up with this slow speed
I guess the project I need...

...will have to break for a while.
At least I saved it to file.

My frustration is so high.
I have to hit my desk, sigh...

...then get up to walk around
so I don't reboot; I've found...

...that I can wait a minute
and my computer....wont quit...

...if I just have some patients
my project I can commence.

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Sarah Sisson

Converging

You are the arms around me
that I can feel when nothing
else can touch me. I dream of
you in my life and your thoughts
converging with mine. You are
the one I adore.... I can no other.

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Sarah Sisson

Corners So Grim

painstaking and thin
are the corners so grim

the corners of rooms
is where obsession looms

the mind it doth play
where the sanities gray

and the mind that is mad
has embraced what is sad

Sarah Sisson

Cover My Tacks

It's really important to cover my tacks.
Avoid controversy and coat all the facts.

A reason for sharing is not always kind.
I'd rather sit silent and you read my mind.

A truce, if you will, with the things I don't share.
I do for not only myself, but to dare...

...not keep those around me at bay with the math
of tricky persuasions and veer down the path...

...of other inquiries that may not be so
incriminating and off again I go...

...in hiding with my interpretations of
the things I don't want you to know. Not above

deception and schemes that I plan with much care.
I keep you at bay. I keep you unaware.

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Sarah Sisson

Crucial Time

Alas I have stumbled upon a crucial time.
The agitations of my smoother past lay
behind with a wet wax I cant not slip back on.
I have lived to no recent expectation.
My half way measures have expired.
Now I must work to get what I want.
Time has taken me to a new destination.
A vector to a different and outstanding wind of change.
I am here at this crossroad not of my own will
but because my own mistakes have forced me to succeed; move on.

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Sarah Sisson

Dapper Man

That man looks good
in his sharp suit

I'm blessed that this
dapper man is mine.

He comes out of that closet
looking fancier than I do.

There is nothing better
than a well dressed man.

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Sarah Sisson

Dark Wisdom

The wisdom of a rotten soul
is dark and tarnished turned from gold.

A magic that inspired time
was just enough to make love blind.

A lust forgotten for the truth
came running from a spell. Aloof...

...and seeking summertime of life
amidst the worn out game of strife...

...accustomed to a longer day
that wasn't far but went astray.

For what it longed for when the few
forgotten pleasures went askew.

A little turmoil and the kiss
of undesired savage myth...

...to rule the understated mass
of my illusions and my wrath.

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Sarah Sisson

Dawn

Always, I will love the dawn
Dawn masks my once known desire for subtle dusk of night
Headed to destinations as the sun fell, I could hostage twilight
As the earth turned, in the days of dark fascination
I was in awe of shimmering street lamps, and subtle glow from open windows
Now my life is in the dawn
I still see the twilight sweep by, yet the lights go off this time
The moment of Earthly change, on its own powerful axis
create the same snapshot of true excitement
although the destination rotates to a brighter experience

Sarah Sisson

Decisions

These are the days
of unity, change.

A mass of light;
the carousel might...

..release a grin.
In the midst begin...

...again I grow.
To what, I not know.

I've chosen wrong.
Back where I belong.

Right side of tracks.
Mind brings me back.

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Sarah Sisson

Deep

Deep inside a moments time
is rough and watery, not kind

Into a pot of melted ice
i throw the batch of wedding rice

They do not swell, they remain cold
I can not trust; to have to hold...

...you for the days that come and go
I'll linger without bridal glow

And for this coming day of ours
I know the way, I see the spars...

...that come before us, cant you tell
there will be pain, the wedding bell...

...will ring and truth will set aside
the loss when I become your bride

Sarah Sisson

Defensive

I am not delicate.
My skin is weathered.
My actions are defensive
due to of the scars of living.
I wish to protect myself and
instead I expose my
heart to the past.

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Sarah Sisson

Dig Deep For My Love

This moment is tragic.
This moment is fair

I dig deep for my love
to take me to where...

...we once were in that day
you said you were mine.

I roll with the punches
I say I am fine.

But now that I look at
the shattered, the few...

...times that have come up
and you said you were through.

My actions to keep you
I will not retreat.

This love of ours must be strong
even defeat..

...the times; utter sadness
and painful words said.

My only wish darling
is love me instead.

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Sarah Sisson

Diluted

Today is for a celebration. This is always so.
Yet off again I trample through the woods just stop and go.

My mind, diluted passion rears an ugly battered show.
It's all about the reasoning I cant control, my low...

...is often in the dumper and my heart is tight and slow.
These day should be of kindness but instead I die not grow.

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Sarah Sisson

Discovery

I did dream about you last night.
I had every plan to do so...
...as fell asleep with you on my mind.
You are unique but so am I.
I hang on to certain moments;
forceful then tender.
Every need explored.
Every need excited.
No new reason to think further..
...because we're now in true communication.
We both know how things will start.
And the best discovery...
...is that we now know how it must finish.

Sarah Sisson

Do I Please You?

I feel empty
because I do not know if I please you.

I am lost
because I know not where you were

I am frozen
because you don't tell me what you wanted

I cant love
because you caused me pain

Sarah Sisson

Do Not Forget Me My Love

Do not forget me my love
I know you must leave; expel me
from your heart. But I ask only one thing.
Do not forget the time we once played.
Times when you looked in my eyes with love.
I will search for another but it is you that I will hold...
burning inside what was once my heart....given to you.
I will cry over you. I will feel loss and pain from your absence.

Please, do not forget me my love.

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Sarah Sisson

Do Not Speak To Me Like That

Far, far too many times
I have allowed to to speak
harshly to me, my love. I am
only absorbing what I can. If
you do say these things forever
will I leave? I'm up in arms.
No, you must listen. I will not be treated
like this. Your mouth inst fair and your
eyes are on fire. I have done nothing but
ask one small task from you..... treat me like a lady.

Sarah Sisson

Dollar-Less Nigh

impaled are some by a dollar-less night
to wake up and feel so scared having no right

to play a game set up by those who have much
but government cant punch the lights out to touch

the bad from the gold and the sins of all kind
the ones that have faltered have lost their thin mind

so some sit up fat though their bodies not so
and invalids, crazed ones and unplanned youth know

Sarah Sisson

Dont Tell Me

I wish I didn't care
I'm awful to concern myself

I wake and I think....
too many times I have sought your honesty

I could crumble with the truth
But regain my self worth

If only you would admit
when you were not honest with me

Sarah Sisson

Donuts (Funny)

I'm absolutely tired of
the donut shop that I do love

The tempting cream; the piggy dog.
I love to eat them. I'm a hog.

I tell you once I had this clue
That perhaps I could resist two

But one is never quite enough
I can't explain its raging tough

Do drive right by an "open" sign
That has the creamy chocolate kind

The lady at the donut shop
She knows my name cause I can't stop

The tempting bliss of perfect glaze
I'm quite a cow and I must graze

Those perfect morsels that I chew
Delicious lovely I'll take two!

Sarah Sisson

Double Door Dilemma

What I'll describe for you
is called the double door dilemma.
The kind of entrances you see
in restaurants. A friend, a...

...companion maybe a
date of yours you've asked to go in first.
You've done your job well,
upright, but next scenario sure hurts....

...for both the parties that
just went through this seemingly grand move.
Your faced not with the beauty
of the grand room. There's more to prove.

She doesnt know weather
or not to sit there like the princess,
and you will have no time
to get the second door she'll address.

The second set of the
handles on that second set of doors,
you thought you had been the
great big gentleman getting before...

...the left door swung shut behind
you just while you're having convo.
Then almost out of nowhere
here comes one more gusty wind blow.

Before you're really inside
of this fine swank establishment,
the double door dilemma's
is what you experienced; went...

...to a place with very standard
doorways so please be aware
catching double doors
is tricky when a hostess isn't there.

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Sarah Sisson

Dreaming

All of our dreams have particular value.
Wake up and feel like a champ or a foul you.

As you turn out the light you will go in there.
In to your mind where the bets off, your whims dare...

...turn to the fantasies. You may create them.
It doesn't matter that there's no support when...

...flying alone in the tempest of glory
falls short of the next bounding leap; a story...

...comes from you there's no creative rough battle...
...to come up with all the thoughts you will rattle...

...through the cage of your thoughts, mind and your feelings
come out and partake in young blossoms; dealings...

...of past and the things that you hide deep with in you,
make it to all of your mindset; It comes to...

...surfaces. All the fine pleasures or demons
come out, present themselves. Too many reasons...

...we have these phenomenal undetermined
outcomes while we sleep. It's where our souls dive in...

...to unleashes victors that turn up some talent
that we have. Creative ones we are, meager or valiant.

So you will go to your room and you'll dream too.
Sleep little darling and dream on till you're through.

Sarah Sisson

Dry Land

There was a glisten on brand new leaves of springtime.
Now there is dust from dry winds blowing.
The moisture has escaped the land.
All the need for replenishment...
...is neglected and forgotten.
Little specks of green still show,
on veins that do not seep.
The older trees have dry bark.
Roots exposed are tan and hard.
No shovels in the ground.
No possible penetration.
No surplus for more life.
Our landscape has wasted away.
Soon the ice will come...
...and break the one time life filled branches.

Sarah Sisson

Embarrassed Myself (Inspirational)

I have, in the past, embarrassed myself.

Only a fool would say I wont do it again.

When I do a stupid things, I let it linger

in my brain for years. What I have to do

is remember that I am a creature of God

and he does not make mistakes. I am in

acceptance of the crazy things I do. I can

ease my mind by redirecting that self

desestructive behavior into a charater building

experiance. I am what God made me out to be.

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Sarah Sisson

Entropy

I can see that things
are on the verge of
going to pot. A little
mess due to my attention
being drawn away has
become an excuse to let
entropy take over the kitchen.
When I walk in there I think,
"I have other things to do,
it is not so bad". But I
know the depression that
can lead to. If everything
is in it's place then I can
expose myself to more peace.
My home is a reflection of my sanity.

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Sarah Sisson

Envy

She looks good and pleasing
I am ugly and sad

She has beautiful hair and blue eyes
I am mousy and pale

She has diamonds and gold
I have tin and glass

Sarah Sisson

Esteem For The Day (Inspirational)

When you step out of yourself, do
something for another, you can

look from the outside to
see who you really are. One thing

to watch out for is the
expectation to receive

something in return.
Doing the right thing

isn't grounds for a pay back.
Smarting off to every one about

you r good deed really does spoil the
fun. Do things for others then

keep it to yourself. See how much
esteem the day will capture.

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Sarah Sisson

Evaluation

When things finally
become real.. and I
don't like them, I need
to evaluate the situation,
find out what I did wrong
and not do it again. If this process
involves another then I must go
...make my amends.

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Sarah Sisson

Everglade

A trail that parted in an everglade
came to me; my dreaming....

It split to highs and lows
of my spacious mind...

...bringing tears to my joy
and only after laughter....

....sought pain in a tremble,
cupping sloth and caressing mania.

Coming up on the choice
I felt the high of the pain.

I confused my power
to relinquish joy.

I have a notion
for a proper choice.

The art is in the pain
and the joy is in the finale.

Sarah Sisson

Exposure To Darkness

tidy is the mind of some
that have known no darkness

all darkness creeps
in the souls of those too young

exposed to their parents
and rushing rough wind

a scare of the night
made up by all their monsters

Sarah Sisson

Fifteen Dollar Jeans (Attempted Humor)

I've always had great taste with my unique look.
I can shop at Walmart and off brands on hooks...

...look good on me because I can pick whats out
that makes me look fashionable, there's no doubt...

...that all of the women compliment my clothes.
But I have spent fifteen bucks. Nobody knows.

And I don't lie, I tell them just where I got
these duds that they commented on. The whole lot...

...of snobbish girlfriends that I have acquired
are appalled when I tell them...they have not heard...

...of anyone in their circle shopping so.
But off to my thrift shops...the bargains I go...

...because it's not about how much you can spend.
It's all about looking fabulous...my friends...

...all wear the beaded up jean jackets and boots.
I'll have to admit someday they look real cute.

But I look the best in the clothes that I pick.
I get the best compliments. That makes them sick.

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Sarah Sisson

Finding Things

Successful backtracking is rare
For you don't know where you've been
Exactly
Hindsight may not be 2020
For you cannot possibly remember much but the
consequence
Things are behind you
People are definitely behind you
Wisdom is weeks ahead and fortunately right there with you
But people don't go hindsight what was done they don't learn from their mistakes
and less there punished by society
, To be free from all the judgment of others and to move forward with what
wisdom you may have whether it's small or as deep as the highest spiritual
experience

Sarah Sisson

Fire

Would you rather keep me burning?
In your flame of deception I stand in a crimson haze.
Of a particular pain I linger, so helpless,
and you with a torch that controls my outcome.
You tease with a wand of heat
that will soon penetrate my flesh.
If I am to survive I will adorn the permanent scars
of this emotional fire.

