

Poetry Series

Barbara Haskell
- poems -

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Barbara Haskell(March 6,1952)

I'm 55 years old and my spirit finds this incredible! My spirit yearns to do much, but this body won't cooperate. I'm disabled due to chronic pain from a back injury and a previously fractured neck. I have a plate in my neck with 4 screws, but I don't set off airport alarms. I home school my 15 yr. old grandson and love to read and write. I've used my writing to help me cope with my life changes due to the injuries. I hope my poetry touches you in some way.

A Lovely Shade Of Brown

My mind wanders through memories
of my hands,
digging in the soft earth,
barefeet,
stained a lovely shade of brown
and a jungle garden,
springing from the ground.

Barbara Haskell

A Part Of My Life

People write poetry for diverse reasons,
as in poems that describe the yearly seasons.
Poem's can show the love for our mother and father
and you can vent against the boyfriend of your daughter.
You can express your feelings about a day at the beach,
nothing is out of poetry's reach.
Beautiful poetry can make your heart soar
and bring alive days of yore.
It can make king's of old come alive
or make you sad enough to cry.
Poetry can describe angel's performing a celestial dance
or some other circumstance.
Poetry can help a relationship to mend
and it can also help it to end.
I have used poetry to describe a summer day's ice-cream cone
and to express feeling's of being alone.
Poetry will always be a part of my life,
to write of the good and write of the strife.
06/01/07

Barbara Haskell

A Thousand Things And Nothing

A thousand things and nothing,
can conjure up memories of you.
Everything about you, before I could become your wife
and I'll remember them all the rest of my life.
A joke you told, that made me laugh,
the two of us taking a candlelit bath.
The times we tried with all our might,
to fly higher and higher with our kites.
The way we raced down that desert road,
becoming ever more bold.
The way you looked barbequeing our steaks,
the memories make my heart break.
The times we spent at the beach,
feeding seagulls, just out of our reach.
The way you held my first granddaughter,
how you looked when you did your John Wayne saunter.
The way you looked when you did something wrong,
the beautiful way you could sing any song.
The funny faces you'd suddenly make,
the memories make my heart break.
A thousand things and nothing,
can conjure up memories of you,
everything about you, before I could become your wife
and I'll remember them all for the rest of my life.

Barbara Haskell

Am I Just Too Late?

I these last 11 years,
since we have been apart,
my heart and soul have been so lost.
I feel like an old sweater,
deep in the lost and found bin,
waiting and waiting to find you,
so I can make you warm again.
Each attempt to find you
was another loss for me.
Do you know how many crowds
I have been alone in?
Everyone sees my outer shell
and thinks it's all of me,
but you know me, if you saw,
I think you'd be in awe.
You'd realize, yes, I hurt you,
but I also hurt me.
In the last 11 years,
I have always kept you within me,
through a little laughter
and through many tears.
The laughter came about
when I watched the home movies,
recorded in my mind.
Movies of you and I,
classics, that's what they are.
Now, I have finally located where you are
and that brings me a small measure of peace.
Your friend was right, I can finish sentences for you,
as well as you finish them for me.
Jack, you are my soulmate,
the love of my life,
please tell me,
am I just too late?

Barbara Haskell

Bane

I miss the times I used to have to myself,
writing a letter or reading a book from my shelf.
I always have this unwanted company,
I've begged it to leave, but it won't, you see.
It's there when I dine
and when I sit in the sunshine.
It's there when I'm on the phone,
it just won't leave me alone.
It's there when I watch t.v.,
never, ever does it let me be.
It's my company when I wash my hair,
oh, yes, it's always there.
When I wash the dishes,
it's there against my wishes.
I don't know how it has a hunch,
but it's right there when I make my lunch.
If for a second, I think it's gone from sight,
that's when it really shows its might!
Who or what is my bane?
My dreary, dreary companion-Pain!

Barbara Haskell

Banished!

