

Poetry Series

Vicki Ellis
- poems -

Publication Date:
2007

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

Vicki Ellis(9-20-1961)

I was born to be a wordsmith. I started writing stories and poems as soon as I could write words. I moved around a lot as a child and as an adult; I have only found one place that I considered home and that 's Grizzley Flat, CA. I am married to my third and last husband. I have three adult daughters and two beautiful granddaughters, and 6 adult foster sons. I write short stories, and I hope to write a novel as well as informative books on the loss of our civil rights. I graduated December 16,2006 from American Intercontinental University with my B.S. in Criminal Justice. I am currently attending Kaplan University to gais a B.A. in Paralegal Stidies. I plan to become a private detective and a Paralegal, when I am not writing...

A Problem With Your Heart

You told me you needed him
And I knew it was true;
But what I always wondered
Was did he need you?
Cause how could anyone love you
When you don't love your self?
And how could that boy love you
When his heart was somewhere else?

I watched you dance for him;
I had nothing to say.
You broke yourself in two for him-
He left you anyway.
Now you sit alone in your darkened world
With your heart up on the shelf;
And no one will ever love you
When you don't love yourself.

And sooner or later, it always falls apart;
There's no place to put the blame and shame,
It's just a problem with your heart.
The faces change, but the fact remains-
The patterns never do.
The more you carelessly give away
The less is left for you.
Someone wise once told me
(And I swear that this is true)
"You gotta learn to love yourself
Before another can love you."

Cause sooner or later it always seems to fall apart;
I'm not her to point the finger-
It's just a problem with your heart.

So please listen to what I'm saying,
Cause it's coming from my soul:
Learn to love and respect yourself-
This should always be the goal.
In doing this you show the world

You're worth the love it has to give,
Not just a common hole.

I was once like you are now
So I know just how you feel
It seems this gift of pure love
Is what has made me real.
But now he's gone-and life goes on-
And I know it's like he always said:
When I love my self
I can love the world
Without losing my heart or head.

Vicki Ellis

Apologia

I'm sorry for the choices I made that turned out badly for you.
I'm sorry I was addicted to change.
I'm sorry your trust was broken
And your concept of right is so strange.

I'm sorry for ways that I failed you;
my selfishness, neediness
And the drama as well.
I'm sorry for lies that I told,
And for your life feeling like hell.

I believe this time's different in every so many ways;
I thought that this fact would be so clear to you
But your doubt I can't seem to phase.

It's different because I have learned what I need,
What I will and won't stand for,
And my own soul to feed-
Accept or reject it, it's still true, indeed-

Please give me the permission to grow-
And I will give it to you;
Let time heal our wounds and I promise you this;
I'll be my mission to show you.

Vicki Ellis

Childhood Dreams

Said the little Boy to the little Girl
"When I grow up, I'll be King of the world,
A cowboy, a fireman, the singer in a band,
A scientist or the greatest ball player in the land."
He never said to his childhood friend
"I'll be a junkie in the end-
I'll watch as the dope steals my job and my wife
My self-respect, my children, and eventually, my life."
That little Boy had plans and dreams
That weren't about falling apart at the seams.

Said the little Girl to the little Boy
"When I grow up I'll bring such joy,
I'll write a song or maybe a book,
I'll be a model, a mother, a teacher, a cook."
She never thought in a million years
"I'll end up a crackhead who has cried all her tears
Whose only wish is another hit,
Who's lost her soul and herself to it."
That little girl had dreams in her head-
She never thought she'd be walking dead.

The Moral of this story sad but true
Is that these things could happen to you
Or me, or anyone, it seems, who forgets
Their smaller self and their childhood dreams,
The hungry ghosts with their tortured eyes
Got caught up in their webs of lies.
They lost their dreams, abandoned hope,
And sold their souls to the gods of dope.
But dreams of childhood can always renew-
And mend the hurts life puts us through;

Let Go, Let God(ess) take your pain,
And Change and make you Whole again.
Let Great Spirit open up your eyes
And tell you truths, not twisted lies.
Let Peace Begin inside of you-
The Peace of God which will make you new.

Let Mother guide you as you go,
And learn from watching the river flow.
If you will do these simple things
You'll remember your Childhood Dreams.

Vicki Ellis

Gypsy Kind Of Love

I'm the kind of woman
Finds it hard to settle down
I've always been that way,
Traveling round from town to town;
But baby since I've been with you
I found my love for you's so true,
I wanna spend my life with you, holding you,
Loving you, Close to you...