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Sarah Sisson

Flesh

I am so bold as to damage
a good name with a whim
of self desperation. I can
dig my claws in to you,
make you bleed, then expect
you to apologize to me.
These are old ways that I
loathe but the grains of
soot beneath my feet tread
deep. This is a life I knew
of long ago. I have striven
to survive. I have even
come to conscious conclusions.
Yet, I bear my claws and
retract with a bit of
your flesh each time.

Copyright 01-07-2009 ©®

Sarah Sisson

Foe

I must reject a wretched foe.
For off again in pain I go.

A breezeway to the other side,
it is the middle I divide...

...a sister with a common ploy.
And I will opt a plan, destroy...

...a wealth of keenness if I dare
to not take refuge, not take care...

..of mine. The lights of day have gifts
to bring this only hope amidst...

...the faint and weary choice thats mine.
And I must stick to realign...

...my thoughts and action on this day.
And pray that God will guide my way.

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Sarah Sisson

Follower

There were a lot of them, people....that I left behind.
Some were worse than others.

Most just functioned like me.
These are the folks I ran and drank with.....

...those that followed me like friends.
I know now that they were an echo of

something I wanted them to be.
They were there only for the taking.

Taking not of my possessions, but of me myself.
Now that I have moved on.

I get a call once in a while,
I hear the voice on the other end.....

.....of one of my old companions.
It is in those moments that I realized

how much I really do have to offer
this world because I see now,

I had nothing in common with
this taker in the first place.

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Sarah Sisson

Formal Attire

The grandiosity of the meek
make me tear the horns off of my head
and live for insanity

Sarah Sisson

Foul Mouth

What spews from your mouth is foul.
The spit thickens as you stew and your
gut becomes grotesque. Only a monster
could outplay the misery of you.

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Sarah Sisson

Frustration

Things just aren't right in my head
I reach out to you and hours go by with no response
My frustration escalates
I reach out to you again and still....no response
And, this last third time,
My anger solisits you
At this time, you turn the frustrations back on to me
You act as if you had no part
It seems as if I am an inconvenience to you
The worst part is that you expected me to believe you were actually busy
I am no fool. If you had every good reason not to respond to me, my feelings
would remain the same
I have no trust in you; I have no need for this frustration.

Sarah Sisson

Fusion

I have fused such past and
present into a wise conjunction
of saturated peace. The days
of old are a haunting. A blessing
emerges from the dimmed
colorless scope of time.
One moment of clarity,
when things made sense, brought
the light to the table and the
snakes no longer hid in the pathways.
The gnawed off feet did grow back.
The loss of worth regrew and
in this concoction a legacy was born.

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Sarah Sisson

Fuzzy Cat

My cat makes me laugh.
He is orange and fuzzy.
And a brat to boot.

Sarah Sisson

Get Rich Quick

The best get rich quick scheme today
is get your butt in school.
Don't dare get on the Internet and
be a bloody fool.

The TV shows that have the books that
have all the big leads
are the only ones making money at
this cause they're thieves.

So take good note in school then you will
understand the truth.
The get rich quick schemes drain the
old and fool the tender youth

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Sarah Sisson

Girl Into A Woman (Revised)

This girl went away.
Standing in her place...woman.
That is how life works.

Sarah Sisson

Glass

It as a liquid form of glass.
A dangerous yet useless concoction.
The broken edges that splintered
away have rejoined the state
of bliss. Now, a new
piece in transit, I work to get
the next chapter underway with
a fragile and thin newness.
This glass in my chest.
It is my heart.

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Sarah Sisson

Glutton

I engage everything I see in volumes
I must increase my flow

Stopping is no option
It has no appeal to me

The smells, the taste and euphoria
I am lost in how full I have become

I am consumed...
with the need for more

Sarah Sisson

Good Day

May today be filled with
the brightness I deserve for
I too have a long trudge
through a mediocre time frame.
All is well this hour but
how shall the next compare?

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Sarah Sisson

Good To Be Over

It wasn't there it isn't true
That I almost got into you

It was not fair to all the rest
It wasn't bad; it wasn't best

I never knew that id give in
But now it's over, no more sin

Of hiding over here and there
We've overcome that crazy stare

That we had no-good reason to...
...Come up with such a plan I knew

That nothing good could come of this
And now it's gone to the abyss.

Sarah Sisson

Grandiosity

This morning I am wretched
and foul. I have sinned again.
Another chunk of sanity
is found bathing outside in
the expectations of splendor.
My grandiosity is in weathered pain.
I can not open a new vein, no.
I am in a weary wind of indecision.
I can still turn around. But
nothing I have done can I undo.
Shall I take that same beaten
path to a livid me? I want so
very much to say no. There is
the tread, in front of me again,
and the ease that my foot slides
in the print is astonishing. I can
turn, I can not fit that mold if I wish
to continue my present state of serenity.

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Sarah Sisson

Guidance, Love And Patience (Inspirational) (Revised)

In the morning I get on my knees.
That is the time I ask God... what
I can do for others today? I ask for...

...guidance, love and patients...

...with my fellow man.
Help me when I get cut
of in traffic...when someone
jumps in front of me at the store.

I must pray...everyday...Guidance, love and patience

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Sarah Sisson

Haikus Are Fun

I'm in to haiku's.
They are very cool to write...
...for today that is.

Sarah Sisson

Hate Me

I want you to hate me
I thank you for that

Your peace I have broken
Thank you for your lousy thoughts

Your profanity I adore

Sarah Sisson

Have I No Shame?

Have I no shame? None.
I have hidden myself for

so long under an artistic
blanket and where has it

gotten me...? Artistic, that is it.
I know now that I missed out

on so much because of my pride.
When I see others dancing around

the fire of common lifestyles I think
to myself....they have had nothing of

themselves to really loose or even give
away. So here here we all are. The ones

that have the art for knowing life to give.
Have we been shattered enough to give freely?

And simple enough to desire respect and popularity?
It is a choice. What do you really desire?

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Sarah Sisson

He Must Go

I thought I loved him
but he must go

I tell of unsung heartache
a wail of my intentions

stops softly as he leaves

Sarah Sisson

Heart

Am I the loving kind? My heart has not a whisper, but you my love hold an endless answer. Your thought connects to my heart and love you knew of became mine with all its new found enthusiasm. I see your heart and gently guide it toward mine and together this journey will last an eternity.

Sarah Sisson

Hell You May Go To

You think I have no emotion?
Hell you may go to

Someone loves me
I resent what you have said

Sarah Sisson

Here I Am

I've missed out on a lot
but I'm back to fuel an over due fire.
I can get on the stick
and support my ideas.
Take action and stand firm
on the ground I choose.
Come in to a new belief system
and park myself in a better seat.
Coming round the corner.
Here I am.
The real me.
It's about time.

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Sarah Sisson

High Heels

I'm not you're average doll.
Even when my hair is big
and my lips are buried
beneath a thick layer of red.
My eyes look large
and my skin has a store bought glow.
I'm still not as high as my heels are.

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Sarah Sisson

Highs And Lows

What I do love... I do love so,
and what I cant stand... must let go.

For I am here on this planet
a limited time, this is it.

So everyday I start my best.
I keep the good. My part's to test

how well I manage everyday.
My mind can blow and go astray.

And that is where the prayer comes in.
I'll live on faith...indulgence thin.

So when I'm temped I must say...
...He can save this entire day...

...by allowing me to just start
the day again; the anguish part...

...will leave me now if I let go
and keep my highs and banish lows.

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Sarah Sisson

Holy Spirit

Successful backtracking is rare
For you don't know where you've been
Exactly
Hindsight may not be 2020
For you cannot possibly remember much but the
consequence
Things are behind you
People are definitely behind you
Wisdom is weeks ahead and fortunately right there with you
But people don't go hindsight what was done they don't learn from their mistakes
and less there punished by society
, To be free from all the judgment of others and to move forward with what
wisdom you may have whether it's small or as deep as the highest spiritual
experience

Sarah Sisson

Holy Spirit 6

Successful backtracking is rare
For you don't know where you've been
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experience

Sarah Sisson

Hope

Hope gives us strength.

Strength allows us to love.

Challenges make us human and some days we are stunned with decisions we do not wish to make.

It is fear that makes us weary.

It is lack of power that makes us hurt.

In so many ways we lose our hope every day on simple matters.

In so many ways we look out into the world of others.

Inside us wonders hope.

Living in hope we can change.

Our lives are filled with madness and most days are so perverse living with others that grew up to be who we don't expect them to be.

Some survive by persecuting.

Some have lived by pain.

Those who hate are in the now and those that are punished live in the past with mean strides the world has lashed.

In peace we have morals.

In kindness we are let down.

When hope is focused on a dream and that dream fails us we must simply change the dream to what was planned above our control.

In hardship we find the future.

In struggles we are healed.

The hope we give to others is a sign of maturity and that aged mentality will carry all of us to serenity, pleasure and eventually restore our hope to a new destination.

In acceptance we find security.

In meditation we find God.

Peace is around for the taking and love for ourselves can carry us to new hope for new things and destroying ourselves when things aren't the way we planned is not the way to heaven here within our soul.

Sarah Sisson

How Do I Get To The Rivers Edge?

How do I deliver myself to the bank of a
stream that flows not unlike a gutter?
No not the pretty fall of the blessings
of rain but the current that rides rough
and dangerous. Can I see through this mist?

You see, only if I take the moment,
piece the stride and range the
spectrum, can I go with a flow
that is true life and abundance.

These are days to be relished
not squandered. No backlash. Just the peace of
the wind. The water is a nuisance, however,
we must sail on the top of its rapid texture...

...and pace it. I will hold on to my dreams
as they pass the banks time after time
because this is the truth that life brings.
No coating.. just let go and take the pieces
that fall into place. No matter what, have faith
that you will one day make it dry to the rivers edge.

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Sarah Sisson

How Should I Fill This Invisible Hole Inside Of Me?

First, it's all in my head.
I must acknowledge that fact.

That if I whence and if I falter
it is because I am not unique.

I must also accept that there
are things that have happened to

me that make me who I am and
somewhere, in here, I developed a hole.

How large? I do not know anymore
because it has repaired....filled with

the sunlight of the spirit. The joy of
living a sane life, However, I know

that holes still exist in the vast universe
of my mind...I fill them with toxic waste

of the world...lust...sloth, and other sins.
There are promises out there...promises

of the fulfillment life. But I must hold my
head up and absorb the spirit...

....that so wants to comfort and heal these wounds.

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Sarah Sisson

Hurt

I am boggled and my accusations
are trite. Here comes the woman
I wish to ignore. I am this monger
for a while and then I diminish.
What kind of recluse do I attach
myself to? I want to feel the
pain of the ones that hurt me.
To see if I have hurt them enough
to keep their company.

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Sarah Sisson

Hyper

A little hyper, little loud.
I go demanding my own crowd...

...of audiences, they must see
the wonderment, the art of me.

A narcissist, I cant compare
to one that stays in shadows. There...

...is much of me I wish to show
you all I am the best. I glow.

And then I make an awful scene.
I burn up time, kill whats serene.

I go through days, exhaust myself.
And everyday is on the shelf...

...for those to see the manic me.
I must let the beast out, set free...

...that person I am if I dare
to have a day of fun. Not care.

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Sarah Sisson

I Can Plummet

An I so different from
a mind gone mad?
I am characterized by
my actions and that
is something I can
enjoy or I can plummet
into a new vat of
something despicable.
I have remorse
somewhere. I have
felt it. But my unduly
lack of change leaves
me beyond the
ability to reason.

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Sarah Sisson

I Do Not Mean To Hurt You

Why do I do things that hurt you, my love?

It is not what I mean to do.

I see you are sensitive and those
things that have broken

you down will stay in a void that

I can not control.

So I ask of you, please show me

your face and understand

too that I am a recovered product of life as well.

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Sarah Sisson

I Dont Know Everything

I think I know everything sometimes
and then I find myself latching on to my pride.
I'm not perfect...a little insane I think.
That is ok. It is the bad that makes the
good feel so much better. Every day
is a beauty that I see fit to endure.

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Sarah Sisson

I Don'T Mean It

I know I say things that I don't mean.
I also take action that is harmful, my dear.
The habits I have developed are less than acceptable.

My love for you is there and I value you.
I don't understand myself why I give in to compulsions.
When I fantasize about things you may have done, I make our lives deplorable.

When I take these actions I know that the outcome will hurt.
I am aware that the fears I have are old and sent from another time.
I hold you dear yet in the middle of all this is a woman scorned.

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Sarah Sisson

I Must Get To Work

It's time to go back to the work I must do.
I've not finished timely; yet not over due.

But down to the wire... I have now become,
because I love doing my thing. Having fun...

...is so important to me. Lavish I live.
So I find only time for me. I don't give...

...a second thought to the work I must finish.
I have to make myself stop and diminish...

...my own fine agenda that I so enjoy.
My responsibility must come first. Joy...

...in fooling around has a definite perk.
But now it boils down to getting on to work.