Banished,
to the smoker's corner,
oh, how lucky I am!
My vision rests upon feasts for the human eye;
there is the warm glow from the lamp,
casting its light upon the desk
and miniature birdhouses abound,
painted with sunflowers, cascading vines,
cute little birds and butterflies.
A glance out the window
to a landscape blanketed with trees.
Joker is in the corral, along with Andre, the goat,
Joker's pal.
Oh, yes, banished to the smoker's corner,
where a feast awaits the human eye.

Barbara Haskell

Canyonville

Sitting on the back steps
and I can see God's vast landscape,
blanketed with never ending trees.
I can hear a car in daylight,
but they are few and far between.
There's the corral, home to a horse and goat,
with grasses, so green.
On the patio, a statue of a rabbit,
looking as if it's about to hop away.
Lots of plants, in a duck planter and all around.
Bird houses, cute and colorful, hanging everywhere.
Pine needles on the porch and covering the ground.
So peaceful and quiet-
quiet is such a beautiful sound!
There is the warmth of an indoor fire
and coffee is brewing;
what a scent, a welcoming smell,
here, in this little town,
called Canyonville.

Barbara Haskell

Closed Fingers

Pelting rain,
savage wind,
whirlwind destruction
and closed fingers 'round the door.

Barbara Haskell

Cloud Floats

The cloud floats,
patiently, I am still.
Anything could happen.

Barbara Haskell

Common Sense Takes Flight

It comes on every night,
common sense takes flight.
I don't want to go,
it scares me so!
I fear to succumb,
my mind goes numb.
That contraption might trap me,
I might not be able to flee!
It does not lend itself to feelings of peace,
for me, it holds no release.
What is it that I dread?
It's simply...my bed.

Barbara Haskell

Consumed

Every nerve, every fiber of my being,
is consumed with pain.
Oh, how I would welcome death,
how merciful to me,
to fall asleep, never to awaken.
Through my turmoil, anguish and tears,
I cannot comprehend,
how can I hold onto my sanity,
if I'm forced to endure this for years?

Barbara Haskell

Daily Acquaintance

No stranger am I to death,
he lives with me each day.
He tempts me
with a painless death
and hides the price
I'd have to pay.

Barbara Haskell

Destiny

I'm barely able to walk with a cane,
body is filled with so much pain,
so much time lost, laying down,
my cries the only sound.
Please, give me a break!
Somebody tell me there's been a mistake!
I wasn't nearly through,
so much more I wanted to do!
For an awesome lark,
I'd take my grandkids to a water park.
I want to take them on mountain hikes
and to the beach, riding bikes.
I want to take them to camp and fish,
is it just going to remain a wish?
I want to teach them things I wish I'd been taught
and laugh with them-alot!
I long for this and more to be,
are just pain and tears my destiny?
05/22/03

Barbara Haskell

Dimensionless

Outside,
amongst the freshly mowed grass
and hot sunshine,
curtains sway on the clothesline.
Later,
I will immerse my nose in their clean scent.
Whilst I hear the children laugh and play,
I run my fingers through my love's hair.
Within,
desire, dimensionless.

Barbara Haskell

Discriminate

I could hit home runs and throw a ball fast,
how I longed to play on Little League,
I had good grades and longed to wear the sweater and badge
of safety patrol,
I longed to make things out of wood and needed tools,
I loved hiking and climbing hilltops and mountainsides
and needed boots,
but when I asked, they answered, 'No, you can't.'
Every time they said, 'No, you can't.',
I cried, 'Why not? '
and each and every time they answered,
they crushed the capable, yearning spirit within me,
as they replied, 'Because you are a girl! '

Barbara Haskell

Finish Line

Pain has taken all purpose from my life,
because of my being unable to help my family.

No one can count on me, including myself.

When pain came into my life,

it stole my self-reliance,

my independence

and now, it is destroying the very life force

out of me.

Almost unconsciously, I tried to cram the pain down and close the lid quickly, as if it were a jack in the box.

I came up with other tricks to cope, to hold ot off.

Like doing my 'dance', shifting my weight,

one foot to the other, to enable me to stand just a liitle longer
in the grocery line.

