

Poetry Series

**Aria Mendez**  
**- poems -**

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## Aria Mendez(06-12-1991)

I was Born in Mexico, i was also raised there for 8 yrs. before i came to the united states. I have been here ever since in San Mateo Ca. I hope to transfer soon, from CSM. I live a pretty relaxed life.

# A Call To Herald

That cold crisp air, nothing feels better than wind,  
The music blaring, people watching, laughing  
My best friend and I driving, acting crazy

nothing can go wrong when everything seems right in the world  
but in an Instant our world can come Crashing  
That cold crisp air, nothing felt better than wind

One minute we were singing "stormy Weather" by Ella Fitzgerald  
our happy loud laughter now slowly dying  
My best friend and I driving, acting crazy

The joy we felt in those few moments we shared, then a call to Herald.  
our bodies now laying feeling  
That cold crisp air, nothing feels better than wind

All the sudden our souls flying, embarking to a cold new world  
We grab hands and smile, is that Billy holiday we are seeing  
My best friend and I driving, acting crazy

The light so bright the clouds are fluffy, oh lord  
What did we get ourselves into, I say to him smiling  
I'll miss that cold crisp air, and nothing feeling better than the wind  
My best friend and I were driving, acting crazy

Aria Mendez

# A Walking Lifestyle

Some walks seem to last a lifetime  
We are arguing over stupid things  
Then we give the silent treatment  
A sudden outburst of laughter  
We make up

We are arguing over stupid things again  
Anger seems to be the overcoming emotion  
We both just stare at each other, we are silent  
A sudden outburst of tears  
You walk away

We give the silent treatment  
I call, you reject, and vice-versa  
No more arguing, laughter or crying  
A sudden outburst of fear  
Please don't leave

A sudden outburst of laughter  
Haven't laughed like that in a while  
Yet, that laughter brings me to a silencing  
Outburst of sadness, knowing  
That you left

That walk is no longer feeling like a lifetime

Aria Mendez

# Coldness

To be cold is to be safe  
It's a mechanism we use to guard  
Our feelings  
The more we push the more satisfied  
We feel, but to what extent  
Do we choose to push  
For a few moments we may feel protected  
In reality it is our heart  
A beat lost, a gasp of pain  
that has been damaged  
The colder, the better my grandma told me  
Don't cry or fret  
It shows weakness  
the world is cruel and apathetic  
Hold it in, don't let your emotions get the best of you  
Take a deep breath and continue on  
It's not hard learning to be cold  
It's hard learning how to love

Aria Mendez

# His Love His Stare

Two people  
Staring with  
Emotions that  
Spin with Confusion

His stare  
Penetrating  
Into your soul  
Waiting for you  
To open up  
Instead you  
Push

Reject the feelings  
And questions  
You long for

He wants answers  
So, he sits  
Wishing  
That one day  
You will have the answers

You have his answers  
You hope  
That one day  
You could feel  
The same  
He feels  
For you

Two hearts  
Two emotions  
So distant  
Needing but not receiving

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# Oblivious

We can all sit quietly  
Oblivious to the world  
The people walking and talking  
Holding hands, showing their affection  
Their love grows everyday more and more

And ours seems to fade slowly and intricately  
What happened to us we used to be so happy  
Now we are full of anger, and sadness  
We cannot however be oblivious  
To the sinking of us

Aria Mendez

# Sestina

That first breath of life, that moment  
In which you have no troubles, you just breathe  
You look up at your parents you are safe  
No worries, just you in plain relaxation  
You don't think, you are thought for, sleep  
Child sleep. We will protect you from harm

They would never let anything harm  
You, but what if they aren't there just for that moment  
And something happens, don't panic! Sleep  
No harm will come to you, concentrate on your breath  
It always works better than the sheep, just relax  
Because as you lie in that princess bed you feel safe

No longer a little bed now a big bed, yet you still feel safe  
You are now older and you can be harmed  
But you don't worry, you're fine right now, relaxing  
With your friends, those joyous loud laughs, moments  
You won't forget, You take a deep breath  
You think of your day, no worries and happily fall asleep

You awake only to realize your nightmare, sleep  
Child sleep, but you can't through all the tears. You are no longer safe  
How are you supposed to survive, you have nothing, stop breath  
Remember what they told you, they won't let anyone harm  
you realize there gone. How you will them in moments  
For a while you reminisce and it causes you to relax.

