

Poetry Series

Chantelle Clark
- poems -

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Chantelle Clark(Feb 7th 1991)

I am a 17 year old teenager who lives in the country, a quiet life full of hardcore study halls and a lot of sports. I tend to spend most of my time studying and working on my academics with an average over 90, and I also play soccer for my city. I play basketball and soccer for my school. In my leisure time I take to writing short stories (prose) , lyrics and poetry; poetry being the better liking of the three. Anyways if you'd like to get to know me or have any requests or suggestions please feel free to message me.

Sincerely,
Chantelle Clark

A Face, A Place, A Photograph

Photographs a glimmer
Faces shining all a shimmer.
Perfect are those faces
Remembering all the good places.
Appearance is not all,
We all have one downfall.

Sitting here on my bed
Feeling the pounding of my aching head.
Framed memories provoke tears
But they aren't from my fears.
Medals hang from strings
Telling a story, while a melody sings.

Such a safe haven this seems
Everyone so happy and keen.
To school I go, perfect and fine
That dance, that night was fun and kind.
But I knew that he who was mine
Such a relationship entwined.

But it was no more...
It hit me straight at the core.
All happiness was drained
Nothing left but hurt and pain.
Smiles now hide, the sorrow
Maybe real happiness will come tomorrow.

Friends now help me stand
And if they didn't I'd be damned.
Music soothes my soul
Like warmth coming from hot coals.
When I see him I cry
But I should hold it back I try.

There is nothing I can do
All I have now are memories of you.
Many words I had are lost

This is at my cost.
I left them unspoken
When they should of shinned like a token.

The photographs depict a serene place
But the issue was not of this case.
Memories in mind, all aglow
Here I go with the wavering flow.
Looking into the mirror, all clear
I see a person, brave mastering all fear.

Such a fake image of myself
I'm nowhere near to that ballerina on the shelf.
Sitting back on my bed
My memories just flashed through my aching head.
Faces all alight
My FRIENDS smiles will always dim this dark and scary night.

By, Chantelle Clark.

Chantelle Clark

A Fantasy...

Roaming through the meadow
With the sun shinning bright.
It's like looking through a window
Into a fantasy that portrays light.

The wind whispers through the trees
Then slips through the grass.
While asking you to come forward please
It's about to tell you your task.

Wandering down a crooked path
A stream flows into view.
This winding road holds all your wrath
And the stream hints a desolate hue.

The trail leads to open grassy hills
The wind murmurs an urgent message.
Your dream you must fulfill...
Speaking of a secret passage.

Thunder starts to howl and lightening shrieks
You run from the raging battle to shelter.
The rain is coming down so hard it stings your cheeks
You bound like a lion who skelters.

You come upon flowing music and twinkling lights
The growling storm has seemed to dispersed.
Their enjoyable dancing has awoken the night
Have others seen this, or are you the first?

The wondrous masquerade vanishes into the dark
The magical happenings disappear, the air is cold.
You now find yourself in a golden lit park
You know that not every story is foretold.

What an enchanting ideality this was
This must be your fantasy that you can see.
But there has to be a known cause
For this dream to occur in me.

By, Chantelle Clark

Chantelle Clark

A Fatal Love

A tear silently falls
Glistening with Fear.
As night approaches.
Within the Mirror.

Inside this doubtful world,
The day of tomorrow
Is only but a routine
Filled with screams of sorrow.

If I cry out to you
I will be silenced.
Three warnings I receive
Before he erupts into violence.

I smile at his ugly face
Pretending to be thrilled,
At what he has given me,
A life of fearful chills.

I do as I am told
If not, blood I will see.
A hand upon my mouth
He will never let me be.

I gag and choke on blood.
Once again I've made a mistake.
But will he be nice today?
How much more can I take?

Into another world I go.
Isolated, Cold, and Alone.
He calmly talks to me
In an un-nerving frightful tone.

He has taken me far away
There is no one to help.
He smiles as he comes near.
And the deck's cards have been delt.

A mirror stands against my back.
And I reach behind towards the glass.
No one should have to see this...
I hope it will shatter and crash.

Can you not see me?
Nor hear my cries of plea?
Help me out of this dark world.
Please, just let me be free.

As you take a look at me.
From your world into mine.
Please remember what happened here.
And know death can sometimes be kind.

A World of Hate is Horrid.
A World of Perfection Ideal.
Dreams are premonitions.
And Violence very Real.

©

Written by Chantelle Clark
Writ Upon June 1,2008.

Chantelle Clark

A Savior

The sun sets and darkness envelopes the world
In the wrath of its deadly sin.

Only the stars shine bright in the vast universe
But yet this blackness sucks me into a world
Of plight where there will never be any delight.

When I am alone at night,
The darkness closes around me tight.
There is one savior that keeps me company.
Music brings the light.

When a storm approaches and rain comes down.
The lightening streaks through the sky
Tearing my eyes and making me cry.
Music is the rainbow.