You're the kind of man
Always stayed in his home place,
Watched people grow and people die
And the whole thing changing face,
But Baby, since you've been with me
Seems like home is wearing thin;
Wanna put on your walkin' shoes,
Throw on some hobo rags, and go back to where
You've never been;

CH: Cause you and me got a love that's free,
It'll go wherever we want to be
Flowin' like a river down to the sea,
Our Gypsy kind of love...

Ridin' out West with the wind in our hair
Long as we're together we can go anywhere
Laughin' at the people who stop and stare
At our Gypsy kind of love,
We'll climb all the mountains,
We'll swim in the sea,
Don't matter what we do
As long as you are with me;
We'll discover the people we were
Meant to be, and set our passions free.

CH: Cause you and me got a love that has to be,
Discovering together that life can be so sweet,
The whole damn world will be at our feet,
With this Gypsy kind of love.

And when we finally find our home,
A place to settle down and no longer roam,
We'll sit on the porch and rest our weary bones,
Remembering all our fun,
Though we may be old we'll still stop and smile,
Knowing that this kind of love will always be our style,
A Gypsy kind of love.

When we walk that final mile,
Hand in hand we'll go together
With a big ol' smile,
Anywhere with you, Babe,
And any old while-
Just a gypsy girl in love.

CH: Yeah, you and me got a love that's free
It'll last for all eternity,
We'll fly through space together and
Dream of things to be,
With our Gypsy kind of love.

Vicki Ellis

In Anticipation Of Spring

The chilling frost has finally changed.
It now appears as icy rain
That fills the street with raging torrents,
Swirling urgent down the drain.

It seems as if this wet grey season
Is here to stay-this dreary freezing
Will last until the end of time-
A sort of atmospheric treason.

But a closer at the sodden ground
Reveals Spring's signals, all around.
The greening growth of dormant plants
And return of the migrant birds
Tell all without a sound.

Her final sign is understood
By mountain folk who tell the tale
Of falling snow on dogwood flower
That heralds Spring into the vale

Vicki Ellis

It Must Be Nice

It must be nice to know it all:
To stand above and watch me fall
And smugly know that it was you
Who dealt the last blow I could take
Who placed the last precarious straw
Upon this laden camel's back,
Causing it to break.

I gave my heart and soul to you;
It was not easy, I assure you.
The help that you assume I had
Was not as grand as it appeared:
It cost my confidence, as well, it
Sorely hampered you.

So here you sit, on the threshold of life
Shrieking at me madly
Because I've asked you to take flight.
'I can't! ' 'I'll fall! ' 'You just want me gone.'
The words all aimed at causing blight
Intentioned with the rise of strife
When all I'm asking is for you to live YOUR life,
As all who've lived before you've done.

And I am so weary from the fray;
I cry myself awake each day.
And when it's night and I lay down in bed
I clutch my soggy pillow to my throbbing head
And wish for it to just explode,
The final act in a tragic play.

Vicki Ellis

Just One Dance

I have my lifetime partner
And I know that you do too
But there is one thing that I desire:
I'd like to dance one dance with you.

I don't want to boogie-woogie
Or even do the Twist,
I want to dance the Tango,
And taste all that I will miss.

I want to feel you hold me
Close in your strong arms
Swaying to the music
Feeling all your charms...

Your body hard against me
Your hand upon my waist
The music moves within us
Like we're all alone in space

Just one dance would do it,
A memory to savor,
To play in my mind when I feel blue,
To sweeten up the flavor.

No disrespect intended
To my man or your ladylove,
But one dance with you would make my day
Like a sunbeam from above.

Vicki Ellis

Leo Boy (Love Song To My Old Dog)

1. I remember that first day
When that mean ol' man tried to give you away;
We had no place for another dog,
We had more than enough so I told him to go
But when I walked down to my truck;
I saw you sitting there in the snow.
Ice on your butt, musta been twenty-four below.

CH: What could I say, what could I do-
I fell in love there and then with you;
Though your breeding is unclear,
You will always be right here with me,
Wherever our paths roam,
Leo Boy, you make me feel right at home.

2. I took you home to my trailer and tried to work it out.
Koko had a problem, of that there was no doubt;
Koko was my mountain dog; big, and bad and mean;
He kept the critters all at bay, and loved me like a queen,
But after much persuading,
He knew you were our friend,
And loved you like a brother after then.

3. When we moved on into town,
Koko just couldn't hold it down,
So he headed East for the wilderness,
Tried to ditch you on the way,
But God or Fate or something
Brought you rolling on back to me,
And right then I made a promise to myself:
That Leo dog will never have to leave.

