

Poetry Series

Shadow Girl

- poems -

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Some thoughts to soothe a poets soul!

'Imagination is more important than knowledge.'

Albert Einstein

'Imagination is the eye of the soul.'

Joseph Joubert

'The power of imagination makes us infinite.'

John Muir

'But words are things, and a small dropp of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.'

Sir Aubrey De Vere

'I have spread my dreams beneath your feet. Tread softly because you tread on
my dreams.'

W.B. Yeats

'Reach high, for stars lie hidden in your soul. Dream deep, for every dream
precedes the goal.'

Pamela Vaull Starr

A life not lived is a life lost and so i am lost for a while or forever, unsure yet.
Goodbye my friends goodbye. Shadowgirl is Dead.

199 Steps To Heaven

They were my 199 steps to heaven
Grandad found them 199 steps of hell
Angina.
But still he always climbed
Never complained
As I think he knew,
He was climbing the 199 steps to heaven.

I can't even remember
When I first did climb
just always had.
I can remember
Counting
Did it really take 199 steps to heaven?
Some debate
That there are only 198
But they were my 199 steps to heaven.

But
Then I realized that
By counting the 199 steps to heaven
Meticulously
Religiously
I was missing the view on the way up
To heaven
And it didn't really matter if it was
198 or 199
They'd always be my 199 steps to heaven.

Then my eyes were opened and I saw
the view up was just as spectacular
As the view from heaven.
And I realized how much of it I'd missed;
Counting
So I stopped and
Just admired the view
On the way up
My 199 steps to heaven.

The view, like time stood still
Old tile roof tops,
Sprawling cliff faces
And the sea.
It was always the sea for me.
Whether in a rage or in a lull
I loved it unconditionally
The long straight pier
Jutting freely.
And all this I could see
From my 199 steps to heaven.

And sometimes we'd have to stop
Half way
For granddad to recover
Breath labored but still
Determined
To climb those 199 steps to heaven

And I'd wonder
Who?
How many?
Had climbed these 199 steps
Did they know they were climbing
My 199 steps to heaven?

The tourists, locals,
And in days long gone;
The coffin bearers.
All climbing my 199 steps to heaven
And, if you believe him
Mr Stoker
Claims
That the Count
Formed in a hound from hell
Climbed those
199 steps to heaven.

And when we'd finally reach the top
My world spread out before me
I'd weave between the gravestones
Thinking how lucky

These corpses were to be
Lying, eternally
There;
Their own piece of earth;
At the top of
My 199 steps to heaven.

And the north wind blew strong
And sang me a sweet sad song
As I gazed over my world
Cliffs, sea, a never ending horizon
Calling to me, welcoming me
Needing me as much as I needed
It
My 199 Steps to Heaven

And if you ever climb my 199 steps to heaven
Please throw my name off the edge,
Into the wind to blow it free
Forever
As I am separated by distance
heart breaking
soul aching
For my
199 steps to heaven.

Shadow Girl

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Open Grave

Look down
Six feet
into my open grave
My casket with no lid
no need to hide anymore
the corpse that was once me
but never really was.

Shadow Girl

The Vanishing

I have fought many battles
but I'll never win the war.
And I'm weak and I'm weary
Cannot do this anymore.

My soul has been deflated
My soul fragmented glass
And I thought it would get better
But the onslaught is onmass

And they say hell hath no fury;
like a women scorned
And I say scorn me all you want
As all i do is mourn.

I'd like to say I fought a good fight,
but it's simply just not true
Because life has dragged me under
And I don't know what to do.

And as my friends have turned to foes
there is nowhere else to turn
so I'll slip back in the shadows
and for peaceful existence I will yearn.

-SG

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