When my brokenheart dulls my senses,
And my river of tears runs vast
I feel the pain searing through me
Music can only drive it to the past.

When my heart swells, and overwhelming joy brings happiness,
I start to sing and dance because a savior brought this day,
Music will always lead the way!

Chantelle Clark

Always There-Haiku

Fluffy and caring
always listens to your words
friendly teddy bear

Chantelle Clark

Anger An Insight (Note)

When does the anger stop? Where does the happiness live in this broken world? As people live through their lives, we all experience the uncontrollable outbursts of harsh words and sharp meanings. But even though, these words and actions may affect us we continue on, walking down the path that leads us farther away from any foundation built upon the knowledge that we had obtained such a long time ago.

There are those days that we all feel happy. We want to laugh and share our feelings with others but is this real happiness, or is it just a facade of short lived joy that we use to get through what we are really feeling (slightly like adrenaline...helps us get through life threatening situations) ? How can we really be happy when the world around us is so dark? Do we just report what's going on, and then hide from it all under false blankets of security in a high dreamt up world of fantasy that allows us to escape the reality of where we are and what we are apart of? Or, do we, instead, choose to ignore it all and just forget about what does not directly concern us? The choice is yours, do what you like but honestly... no matter how long we escape what we don't want to see, no matter how long we train our brains to only see what we want, and no matter how long it takes of just hiding and forgetting, it all comes back because until it is all solved...it will only continue to get worse. So in a sense, why don't we all just stop being cowards?

Happiness is a hard thing to find...and when you are a child you had no concerns of what we deal with now. It was all much simpler, and the world might just say, 'grow up and stop wishing.' And if that is the case then I will say the exact same thing right back, 'we need to stop stalling and do something about the hideous things that go on in our world.' Many will say no, many will not care, others won't want to do it alone, and the rest just ask how...

Well sometimes you don't need to know the way or how it will happen, all you need is the will, the will to fight the anger and everything and everyone will come into play. Let's stop wishing and let's act because the sooner we act the faster real happiness may come.

Now if you are still reading, you may ask what does this really have to do with anger...you're mainly ranting about happiness and how we don't have it...and such. Well in fact it was anger that allowed me to pick up the pen and write what you are now reading. It's quite ironic that such good things can come from such a negatively displayed action. However, anger it seems, is not doing us very

much good as a whole...if you take one look at the world, it's all in plain now I ask...if we are so proud to be who we are, if we are so proud of our countries, of our accomplishments, of our religion, of who we are. Then how come we are ignoring one of the major things that are putting us to shame? We have many things to be proud of I have no doubt in that...but in order to live a happy life, in order to lead a life of guiltlessness and prosperity, then we must also, not just be proud, but own up and mend what we have done wrong.

In this case, we all need to as a whole, mend the pandemic of anger that's being displayed in a negative manner. Let's not spread the shame, let's take it away and not hide it, not sweep it under the rug, let's vanquish it. Then we will really have something to be proud about.

You may say we are doing all that we can, but I say, 'Are you sure...because we can always do more, be more, and achieve greater.'

If you liked what you've read today, or perhaps disliked, then please be sure to leave a comment, they are always appreciated.

Thanks again,
Chantelle Clark.

Chantelle Clark

Anticipation

This Anticipation

I wait for this day
I am excited but sad.
You are leaving and I am mad.
Its for the health of you
So I am glad.
There are so many feelings that I've had.
I want this day to come.
Only cause I want to show you
What you mean before your gone
and not seen.
But then again this day is dreaded
I want you to stay
What am I going to do without you?
I know I will get through this
But promise me you'll phone
If you do not phone this
anticipation will grow not knowing where to go,
what to think, or what to know.
I will cry on this upcoming day
And I want you to know that
All I want to say is
I care for you.
You will get through this
And so will I.
I will be sad and I will cry.
I will be strong for you
So please be for me.
I can't lose you, not totally.
So please, please have something to say,
On this upcoming day.
Only my tears will tell the tale
of what you mean
and how much I care.
I just wanted to say I'll be
there on this upcoming day.
This Anticipation.

Appearance-Haiku

A mirror reflects
but do you see the real you.
past the appearance.

Chantelle Clark

Battle

The horse's hooves sounded in the distance.
Like rolling thunder was their presence.
Our enemies from chance's court,
come riding, riding towards death's route.

I am a knight with a rowan shield.
Who has to fight in this battle that we wield.
My stallion, hawk, and brindled hounds are with me today
but ony wanting to go away.

The wind is shrieking the sounds of war.
I hear nothing but can feel the growing
anguish that we will endure.

I can see my enemies on the crest of the hill.
Here they come, the thunder is now a banging drum.
Its getting ever closer as I strap on my shield and unsheathe my sword.

A clash of metal, nays, barks, and yelps from the battle field
ring through the disquieted air.
Once our enemy has made the great mistake we will triumph in a great state.