CH: What can I say, what can I do?
I am still in love with you,
Best dang dog that we ever had,
You've stuck by me through the good and bad,
And Leo Boy, you've always made us glad.

3. Now we're gettin' kind of old,

Though we act like a couple pups
We find it sorta hard to hear,
And our poor ol' bones get all bound up;
But this one thing's still crystal clear,
My hearth is yours to ease the cold.
And I'll be there to scratch your ears,
And you'll be there for me to hold.
And if you go Home before I do,
Say 'Howdy' to all the family,
Tell 'em I'll be right along, too.

CH: What can I say, what can I do?
You've given us love like we never knew,
And you taught me life's best lessons, too-
Loyalty and Love, and faith in God above.
And I thank you Leo-Boy for being you.

Vicki Ellis

Pro-Crastination

'Never put off until tomorrow that which can be done today.'
This was an age old adage I heard my mother say.
But in my life I have truly found
It's sometimes seems best to turn those words around

Thus, 'Never do today what you can put off 'til tomorrow, '
Has become my personal slogan (sometimes to my sorrow.)

But it's so damn hard to organize the day
considering the chaos that surrounds me,
I simply see no way
To make a plan for Monday any sooner than on Tuesday
And arrangements for the weekend are completely out of question.

Because what I do and where I go
Depend on life's strange ebb and flow;
Will I even feel like getting out of bed?

Or will it turn out one of those dark days
I hide my throbbing head instead,
And muse on dark-fringed eyes of blue,
Recall the sweetest smile on earth
And feel you in my arms again,
laughing in my fantasy
Bubbling over with secret mirth...

Am I dying?
Or am I just depressed?
Would I feel any better if these secrets I confessed?
And, if that is so,
Who is there to tell?
The mere mention of your name
Leaves me undressed as hell.

I wish I could just go to you;
That things had ended differently,
That I had left room in my life
For you
And you had room for me.

Vicki Ellis

Pure Passion

'Passion' as defined today
Is naught but a sensation-
A primal itch to scratch
With no real sentiment at all.

But the passion I am feeling
More each time that I am with you
Is beyond all comprehension-
It makes me catch my breath.

It is about completeness
Yin and Yang, becoming one
From outside in to
Inside out
Shining like the sun.

There is hidden part of me
This love does not illumine on
It lights up my whole dismal life
Like the sky is lit at dawn.

And the passion which is dawning here
Is Good and True and Fair;
It opens up my shuttered heart
And lays my soul completely bare.

It's respect and admiration for
The things you say and what you do;
The way you think and plan your moves
And just because you're you!

Vicki Ellis

Pushin' Thirty

I've watched you grow for some time now;
I'm quite impressed by what I see.
So here's to you, my good friend;
My compliments-and a poem, from me.

The small percent of humans who will
Hold themselves accountable,
To take responsibility for their
Moods and words and deeds;
Can radically re-invent themselves
According to their needs.

You've come upon that time of life
When one's priorities are re-arranged,
What makes you feel proud of yourself
And just what you want changed.

Your look on life is positive-
At least it seems to be;
You can control your temper, too-
As far as I can see.

Maybe this is biased
But I think you've really mellowed
And the growth within your soul
Is nothing short of stunning-
You've grown up, and rebirthed yourself;
You've taken steps to become whole.

Vicki Ellis

Scrapper Steve

I know a simple little man
His dog is his only companion.
He works hard most days and
Drinks hard most nights and
Listens to the mournful wind
Blow all down the canyon.

His heart is as pure as the drift of snow
Outside his door in March,
His pride as tall as the towering trees,
His passion burns like a torch.

He may seem a bit addled
Or perhaps a little slow,
But the love he has always shown me
Rivals a campfire's glow.

If you were to meet him
At the bar down the hill,
He wouldn't stand out in your mind,
But when he picks up his blues harp to play
The music he makes is so fine.

What more can I say about Scrapper?
He's a gentleman though unrefined,
A hell of a working man,
And he is so very kind.
And when I count my blessings,
This friendship comes to mind.

Vicki Ellis

Stand

When the world's falling down around you
And you've no clue what it's all about,
When down is up and wrong is right
And black is white and in is out;
When you feel you're on your back
And no one's there to lend a hand...
Pick yourself back up again-
Dust yourself right off and then
Stand.