As you dream, you turn and toss, no longer feeling relaxed  
All you wish you could do was take a good sleep  
It's been months, debt piling more everyday, just for one moment  
You wish it could all go away, What happened to my safety  
They said no harm would be done, but look now all you see is the harm  
I am drowning, I can't breathe, why can't I just breathe

I feel overwhelmed no one around to help, I am sinking barely breathing  
Why can't they see that, all they tell me is relax, but I can't relax  
Can't you see the way life is causing me harm  
Work, Work, Work, don't count sheep its pointless I can't Sleep



I feel empty, I pray but it doesn't help. I still don't feel safe  
All I want is to be peaceful just for one moment.

I thought no harm would come to me, you were supposed to keep me safe  
You lied, you woke me from my sleep, only to give pain in moments  
Relax you say it will get better, but it doesn't. I'm drowning and all I want is to  
breathe

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# So Much Depends

So much depends on me  
homework yelling at me  
bills jumping up and down  
work piling up  
too much for such short days  
So much depends on me  
i'm overwhelmed  
I feel like yelling  
crying  
screaming  
kicking  
So much depends on me  
I feel frustrated  
I feel like a different person  
no one recognizes me  
the stress  
taking over me like  
a dark cloud  
So much depends on me  
I just want to hide  
I want to lie  
down in the sand  
and breathe  
oh how i miss breathing  
But, so much depends on me  
And I depend on it

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# The Bar

What good is a bar  
if no one is there  
The stools  
empty  
The booths  
lonely

But, look closely  
for I may look lonely  
But, i am cheerful  
and peaceful

For I  
am not sad  
that a souls  
not around

Don't get me wrong  
I long for the laughter  
and the fun that we have

But what good can I be  
if no rest be near

Good is a bar  
when no one  
is here  
I look lonely  
and empty  
But feel  
peace and relief

I look forward  
to the company  
but for now...

It looks lonely  
and empty

But, feel  
It's  
peace and relief

For what good can the bar be  
if we near it, don't let it rest

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# The Old Oak

The wind blows lightly  
sweeping the ground  
causing the leaves to wander  
the cold crisp air opening my lungs  
the lingering scent of cocoa, pumpkin pie, and autumn leaves  
penetrate my nose sweetly  
As I lay there peacefully  
dreaming  
soaring high  
like a bluebird  
I open my wings and heart  
I watch tears flow down the old oak  
fall is here the oak says to me  
another season gone  
Sadly realizing that the old oak, woes the falling leaves  
Every leaf a rushing tear  
a sad detachment from home  
lonely, cold and colourless  
the oak is stripped from its liveliness  
no crimson, no orange, no gold  
Just kids  
playing  
prancing in the woods  
crushing  
jumping  
crunching into his tears  
His soul  
Their laughter taunting at his pain  
the oak glances  
The golden flowers  
blaze at the oak with fear  
their eyes  
penetrating the sky  
praying for light  
the bluebirds flying high  
Stare at them, abandoning them  
migrating to warmer weather  
their feathers  
falling

shedding  
embarking to a new place  
a new home  
where the oak won't shed tears  
where their pain isn't taunted  
where everything is warm  
where the laughter continues  
no more crying dear oak tree  
fall is only a season  
crimson, orange, gold  
will soon come to you  
do not fret golden flowers  
your light will shine upon you  
the bluebirds, will return  
the wind wont be cold to you  
kids won't taunt  
And I will say to you oak tree  
Seasons come and go  
now, it is  
only fall

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