If, in another moment, I am going to fall,

squat down, pretend to look at that item on the bottom shelf.

Who cares if 'they' see, stare at me,

not I.

I never realized how fast I washed the dishes,
til my youngest granddaughter asked, 'why? '

Much of the time, I feel as if I've been forced
to run and run and run.

Pain is exhausting me.

I'm finding I can't out-dance it, I can't out-run it.

Pain is gaining, you see.

When pain crosses the finish line,

the tears and screams I've not let out,

will no longer stay within me.

Barbara Haskell

Forest Sounds

When all the noise, the clamor,
the busyness of life,
weighs down upon my soul,
I long for the serenity that can be found
high in the mountains, among the majestic trees,
where I love to hear the forest sounds.
I happily exchange the raucousness of cars
and the incessant ringing of the phone
for the clamor of the squirrels,
the owl's solemn cries, the wind as it moans
and the chorus of the crickets, singing lullaby's.

Barbara Haskell

Ghost's On Exhibition

Time suspended in precious photographs,
ghost's on exhibition,
raging fire ended.

Barbara Haskell

Good-Bye Fall

As I look out the window,
it's plain to see,
it's gonna' be one cold day!
The wind is blowin' the branches, I see
and no bird's in sight,
flyin' from tree to tree.
Joker and Andre' are stayin' in their stall.
Oh, yes, it's Winter,
good-bye Fall!

Barbara Haskell

Hang Him High

Barred, denied by the powers that be,
I could not touch you, only see,
as we sat waiting to hear your fate,
from charges brought by a woman filled with hate.
Mad at the loss of her ticket to ride,
would 'they' see or would 'they' be blind?
Did they hear what the witnesses said
or did the words fall on ears, dead?
Such a good man, now filled with fear,
she's put in jeopardy all you hold dear.
The children you love, your reputation, your name,
nothing will ever, ever be the same.
'They' come back and so non-chalantly announce your fate,
then they announce your sentencing date.
All who know you gasp and groan,
all I can do is cry and moan.
I'll never again believe the system is fair,
truth doesn't matter, they didn't care.
They wanted to believe her lies,
with charges like this, it's hang him high.

Barbara Haskell

Happy Birthday, My Twin

We were conceived together,
our first existence, sharing our mother's womb.
We took our first breath's of life
within minutes of each other,
slept in the same bed for many years
and we shared the same room for more years than that.
We dressed alike, one of us wearing pink, the other, blue.
We shared books and toys,
clothes and even, boys.
My best friend, my sister, my twin,
the other half of me.
We've always had our own distinct personalities
and no one could get madder,
than each of us, at the other,
nor forgive each other more.
My best friend, my sister, my twin,
the other half of me.
There have been a few circumstances in life
that kept us apart and the loss I felt at her absence
was beyond description.
Suffice to say, I felt so much less of who I am.
As we grow older, I'm looking forward to us
being crotchety old ladies,
running our canes along fencing rails
and poking children, scolding, saying
'Now, in my day...! '
On this, our 53rd birthday,
I want her to know
I'm so glad that I've had her to share in this journey of life
and you're my best friend, my sister, my twin,
the better half of me.

Barbara Haskell

Harmony And Rhyme

As I cry,
I write poetry
of sweet love
and pain,
all laced
with harmony and rhyme.

Barbara Haskell

Headless Chickens

Headless chickens,
churning spinach,
muttering schemes,
what's going on? ?
Awfully bad dreams!

I am seething,
I long for you to laugh,
I beseech you,
grieving,
You're teething!
Somebody wake me up! !
05/11/07

Barbara Haskell

High Clouds

High clouds,
ocean dunes,
sea waves,
biting wind,
cuts me.

Barbara Haskell

Home

Home, to me, is where echo's remain,
of last night's love-making,
yesterday's laughter,
and some long past tears.

Home, to me, is full of us,
in every room.

But home, to me, is not so much
a certain place,

Home, to me,
is wherever you are.