An opponent approaches with a sly grin playing across his face as he lunges
towards me, I see his sword's reflection in my place.
I ward off a blow only to block another one like I had a moment ago.
He matches every move of mine.
I can't seem to get into his mind.
(breaking his defence)

My guard slips for one second but that is enough for him to deliver his final blow.
He strikes me with his sword.

I fall to the ground grimmacing at what I had not done.
The wound I received on this day can ony be healed one way.
The Witch of the Westmorland can heal this wound I received today.
She is the only one who can save me.

As I lay on this blood-drenched battle plain.
I think of all the foes I have slain.

I think of the grave mistake I made that nearly lost the day.
This battle has ended on this field but as for the journey of my life today,
The war has just begun as I lay on this battle plain.

Chantelle Clark

Be You-Haiku

Mother of nature
Father of time may change you
but you will be you.

Chantelle Clark

Betrayel

Walking down that hall
Finding out that life is not a ball.
All those smiles and laughs had
Are now forgotten, they have gone bad.
That one year when I met you
Everything was good, we had great friends too.
You stopped liking your friends for some reason
It all happened that season.
You now become a member in our group
No longer belonging to that other troop.
We were great, everyone got along fine
That year was pretty good, we were all kind.

Now as for this next year
We had no idea it would bring a tear.
There were many fights
I remembering staying up some nights.
There were a lot of hurtful things said
Sometimes it made me cry upon my bed.
At the end of the year, you misunderstood
Something I had said and you thought how could?
So now you hate me because if this...
The next year comes and your still pissed.

Your now a small fish in a big pond
We try to get used to this environment, try to be fond.
Now were stuck in a bigger place
Why don't you try telling me all your thoughts to my face?
Oh wait...I know why
Your excuse was you don't want me to cry.
But yet you loathe me so
And you don't know, that I know because I go with the flow.
You hate me, its so obvious, you think I don't see
But yet everyone knows, yes even me.
So why do you try to be nice?
When I know you hate me, as cold as ice.
I've had enough of your antics, don't say stuff behind my back
Because it seems to me, your kindness it what you lack.
Don't be nice when I know it bothers you to be

You think your doing me a favour by being kind towards me.
But then later on you start to talk bad
Your trying to be two people it makes me mad.
Be yourself, whether that means...
Trying to be keen
on hating me...
Or moving on and being what you ought to be.

Everyone is nice to you in our group too
But really its only because we feel sorry for you.
We see the real you, you try to be nice
But we all know that your not sugar and spice.
At one point way back when...
I would of done anything to make you happy again.
But I guess you took that all for granted
Now I know that line of thinking was slanted.
'This has been said so many times that I'm not sure it matters'
All of us talk about this in our chit-chatters.
Its the same again and again, always the same
Stop playing this game, you know we all think its lame.
Its time to be you, nothing more, don't hide behind your mask
Stop drinking from that fantasy flask.
Try being nice for a change, don't say stuff behind our backs
There is kindness in you, don't allow it to lack.
Just try being kind
You might be surprised at what you'll find.
Maybe then your so called friends, won't just be your friends because they feel
sorry for you
Maybe then you and us can be happy too...

Maybe...
Remember..Betrayel is harsh...you have been warned.

Chantelle Clark

Clouds Of Fear

Marching along East Street
We felt confident and proud.
In rows we walked all tidy and neat
Soon to be scattered among green clouds.

We kept a steady pace through town
Walking straight and not looking back.
We are going to war to fight for our crown
We were told strength could not lack.

Wounded disembarked the train
It's our turn to go...
All we can feel is increasing pain
Our fears start to quickly flow.

To the front line we trudged
Mud seemed to be everywhere.
We had to fight through the sludge
Or else we'd be buried there.

The trenches come into sight
Our officers told us to quicken the pace.
The trenches seemed to be a heavenly light
As we walked by a man with a distorted face.

We sat in the rat-infested trenches
We talked about what tomorrow would bring.
However, for now we sat playing cards on our benches
Tomorrow at sunrise, war's bombs would ring.

Sunrise comes and exploding bombs hit the air
We shot many enemies with fear in their eyes.
The field hospitals are busy with many in care
Some of our friends also met their demise.

That night our division crawled through No Man's Land
Our enemies were not prepared.
We silently advanced through the sand
We looted them while they were impaired.

Dawn comes shining bright
Soon after green clouds, start coming our way.
No longer was there any light
The gas choked many that fateful day.

Half our division is lost
So, we are sent home to rest.
We had gained nothing at their cost
They thought home would be best.

Now boarding the train for home
All the memories come rushing back bringing tears.
A wounded comrade softly moans
"Were on the same train where we had our first fears."

We now have experienced a nightmare called war.
We get off the train...
We once and for all leave the unbearable place known as death door.
We take a look back at what all was lost and gained, leaving finally in contorted
disdain.

By, Chantelle Clark.
October 06.