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Sarah Sisson

I Need Your Kiss To Go On

Too many times I have
shattered through moments
that break a piece of my love for you.
Repair your actions and take
up the space that has gone away
with your kindness. Show me your
will for compassion. I ask not everything
from you. I only need your kiss to go on.

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Sarah Sisson

I Thought I Was Tough

A rebel was I, in a sweeter time.
The norm today is much worse.

I look back and see what was so tainted...
....was just a baby in disguise.

I loved then more that I ever thought.
And I wouldn't be the same girl today.

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Sarah Sisson

If I Am What You Want

If I am what you want, then
look away. Tell me that it is
my voice you love. Keep my
vision healthy and light....
...always for you to remember
the way I once was.

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Sarah Sisson

If You Knew Me

If you knew me your heart would break
I have lived a life that aches

risen from torches and spared by none
joking in a manner that is harmless

Sarah Sisson

If You Loose You Will Run

Losing is a bait for gain
most tare into competition

loveless battles fuel the ones
that have nothing from the win

Sarah Sisson

I'LI Be Damned

I'll be damned, I did it again
I took on a project I did not begin

I wanted, yet waited until it was late
And once again I have come close to the date.

I come to conclusions that I will go fast
Then here we go sailing into the dock last

I want to do everything, everything right
but always, as usual into the night,

I forge out the fury and pass over dust
that made the collection itself next to rust

And here I am avoiding what I should do
to get some attention, attention from you.

Sarah Sisson

Illusion

Life is a game; life is a stage.
A world of great illusion.
Thats why fire shoots up toward the sky.

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Sarah Sisson

I'M Going Mad

I am accompanied by a sweet song.
Then I bother to erase it with metal.
I'm allowed only so much.
Then I back off
and just accept that I'm going mad.

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Sarah Sisson

I'M Just Me

I may not be what you expected...
but I warned you of that. Here
we are a couple of nuts trudging
along a highway filled with potholes
and tar. Do we make the best of
our journey? I think we need to...
don't you darling? Sometime words
get hot and worst of all they get
cold but do, dear, forgive as I will
forgive you. What is not killing
us make the bond we have suffered
to bring alive fierce. I love the
way we make the mends and
sometimes we even learn to make
each other feel better when things
don't go as planned.

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Sarah Sisson

In My Mind

In the middle of the day or
in the solace of the night
I take a little walk through
my mind and shutter...

...I am alone

Sarah Sisson

In The Back

A struggle to be near you.
It is undo distress.
I can't believe I found you.
Now I am in duress.
My mind has wandered toward you.
Your need keeps me from rest.

Sarah Sisson

Insecure

I sit, I fester over what
people will think of me.
Down deep I know they
think nothing at all.....
Often will do somethings and
people will question me, however,
I must stay on my own page and
realize that they have forgotten
about me and my antics right away.
If I make a decision that I think
is right for me then that is what I
should do because I have found that
there is always someone out there
that does like my idea or decision.
Sometimes my creativity is subjective.
Almost all creativity is subjective
...so then, I must forge.

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Sarah Sisson

Is It There?

I cant expect someone to see
what's going on inside of me.

I've much to give. The little things
that plague my mind. My broken wings...

...are in so much pain. I despair.
I make the others 'round aware...

...that I am in a locked stupor
that makes me outlandish. I stir...

...the old with new. I'll not compare
what benefits me, my welfare.

I give into a simple rush
that turns me wild, my heart did crush...

...the sanity I never had.
Now I am struck blind. Now I'm mad....

...to have myself in this locked cage.
I rearranged my life to save

A relation that hurts my love.
My mind is turned around. Above...

...and below I have too much care
to throw away what is not there.

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Sarah Sisson

Is Your Love Like Mine?

Know that when I come toward you
all I want is your face in my hand.

Your cheek belongs to me
your face captive of my eye.

Is your love like mine?

Do you feel breathless as I do,
turning only towards my face
when you enter every room
that I share with you?

Is your love like mine?

Do you breathe my air like a rose
and fill your lungs with the scent
of my hair, remembering it?
Is it me that you dream of?

Is your love like mine?
Do you love like I can?

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Sarah Sisson

It's Not Really Real

What you think you see is not always what's there.
A burned auburn sky or a sumptuous stare.
A hue from a candle, a wall that's not white.
Or maybe a telescope view in the night.

What's real is imaginary; tell you why.
Those stars that you see really aren't in the sky.
The candle is darkness. Your eyes played a trick.
The colored wall; stark white....only paint is thick.

Why can we know imagination is real?
I guess it's about how our thoughts make us feel.
And feelings are valid. They take us through times.
All that is real is individual minds.

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Sarah Sisson

It's Not Stupid If It Makes You Happy

So many people with too many rules
Have tried to control me but they're really fools.

They never commend me on fresh new ideas
They turn my excitement into big ordeals

I walk alone peacefully until I tell
Them all of my fresh ideas clear as a bell

The people will not understand what I say
'Cause mentally they cannot live in my day

So off to the races, my day filled with fun
I ride off to happiness chasing the sun

Sarah Sisson

It's Over

I charm you, entice you and make you go mad.
You're just one of many, the many I've had.

So why do you linger when I told you no?
You must find another, so off you should go.

You stick to me aimlessly. I've no desire
to melt in your arms or give wind to your fire.

You must lose this thing you have for me; I swear
I no longer care for you. You're not aware...

...that I have moved on from you; you weren't that much.
I just used you for entertainment and touch.

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Sarah Sisson

I've Lived Through A Lot

I've lived through the seasons, I've suffered through time.
I've gotten what was yours, I've trashed what was mine.

And all of these things that do flow through my hands
have not been important to me, no demand.

because all these things that I've let go away
were never really mine in the first place; play

for me was exciting and work was no doubt
the beginning of things I'd rather take out...

...with trash that was burning with all of my fears.
And here I am paying for abuse....those years....

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Sarah Sisson

Just Pain Again

I have not been fair to myself.
In these times I wish God to grant me peace.
I pray for the past and the pain to go away.
At this moment I sit and wait for it.

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Sarah Sisson

Keep Going On For Love

We never offered much comfort to one another. Still we knew that nothing was to become of being alone. It was the hardness of our hearts that healed two broken souls that deserved forgiveness. Our desire to preserve what we once had in the innocence of youth regained the comfort of not knowing where your heart will lay forever.

Sarah Sisson

Late Again

I've suffered so many mornings.
Coming too with less than two hours sleep.

Already late for my feeble job.
The nausea, shakes and of course the

sickness of the heart that I always felt as
last nights memories began to haunt me...

...through my day. The earliest moments of
waking were difficult physically. My eyelids

were stiff and I felt a chill on my body.
The next pain was just the motion of standing.

Water on my body made only an attempt
to wash away the smell of alcohol coming

out of my pores. Then I would get in the first
article of dress I grabbed... that was the closest to clean...

....and think of another explanation of why I was late again.

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Sarah Sisson

Let Me Interrupt Your Water

Make me a wave in your still ocean.
I have come here to dive into this pond of gladness.

Tell me of your past so I can heal you.
give me power to make you mine.

You are tired and exposed to only what you new.
as a child I hear you were bothered.

let me in to do my will,
to reshape you and divide you away
from what you shouldn't be.

Come taste this gift I provide and do as I say.
My wave in your pond will interrupt your pain

But you will not allow me to pounce
into your water.

Sarah Sisson

Life Is A Challenge

Keeping my self fit is a challenge.
I often suffer through my own making.
I am in a void on occasion.
Somethings are best left to mystery
and other things need to be explored.
I ask, "have I done the right thing? ".
Situations in life can deem themselves
terrifying. I ask God to remove them.
To live in the light isn't always easy.
Things can sneak up on my spirituality.

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Sarah Sisson

Lift My Head (Inspirational)

I must lift my head and be grateful.
This skin is all I have.

I am here aren't I?
Why then do I miss the enjoyment?

My hardened heart makes it so taxing.
I dropp my self esteem.

Today I can regain an attitude I lost.
I can decide what is the best for me.

I do know what that is.

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Sarah Sisson

Light From My Eyes

The light that once beamed
from my eyes has grown dim.
I have faltered to the other
side of inspiration. Yet I feel
little remorse. My actions are
undetermined. Shall I lower my
bar and move on? Could I come
into to another situation of foul
play? My lips are hearty in this
manner. I speak freely of this
spectacle of me. I will turn,
whence, and move back into
the solitude of good will. I must
end a desire to go in the wrong direction.

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Sarah Sisson

Long Ride Home

The fall of a felonious time.
A speck of immortality grew
into a penniless memoir. It was
a justice that I sought directly
following the moments I
was undone. In the setting of
a smoky bar, a monetary
cesspool, I rode out in a dither.
On a cold start I became numb.
By Gods grace I sat in my
parking lot and my travels were
unknown to me. That moment
of relief, to see familiar surroundings,
was my last recollection. As a sun
pierced fog collected on my windshield,
I felt the sharp pain that only comes
from a night well spent in my cups.
I would feel relief aside from the
pain when I realized I had made
it home one more time.

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Sarah Sisson

Looking At Her

I know my heart, it isn't well.
In jealousy and pain I dwell.
I saw you standing near to her.
I waited for your character...
...to show what I imagine well.
I saw your look and I could tell...
...that what I thought was pure terror...
...of what you thought, yes I was sure...
...you were in dream time, yes you fell...
...for one good moment in her spell.
I thought about your lusting stir.
Your look not mine, those eyes defer.

Sarah Sisson

Looking Glass

It's not that I have done anything wonderful,
except maybe smash the status quo.

I do not resent myself for taking more peculiar actions.
I have deepened a relationship with those that know me...

...even if they think I am a bit off.
My teacher through time is a chalk full of blunders.

I can only speak with the authority
I have created for myself.

If it is to be recognized, then so be it.
If not, then let it pass and I will recapture...

...what I need from myself
through a simple looking glass.

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Sarah Sisson

Looking Good (Attempted Humor)

What I do to look goods preposterous.
I spend too much money, the cost a must.

So I can cover up my deep rough lines.
And look in the mirror to think I'm fine.

But when I laugh I know this lines pop out.
It's like what is in between tiles. The grout.

I'm silly about this 'cause I'm not plain.
I do however look at scales...too wain...

like the moon, would help me out fashion wise.
I'd have better looks. Candy to my eyes.

And any hail damage that I've acquired
will look less obvious but I'm so tired

of going to the gym. And celery.
The carrots and olive oil with green peas.

But slowly I'm starting to accept this.
My life's more than a physical gift.

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Sarah Sisson

Love And Grace

It isn't about how high you get up on the scale
or the decor of the places you have been to....

...the other road you yourself have paved.
Its about the peach in the tree and bing cherries.

Too many moments to few days are not on my lips.
The sands of my past are solid and I am adorned

with love and grace from all that matter.

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Sarah Sisson

Love Went

The scheme of all things is so grand in design.
The soldiers that march through the beats out of time.

The winters that wield a delusional stare.
So off I go again and seem not to care...

...'bout reasons and feelings that I will admit
are not of the right kind and most are unfit...

...for usual circumstance, heated to high.
I've asked the same questions that revert to 'why'.

But I am in junction with old bitter pain.
And from this I've gathered a life that's no gain...

..among what has beauty I give just a hint
of destructiveness and out the door love went.

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Sarah Sisson

Loving

I followed you so many times with my innocent love unknown to you.
My heart you stole every day.
I mentioned you to no one.
When I took my love another step toward our future
you did not gaze back but looked away.
I did not take the strength you then gave me.
The feeling I had was lack of love for myself and I held on to that for all the
years of love to come.
My puzzled world was rich with no understanding of why you caused the tension
I forever felt and I began to look away from love like you did.

Sarah Sisson

Lowly So Far This Keeping

A forgotten pun or cheery tone.
Another picturesque taste of the atmosphere.

An inviting overtone in an organ.
A glare that burns no one's eye.

Take me to your forgiven journey.
Teach me your scriptures that give light.

Make me as pristine as I want to be.
Feed me the line to make it through this world.

Sarah Sisson

Making Peace With Reality

So many times I catch myself
thinking about things that just

arent true. Yet they seem so real
to me. I can make a big deal out

of nothing. Why do I do this?
Why do I choose to feel pain?

Well, it stems from a past filled
with deception not only of others

but of myself. I look for the bad
and feel like a victim. So I must

pray for peace and know that only
I can make my reality a pleasant one.

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Sarah Sisson

Male

You are a man and I cant control that
The woman I am is grieving
your softness has no hold
I am in pain with self

Sarah Sisson

Mania

Mania

I'm rigid with mania.
Cant come loose of this outrageous desire to move.

To feel just everything
and care not about a consequence of any kind.

This is my world now
and I will do what I feel. No one can stop me.

I'm about an inch
from retrieving an unsolicited goal.

So there...I have stated
what I think we all share at some point.

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Sarah Sisson

Manic Depression

I talk about the mania
but it's the depression that's a...

...despicable choice. My menu
is plentiful with lowest hue.

And I can produce a strong whence.
I've rammed a car, knocked down my fence.