Barbara Haskell

How Blessed

Encouraged by a beautiful book,
that you gave to me,
I take out paper and pen
to tell the world,
with you for a sister,
how blessed I have been.
I was alone,
so alone, lost and scared.
Friends I thought would care,
very simply, were not there.
Regarding me, rumor followed lie,
and penniless, the dirt became my mattress
and my roof was the sky.
Body full of pain, heart-broken,
exhausted, unable to walk another day,
everyone turned me away;
except one sister...
she gave me food, shelter
and my dignity.
So, encouraged by a beautiful book,
that you gave to me,
I take out paper and pen,
to tell the world,
with you for a sister,
how blessed I have been.

Barbara Haskell

If You'll Have Me

Now that I have finally located where you are,
it brings me a small measure of peace.
For years, the voice inside my head has been unceasing,
'You've lost your best friend, your soul mate, you fool! '
A person is so fortunate to find their soul mate at all
and I pay for my foolishness every day.
I have been so damn lost without you-
it feels like my life has been on hold since 1991.
In my quest to find you, knowing you were out there somewhere,
kept me going.
I had hope, hope we'd be together again.
Without that hope, my life is utterly empty.
Do you want to be together again?
Do you need to test the waters first, so to speak?
Please give me an answer and put me out of my misery.
If you'll have me,
I'll do everything I need, to make it happen.
My heart is waving like a flag on my sleeve.
11/15/07

Barbara Haskell

In A Loved One's Face

We hurry and we scurry,
stressing other's and ourselves,
speeding through life,
as if it were a race,
never taking time to see God,
in a loved one's face.

Barbara Haskell

Janie And Joker

For many years Janie had a friend named, Joker.
She saw him many times throughout the day,
but Joker could count on two scheduled times,
once in the morning, when the sun had not had time
to warm the bird's to singing and the air was crisp and cold
and again, in late afternoon, when the sun was setting,
the bird's, once again, quiet in their nests.
Every day, for years, Janie and Joker had these times.
You could tell that he was glad to see her,
as he hurried in from grazing at the sight of her
and as he whinnied, you could hear it in his tone.
I know Janie always talked to him.
I think he was her sounding board.
Never too busy to listen
and oh, how his antics made her laugh!
There were times he wasn't feeling well
and she would worry so...
she'd watch him extra carefully
and if needed, call the vet.
Always, he made it through,
except this very last time.
Janie and Joker, they had over twenty years together.
Joker, missed so very much.
To the end, Janie's very special friend.

Barbara Haskell

Just

Can you just make me some eggs?
Can you just get up and hand me this?
Can you just get up and hand me that?
Can you just go to the store and buy me a coke?
Can you just scratch my back?
Can you just massage my feet?
MY back and neck are killing me,
do you just mind if I weep?

Barbara Haskell

Marital Bliss

Behind the flaming arrows of insults
and the periodic declarations of war,
they realized true domestic hiss!

Barbara Haskell

Meadow

Walking through a meadow, where the breeze does gently blow,
my eyes take in the beauty of flowers where they grow.
I catch a glimpse of a graceful doe
and high over-head soars a jet black crow.
The meadow embodies many shades of green,
striking hues, as if in a beautiful dream.
Crisp and clean is the air,
this meadow has a beauty I want to share.
Clouds above, a magnificent sight,
seem close enough to touch with a kite.
Enormous clouds, all billowy,
I think a cloud I'd like to be,
light as cotton candy,
vast and floating free.
Past the meadow are the trees,
home to birds, squirrels and bees.
As I look down I see,
a carpet made of fallen leaves.
I do so love the meadow,
God's wondrous place to go,
forgetting any of my woes,
I put pen to paper, writing prose.