Chantelle Clark

Confessions Of Reflections

I am sitting in front of my mirror starring at my reflection thinking of how empty it is to feel, the loss of someone as wonderful as you, is now real.

You were here but now you are gone.

I will always love you forever.

Your laughs, the tears, the smiles through the years.

Without you my life seems to take a different toll.

The compass has stopped moving where do I go?

My life has no ups or downs its stuck in a place where there are no smiles nor frowns. I miss you and I cry...

I see you standing in front of me. Its your reflection that alights upon me.

I reach out to touch you, to see if you are real!

But you reach out as if to stop me reflecting upon you.

What ever went wrong?

I know I can mend but the scars will always bind me to this end.

A tear resides on my face leaving with no grace.

Others come fast as realization dawns know you are now in the past.

You can't come back from that dreadful night, so my mind is confined to one thought tonight.

I will always love you my very best friend and remember as the past fades away in a silent goodbye, you will always reside within my life.

Chantelle Clark

Confidence-Haiku

The crowd roars with life
your surprise, it never dies
confidence in you.

Chantelle Clark

Corrupted Blood

High above it was ashen gray.
The flames licked the sky.
That fire caused a fray.
And now people shall die.

I had made a noose that day.
And in cold blood I hung the brute.
The cat just could not stay.
It was time that it lay mute.

That corrupted blood controlled me.
And it washed away the guilt.
Demonic I was, no longer free.
Now my docile nature seemed to wilt.

My disease grew as I drank more gin.
and my violent ways were hostile.
It seemed that I would never win.
And now I was tempted to be vile.

My axe I withdrew from its case.
My intentions were to say goodbye.
That cat was done it's race.
However, that cat was not about to die.

My wife told me not to kill it.
For the animal was innocent enough.
And now her story was writ.
For with her I became rough.

Instead I turned to my wife.
And I gripped the axe tight.
I swung and took her life.
The blood dripped in the fading light.

Into the cellar wall I put her corpse.
The cat was put in as well.
My mind was permanently warped.
And any who challenged fell.

<-This poem was written for English Class on the Short Story: The Black Cat, by Edgar Allen Poe. ->

Chantelle Clark

Damned Soul Of Limbo

I am a dreamer
From a distant land.
A visionary
who diminishes the damned.

I see the world as it is
For what we truly are.
The people of our race
and those of afar.

You read my words
But they mean nothing to you.
You are you, your own,
And you have your own views.

Yet you take a look at me
And you love me so.
You are not sure for what
for I go against everything you know.

You see the hues of spring
and you sing your song.
And as you remember...
I will never be gone.

I am a rock, stuck in your world.
I cannot be hurt
For I am dead but alive,
and extremely curt.

You tear at my eyes
And you hear the truth.
I am you believe it or not
Your only strong held proof.

Of what the world can be.
Of who you are today.
Nothing but a damned soul.
Now you've gotten your way.

By Chantelle Clark.

Chantelle Clark

Day By Day

I blink back these tears everyday.
I hurt when I hear you say.
That I never cared, that my friendship wasn't true or fair!

Yet day by day I take my 'Q' and I try to talk to you.
As friends fall apart and you ask 'why? ',
I will be standing there contemplating as time goes by.

You say I'm giving up but when you have fallen down whos trying their hardest
to get you back up?

You will never be replaced, this is true I couldn't replace you, its not something
that I would do!
You made footprints in my heart so deep sometimes they hurt and bleed. These
footprints will never be washed away they are etched in forever. As I blink back
these tears of rain I realize today that you will always be in my heart forever, no
matter what you say! No matter how much it hurts and bleeds these memroies
will never cease!

So I blink back these tears and forget what you said cause inside I know what
you truely meant!

Chantelle Clark

Dear Mom: I Am Sorry (Poem)

Dear Mom:

Not that this makes a difference but, I'm sorry.
I truly am.
For this is a constant story.
One that never seems to end.

My eyes pour tears
and my head pounds.
I scream my worst fears.
But no one understands.

I never mean to hurt you.
It kills me everytime.
I tear at myself for my views
And I scream out in vain.

I always make mistakes
and sometimes I don't think like I should.
And sometimes those smiles...
tend to be fake.

But no matter how I feel
I love you so.
I am sorry for doing what I've done.
Please, that's all I need you to know.

You are always by my side
standing right there.
You can make me smile no matter what.
I am sorry I am not fair.

Please just know that I hate myself
for what I always do.
I am sorry.
Perhaps...if it's not too late we can start anew?

Written by Chantelle Clark.

Do You Remember?

My life was on rough seas but then you came to me and showed me what I need.

That person who showed me became my bestfriend. That person was what I had.
I can not live without them, I don't need anything else but just for that
Bestfriend to remember that I care, and need them the most.