And these are things I lightly did.
I cared not who, when, what'd forgive...

...the unpredictable things I
did happen upon; laugh and cry...

...I would do in the same sentence.
My mind was gone, I has no sense.

But when I took that little pill
I calmed right down, my world not shrill.

The pain and pleasure did collide.
I did come through the other side...

...to live in such a normal way
that creativity went stray.

I came to harness what I knew
was given to me, chosen few...

...did understand how much I lost
when I was calmed down. What a cost...

...it is to lead a mundane life.
The pictures too clear. Miss the strife...

...I once had; now I make it so
that I will love the high and low.

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Sarah Sisson

Martyr (Inspirational)

Hearts like hands, engulf me
in your reckless endeavor.
Come greet meet at the foot
of a martyrs throne. Here I am
again. Silly and thrown to pieces.
Where do I start this shrill
inhumane voice that echos
at the most unreasonable moments?

Things from the past like my
fathers scolding voice. My
mothers apathy. This is where
things that can do the most
damage come from. It is not
my fault but I have to move
on and love myself.

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Sarah Sisson

Meditation

A thousand hours I could stay....
...in my rock garden. Here I pray.
The English theme; the flowers grow.
I meditate God lets me know...
...that I am special; I am strong.
I sit in awe; I think of song.
It's peaceful here and I feel safe.
It's comfortable; made with taste.
I come outside to listen close...
...to what God says I value most.
He speaks to me with gentle tone...
...and I feel love from Him. My home...
...is graceful here inside my porch.
I sit here with the glowing torch...
...that lights my seating just a bit.
I share my life with God. Admit...
...I did not know that He was near.
He carries me through love and fear.
This is a place for me to love.
The garden where I'm high above...
...the planet. I am close to Him.
I'm guided, happy; always grin...
...because I feel His power here.
I never knew He was so near.
I sit and pray. I listen close...
...and meditation means the most...
...right here inside this cubbyhole..
...with flowers that relieve my soul.

Sarah Sisson

Merry Christmas Cheer

What a lovely morning...
the Christmas spirit high
Did everyone get what
they wanted if not yes then why

I'm sure that some were
bad this year I'm sure a few got rocks.
And those of you that were
real bad, these people, they got sox.

But Christmas cheer is now
to erase all the former year.
And get everyone together
for that dose of Christs cheer.

As everyone that gathers
round the Christmas tree today
will have a new year to
make better.... Happy Holidays!

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Sarah Sisson

Merry Drinking

I drink to be merry. I'm merry I think?
It's hard to live clearly when I'm on the brink...

...of one more rough bender. A castaway night
that my friends do fear when I drink my shots right.

Yet another person I become when drunk.
It's not very pretty. My behavior stunk.

But before that happened I was filled with mirth.
It only took a shot to ruin the nights worth.

That one drink I savored; the next one I downed.
And my joyous memory of that drink drowned...

...a night that could have been a happy fun time.
But I went off deep. After that I was blind...

...by sweet wine and one hundred proof spirits. My
goal was to embarrass myself and well, why

does this happen to me? I feel I'm alone.
I wake up to find someones carried me home.

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Sarah Sisson

Mery Christmas

Come forrth with christmas prestents all
and bring the toy truck, bring the doll..

oh Santa, last night it came true
my list was long but scartetred few....

of all my wishes I wrote down
were underneath my tree; the sound...

...of mother humming in next room
dads foot tapping to the tune

I wish for nothng more than this
A memory of youthfull bliss.

Sarah Sisson

Morning After

My roads crossed are weary. They're many yet few.
I reach for my purse as I barely come too.

A creature I'm now and a creature I'm past.
I don't know my whereabouts, where I was last.

But up now I'm going, a door I go through.
You may remember me but I do not you.

That was how I lived and that is in my past.
I've learned from this heartache, now i'm free at last

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Sarah Sisson

Mountain

When mountains far away I see...
It's simple just to climb a tree...

...and see more of the mountain base.
The curves and roads up on it's face.

I imagine I'm going there...
...to the top snow drifts everywhere.

And I sit upon this branch
and wish I lived on yonder ranch...

...that's nestled in a tiny nook
and land around they wisely took.

The mountains old and no one owns..
...it even those claiming it home.

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Sarah Sisson

Mouse Haiku

A mouse in my closet.
Yes, I am feeding the mouse.
my cat cant catch it.

Sarah Sisson

Move On

Go away and move on
I hear nothing

I will say what I feel and love myself

Sarah Sisson

Mud To Sand

What do I wish to save from my former self?
Is it my charm or the ability to connive?
My recent turmoil of self preservation,
of the most primitive kind, is a track
that I do not wish to share. Others
have sewn their own. My light
and life is to help the mud to dry
and let the trenches fill with new sand.

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Sarah Sisson

My Body

They mocked my body, mocked my mind
and then one day it became time...

...to show them all the subtlety
of goddess Sarah, goddess me

I gave that body to the tune
of passion fighters all too soon

I lost my mindset, gained my stride
and showed them all what lurked inside

for now I show them all my ways
of how to survive those school days

Sarah Sisson

My Brain

My Body, My brain
the need to go insane
Is broken bent and coward and my sense to live is lame

My goodness, my bad
has made helped me to go mad
I've chosen to be helpless and to me that just is sad

Sarah Sisson

My Brain Pan

Some days I want to slap myself silly.
I cant reach that sweet spot of sanity.

Oh, I do try...then I find myself having
a harsh conversation in my brain pan.

So what do I do? I think of things I am grateful for.
This is the only way to reach that rope.

Still I try to keep the pain; I'll wallow.
But if I stay strong my soul will fly high again.

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Sarah Sisson

My Cat Rules The House (Attempted Humor)

To have a cat that rules the home!
These corners turned to beds. He roams...

..around the house at down the block.
When I want a pet his eyes lock...

..on to me his stare says 'oh, no!
You must not touch me lest I go...

...and hide around the corner; bend.
you will not pet me, I've no end...

...of places I can go and hide.
The cat door is close. Just a stride...

...from where I sit. Too fast for you.
I know you want me to bug you...

...because you think I'm cute. I'm not!
I'm ruler of this house, a snot! '

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Sarah Sisson

My Cat's Door (Attempted Humor)

My cat has a cat door, he lets friends come in.
But that's not real cool. They eat all his "din-din".

And he lets them eat his food...No hiss and scratch.
I think he's made friends with one...they are a match.

They're both easy going and both males to beat.
And even though his guest is small he can eat...

...more than even my cat who's orange and large.
You'd think my tabby would be aggressive...charge...

...the other cat out for eating all his food.
But no! He lets guests come...they're totally rude...

...to eat all the nutritious goodness I give...
..to my cat but now I have to accept, live...

...with cats in the neighborhood coming inside.
Just barging in haphazardly with smug stride.

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Sarah Sisson

My Craft

Where am I today?
Crazy confused?
Oh I think a little, yes.

Not like I was once
But this I know....
I will never doubt...

...that I was once a
a master of the mischief;
A keeper of the scams.

I really did think
that I was crafty.
I thought I was smooth.

This, I was. Me,
the holder of the craft.
A queen among deception.

So how can I use my wit?
into my modern living?

That is my choice.
To challenge this and find myself.
These are the days of new.

My miscellaneous experiences
will carry me through to others.
Make the tides smooth
and the waters circle.

All my ways were dark.
I must now expose them
If I can reach out with it.

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My Darling

My darling you have held me
My heart beats with such speed

You're tender yet strong
You're a pleaser yet cad

I fancy your past as not mild
I fancy where you have been as lustful and torrid

I hold on to you gifts
I hold on to your past

Sarah Sisson

My Great Demise

Too Many Times I have found myself ashamed.
That was my demise.

Why then do I relish a part of those days?
They were filled with a healthy amount of glory.

I had the sweet along with my tart ways.
I had the cliff hangers and the fun.

These are the times I wish to come back.
If only I could pick and choose; go back in time.

The future is in front of me...yet my past
is not yet where it belongs.

I am consumed with not what but when...
Could thins be natural? A common bond?

Is this the reason we are not stress free?
Could my glorious portions of past cause....

...this great demise?

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Sarah Sisson

My Lifestyle

I can't make up my mind.
I've a crazy thing going on.

I'm touched with an anxious ring.
I can not compete with the world...

...that surrounds me. My agitation is
fierce. I'm common and weary. Can I

sleep? No. Am I useful? Maybe.
So here I go one more time. Alone,

in the heat of the confusion that
I deem my lifestyle.

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Sarah Sisson

My Love Will Die

I am the wind that wails
through parted doorways.
My love will die when the
motion of this beauty does cease.
I can not measure the time
or amount my love will come in.
I can not tell you when it will fail...
....only that it is here now.

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Sarah Sisson

My Lover And The Pain

Shall I speak of him
with twisted tongue?

My lover is not at all
worth that kind of pain.

I will remember...
always, that what I say is

a permanent decision. These days are ripe and
I will not spill my thought out as if I were bleeding.

Instead I will keep these thoughts from become the reality of others

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Sarah Sisson

My Own Fame And Fortune

When I was was little all I did was
dream, dream, dream about being
thin, beautiful and dating a rock star.

Today, life for those that are gifted
is not that simple.... or even fun.
I wouldn't step out of my average
skin; know my picture wastes away on

someones bathroom floor.....or show my
love handles so someone can
take a ten thousand dollar photo.
Oh, hell no. My yard, I know this, is safe.

Everything I need is within
a 10 mile radius. I'm not famous
but oh, lordy I wanted to be.
Now I am the best kind of star there is.

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Sarah Sisson

My Time To Score

I'm nimble and quick.
I'm balanced not sick.

I sit on a mine
of goodness and kind...

...I am to myself.
My options of health...

...do beat away time
that made life unkind.

But good life is here.
I no longer leer...

...at those who have more.
It's my time to score.

Sarah Sisson

My Vagabond

I stumble out of a down town loft.
The city streets look so different at
dawn. So here he comes, the rose man.

A vagabond he is. He is here all night and
day for it is this street that is his home.
Roses he has to sell. This man knows

me by name but I know not his.
I see him every night.
And on occasion a morning such as today.
He is quite tattered. His skin gray and

in the crispness of the morning he
offers me a rose, on his dime. I laugh
and say "darling, don't you know I'm allergic? "
We share a bit of morning joy and move on.

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Sarah Sisson

My Void

Still...I sit frozen my temperature rise.
I feel thick in my skin, my thoughts I despise.

Because they are so far from what is the norm
that people should feel... not sad like me...forlorn.

I've nothing to fear and have plenty to say
so why then am I frozen shaking this way?

My water boils over my head filled with steam,
yet my cup is plentiful....living my dream.

And here I go strangely into this vast world
of my unintentional void...my life whirled

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Sarah Sisson

My Will For Love

My will is towards love. I am not what I seem.
I'm living a life that just seems like a dream...

...with some crazy notions and sometimes accuse
you of this insane memory; I abused...

...the most precious moments that we could have shared.
But I lived the way I had to. I not dared...

...to really turn, leave you. I wouldn't go stray.
I found out through thick and thin...love's strong today.

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Sarah Sisson

Narcissism

In my ripe age I have learned
to leave things alone. I used to

press issues and then wonder
why people did not respect me.

I wore my insecurity on my sleeve.
That was the character I placed in

front of the world to see. Now a
more mysterious straight forward,

yet kind, woman has emerged
though the darkens of narcissism

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Sarah Sisson

Nerves I Value

When I get nervous about something.
I must embrace the feeling.
Even discomfort defines our existence.
So I must not discredit what is real.
I will enjoy every feeling that He gave me.
It was given for a reason.
Nerves are of value when you combine
Them with simple gratitude. So I say to myself,
If I had not this thrill in my stomach,
would I not be moving towards acceptance.
Now, I'm not talking about fear or love
but this product of both. When I arrive for
the first day, I will know the unknown
and feel the peace.

The nerves I am grateful for today.

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Sarah Sisson

Never Happy

I've often wondered if
anything will be satisfactory...

When I get something
accomplished I always
crave more. I just want
to be happy with what
I have...How can I do this?

Gratitude is the key.

Yesterday I was chosen
for a grand job. So what
did I do? I sought out
a better one, didn't get
it, so now I'm upset.

What a deal...

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Sarah Sisson

New Job (Funny)

I need a new job. I need a new place
To look in the eyes of a new bosses face

It wasn't my choice to leave where I was
And I wasn't fired. I left just because...

...I wasn't so comfortable with this chick
Who bounced all around and it made me quite sick

She spoke all about me, her tone was not fair.
I came up behind her and gave her a stare.

I said to her firmly that I would not take
her callous behavior. She's terribly fake.

And other employees, they did slide her way
So I up and hightailed it, I fled away

Sarah Sisson

No Mediocrity (Inspirational)

I cant stop when things get rolling.
It is so hard to pace my life
when I'm high on the progress.
I'm in to it... or just out.
That is my adjustable end of the spectrum.
Far away from mediocre.