Barbara Haskell

More Than They Need Me

I was living my life, I had two children,
I'd been a wife.
I worked and played, had such zest,
when, suddenly, one day, it started to come apart,
it came falling down, like a broken flower pot.
There was pain and numerous surgeries,
but they were all in vain
and I became
disabled...and I lost me.
So many times I wanted to quit,
too much pain, too much hurt,
within, without,
tears shed, lost count.
Then I would hear, pitter, patter, pitter, patter,
the sound of tiny, running feet
and nothing, nothing else mattered.
I would hear giggling and look into the eyes of my granddaughter.
I'm her grandma and she loves me
and oh, how I love my Bree!
Watching her learn to walk gave me the will,
to keep going on.
Also, our many conversations, as she learned to talk.
And then, there came another one,
the birth of Forrest,
my grandson!
How those two can make me smile,
how they warm my heart.
Oh, yes, they make my life worthwhile.
I found a large part of the self I'd lost.
I was needed, I mattered!
I could take care of
my grandson and granddaughter!
Read stories to them, play patty cake
and put band-aid's on boo boo's.
Go feed the ducks at the lake,
give my babies hugs and kisses, too.
I need them
more than they need me,
those two are keeping me going,

you see?

Barbara Haskell

My Body

My body, used to express
what I do, who I am
and how I dress.
It's the only one I get,
I can't buy another
or even sub-let.
For the first 36 years of my life,
I didn't give my body much thought.
It served me well as a woman and a wife,
functioned every day and every night.
It responded quickly,
like turning on a light.
One day smooth functioning did cease
and constant pain came into my life,
a most invidious beast.
My spirit cheered my body to endure.
The medical establishment would help me,
of this I was sure.
It didn't turn out that way,
no matter what they did or what I tried,
that insidious beast continued to stay.
My spirit cannot comprehend,
it doesn't understand,
why life as I knew it, had to end.

10/10/07

Barbara Haskell

My Realm

Pain confines me,
unrelenting money problems,
desire lost, emotions wilted,
pleasure's dead,
a life of dread.

09/01/07

Barbara Haskell

No Relief In Sight

Melancholy weather,
anticipating thundershowers,
solitude marked tomorrow's,
no relief in sight.

Barbara Haskell

Ode To A Computer

I sit here waiting for you to respond,
what happened to that special bond,
we used to share?
I find myself in despair,
I tried to do everything right,
you're giving me quite a fright!
Please don't leave me,
can't you see?
I need you for so much,
you're how I stay in touch!
You move like a snail,
I can barely send an email.
I want one site,
but you put up such a fight
What makes you tick?
Are you truly sick?
You aren't making a sound,
is there a virus going around?
You're going to crash,
just when I have no cash!
I don't know what I'll do,
my life will be utterly empty without you.

Barbara Haskell

Out Of Balance

All this time,
I've just been going through the motions,
treading water,
just to stay afloat.
Without you,
I can't find the laughter,
life is out of balance
and I can barely cope.
Searching to find you again,
that's all I could do,
as long as you were out there,
I still had hope.
I have always loved you,
always will, my Jack.
I need you,
need to be together,
I want you, please,
tell me you want me back.

Barbara Haskell

Out Of Time

I long for you,
nothing will calm me,
but you.
Truest desire never changes,
but no hope found,
we ran out of time.

Barbara Haskell

Penetrating Pain

For years, deep, penetrating pain
has defeated my body and soul,
it's altered my spirit
and smothered desire.
Unable to laugh,
I shed tears.

Barbara Haskell

Please Take Me Home

My soul has watched
the immeasurable pain
that this body endures.
Watching through the trials
of different medicants and surgeries,
searching for that judge,
who will grant a pardon
or at least, some leniency.
Now, for the fifth time,
sobbing from the depths of soul,
body has awakened, begging God,
Please, please take me home.

Barbara Haskell

Poetry

People write poetry for diverse reasons,
as in poems that describe the yearly seasons.
Poems can show the love for mother and father
and vent feelings against the boyfriend of your granddaughter.
You can express feelings of a day at the beach,
nothing is out of poetry's reach.
Beautiful poetry can make your heart soar
and bring alive days of yore.
It can make kings of old come alive
or make you sad enough to cry.
Poetry can describe angel's performing a celestial dance
or some other circumstance.
Words can help a relationship to mend
and they can also cause them to end.
In the past, I have written a poem describing an ice cream cone
and I have expressed feelings of being alone.
Poetry will always be a part of my life,
writing of the good and writing of the strife.