* This is my second poem ever written, Although my thoughts now contradict
what this poem's message is, lol Ironic I know*

Chantelle Clark

Dreaming-Haiku

Blue sky
filled with clouds
dreams appear.

not traditional

Chantelle Clark

Dusty Memories

I pick up our old photo album of what used to be.
I turn the dusty pages full of memories.
Each day was a struggle for me.
Complaints of friends mixed with feelings, I didn't know who was me.
I come upon a memory so fine it brings tears to my eyes.
This memory, a picture of a fading sunset upon swaying trees.
The rainbow of dancing leaves frames us walking in ease.

Now as tears stream down my face I think of the battles we faced.
Fight after fight, screaming matches that lasted the night.
I shut these dusty memories away within a place yet not revealed.
Locked away deep inside, memories are concealed.

Now those memories in the past make me see how grateful I am to have moved on,
without feeling too much dread for memories now etched in the past.

Chantelle Clark

Fallen City

The dawn of fall has arrived within a golden essence.

The city has crumbled beneath the twilight sky.

The water reflects the odd beauty perserving its lingering prescence.

Across the lake a lone pine stands on a hill, swaying in the whispering voices of the gripping chill. Wind.

The colours of life are vibrant in the frigid air but not for long as the hands of coldness sweep through the evening atmosphere.

Chantelle Clark

Flowers Of Life-Haiku

Sunlit flowers
bloom then wilt
life ends

Chantelle Clark

For Kristin

The rainbow will appear
After this storm that you endure
Once the rain ends there you will dance again.
The grey blur of this storm will cease
Asking you to continue walking on if you please.
We are here, forever and always
Walking with you day by day
For every step if the way.
You have always been here for us
So we give you this poem to
Thank you for confiding in us.
You have touched my heart, so please see
That you mean a lot to me.

This verse has been put into another poem, as well

Chantelle Clark

Free Verse Personification Poem- Sorrow Of Me

When sunsets for night sorrow drifts in, whispering through the trees.
Her gown flutters through the air as she glides over me.
Setting quietness throughout the land,
In a dangerous whisper that gave me shivers.
The despair settled over me, as her calming deadly wrath,
Wrapped me in a blanket of sadness.

Chantelle Clark

Goodbye

The rain is pouring down.
Your window is mangled.
I see your open mound.
Your life is now tangled.

I saw it all.
That horrid day.
You hit the wall.
and they got their way.

The cops never knew.
No one ever thought.
Your lived days were few.
Sadness has wrought.

Sorrow clasps the dead
And eyes weep.
Anger has fed
That fatal agonized meet.

See the spring.
The open doors.
Step into that ring.
Away from the deathly wars.

Your coffin is put away.
The Earth is now a veil.
Say Goodbye to this day.
The memories finally real.

Chantelle Clark

Hope-Haiku

Hope for you is right
hoping will never go wrong
I'm hoping for you.

Chantelle Clark

Horizon...Free Verse

The sun rises from within it
The sun sets behind it.
But what is it really?
A fine line of the eye's imagination?
We see it, but we will never touch it.
When in space we pass it by,
So is it real?
It's not like the equator with coordinates.
It has no exact location, no points.
Some say its the edge of the earth.
But I think not because the earth does not have edges.
It is where the naked eye can't see any farther.
To the mind's eye it is where we can no longer see what lays beyond..
Maybe its the fine line seperating sane from insane.
But does that mean if we can never cross this line then there will never be
insanity?
But see we do cross this line when we go into space, so does that mean space is
insane?
No, but insanity is also uncertainty and space is uncertain and unknown.
This line so called the 'Horizon' is uncertain and has no points.
We can always see it, but never touch it, this might mean it is a feigning line of
fantasy,
Seems real but it could just be an allusion.
So what is the Horizon exactly?
There are no points pinpointing its location other than the image of the mind's
eye.
So this mean that the Horizon can not be classified as real because things that
we see
aren't always real.
Are we not all just all living in a dream within a dream, where we make our
wishes of
imaginations seem real?
Really were all living in a fantasy that we have created.
The Horizon is a feigning line of imaginaion, where we can no longer see the
reality
of our own world....

Chantelle Clark

'If I Were Here Without You'

Here Without You

Is a phase that will always put me into a daze.
Just thinking about it, oh how I would be in a haze.
A thousand lights wouldn't be able to dim the darkness
If I was
Here Without You.

I can't lose you
You can't be gone,
I don't want to be scared
And I don't want to be wrong.
Don't open that window
Or step through that door.

My life is but a piece of thread
Hanging on to what you have said.
I can't possibly comprehend If I was
Here Without You.

This Life just won't shine
If your gone and I am
Here Without You!

Somewhere there's someone who
Thinks the same.
They are sitting right here
The one who wrote this is near.
You see them every day
It's the person at the end
Of this poem, they want you to
Stay and never go away.
They never want to be
Here Without You!

Chantelle Clark

I'M White...

White, Asian, Black, Caucasian were all minorities
Everyone seems to have their own priorities.
Religion and intolerance is a big factor.
Our society doesn't know what they're after.
Noone likes to share,
They fight over what really isn't their's.

