

Poetry Series

Storm Eaglestone

- poems -

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Storm Eaglestone(12 November 1980)

A small town girl trying to find her place in the same world that has deemed her a confused, lost soul... yet she fights each day for her soul to be free and her place to be set, amongst daisies, chasing butterflies in a realm where her dreams are reality and her reality a mere reflection of what her heart tells her eyes to see.

A Friend, A Mother, A Dream

Born in a Storm, the name seemed quite appropriate. A tiny baby given to you. My little hands wrapped around your tender fingers. I gaze up at you. The most beautiful sight I have ever seen. I lay on your chest, I hear the familiar heart beat that had lullaby'd me to sleep for so long. 'I'm home'

Something's wrong. I cry as the pain keeps me awake. I want to be held, cradled in your bosom. I can feel you are irritated, angry.. Mommy I'm sorry. Where are you taking me? I lie sleeping in a home I would one day know is not ours. Days old and I don't know the impact this will have on my life. Oblivious to what lies ahead.

Mommy's coming for lunch. The table is set and I am so happy, I can hardly contain my excitement. We all sit at the table. My eyes sparkle as I watch you eat. Mommy, you are so beautiful, I miss you when you are not around. I miss your voice and how u sing me to sleep. I don't cry as much as I used to, the pain is gone. I'm sure mommy will be taking me home soon.

You head for the door. U give me a hug good-bye, I start to cry as the insecurity sets in. Mommy, don't go.. As you reverse I run after you. Tears streaming down my face. Grand daddy picks me up and says you'll be back soon..

I'm growing up, I'm becoming a young woman. I'm starting to look like you more and more every day. When I look at the dimple in my chin, its painted replica of yours. Our blue eyes were created from the same jar of paint. Wait, we have the same pain in our eyes too. I feel rejected, misplaced, angry, resentful, sad, lost.. Even though they doing all they can to raise me, I would rather have you here, at any cost.

My first date, how do I apply this make-up stuff? What do I wear? How do I approach a situation as a young lady should? I turn to magazines, they far beyond my years. I look to friends for advice.. Their advice not making sense, yet they are the only words that comfort and lead me. Music video's, provocative and seductive.. This must surely be how a lady should act?

I begin my journey into young adulthood armed with photo role models, books, magazines, peers and a hope that what I know is enough.. Mom, its not the same without you...

I'm calling my own bluff.

Mom, we are so alike, yet worlds apart. A hurricane meets a volcano. I resent you, I am angered, hurt, rejected. I don't understand why this happened. I don't

understand how this beautiful, love filled little girl can feel all this ugliness, all this bitterness. I need to let it go. I need to forgive it all. I need to open my eyes to you just, being my mom.

I need you.. I love you.

My life wasn't supposed to turn out this way. Do I blame you or do I blame I? I'm waiting for a brand new day, every day. Perhaps with a new day, you may stay... Just maybe.. I hold on and Pray.

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A Tribute To Daddy

Its dark where I lie, it is warm and safe. I'm growing day by day. Two distinctive voices, one is soft and tender, the other.. Harsh, loud.. Wait, the voice is walking away. The sound of a heart breaking is faint.. I can hear it.. It makes me nervous. The voice doesn't return. I hear only one now.

A journey I take, long and traitorous.. I hear the gentle voice now louder, asking for it to stop. I enter a realm, so bright.. Wait I can't breathe. I am being handed to voices I don't recognise. Where's the voice? I need my voice. I gasp as I take my first breath, I gulp for air and let out a loud noise. 'My baby' Yes, I am with my voice. That soft gentle voice. I think I will call it Mommy

My tiny fingers are held by many different voices. Beautiful, loving voices. Where is the voice I long for? Why isn't it here? The spaces between my fingers is where its would fit perfectly. I would call him Daddy. I'm so little, yet a piece of my soul is already missing. Oh how I would love his cuddles and bedtime kisses.

I'm a little older now. Taking my first step. I look around the room at all the happy faces. Daddy, what does yours look like? My curly blonde hair, do I look like you? My little fingers trying to find something to hold on to, your hand reaching out to catch me would make you my hero daddy. Daddy, I miss you. Oh how much I need you already.

Its my first day at big school daddy. You must see how pretty I look daddy. They having a daddy and daughter day.. Would you be able to make it daddy? All the other daddy's are going to be there, and I think you would be the most handsome daddy of all. I would hold your hand in mine and be so proud... Proud that I am loved enough by you that you took the time to show up.

I'm in trouble. I don't know how to deal with boys daddy. I don't know how to love a boy and I don't know how to be loved. What do I say? I have know one who can tell me which boy is worth my tears and which one is worth my fears. Oh! But daddy, he says he loves me, he says he'll never leave me. Things I never heard you say, so this must be right? Daddy, but every boy is saying the same thing? Daddy?

Why didn't you stay dad? Why didn't you call? Why didn't you come and find me dad? Do you wonder what I look like? Or how my life has turned out at all? Does your heart ache as mine does? Would I have been your Princess dad? I know you would have been my King. I needed you... I loved you... I always have and I still

do. Daddy, I wonder what it would have been like if you had stayed.. I wonder!
Every day since I can remember, and I will never stop wondering. You are my
daddy - Always my daddy, your place know one will ever fill.

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