Barbara Haskell

Progress

I sit astride a rented horse, with the breeze caressing my face.
I toss popcorn to the squirrels,
who catch every kernal in cute, tiny hands.
The lake is black as midnight and with their eagle eyes,
the duck's have spotted the squirrel's gourmet delight.
En mass they arrive, breaking the silence with their quacking.
With bounty stuffed cheeks, the squirrels scurry up
the surrounding trees.
The ducks clamor about me, demanding their fair share.
They quickly go after the popcorn,
like kids with ground-strewn pinata goodies.
I nudge my horse and we start up the mountain side.
Half-way up our climb, I turn to see
a huge concrete painted sign.

Barbara Haskell

Pure Truth

I shall never know
another soul,
as I have known
you.

Barbara Haskell

San Diego

Sand dunes, huge waves,
palm trees swaying in the breeze.
Navy ships out to sea, sailboats closer in,
The sun is beaming down its rays,
there are swim suits of every kind,
men in trunks and speedo's,
women in two piece or bikini
and one-piece suit's that bind.
Father's pretending not to look,
little kids teasing waves
or building sand castles,
while Mother's immersed in her book.
Teen-age boys sit non-chalantly on the wall,
hard bodies roll by on rollerskates
and Mr. and Miss Universe pose and yell,
as they compete in volleyball.
Just another Saturday,
in my hometown,
San Diego, Ca.,
a city by the bay.

Barbara Haskell

Self Perception

I perceive confidence, strength,
in command, take care of it all,
but I fear the truth
is an elderly woman,
who shrinks more each year,
who can't stand too long
or carry much weight,
who looks slightly drifty.

Barbara Haskell

Set Free

I long to play softball,
bowl on a team again, too,
camp out in the desert
or on a mountaintop,
the beauty of either will do.
I long to be a volunteer,
helping others,
delivering meals to the elderly,
running in a marathon for cancer research,
and collecting money for Easter Seals.
I long to take each grandchild,
one by one,
on our own special vacation,
wherever they wanted to go-
Destination? Closeness, laughter and fun!
I long for quality time in my life,
time with my family,
my sister's, my daughter,
my son and his wife.
This and more,
I long for life to be,
but it's very far from that.
Pain keeps me from fulfilling work,
keeps me from throwing a ball
or swinging a bat.
There are no vacations for two,
no running for me,
when I can barely walk.
Please, please, remember all this
and be nothing but happy for me,
when from this tortured body,
I am finally-
set free.

Barbara Haskell

Sing Some More

I think I'm singing high and low,
when in truth, I sing in a monotone.
Don't want to hear me?
That doesn't bother me, you see,
just take yourself out my door,
I feel the need to sing some more!

Barbara Haskell

Slowly Melting Away

You want me to trust-
trust that you'll be there for me,
that we could have a life together, a home
and I'll be safe and sound.
How can I trust you?
You play games in your own head,
making up scenario's and reading all the lines.
Your sharp, hateful words dive bomb straight into my heart,
cutting me, tearing me to pieces.
like an ice pick, stabbing, breaking my heart into tiny shards of ice,
till I feel like the Cold Ice Queen.
Keep chipping away,
till my love and trust become tiny slivers one day,
slowly melting away.

Barbara Haskell

Solemn Silence

Screams echoing
through memories filled with fear,
I tremble, as if cold,
whispering words,
describing feelings, old.
I shed streams of tears,
leaving my love
in solemn silence.

08/19/07

Barbara Haskell

Soul's Liberation

Unrelenting yearning,
interminable anguish,
shackled my heart;
undeserved redemption,
my soul's liberation!

Barbara Haskell

Spiders, Bugs And Bees

Midst towering green branches,
bird's chirp and flutter,
fashioning their nest with twigs and leaves
and their pantry is supplanted with delicious victuals
of spiders, bugs and bees.

Offspring in the nursery
take turns practicing their take-off and landings
and when the dinner bell is rung,
they run and shout with glee.