In our world we have many religions
All with their own conformities.
White, Asian, Black, and Caucasian were all minorities
With priorities.

Be careful where it is you walk,
How you dress, and how you talk.
Because out there in that vast world
We have race's and groups who
Will be offended if you break their rules.
We are all minorities with careless priorities.

Do not only love your own race
Because there will only be space left to discriminate with much disgrace.
This racism of the world only generates hate,
And we carry this madness farther when we discriminate.

Conformity is not always the way to go,
Individuality is something we all need to show.
Were all the same within this massive game.
This game is no joke nor a laugh
You got one chance to succeed and finish every task.
So don't waste your time hurting others
It gets you nowhere and the feeling only smothers.

Everyone is different, you can't change that.
You can't make them like you, you can't beat that.
Killing eachother has nothing to prove.
Its not just a pick and choose, its not something we should do.
We are all human, we all have souls.
We all live together and to keep ourselves progressing,

Through life we must learn to lean on others.

What makes us human?

Well this is the answer,

Our emotions is what makes us human.

With no emotions we would be machines that wouldn't

Be able to experience what life really is.

But since we have emotions doesn't make it right to use

What we feel to inflict plight on people

Who are searching for a light.

Were all different whether its on the outside or in,

Were all fighting to win, this isn't a sin.

But discriminating is a sin that comes from within.

We may look different on the outside.

But we all have feelings and we all have a heart.

Now lets as a Movement Of Unity block this

Unrighteous deed that we see in our communities.

Take Hitler and the Jewish.

Hitler discriminated against the Jewish and many followed, by force.

Many followed because he had the power, the upper hand.

They were afraid they would be killed if they didn't accept his commands.

The world as a whole wants to live in Peace and Harmony.

But that will only happen if

We stop this scrutiny.

Peace and Harmony only come when we remember

The true values of humanity and equality.

We must all be treated equally.

We can join to form a majority, we can all have the same priorities.

But remember God made us all different, we are all unique.

If we just all open our eyes and take a peek,

You might be surprised at what you'll see.

Take a new perspective, and step into the shade.

You shall see that we are all basically the same.

So please lets stop this discrimination, its not a game!

Chantelle Clark

In The Speed Of Light

In the speed of light it can all fade away
Fade into a faint memory.
The memory of what you used to be
And the memory of the friends you used to see.
In the speed of light minds can change
Minds can change, for most bad
And in the end it could be sad.
In the speed of light the tables can turn
around and around they go
And when they stop you will know.
In the speed of light A friend into a foe.

This poem was not written by me, but by my friend

Chantelle Clark

Journey-Haiku

My journey
a neverending path
in a sky vast with stars.

Chantelle Clark

Just A Bottle

A bottle on the table.
Alcohol inside.
Lonely and waiting it seems to be
and in it you confide.

You take a drink, its bittersweet
you begin to like it more and more.
Alcoholic you better see...
you're beginning a long-hard war.

Alcoholism is a disease
an incurable affliction.
Read the message clearly labeled
Alcohol can be a deadly suspicion.

Curious you might be at first
But take the examples and learn
that alcohol can cause cirrhosis of the liver
Don't allow the alcohol to take your life's turns.

Your brain and nervous system can be affected
Heart disease may strike
Mood swings, and high cholesterol are present and...
you'll begin a story of plight.

One night your driving impaired.
You hit an innocent victim.
Now your life can be taken away.
There was too much alcohol in your system.

You tell them your life story
You plead in front of the cops.
You say you just wanted to get home.
Yet they know the drinking won't stop.

When they tell you, your not going home.
You begin to get all hostile.
You start to yell and shout...
Your behaviour is now infantile.

Into a holding cell you go.
They'll wait till you've calmed down.
Then they will tell you what your fight will be
When you've stopped and are better sound.

They bring you out, your unaware.
They say you need to sit and listen.
Yesterday you hit a person, maybe rehab is the way...
And when they tell you this your eyes begin to glisten.

What will your family say...
You fear, there will be no support
The cops continue to talk.
But in a daze you sit; your life is now contort.

You are requested to Alcoholics Anonymous
A support group for all adults.
Where they can recover and share...
Their experiences and their faults.

So you go to the AA meetings.
You begin to feel great.
You know you can overcome this addiction.
Alcoholic you are recovering and all you need to do is wait.

Wait for the day when you become...
Happy, sober, hopeful and determined.
That day will be a milestone.
When your recovered you'll have a memorable sermon.

Let it be known that the message within the bottle.
Is just a hungry orphan calling.
Its a corrupted liquid...not for you.
Now you can help others that are falling.

By Chantelle Clark

Chantelle Clark

Masks Portray

We see it everyday it grins and lies.
It hides our fears and shadows our eyes.

It holds you transfixed but says nothing,
its expression is saying something.

There is no point in counting our tears and sighs,
only let our emotions be conveyed through smiles.

We decieve, but some see through.
Souls of sadness only come too.