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Sarah Sisson

No More False Love

It is over. I see your faults
and no longer have a smitten eye.
It did not take much.
It was only a purge of thoughts and false feelings.
It was not true.
I did not meet your eye with a realistic gaze.
It was a simple moment
when I thought I was in need of you

Sarah Sisson

No Surprise?

What kind of life would this be
if it weren't filled with surprise?

It would not have the mystery
and unknown plans, no eyes...

...would seek a future fantasy
and act out like a child.

No chance to see a benefit
or feel good and be wild.

The castaway that was not lost...
...the man that had no cares...

...would only live the parts of life
that could not have despairs.

But what would that world look like
if the seamless time would flow...

...in one direction effortlessly?
Everyone would know...

...the picture of the one future
and the times that would come out...

...in just another way that is the same
one would not doubt...

...that all the plain and simple
would be just one way to live.

The spice of life would just flee
and no wonderment would give...

...the mundane aspects of the way
we see the act of time...

...go in that one direction
no, the dull could not go find...

...a mesmerizing plan, .
a gift that gives throughout the day

Our lives would be predictable
and cares be thrown away.

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Sarah Sisson

None

I've come into a twisted mark on my hour.
The frozen enthusiasm grips my breast
and throws the light out the window.
I know sympathy is no longer there for me
and I fight to come forth and do justice for my able mind.
I creep along unsure of my behavior.
I want to become strong.
Yet, I never know where my fears will lead me.
My breath is shallow when I chase
the darkness into nowhere.

Sarah Sisson

None The Less

I surrender to your smile
Your heart baffles me

I continue toward your reach
but cast out nothing

Your harm confuses me
Your love has left my heart pale

Sarah Sisson

Nonsense

I mean the best but spew the worst.
My tongue is powered, not submersed.

I can not tell you why I speak
or rant and rave not keep the peace.

My utter nonsense holds me down.
I'm scoured with a frightful frown.

I touch the lives of innocent.
And off they go again, they went...

...away from my unkind person.
The bond is broken and undone.

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Sarah Sisson

Not Unique

I'm sure others do the crazy things I do.
That helps me sleep at night.

Surely there is a plethora of people that feel out of control.
Most don't know they are.

In my day I capture an array of pity.
I, however, have a feeling I'm not alone.

Oh how hard it is to muffle a great demise for the day.
There must be others that understand.

But reaching out or asking is a crazy solution to not feel alone.
I can only assume I'm not.

I know I'm not unique.

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Sarah Sisson

Number One

I have a lot less fun
when being number one...

...is all I think about.
I must be grand, have clout...

...and when I don't I pout..
If I've none then I shout

'Oh do come look at me!
I need you to feel free...

...and happy cause you know,
I need attention so...

...bad I can not control
myself until I'm told

that I am just the best.'
The competitions stress.

And I can make this stop.
I'll strive until I drop.

Cause I'm crazy bout this.
My living large amidst...

...the other greater souls
that happily unfold...

...their talents great and fine.
And I am stuck with mine.

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Sarah Sisson

Obnoxious

My brain of wealth is often stealth a whirlwind I must seek.
To others I'm obnoxious and I spill no honored treat.

A justified illusion of the ones that think I'm fair
is coupled with embarrassment, an unkind glance or stare.

So off again I choose a path where I may deem myself
a little round the cuff and off the beam of mental health.

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Sarah Sisson

Obstacles

I must not let myself
crash when I experience
a new dilemma. I have
just given up before
when something
stood in my way.
I must forge, take
my stride and
pass these obstacles
just as the lady I
know I have become.

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Sarah Sisson

Ode To A Bad Date

A breach in my character;
shame on my arm.
Why have I chosen this
beast...? He is no charm.

I walk through the door
and my friends look at me.
Where did I dredge this one up?
Why don't I flee....

...to the bar to get a drink
so I can stay
with this monstrous catastrophe?
I should stray.

Then I took this hand
that I placed at my side.
A man that I'm not proud of.
Man I should hide.

So now all my friends look at me,
look at him,
And all that they see
is his smug little grin.

'Cause he is so proud of
the conquest he nailed.
And then they look at me and see
how I failed....

...to bring in the man
that I know I can get.
This will be a night
I will truly regret.

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Ode To Anthropology

Since cognitive times were born,
the spirits did provide.
It was the release of mans desire
that unfolded an explanation of life.
It was a factor that upheld
a greater destination.

The colonies were born through
a symbolic right of passage.
The periodical trances implicated
a world beyond what was tangible.
Speculation of the wilder times made
an impact back in the days of unawareness.

Communities depended on wrath and brimstone.
The greater good bore an arrow
through the lack of manly contemplation.
Political manifestations arose and defined
pathways to conclude why were are here
...to endure the hardship and give birth to
imagination that is still held dearly by man.

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Sarah Sisson

Ode To Festering

I'm always thinking about something.
It's range is important to dumb thing.

And my brains a scary neighborhood
though I know what is bad from the good.

And when I'm just driving or alone,
I whisk my mind off to that dead zone....

..of beating myself up for something.
No good comes forth from this; no gift bring.

So then why do I sit and fester?
It serves no purpose no fine gesture.

But I know this is just a form of
insanity that I am not above.

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Sarah Sisson

Ode To My Ego

My ego is large.
Thoroughly, I'm in charge...

...with by bossy self...
...my pride off the shelf.

I run the whole show.
Back to that ego.

I'm selfish and strange.
Your life I'll arrange...

..in the way I think
it should be; may stink.

I'm here in your face
don't care I'm disgraced.

...the way you see me...
...I fix what I see.

And I feel so grand
I control; demand...

...you do what I say
I wont go away.

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Sarah Sisson

Ode To The Band 'The Darkness'

I have put on my gold
sequance tank top,
had some vodka and
its time to go to the show.
My favorite band no
less. I, as usual walk
right past the ticket taker
and proceed to the bar.
Two more shots. Next
I embarrass my self in front
of some old friends with
my slurred speech.

Now it is time to muscle
through the crowd.
I must be in the front so
the band can see me. I know
every lyric to every song.
The lead singer.....
...he is staring at me but it's
the bass player I'm looking
at. I'm so obnoxious at this
point that my friends

....leave me.

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Sarah Sisson

Ode To The Great Poets On This Website

(as you can see I'm in a great mood today)

When I make a comment
I feel like I've no wit

So I choose to just vote
and not make a dumb quote

because I like a lot
of poetry. Forgot..

..how nice and much talent...
..is out there and grant it...

...I read all my friends stuff
For me voting's less tough.

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Sarah Sisson

Ode To The Mooch

I know your ulterior motive
I figured it out I've decoded...

...the real reason you did that favor.
What you really wanted was pay for...

...your problems you had and not pay back
the loan that I gave you. You attack...

...my character because you thought that
I could afford you to not give back...

..the generosity I lent you.
I would not do that but for rare few.

So now that I know of your motive,
you might as well bite where my throat is.

I do think you taught me a lesson
that lending money's a digression.

Sarah Sisson

Oh My

Whats that I hear in the corner?
When do I want to grow up?

How can I see past the lampshade
when most of my life s been corrupt?

I choose not to be quite to savvy.
I want to play into the wind.

I say silly things like a child would.
Some times I don't know to begin.

I state a claim just to be pleasing.
I cant undermine what you've said.

So I will sit quietly here now
and hunker down hanging my head.

Sarah Sisson

Old Ways

I crumble right now in an old fashioned way.
I reek of the old days. I've gone quite astray...

...from the recklessness, unreasonable useless...
...demeanor. I blow all away with a kiss.

My fashion is fancy I turn quiet, so.
I must gamble life. I must do that to grow.

A leaf from a tree that has died on a whim....
...and death isn't pretty, that death has no grin.

But I will abolish the sins that are mine.
The sin and the goodness I sever...unwind.

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Sarah Sisson

On Track

Unbelievable and sick am I.
All I do each day is keep this sigh...

...inside my breast and not out to hear.
I wonder what today will be. Mere...

...havoc, withdraw from a number of
things that are self destructive? Lost love...

...or lack of magic in a statement?
No control over the 'way it went'?

This is the beastly nonsense of life.
To make the old look at the youth might...

...inspire those like me to go back
and clean up the mess. Get back on track.

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Sarah Sisson

One Last Time

It could have been an aloof myth,
but when you came up behind me
and touched my back,
I felt every sense of attraction.
I would not have known
that you wanted to touch me again.
It was my belief...
...that we left such nonsense behind.
Now, again I tell you...
...we may never repeat that passionate temper.
Still I long for the memory to be real over and over again.
We, together, one last time.
That moment will last forever.

Sarah Sisson

Over Time

You are so far beyond what I can understand.
You say you are all for me.
Why do I feel like second best?
I'm sure there is more to find out
...and I will over time.
That is why I do not trust you

Sarah Sisson

Pain

I have walked along bitter
paths and held on to pain.

I once thought that my life was
of my own making.

That was before I found the life
that I have today.

A cold collision was in my way.
Playtime.... I attempted to leave my home.

I stayed for the fear
and went out for more strife.

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Sarah Sisson

Pain On Your Lips

I do not doubt my own self worth
but I can destroy it when I give in to you.
You fake your past and hide your pain with anger.
Are you riddled with fear or guilt?
I can not control you, my love.
You have fear in your stride and lies upon your lips.

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Sarah Sisson

Painted Mask

Painted Mask

I can cry for you...
I have a firm hand shake.
I'll make you laugh too.

Whatever you want is
what I can give.
I've painted this mask myself.

I have no shame
in exposing that.
Thats the fire in me.

So ask me what
you want an then
we will both be satisfied.

Copyright 12-21-2008

Sarah Sisson

Parched In The Pasture

I canvas the range; my roving eye
almost always stops where I need it to.
There to my left I see an anomaly.
A bare and stranded creature
set tight amongst a cactus.
She is parched but not as withered
as she would have been with
out her mothers milk. This
creature was as helpless as she was wild.
Now, I dare not expose myself too much.
The strength.... the power of one even
this young would reap a criminal havoc.
I approach. It is as if we, both, share the
desperation for this moment to end.
A fortunate catch.... a bit of leg
and as she jolts and I fly
into the firm wind behind me!
This hoof.... belonging to this leg,
I will not part with.
'You will come loose damn animal! '
So then it is done.
We will share this moment forever.
Our paths permanently crossed.

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Sarah Sisson

Patience

My patience has always run
thin. My questions were answered
'now'. In my desire to control,
I have 'junkied' out my life.
I am addicted to "more".
It isn't only the booze
or the men....the clothes or
the candy. It is the attention I crave
off this silly life and relationships
with the animate became few. I think
this holds true because I expected
as much as I gave. People are
different; all of them. To the extent
of fright. I trudge through and
maintain my serenity.

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Sarah Sisson

Patients

Often, there are times that
I needed to be in control.
But that is a fallacy that time
had etched into my brain.
Over the years I have struggled
with that. Some of the things
that I needed to happen right at
that very moment were unavailable.
I captured nothing. I made no new
rules and imposed no real regulations.
So I sit here and think....what do I do
if I want something before it is due?
I must pray for patience.

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Sarah Sisson

Peering

If I could see you stand
before me with those eyes,
it would be enough to savor
for my day. Oh, do look upon
me with that touching glance and
love through your peering gaze. You
always look at me with the care and desire
you had since we first met.

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Sarah Sisson

People

Do all of us matter in a single portion of day?
Can all the heros of old be remembered?

I often wonder why some people are tame.
I often wander through my own forgotten blunders.

Teasingly so, I tend to my wordly communication.
My sunny exposure comes out through this drab compartment.

I leave so soon to enter another portion of day.
I walk back and forth to remember.

Sarah Sisson

Pixie

I'm just another pixie with a long bright trail of dust.
My powder trailing behind me and magic I do trust.

I flit around so merry in a daze of all that's green.
My forest is so plentiful it makes me so serene.

And joyously I come around and make a dream come true.
I've been around just buzzing and I've been assigned to you.

For music is to your ears every time you hear me sigh.
I make you laugh when I feel like it; sometime make you cry.

I am around you constantly but you are not aware.
I play with your emotions and I haven't got a care...

...for weather or not you want me because I have no end.
It was in your beginning that I came to you; did send...

...you messages and ideas that you'd not have by yourself.
I am with you all day and night, you're inspiration elf.

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Sarah Sisson

Player

I've wondered if
I was unworthy
in this basking,
bitter flow. A razor to
come in to contact
with what one was
a wealthy stream.
My context is illusion
ands my illusions are clear.
I am a player.

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Sarah Sisson

Power

I give out the power so
I can take it back.
Live in peace with out your
grubby mitts in my business.
Go have your attack.

I let you be meddlesome.
Allow you to heat me up
and make me feel small.
You like to hurt the ones you love.
It is your desire to interrupt love.
I try to smile and make light
of your tone. It is a task to see
your tantrums and watch
you act as a spoiled child. Is that
what I should make you out to be?

Oh, no. I can't let you get away
with that. I know that If I try to
change you, your power will grow.
That is part of this mystery. I am
grown. It was only as a youth I did cry.