If you're feeling lost and lonely
And you're quite the shade of blue
And it seems that all your friends
Have more important things to do;
You even doubt that Spirit has any gifts for you...
Think of all the happy times
And all that you've got planned.
Feel the strength that flows through you,
And Stand.

And remember this, my darling one,
Whatever else you do;
You've always got a friend in me,
Just like I have in you...
Though I'm not right beside you now
I'm just a thought away somehow,
I'll help you up when you are down;
I'll make you smile-I'll play the clown...
I'm always here for you, my dear-
To lend a helping hand;
Because I care I will be there
And I will help you
Stand.

Vicki Ellis

Symbiosis

The trees love the wind,
It makes them feel alive.
Shaking their branches playfully
On an Autumn afternoon.

The Hawk loves the Summer sky-
Its boundless room for her to soar;
The wind caressing her wings
Like the touch of her beloved.

The flower loves the Springtime rain,
It makes her feel renewed;
Washing the dust from her delicate face
In a joyeous cleansing shower.

Creation loves what touches it;
Causing it to grow
Stronger, with regard
To what it is, and may become.

You are my vital rain,
The wind beneath my wings,
The sunshine warming my very soul,
The sky that sets me free;

And like the woods, the hawk and fields
I cannot help but love you
For loving you has set me free.

Vicki Ellis

The Outlaw

The first time I met the Outlaw,
He was wickedly clever-he said,

“We’ve been waiting to see you for years-
Today is my buddy’s 21st birthday,
Might I please buy you a beer? ”

They both seemed so familiar,
So dear to my heart.
Companions forever-
That nothing could part.

His clothes and demeanor
Seemed quite out of place
For the Time of the world
Or the season, or space:

He was dressed like an Outlaw
From his boots to his hat,
His fashion statement-
Dangerous and ready for combat.

But his eyes- how they sparkled!
Like a balmy summer’s day,
His smile lit the stratosphere,
My knees turned to clay.

As time ticked its tocks
Through the following seasons
I fell in love with them both
For vastly different reasons.

The Outlaw’s Buddy was a Saint-
Or an Angel sent from heav’n above;
He won my heart and soothed my soul,
And he became my own True Love.

The Outlaw had defenses
Impenetrable to fathom,

Yet it was always He and Him and Me-
Worth a mighty ransom.

We'd greet the day with Coffee,
A joint, a prayer and beer
Then claim the corpses of lifeless trees,
To cut and split and stack with cheer.

We'd smoke and joke and load that wood
Into my lover's truck.
We delivered every cord with love
And hardly made a buck;
(I never held a corporate job
That made me feel so Good.)

But then my love of loves took ill-
Grew paler by the day
Until he faded out of life
Which left my world quite cold and grey.

This left the Outlaw and myself-
A two-wheeled tricycle-
Angry at life and death and God;
So cruel and so fickle.

We drank and smoked
Banged heads and cried
We held each other up and tried,
Still part of each of us just died.

I told him that I loved him then-
I always had and always would-
He was, quite frankly, terrified-
He thought he never could.
(But he lay with me for three whole days
While we argued if we should-
Made love with me the whole damn time.
And drowned my grief in his blue gaze
And it was Very Good.)

I knew, of course, I could not stay-
My response to loss and pain

Had always been to run away.
And everywhere we looked we saw
The absence of our comrade-
Together nor apart could we bear
That kind of mental strain.

Though time and space drifted us apart
I always had room for the Outlaw in my heart;
Alas! His pain was just too intense;
He shut his heart behind a fence
More barbed and confining than ever before,
Shut and barred and locked the door

To anyone who truly loves him
He's set himself apart
So I took my wand' ring self away;
Attempted a fresh start.

And though I've nearly made it-
Healing from my grievous pain
To a point where I have chosen
To love a man again-
To commit my life to loving him
And though I can't complain-

I still miss the Outlaw,
The Broken Knight, The Hermit-
And our old life
And just what might (but for his fear) have been attained.

Vicki Ellis

The Righteous Woman

A righteous woman is a rare thing to find,
And worth much more than gold.
She's true to her man,
He knows in his mind
She'll always be there for him to hold;

She's a hard-working lady,
who feeds her family well,
And after working hard all day, she
still can make her husband yell,
"Precious Lady, I thank God
you fell into my open arms;
You fill my life with
oh, so many charms."

She's strong of body,
And sound of mind,
With a heart of compassion
That's unusual to find;
She'll never turn away
A soul truly in need in need,
(Maybe that's why her house has
so many cats to feed!)