We sing but yet our blood runs cold,
beneath our feet, treading a mile old.

The world will dream on,
and see us unwavering within dawn.

We will always portray while on,
smiles of happiness even if they are long gone.

Watch for me I am here,
Waiting for you to pull me near.

A mask hiding tear by tear

Chantelle Clark

Memory Lane

Hey dad look at me, think back and talk to me did I grow up according to plan or did I falter all the way down?

I try so hard to do as you say, I try to be your good little girl but I'm not meant to be. That good little girl is my sis, you love her so, she doesn't seem to miss. You used to be my hero, the one and only but all I am to you it seems is a relationship between father and daughter gone amiss.

Evertime were in a room together its so tense. I can't seem to make you proud from what I see. I've grown up and through the years I've changed. I was always told to try harder and as I did nothing happened. Nothings going to change the things you've said. Nothings going to make this work again! You always say you don't want to talk about our relationship, because you've done it too many times before. So therefore we don't talk at all. I guess not talking is better then fighting because fighting involves physical abuse but silence brings mental challenges too! So what now?

You don't understand, don't turn your back. Please don't walk away and leave me feeling like it's all my fault. It is not all my fault, I've tried to communicate but I grew up with all of this so I don't know how to make my voice heard! I'm tired of crying about this, I'm tired of trying and getting nowhere! We lost it all I know this after nine years of trying to establish anything at all! Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter. I'm surprised to have any days left now, I'm tired trying, I'm tired of crying, I know I've been smiling but inside I'm dying. Face away and pretend that I'm not but I'll be here cause your all that I've got! I'll journey again down Memory Lane one last time til the end.

Chantelle Clark

Metaphor Poem- Bear

Fall is graceful and mysterious.
It sneaks up on you like a crisp chill.
It steals the vegetation of life.
As it drifts into the slumber of night.

Chantelle Clark

Mirror-Haiku

A mirror stands
a reflection of haze
who is it I see?

Chantelle Clark

Moon- Haiku

The moon fades
the path darkens
my journey ends.

Chantelle Clark

My Angel

The air was warm and soft.
The wind billowed through the trees.
The leaves were lifted aloft.
As the water mirrored the breeze.

Calm and smooth like glass
the water glinted bright.
Another world beneath us passed.
Unnoticed with no plight.

My life as a child was great.
It was like that submerged world.
Untill that fateful date.
When the evil unfurled.

I walked upon the clouds high.
Untill December 23rd/04.
And now, I might have to say goodbye.
For death knocks upon the door.

Darkness enveloped my life.
And I began to walk on water.
I had to get away from the grief and strife.
For death was making barter.

Everyone must leave one day
But this was different for me.
She was my golden rays
That lighted upon the sea.

Liver disease attacked her
and yet this illness was rare.
More and more woman were
accepting it, yet I could not bare.

I would convince myself each time
That my mother was an angel from above.
She was to go to heaven, for she was kind.
And that her gentle words were filled with love.

When father told me on that dark day.
I sunk with agonized sorrow.
Time would surely take her away.
I pray it is not tomorrow.

<-This was written for a friend->

Chantelle Clark

Nature-Haiku

A bird calls
another answers
the lake is a mirror of haze.

Chantelle Clark

Northern Lights-Haiku

Rainbow lights
warm fires
christmas time.

not traditional

Chantelle Clark

Orchurd-Haiku

AN orchurd within
a small world
dreams of paradise.

not traditional

Chantelle Clark

Original-Haiku

A bird sings a song
Its song is one of a kind
be original.

Chantelle Clark

Our Heroes

In a ghostly old-weathered town
decaying bodies can be found.
Their tombstones lay silently neat
telling stories of when they were beat.

After school was done
the boys registered a tonne.
Many new recruits came
many thought they were ready for war's game.

They were couragous and brave
yet still many met their graves.
They fought a long hard war
it seemed like an open door.

Artillery shells and bullets in the head
many wished they were dead.
Yet they still fought,
depsite comrades being caught.

Caught in the hands of death
lives stolen through a painful theft.
Shrapnel littered bodies lay
thousands were lost day by day.

The plains of that bloody battlefield.
Bring memories of the strategies dealed.
One side lost, the other 'won'
Yet, all lose when we play with guns.

On Remembrance Day we cry
for all those heroes not meant to die.
We will never forget war and peace
our memories will never cease.

In a ghostly town
We will honour those who fought for our crown.
They, the soldiers will rest in peace
Forevermore as the past will cease.

The wind brings cold chills
of stinging memories, of harsh kills.
It wips about their cold tombstones
as if saying, 'Honour their bones.'

Now they lay in cold thrones
Forgotten pain, crys, and moans.
And their stories of anguished pain...
is lost upon fields that their blood has stained.