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Sarah Sisson

Practice Peacefulness (Inspirational)

I feel like I'm on edge...

I am just shaky...strange.

So much energy does surge
throughout my fragile being.

Oh, to harness this. To grab it
and save it for an appropriate time.

No I must accept that I cant do much
about the energy I have come in to. This
is where my mind comes in to play. I can
calm myself with a message to Him. To keep
me whole while I exist in such a state of a jumbled
mess. This, now, I will practice...practice the peace inside.

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Sarah Sisson

Pretty Side

Where do I really belong?
Is it somewhere in a demented fantasy
or false facet in space?
I've come too far to waste a bountiful hunt
and magistrate an optical illusion.
Too many thunderous places to catch
and far from a rustic cage... I do go.
Away, far away are my feelings of doubt.
But where do they lead me?
It's not always the pretty side of the plains.

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Sarah Sisson

Pride

The mirror shows a different soul
I can protect my soul with pride

My evil sins are buried in control
My dominating tendencies grow

Sarah Sisson

Procrastinate

I think I will... probably wont
I procrastinate... things I dont...

...take seriously, not enough.
I wait 'till the end. Things get tough...

...to finish Things I should hold dear.
I wait so long. Generate fear...

...that I wont finish till the hour
that it is time. I fight and scour

all the corners, all the ends
to make a project; wont offend

the one who's given me a task...
like do the laundry, water grass

or clean the kitchen, feed the cat,
Oh feeding Simon...I'll do that!

So if you ask me, "do a chore"
you better pace just one... not more,

because I can not promise you
when I'll get done... when I'll get through.

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Sarah Sisson

Provoke

What can we talk about today?
Is this topic so sensitive
that even in secret jest
you will not participate?
I can be so selfish
needing subtle innuendos
to complete my day.
I tantalize myself
with curiosity withheld.
I provoke you
and you have some power
to not respond.
I like this feeling I have though.
I know what you are thinking
even without a word or expression.
I will not push you any longer.
I know what goes on
in your mind now.

Sarah Sisson

Quacking Cat

My cat is quacking
It is a mouse that he wants.
That cat can't catch it.

Sarah Sisson

Raw

What have I found here standing in silence?
This is a place I need not be.
I come here with you.
I follow your footsteps
to the hidden room
where you and I will be together.
I wanted you to kiss me
after the raw passion subsided
and you finally did.

Sarah Sisson

Reaching Inspiration

Have I no more to give?
I reach in to my reservoir.

I ask for the beauty to engulf me.
These are the desperate cries....

...to be loved and to prosper.
I can not do it alone.

It is never me... and never enough.
By myself I am just a shell.

I need a light to work through me.
Let me live with the wisdom of ages.

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Sarah Sisson

Real Cat And A Real Mouse

My cat is not much of a hunter. A mouse
he brought in and did not kill; now in my house, ...

...this small but wild creature, to name I not dare
it has cute pink feet and has gray for it's hair.

So why does my can bring in things that are prey
and leave them to bounce around day after day?

And I can not catch it, I have not the wit.
And nor does my cat because that cat will sit...

...and watch as I try to get that mouse to stray
away from the hiding place...leaves in dismay...

...the two of us. We just don't know what to do.
This mouse is quite stealth as it poops in my shoe.

Today is the day I shall set a safe trap
to catch what my cat brought in, my cat's a brat.

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Sarah Sisson

Renegade

I treat myself as a renegade.
I'm nomadic when I loose touch.

In that state I am useless.
Then I come to various conclusions.

If my reality were factual
I wouldn't be here.

The misunderstandings I create
are discerning and have no fashion.

Sarah Sisson

Revived By My Tears

I sit by a stream that has
no water. The barren crevice.

No fish or moss...just the
dirt and maybe a fossil remain.

As I look into that lonely mess,
I cry a tear. As I do, the water

from above begins to fall. A
dangerous flow comes over my

face and into that barren mess.
The dirt thickens into mud

and slowly it fills. I watch as
the levels rise and see movement

at the bottom. This stream revived...
...by my tears.

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Sarah Sisson

Richness Of Darkness

for sunshine falls upon the richness of darkness
and pour itself over the challenges of simply being man

imagine a comfort of still nights growth
upon the bright divine of sun or moonlit sky

although imperative is the transition of these poles
a mist has become a wedge and brings the illumination back to the sky

original and bound so tightly to the nature of man
are these conversions and the twilight and dawn are sudden and have speed

Sarah Sisson

Riddled In Fear

I wonder why I am riddled
in fear when I am a fierce
woman of stature. All the
contradictions apply in this
confusion of self. I am a
bronze warrior that is meek
and silly. A major that has
no fleet. Then I rise from
an unturned sheet that has
hidden my challenge of worth.
I must go forth and tame
the beast that is me.

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Sarah Sisson

Risk Taker

Risk Taker

Am I just crazy or just simply nuts?
Is it insane thinking or is it raw guts...

...that help me take chances and wipes out my fear.
It was liquid courage back then, it was beer.

But now that I'm recovered I find out why
I was bound to do anything. At least try.

I'd go to the discos. I'd dress up quite stealth.
I'd dance with whoever or degrade myself.

And even today I'm a risk taker. I
am a woman whos in charge but now I'm dry.

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Sarah Sisson

Ruling My Pain

Am I a glutton for punishment?
Do I rule my pain necessary?

I am a creature that has no wings.
I live in a land of discernment.

No, one can stop me when I am on a roll.
That is where I must come in...

...to break the cycle.

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Sarah Sisson

Safe

I think I know why I am into you.
We spend so much time together.
We have become so familiar with each other.
And now nature takes over the physics
and our minds are able to fuse.
We speak of this over again
And finally tell each other we now know why.
Finally these feelings make sense.
Alone, the silence transforms us into two of need.
Our touching has no impact on others
for we seek pure silence of this past
and now present decision to carry on.
Whatever it is that is happening here
has now become manageable.
We met eye to eye
and now we can safely carry on.

Sarah Sisson

Scandal

A scandal is born off of shame where
revolution is poured strait from a bottle of denatured pride.
Hysteriam mania and prosperity change each culture that
is in its childhood

Some more in tact, cultures needing no union, have no scandals but traditions
that a melting pot does not understand.

a scandal rides alone.
a revolution unites.

Sarah Sisson

School In 6/8 Meter

I'm feeling a little.. human today
The bags and the books that I carry each day...

...to classes.. I don't want to go to but..
these are the new days. I must learn and shut up.

The teachers.. hit me with all of their stuff..
The school yard is full and the assignments rough.

And study..I must just to get to the next..
big step to the finalized work and the text

is bright..I must say the lectures are deep
I have this feeling that I will loose some sleep.

This new.. school semester is quite a change
from last year in junior college. I'll arrange...

to keep.. up with all the kids half my age.
To be the great class mate and not an old sage.

I'd like.. to be just another kid there
It's nice how they don't peer at me, they don't stare..

and wonder why that a woman this old
is here with the elementary. Fit the mold...

...of what.. they teach to become a success.
I'm just here to learn, graduate with the rest.

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Sarah Sisson

Scorched

Oh, I am parched waiting here for you in the heat;
the smothering weather over my glistening skin.

The temperature will not permit me to stay.
I will leave without you if that must be.

I wither as I waste every morsel of water...
...dripping from me.... and I thirst.

I will go.... and leave you to your heat.
This scolding day will no longer entertain me.

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Sarah Sisson

Seasonal Cuddling

In the middle of this season,
the logs burn on the fire.
Just hold me darling and love me....
I, also, to you will press my comfort...
and you will be my prince.

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Sarah Sisson

Secret Bottle

Crystal bottle by itself.
It had an entity within.
Sleeping privately in a crawl space,
no light just dust in the crevices.
Inside is one coin.
Perhaps that coin was left behind
to remember what year that bottle was hidden away.
Not yet curious enough,
I imagined what the bottle contained many years ago
and who placed it in the master bathroom.
It was obviously a secret to someone.

Sarah Sisson

Secret Loving

If the music is loud enough...
...no one coming thru will ever know.
We make internal noise of passion...
...grasping secrets ...
...right in the room...
...where we act like nothing is between us.
Our moments are sparse.
I will not ask what power I have over you.
Insecure... I belittle what you think of me.
But I do see your eyes wander away from my face...
...and I see your need to hold my body next to yours...
...and I relish every moment.

Sarah Sisson

Self Hatred

My world was a deep cesspool
of self hatred.

The irony of it all... the grandiosity
those days mimic.

A gilded time that I will look
back upon with

care. I see that I did grow
despite the stagnant

moments I thought were lucrative.
I do not wish

to change those days. I wish to
live off of them

as if they were the valued
education that

I no longer have to strive for.

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Sarah Sisson

Shattered Bone

A hand exists on shattered bone
due to a nasty violent home

where keepeth not the trust for dad,
of mom, the brother had gone mad

and back behind the cellar door
a hammer in the hand for fore

deliberate unpleasing pain
that came to one so young again

the bludgeon now was for his head
but one he escapes from the dead

the small, the big, the tattered soul
will have these scars until he's old

and please we pray that this young boy
won't pass this shattered bone; the ploy

of his big brother powered so
could make the younger wield the blow

Sarah Sisson

Silly Cat

My cat will not play with his new laser pen.
He stares at it aimlessly time and again.

Instead his is hopping just like a bronco.
In and out of this room he goes to and fro.

He is wild and silly this time of the morn.
I want to write poetry...and play. I'm torn...

...between the attention my cat's demanding.
I sit and I ponder one moment. His thing...

...is running around the house makes noise for me.
And now I'll get up and play. Why? 'Cause he...

...is relentless, frisky and he wont slow down.
I must go and play with my cat, the fat clown.

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Sarah Sisson

Simple Blue Streak

Our sky is so blue....
I never realized it until
day before yesterday.
There was simple streak
perfectly straight behind
the clouds. It was breath
taking. Now I see how
blue the sky is.

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Sarah Sisson

Sloth

There will be no change until I become ready
I loose interest in sustaining life

My projects turn grim
I loose my faith and understanding

I become frustrated with failures
I freeze and turn sloth

Sarah Sisson

Smoking Gun

Ambition is crushing me, making me wise.
To this I had no idea I could despise...

...the consumption that is taking all the fun.
I need no less than to be a smoking gun...

..that shoots off and makes it so fast to the end.
No one can get to me after or again.

Because if I see something; must have at hand,
I'll drive myself crazed.... turn my insides to sand.

Undisciplined cravings and the sole is lost
I find I must win at all spiritual cost.

So here I go again destroying whats grand
and making myself out to that big demand.

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Sarah Sisson

So Happy He Killed Himself

There was so much pain
in the bundle of success he acquired

all at once he was a winner
the days of failure had gone

He laughed and cried
He screamed and danced

The excitement woke his heart
he arrived at a new dimension

The dimension was a demon
and the demon was dementia

He drove to the woods
He focused on his eyes in the rear view mirror

He smiled in the mirror
He tore the reflection from his car

As he walked into the woods
he skipped as if he were mad

Then he sat quietly

He held the flashlight he brought under his chin.
Then he looked back in the mirror

Then he took the weapon of choice
replaced the light with metal

He chose to die in the bliss
he could not handle

Sarah Sisson

Solace

I bleed in my solace.
I don't know what I desire.

All I can do is pray for a
resurrection of my soul. I am

a timid lamb. My youth is abolished
and I have a modest wisdom that

I can not harness. These are days
that I never expected. Happiness is

around the corner but the tightness
of it has squeezed breath from my body.

All I can do is wait for a miracle
and hope for a new light.

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Sarah Sisson

Somewhere

Your personal world
must start somewhere each day.

The future will hold on
to what you just ceased to be....
but just now have become,
and then, still, will become shortly.

Sarah Sisson

Sorry To Hear

You would not listen to my plea
you held your thoughts dearly

It wasn't me you were ignoring...
it was everything I said to you

You looked through me and stole away....
all that I tried to tell you

Sarah Sisson

Source

Although my actions
are quite condensed
they are a walkway
to the inevitable full
potential of irreversible
damage. I sit and feel
little remorse and that
is the source that will
suck me down a
miserable path.

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Sarah Sisson

Strong Woman

The days I have ahead of me...
I know will be fine.
I'm a stronger woman and this
is the way I will be
until I die. I can not go back
and erase time.
I can only go forward with
peace and joy...

... that I deserve today.

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Sarah Sisson

Sugar Beast (Attempted Humor)

Today I will stay on my diet.
Stay away from food when they fry it.

The sugar is, for me, addiction.
I crave things that have no nutrition.

I have the chance to start a new day
with a clean slate not to let go stray.

But even though my appetite now
is curbed I know when the sun goes down

I will become that ravenous beast
that turns into sugar fiend; no peace

will I have until I go south with
the diet...I'll have just a small bit.

But I know that when all that happens
My control will go to the trash bin.

So right now I make resolutions
so I can avoid restitutions.