Father gives a warning,
you'd better settle down
and eat all Mother feeds you
or you'll be punished-
off to bed with no t.v.!

Later, if you looked into the nest,
you'd spy baby birdies fast asleep
and you'd hear Mother bird as she exclaimed,
'Not tonight, dear, please,
let me get some rest! '

Barbara Haskell

Spring

Many shades of green
in striking hues,
flowers blazing forth
in dazzling shades of
golds, reds and blues.
The breeze tickling my face,
sun staying up longer in the sky,
Birds singing louder and longer,
I love you, Spring,
that's why!

Barbara Haskell

Such A Journey

My life's been such a journey,
I've had some high's,
but Lord Almighty,
they're out-weighed by many low's.
I feel weighed down some
by money problems,
but really, what gets to me,
is the pain encircling my body,
around and 'round and 'round.
I've forced myself
to maintain some interest,
show enthusiasm, show some zest,
but what I really want to do,
is lay this body down
for a long and lovely rest.

Barbara Haskell

Sun-Up

Wrapped in soft music
and each other's arms,
we found love at sun-up.

Barbara Haskell

Takes Its Toll

Degeneration
of a part of the body,
has such a degenerative action
on the spirit, the soul,
a desolation,
its weight so heavy,
takes its toll.

Barbara Haskell

Temper Tantrum

Just as in the temper tantrum of a two year old, flaring,
throwing herself to the floor, legs kicking,
fists pounding the floor in raging frustration,
so the inner me does identify,
as I plead with a universal deity,
Heal me or let me die!

Barbara Haskell

To Feel Your Embrace

Years, since our time of bread and wine,
but each and every day,
thoughts of you enter my mind.
I don't think they'll ever go away.
There is a hole in my heart,
that only your presence can fill.
You took the biggest part,
what's left is next to nil.
I have a longing in my soul,
as if I'm missing a piece of myself,
only you can fill this hole,
it can't be bought with wealth.
Missing you brings tears to my eyes,
as I question the power's that be,
I need answers to my 'why's',
it would take someone far wiser than me.
I just feel empty since you left,
no one can take your place.
You have me feeling so bereft,
I'd give anything to feel your embrace.

Barbara Haskell

Tragedy

We were actors,
cast in a comedy/love story
or so we thought.
How were we to know,
the author opted
for a tragedy?

Barbara Haskell

Tread Lightly

Tread lightly
on this heart of mine,
the path I've walked
has been exceedingly difficult.
I feign a state of order,
but I feel rather delicate within
and tears are so close to the surface,
when I least expect them.

Barbara Haskell

We Walked Home

North wind, snowy lodge,
I was singing.
Frozen river, ice-encrusted riverbank,
found me clinging.
Called to my dog, come, come to me
and he pulled me out,
one, two, three.
Gave him a hug and gave him a bone
and slowly, carefully,
we walked home.

Barbara Haskell

Well-Worn Magazines

My life, pretty much, consists of
pain, medication, doctor appointments
and trips to the pharmacy.

That's my life,
pain, meds, doctor's offices
and well-worn magazines.

Barbara Haskell

Winged Creatures

Winged creatures,
soft and silky,
hanging delicately
in window panes.

Barbara Haskell

Words And Deeds

We harm others,
with words and deeds,
rarely considering
that they have their own needs.
We interfere and argue,
never letting the negative cease.
We insist ours
is the only way,
Do as we do,
Do as we say.
God must look down
at all this strife
and wonder why, oh, why,
did He give us life.

Barbara Haskell

Your Anger

Anger comes flying in,
as if on the wings of a jet,
out of control, nose-diving,
straight into my heart.
Then comes the sharp, hateful words,
cutting into me, tearing me to pieces.
Here comes your ice-pick, stabbing,
breaking my love into tiny shards of ice.
Now I am torn and bleeding;
turned into the cold, ice queen.
You look disgusted,
as if I'm not quite right in the head.
You say you're feeling much better now.

Barbara Haskell