She's got a head for business,
Spinning straw into gold,
She's weaves a bright legacy
For her family to hold.
Invests her time and knowledge,
Then makes a move that's bold.
She looks for innovations
To simplify her work,
With unfailing sense of duty
which she will never shirk.

She has no fear about
Winter's rain or snow,
She gratefully harvests her garden
After nurturing it to grow,

Then she preserves its glorious bounty
in a cool space below;
Food for the harsh season, to go with the flow.
Her woodshed's full of oak and pine,
Her cellar's stocked with dandelion wine,
The quilts in her house are soft and warm
So she's got no cause to feel alarm.

She's an asset to her husband;
Folks treat him with dignity,
because she helped him work a plan
to be all he could be.
When asked for his opinion
by rich, important men,
He talks it over with his lady
Before getting back to them.

She is calm and confident,
Faces the future with a smile;
Knowing her family loves her and
dreaming all the while
of her children's children's children,
crowded round her knee,
Listening to the tales
their Omah tells,
with amazement in their smiles.

Her words are filled with wisdom,
Her actions full of grace,
The sweetness of her spirit
lasts longer than a pretty face.
Her unity of purpose-
To pass her wisdom on-
Will reach for generations
Long after she is gone.

7/21/06

Vicki Ellis

The Wall

Locked safe inside your fortress walls-
The walls you've built your whole life long;
Your steely fears and concrete points of view
Now quite surround you,
Shutting out the light.
Your walls are tall and thick,
Confining you in your solitary world-
Not so much a fortress now as a prison.

You mark your hours with cigarettes,
Each one burning down to
Nicotine stains seared into the thickened skin
Of your trembling hands,

Morning is black coffee
And evening is bourbon
And the many pills for your many ills
Are your companions through the day.

When darkness falls your
Sleep is meaningless,
For even in repose
Your prison walls are there,
And your restless silence grows,
Deepening your despair.

And so you spend the hours waiting
For nothing in particular
Or perhaps for that sweet release
The sting of death affords.

That final toll cannot be greater
Than your self imposed hell
Of narrow-minded bricks of lead,
Unyielding bars of bitter fear;
But only time will tell.

Vicki Ellis

Three Thousand Hours

It's been three-thousand hours
And twice as many tears;
Since my man's been gone away
Feels like a thousand years.

Every day well-meaning people say.
"Dry those pretty eyes, girl-
Life goes on."
But the Boy he was my breath-
Without breath life feels like death;
And I die a hundred times each day
Like I have each day since he's been gone.

It's been three-thousand hours
And just as many pains;
I hear it's supposed to fade away
But my heartbreak still remains.

So I go about just doing
All the tasks I need to do.
Going through the motions,
But it doesn't mean a thing.
Cause, Lord, he was my soul,
Now I'm left out in the cold
'Cause without him near
My heart don't have a song
It wants to sing.

It's been three-thousand hours
And the sky, it looks like rain,
I pray each day I'll find a way
To eradicate the pain.

Vicki Ellis

Waterfall Heart

My rebel heart cannot be owned,
It flows like a swift clear mountain stream;
Finding the path of least resistance
Among life's rocky hardships;
Lost in its own river dream.

If someone strives to dam it,
My rushing heart springs free-
A brave, victorious waterfall-
And all they are left of me
Is soggy from the misty spray,
And dismally disappointed
That I would not stay.

To successfully navigate this tricky rill
Is not as hard as one might think;
Instead of trying to tame that wild spring,
It's wiser just to take a drink,
Or boldly plunge into its chaotic depths
And ride the current for an ultimate thrill.

Come, drink of my sweet clear water,
Swim in the depths of my rebel love.
Follow the flow of my heartstream
To the river it's been dreaming of;

But never dwell on containment-
It will only lead to despair
When the waterfall
That is my heart sprays forth
To vanish like a vapor
Into the morning air.

Vicki Ellis

When We Were Gold

Gold we were:

my skin, your hair;

full of sunshine, sparkling in the air.

And oh, how blue and gold your eyes:

Rivals to the sea and skies.

And strong we were, as was our love,

Boundless as the wind above.

But Time works wear on Golden Children;

The storms of life drench to the bone.

Friends drift away on ebbing tides,

and all we're left is quite alone.

Icy silver in my hair- My golden skin toned pallid grey;

Time and Sadness cloud my eyes,

Reflections of the winter's day.

And oh, how icy cold your eyes, As sharp as any sleet that flies.

The winter's frost upon your beard is even colder than I feared-

I turn my silvered eyes away and dream about a summer's day

When we were young and Gold.

Vicki Ellis