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Sarah Sisson

Summers Heat

If I have asked him once he
has heard no less than a thousand
'why do you love me?
Is it because the spring is warm on my lips?
The summers heat in my touch? '
I have loved you for so long my dear.
Each moment your breath is upon mine
I receive an eternity.

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Sarah Sisson

Sweet Fattening Morsel

Somethings like sugar are tempting; desire
flows through me ignites me it sets me on fire.

And I'm so anshamed as I indulge my urge
I feel through my body... the craving does surge.....

...through and through to meet my large expectation
of all the pleasure on this sinful confection

I'll breathe in and savor; roll my tongue; muscle
will be in heavenly bliss from that truffle.

Goodness, I think of that fabulous moment
I can devour that morsel enthrone it...

...as I watch it come to my lips and my mouth
It will dance tantalizing then will go south...

...to my fluffy lining I have to admit
this tender luscious morsel...my jeans wont fit.

But I cant help this my addiction is clear
and all this is sweeter that the weight I fear.

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Sarah Sisson

Tallest Dive Board

When life isn't fun and shocking enough
its time to get your guns out; time to get tough.

So you can fight through to what you really want.
You may get discouraged, you may get a taunt.

But working is not easy if you cant be.
your biggest and brightest... do it cheerfully.

So go ahead dive off that tallest dive board
and start some fresh business and do so allured

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Sarah Sisson

Tears Of Woe

Tears of Woe

You hear some startiling news
'bout things you can not choose

It's something you must say
will never go away

And in your chest you feel
butterfies that seem real

A tear comes down your face
you sit and feel disgrace

The time before you morn
before you were forlorn....

....about this bitter word
the tone you just now heard

makes your eyes well with tears
and tantalizes fears

you're breathless now; cant speak
I't time for you to leak

a streaky tear that runs
slow down your face while puns...

....are clearly aimed at you
your reputation blew

So you are forced to think
that your fine boat did sink

another true disgrace
a pie thrown in your face

makes you feel like a sap

and now your feelings trap...

...you in a moment; fear
is why you feel so queer

Now you must try to say
this will pass... 'nother day...

...is right here when you make
this all go away; fake....

...your way through this demise
The tear rolls down your eyes

And so the saying goes
tomorrow fixes woes

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Sarah Sisson

Temptation To Stray

I am the nucleus of a new day.
How shall I spread the energy?
It is my selective contemplation.
To start anew is a kingdom of
wealth. Shall I ignore my sin and
continue with this welt in my
energy shell? Will I feel color
dissipate into a black scene I once
knew? I will ripple and smudge
my path and my light if I do
not recover from this
temptation to stray.

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Sarah Sisson

Texting While You Are Driving

The worst thing I can do is text while I'm driving.
Especially when the thick traffic is writhing.

A beep on my phone lets me know someones trying
to get me to look at what they want; just crying

'read me right now I've something desperate to tell you'
I want so to look but an accident, a few...

...have occurred we know this while dummies do this thing.
The old fashioned way would be to let my phone ring.

But that is dangerous too, but not like texting.
That calls for a lot of talent you're investing...

...the skills you have gathered when you were once driving
with knees or an elbow you thought you were thriving...

...as a talent in the driving well done way.
But sometimes, admit it, your car slight did stray.

So texting is bad while your going to places.
Save conversations for when you see their faces.

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Sarah Sisson

That Old Attitude

That old attitude of mine is a blithering shame.
A concoction of tremendous weight.
So in this challenge to lighted this burden,
I will become strong.
Then when I am ready to shed this load,
I will appreciate the freedom
and have the strength to carry it with ease.

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Sarah Sisson

The Bait

Life is filled with funny games
and plentiful with nonsense.
I find that it is true that some people
just have no conscious.

They do things for themselves.
They can make a quick dime off you.
They tantalize you senses
oh, flattery...leave a few...

...hopes, intriguing selling
points and you may want their offer.
But you find out there are
bad write ups. You have found a scoffer.

And that leads you to come
to terms with this big illusion.
One thing comes out of it...
you learned and cleared up confusion.

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Sarah Sisson

The Beast Was Born

The summer day is so bright and wonderful
that I will suppress the beast in me. I can

no longer say it is my parents fault that
I have these scars of old. My life, I say,

was unusual from those on my suburban
street. These children with their ducks in

their mothers kitchen and pretty pink
bedspreads were not like me. I had my

baby chest and an awful yellow spread.
This is when my shame came to be real.

When I discovered that I lived beneath
others. And then the beast was born.

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Sarah Sisson

The Cage

I sold the darkness that caged me.
I rendered my self fearless.

This false perception of time
grew into a situation of a great personal undoing.

In those days I was tired of life.
I came upon myself looking like a child

and decided to nurture what I saw.
A strange little beast.

The wraith collided with no self esteem.
The living was a mystery for I had lived

in death saturated rooms.
I stood outside this pitiful girl

and offered a hand and the surprise was in the taking.
I walk aside a survivor.

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Sarah Sisson

The Catalyst

I can't take that. No, Lord I wont.
What I will not take is a life gone a float.

I wont live that. No, God I can't.
I must shed the armor, I'll no longer rant.

I'll dream a way. Yes I will reach
a catalyst to a world I'll not beseech.

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Sarah Sisson

The Child

In my eyes... in the mirror... I
see the still girl that was once me

...and I never loved her.
I hated her for so long... but now,

I look upon that child as she
really was. No different from any

that had to suffer a bit. No mother
to raise her. Just a lonely house that

was not fit for a guest. The father
was torn...put out of the home. He chose

to leave and in a bar he sat,
waiting for that young girl to be

tall enough to see over the bar. She, the
girl that was me, grew into a well soul.

Oh, to imagine that. I love that little girl now.
All the grief and guilt was not really hers...

...as she thought. It was the outside
that made her callous and deep.

She is still who I am now, yet with
an understanding of the tribulations

...she was chosen to endure.

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Sarah Sisson

The Cop Out

To say 'I'll try' is a commitment
lacking form of fear. 'I wont'
would at least have an
honest ring to it.

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Sarah Sisson

The Fantasy Man

A manly man, a Gothic beast
has fed upon my soul, a feast.

He wrote the riddles, held the charm.
And while he stayed he held my arm...

...to try to guide me, walk me through
a world I knew could not be true.

I wanted to believe in him.
It was exciting, head did spin.

But down deep I knew nothing true
was in this fantasy, not few...

...elaborate schemes were fancy-fair.
His white soft skin and long brown hair...

...did make this frightening uncommon
a little devious, yet fun.

I went with him and held his hand
while thoughts he gave me took a stand...

...that was so tempting to believe
this fiction life. I could retrieve...

...the absolutely crazy game.
It proved to me he was not sane.

But I liked that his gift of gab
was wonderful. The fun, I had.

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Sarah Sisson

The Hands That Hold Me Scorn

The hands that hold me also scorn.
And from him I find myself torn....

...away from him I think ill fill
my time with pain, I have no will...

...to decide what is best for us.
I have taken steps toward my trust

for him but sometimes I think that
all the growth we have done attacks

the the very fiber of our life.
I feel it is the roll of dice...

...when I get hurt I bury so
the opportunity to grow.

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Sarah Sisson

The Make

At the bouncer he starts his night, looks right.
He shimmies to dance floor, looks at clothes tight.
This one is skimming crowd "which one tonight? "
He then bellies up to the bar "one Bud Light"
And he opens one more button, hair's a sight.
He jostles his head to the beat, thinks he might,
get up to go ask one to dance, the floor bright.
Under the disco ball he reasons, flight.
Because this one brightened is quite a fright.

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Sarah Sisson

The Melancholy Child

In a melancholy child, through wisdom,
a spirit grew.

She was destined to live in a lowly world.
She was a victim in a silly way.

Arising each night to the same scene,
she would pray for a different way.

Above what she knew, was a cloud that had light,
deep within where it was hiding all along.

One day she reached up, in the center of her pain.
Those were the moments of clarity she needed.

Now she wipes the mist from the air.
The light is a stream of happiness that she will never let go of.

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Sarah Sisson

The Pea

The pea that is a brilliant mind
has much to reabsorb and find...

...that many tell them what to do.
The ones that really think are few.

But so many great brains are out...
...there simply drifting; its no doubt....

...from all the pressure man persues.
The master brains have been abused...

..of late that is... the new ideas
are taken up this is because...

were tapped out on the mystery
that we can figure out...lets be..

...a little more intuitive
and push ourselves to think and give.

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Sarah Sisson

The Real Cost Of Living

I belittle myself at just the wrong time.
I give away power and do undermine...

...the true identity I have in my heart.
A cascade of self worth; say goodbye, I part...

...with happiness and I provoke confusion.
It's time for the madness; the hell has begun.

And so I loose light and my faith is burned out.
I want too much attention; seek to much clout.

Then why do I set myself up for a fall
by being too hard on myself? Fail for all...

...to see that my insecurities are tied
to things I should have been good at and have tried...

...to do things the best I could; live so fearless.
And not monkey around with things just to miss...

...a life that perhaps others would just resent.
Instead I fled viciously. Now life is spent...

...thinking about all of the challenges lost
because I was so scared of paying the cost.

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Sarah Sisson

The Rest Is Over

I have made a commitment
and now there is much to do.
I have spent time now resting
on my laurels and, because of
my desire to thrive, I stand
with a challenge. Now is the time
for me to get up and go, switch
my gears and turn over the
final product to Him. My turn
to work has come again. My
rest is over and I must follow
through with what I dream.

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Sarah Sisson

The Thick And Thin

Thick and thin was my way.
A lot or none.

I abused life and those that gave love freely.
In my cups I would relish the pain...

...for that was what I was accustomed to.
This anxiety was drowned...

...and my courage did float to the top.
I hindered my way with a liquid life.

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Sarah Sisson

The Urge To Stir Life

I have an unsuccessful method
of trying to make you love me more.

I have, in turn, made your love die.
Each day a smaller breath diminishes out activity.

You have asked me to stop the madness yet I continue.
The urge to stir the life we have is unnecessary, yet I desire the actions.

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Sarah Sisson

The Wild

I can only see as far as I wan to.
My eyes blur beyond that. If I see

too much of the pain of reality I
shutter and think of what my next days

in life here will be like. My world is
fanciful. I make little mistakes and I

am queen here. So why then do I force
a venture with the world outside? I must

make a choice. Live in here where it is
safe or become a part of the wild.

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Sarah Sisson

The Years I Missed Out On

There are years that I missed
just because I was outside of

reality. I cant imagine what
those years would be like dry.

All the wine rose through my
blood stream to the top of my

head. Begging myself to stop
was part of the pain. There was

a delusion that I was free. I was
an animal that no container would

fit. I, outraged by life, seemed unfit.
I was a coward and hid from reality.

Now I am a light that shines. My eyes
glisten and I will teach what I know.

I know how to live.

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Sarah Sisson

Thick And Thin (Inspirational)

I muddle through the thick and thin.
I have the choice; each day begin...

...it over any time I chose
I close my eyes I say "don't loose

the precious moments God does give
and I will try my best to live

a healthy wholesome caring life
and be a good person", entice

myself to be a better being
hold my head up high. Keep seeing...

...I am protected; am always.
I will have good and too... bad days.

But I can start over each time
I feel so lost. God I can find.

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Sarah Sisson

To Lay Low

Once I wondered into a ghostly summer.
It was an icy side of the sun that drew me into a haunting lather.

My intuitions gave in to the eye of thunder.
Then my back took a shiver of cold depression.

I looked upon myself to see if I could change.
I yielded to my desperation for knowledge.

My memory of the warm spring came no further.
I became prisoner to the ice in the sunshine.

Sarah Sisson

To Shun

so far away are your eyes from mine
they do not touch from across the room

I watch for a tempted smile,
but you do not feel my stare

I will always watch you go
when you leave me empty

you will never know the warmth
I may have given you

Sarah Sisson

Today I Will Shine (Inspirational)

Today I will shine.
I will have a new glow.
I am starting fresh and feel so good.
My life is all new today.
I am taking on a new challenge.
This day will define me to all ends.
I love who I am so the excitement...
...is magical.

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Sarah Sisson

Tomorrow Becomes Today

Ah, the infamous tomorrow
has turned into today. Have
my expectations changed from
my lovely night spent planning?
Even this very moment? I have
courage to leave my humble
abode and venture out into
the cold... to fill an expected
obligation. Shall desire today?
I'm not in a position to answer
that, for a stammer as I gear
myself up for the challenge I
am committed to endure. A day
like today, I do not choose. I have
to conform to a schedule...and
be around others I would not
normally mix with. I shall forge.
Make due and not complain.

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Sarah Sisson

Trash

I came to you with blissful care.
My love, you kept me unaware...

...that I was not your only true
desire, you weren't nearly through...

...with charming others, roving eye.
You said you were, yourself, not shy...

...about your teaming with the flies...
...of undesired girls disguised...

...as hardened trash and vulgar treat's
You saw their visions and the meat...

...you looked at closely; entertained
your thoughts of lust. You're so untamed.

And I can not forget they day
you said that you had turned away...

...from sultry fantasies, rotten.
They were, to you, a simple fun.

My eyes now only see what you
saw back then; all the trash you knew.

Sarah Sisson

Tree

Prelude

The tree of life grew all through night while waxing waning moons glimmered there

If mornings fight was my birthright I would take my knife and carve it there

Tree of life you comfort me from hot rays. Whisper winter songs near my ear

Verse

I can climb away from all the ragging complications

Time feels fast then slow when things do grow. Oh horrifying. I'm trembling neath this tree

These mentioned thoughts in summers heat. The culprit lies in low stages

Water never held the power over branches. Until the weight of the snow. Weight of the snow

Bridge

And your canopy the whistling songstress makes a harmony of sorrow. Of sorrow

Winter is most harsh yet that is when my growth does spurt and hearts get broken. Broken

Bridge 2

When the shelters scarce I cry myself oh every day there's something new blooming. Blooming

And through fall when light gets colder so the ground encompasses grayer daylight. Daylight

Sarah Sisson

Undesirable

A sumptuous morsel of talent and care
has risen among the music.

You have ruined it. Immoral.
If you get to me you are wrong.

I will take you down with me.
A beautiful way to cheapen.

Sarah Sisson

Undue Anticipation

Driving slow but feeling fast
my heart beats out of my chest.
There is nothing more distracting
than undue anticipation.

I know I wont be happy,
I'm convinced those around wont like me.
Oddly enough I am going into
a room where people already know me.

So why all the rumbling
in the brain cage?
This is the way I see life every day;
unless I can get a spiritual solution.

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Sarah Sisson

Utter Confusion

I am as confused as one can be.
I know I must accept things
that don't feel natural. I am my
own enemy. Am I false?
Can I make myself listen to reason?
When decisions are hard, I hear
the faint laughter of malice.

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Sarah Sisson

Vanity

The horror in this babe's mind
was endured through out her slumber.
It was a nightmare of pigs in the looking glass.
It came to her over and over again;
the dream of the pink powder that smothered
her mothers face. Her only protection was in the
creation of her own monsters that were even stronger than
the nightmare caused by vanity

Sarah Sisson

Vesicular Love

This is they way I'll most likely be
for ever and ever just like this so we...

..should learn to not confuse the good with the sour.
And make every moment the best; every hour...

...is crucial. Tomorrow might be just the day
that something might go wrong our love go astray.

So one day at a time we go through this Earth
a positive rainfall; these droplets give worth...

...to all that is fashioned the particular...
...way that we get along the vesicular...

...we must live, be equal and not drift today
I love you my dear; wont let you go away..

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Sarah Sisson

Vicious Witch I Can Be When I'M Disrespected

When I am too nice I do shockingly find
I'm not only made fun of but undermined.

I've been nice because if I'm myself, a witch
I'd rip them a new one, my nose I would twitch.

And there and again I have to deal with what
I should not have to should tell them to shut up.

But I have found out that the nicer I am
the more people take advantage; My demand

is to be someone that wants all the respect
I think I have for myself. I redirect...

...the way that they treat me when they go to far.
I have to remember they all are how they are.

I think to myself that they're sicker than me.
So I shouldn't care if disrespect will be...

...a solid institution from those who are
unwilling to see I am near not far....

...from letting this ongoing thing continue.
I've just realized what I really must do.

Allow them to see what I' capable of
when they're disrespectful I'll hammer above...

...them put them in places that they ought to be.
That he vicious witch I will turn into.... for me....

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Sarah Sisson

Water Creature

My scales are thin.
I breathe through them.
I am porous. Blue and green
I am pink when I emerge
from cold water but
only if the sun hits me
right. My body naked.
I am a secret of the
deep and a captive of
the white foam that I hide
within. You will not know
me...ever. I am not unique
I am partially man.
I am a mermaid.

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Sarah Sisson

What Am I To You?

You met my youthful need.
I will confuse myself with all curiosities...
...of why you took my body...
...and placed it up against to you.
I have no spell that I am aware of.
I do not understand your willingness,
nor do I have any opportunity to ask you.
It is too late.
We have seemingly abandoned the once found lust.
I cannot compare you to any other.
This was, and still is unusual.
My look in the mirror...
...makes me think I have the youthful bliss,
and perhaps it is only with your eyes...
...that I try to see this.
I continue to wonder...
...if you see the real me...
...as I am in the mirrors...
...where I dwell.
Do you regret?
Did I take while you gave into?
A weak moment?

Sarah Sisson

What Did I Do To Allow Others To Make Light Of Me?

I'm sure that I do things that are a little odd.
Like making fun of myself and acting gullible.

What you don't know is that I take things
too seriously and I am hypersensitive. So, what

can I do about that? Should I become less of me...?
More like those that are respected? I feel like it's something

I can not control...I know I could lend a hand to
moving into the world of respect. I do irrational

things like blame it on my name...a silly named
person couldn't possibly get respected unless they

work harder at it. So where can we go? Now I
have age on my side and a whisper...

from the spirit... to guide me to an undisturbed life.

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Sarah Sisson

What Is This But Not Love.

My system is taunted.
I am in the realm of uncertainty
but only you can hold me back..
...and I am almost sure you don't want to.
Will you ever need me again?
Am I your passion for the moment?
No love can develop.
No relationship intact.
Just a need that we have.
Two different needs.
Both, a far definition of love.
That is what I know of you.

Sarah Sisson

What Women Say

When women say the things they do
it's not to be right or hurt you.

We only want a little gift
from you; want you to share our wish...

...that we are the best in your world.
Make us feel more important; hurled...

...across a puddle like the day
when chivalry was not dismay...

..to men like now, men are confused.
To us your loved. To you abused...

...by things we say or we demand.
Then when you take no manly stand...

..we get on you again so why
do we start on you then we cry...

...like you did something bad to us?
We look at you; woman distrust.

And you just think 'your out of here'
But you come back after your beer.

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Sarah Sisson

When I Am Blue

You will hurt with me
when I am blue.
I always wrap you
up in my pain.
I cant handle being
alone it times that are not easy.
These moments I have
are not rare. I know that
it is tough for you.
Please be the man I need.
Stand by my love and
strengthen our tie.

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Sarah Sisson

When I Found You

When I found you I was naive
to things that I would not believe...

...you could have done. No reasons why
I should not question, should not cry.

A shoulder, strong was not for me.
You fled from all inquiry.

And due to that I became mad.
I held contempt for you, so sad...

...that made me when you held the truth
for shame was yours, you hit the roof...

...only because you wouldn't share
the interest I had of just where

your mind once was. It turned into
a worthless conversation. Few...

...things bothered me and they were big.
I've understood not much but give...

...so much attention to these things
that break my heart and all it brings...

...is more curiosity. You
have so much more to offer too.

Sarah Sisson

When Our Love Died

When our love died it made me whence.
I shook my heart I fled. Defense...

...was what I had to do to free
myself for you did not love me.

And I came to with out a trace
of memory of your light face.

But I see now how you were left
with nothing but my baited breath.

So I was anxious for your love
that you could not give; were above...

...the pleas the anguish I gave you.
And now my heart is bitter too

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Sarah Sisson

When You Dont Get Me

when you dont understand me
back away and leave me alone,
all I ask is that you whisper

Sarah Sisson

Where You Loved Me

It took no time to touch just once
and only once made the rest up
for all the lucid touching.

We were alone.

We made unruly contact
and for that moment
no fear or regret came upon me.

Nor did you have one feeling
that was not clearly expressed
on your face
as you loved me.

It was a facet in time
that even after the remorse
became an ever stronger power over me
and I will always make a point
to not bring what happened
back into the room
where we were alone.

Sarah Sisson

Whiners

His persistent inquires turn my lips thin.
I'll get to the promises made, I will when....

....I'm ready too not before a sooner time
will I get rushed feel pursued nose to the grind.

I will fulfill commitments; do what I'll say
but once in a while I have to stand, say 'hey! ...

...just wait a sec, sit down and give me your ear.
I'm not done with my things, I'm not done, not near.

So sit and relax with your taken number.
You are after him and you're just after her.

I'll get to you most promptly lest I forget.
And in that case I in advance do regret...

...that you may just have to wait. I've not for you
the time or the energy to see you through'

Now all of that said with my stress and some hair...
...standing up on my neck because I do dare....

...to tell you how it is and how I will be
when multiple whining people attack me.

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Sarah Sisson

Will Your Love Remain?

Will the gift's I have given
be enough when my beauty fails?
My skin will be not as ivory
as it once was. And the bottom,
I will begin to fall into.
Then, my love,
will you see me as the same?

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Sarah Sisson

Winter Wind

When a brisk breeze this time
of year hits my face... I whence.

The cold has a unique furry and
the pain of it surges through to

my bones. I anticipate as I see the
trees near me move, and know that

seconds from my visual there will
be that gust. I can run to my destination

to avoid this sharpness. That is all I
can do. As this shrill whistle pierces

my ear, I feel the shiver enter my
body. Once I am inside... I still feel it...

...the blood in my cheeks. The frosty
remainder in my skin and then the

warmth envelops me. I am sheltered
from the grimness of winter.

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Sarah Sisson

Wood Haiku

A knot in the wood;
there is beauty in just that.
A simple marking.

Sarah Sisson

Would You Recognize Me?

Would you recognize me
if we were to part?
Could you see me
as I was before
the Earth took it's toll
upon me?
This is the way I must
feel forever...if our
love is to survive. Teach
me to love you
through out time by
treating me as if I were
the youthful gazelle
I know that I was long ago.

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Sarah Sisson

Wouldnt You

wouldn't you do it
had it been done to you?
I would use my eyes and
hold my tongue
as you were bitter to me

Sarah Sisson

Wouldnt You Do It?

wouldn't you do it
had it been done to you?
I would use my eyes and
hold my tongue
as you were bitter to me

Sarah Sisson

Wounded

My former self is sutured shut.
I wish to rip the wound in small
selections. In a certain amount
of time this will allow the malice
to flow back on to my skin and
burn me. I can not tell if it is painful
because I am used to the burning
sensation of this tricky world
that wants to execute me
and inflict a wound.

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Sarah Sisson

Wow

This started years ago and we never knew the fun
of touching in the back room. Alone, just one on one.
This secret in the moment; this secret that's not fair.
Has brought us here together and we two do not care.
We sneak around the corner. We keep the lighting dim.
Then turn the corner madly, inside we go right in.
We're hidden here so private. This room is ours to keep.
It's not our fault, just madness. This passion runs so deep.

Sarah Sisson

Wraith

I can not take what I feel
and refuse it. I stammer in
the center of my path.
Choices made are vague.
I have no will to retract.
I have burdened my conscious
beyond a sea of disillusion.
Can I be a freedom seeker?
I am only a child of God that
is not above the sin of a selfish
wraith. My combination of fear
and peace have etched a scar in
my skin. I will do my best
to redeem myself.

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Sarah Sisson

You Are Mine

My eyes start to glisten
as I look up at you.
My heart grows thick
and your face is like candy.
I love your looks and I need
you...mine. You love me, I can
tell when you lock your eyes upon me.

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Sarah Sisson

You Are Worth It

The pain I put myself
through made me realize
I do not wish to be without
you, my love. Although our
bond has taken time, no blind
bliss or hurry, it is indeed worth its
weight in a valuable commodity.

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Sarah Sisson

You Can'T Read Me

You think you can read me and know who I am.
In fact you know nothing of sorts; where I stand...

...is far from your reaching. I'm sorry but, no.
You are a lost cry from my truth, that's just so.

I weep for you gently and laugh till my sides
become sore and I'll tell you intricate lies...

...of what I am thinking and what you can have
to know me but I keep enough. You go mad...

...to find a solution to keep me at bay.
My tell tale illusions aren't going away.

So why do I tease you with things that aren't true?
It's only because I am me and not you.

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Sarah Sisson

You Hurt Others

It is not you that I think lowly of
it is your manner, your way of
expressing your feelings and
the harm you do to others.
You try to be hateful. You think
that people will respect you if
you are cruel but alas you dig
a moat around your aging body.
You smell of fear and loath only
yourself for failing. You know
that you have crashed many ships
you are in a world that is horrifying to you.
There is no simple solution
for your pain. Only you can choose
a journey. Only you can
choose the name you will call me.

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Sarah Sisson

You Meant It When You Said You Loved Me

When you told me that you
loved me, I know you meant it.

It was the feeling that you had
never really known before.

Once so innocent, you had
only one love before me.

After her, you spent your
time avoiding that feeling

because you hated the pain.
So now you risk you heart

once again. I ask you why...?
I am here for you yet I have

done so much damage to
others and you are aware.

Yet you do not fear me.
I have been the nightmare of

love to others. You have chosen
to put your heart in my hands

so here I am doing the best I can.

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Sarah Sisson

You Wont Listen

You are a million decades
from understanding me.

You know nothing of women
or what we need.

You wont listen either.

Sarah Sisson