By, Chantelle Clark

Chantelle Clark

Peace-Haiku

Grass whispers in breeze
Dead quietness sets everywhere
A silent graveyard

Chantelle Clark

Perspective

Through a child's eyes, falling leaves are a delight,
colours of joy, not one bit of spite.
A walk in the park is in a child's heart,
but to some its a walk in the dark.
A pesky fly, a buzzing bee to me its life's harmony.
Seeing Nature bloom within Spring,
watching the water wheel go around the ring.

All of this is beautiful to some but to many its another day with no fun. How
come we see beautiful things when others just look through rose coloured
glasses to see what they need?

On a moonlit night we see the plum leaves fall, silently dancing too and fro.
They land on the flowing streams of life, now they rush down, out of sight. Like
memories come and go, some stay some don't.
Once they have fallen within your tears they're whisked away to above and near.

Why not try looking through new eyes then life may become happier to your
surprise. A new born baby, why does it cry? Spreading tears of joy from it's eyes.
A new life has begun do you see what looking through new eyes could bring?

Beautiful things come not from darkness but come from the shinning light, but
only eyes from a certain perspective will see them tonight.

Next time you go to the park don't think its just a walk in the dark. Not all
memories are washed away just remember to look through new eyes today.

Chantelle Clark

Pictures-Haiku

Mural on the wall
spring showers
memories washed away.

Chantelle Clark

Pond's Reflection-Haiku

Clear reflection
Ripples blur the surface
Past fades, silent goodbye

not traditional

Chantelle Clark

Rays-Haiku

Rays live on
when dawn emerges
messages are sent

Chantelle Clark

Shadows-Haiku

Dark clouds linger
tears begin to fall
grey shadows remain

Chantelle Clark

Spring, Summer, Autumn.

I'm just a Child, looking on,
Always making fantasies by the pond.
Running, laughing, playing, and crying,
Emotions come on wings...flying.
I run wild and free,
In this place where I can be me.
No cares in the World, no responsibilities,
The World and youth, open to many possibilities.
Within this wonderful place...
I am given my space.

As the sun gets older,
The Earth grows colder.
Time slips by silently,
My life passes slowly by defiantly.

I'm now a Teen, enveloped within,
I make sure gangs are not my kin.
Oh how I see people are happy,
It makes me want to smile, all sappy.
Now the World's youth not so young,
We have those emotions weighing a tonne.
Sometimes running, laughing, playing, and crying,
When those emotions stop flying.
No more running wild and free,
Hiding behind a mask, knowing I still got to be me.
Cares are heavy, and responsibilities hoard,
All these possibilities, I got to choose I cannot be bored.
Within this wonderful World, not so bright,
Now always searching for that proper light.
I've got no place, it seems,
Not enough space, I deem.

The trees creak with windy Autumn blasts,
As if whispering of my childhood past.
Here I am on the final stage,
Writing upon my last page.

Such an Adult you consider me,

But yet I still have to figure out what to be.
Rocky seas carry me beyond, to my knees,
All my mistakes make me pay a fee.
The World's youth begin over once more,
wanting to run free, the desire shakes me to my core.
Only running, laughing, playing, and crying,
When my emotions take me flying.
What a wonderful feeling to be a child,
No memories have yet been filed.

To experience life again, with my knowledge,
It would of been a breeze, that college.
But boring it would be,
Not making those mistakes, finding me.
What a wonderful World this is,
I've really got to say it tis.
Life can bring strife.
And learning can bring yearning.
But as an Adult, decisions are made,
Some Childhood memories never fade.

By Chantelle Clark.
Written- August 18th 06.

Chantelle Clark

Spring-Haiku

Spring showers
wash away colours
Black and white world.

not traditional

Chantelle Clark

The Road- Haiku

Black jet night
crow's caw
the road leads west

Chantelle Clark

The Soul Of Thought (Quote And Analysis)

'The soul is dyed the color of its thoughts. Think only on those things that are in line with your principles and can bear the light of day. The content of your character is your choice. Day by day, what you do is who you become. Your integrity is your destiny — it is the light that guides your way.' - Heraclitus

You must take action and instead of being miserable, commit yourself to contentment of the greatest kind you can find. Fill your life with who you want to be, and do what you like to do, with the morals of what you believe. If you do not, you are not living in a world of who you are, be what you are, and laugh as if you are true. Once and awhile you will lose yourself but you will find yourself again, even if you have been locked away in a dark corner in your mind. The light will shine if you allow it too, it always does. Never lose faith.

So be who you want to be, ought to be, born to be, and you will die with the greatest integrity and fulfilled destiny of them all.

.

Chantelle.

Chantelle Clark

This Girl I Know

There is this girl I know
She is suffering in pain, through time.
She has a broken heart.
It wishes it could die, but all it does is cry.

I wish this girl could see that she is not alone.
She has him with her, spiritually within her.
I wish her broken heart could see inside of herself then she would know that this
rollar coaster of sadness will falter.
When the last chance street car comes to the end, there she will dance again.

Please be honest, I know your not happy, please don't censor your tears, You're
the sweet crusador, your the last great innocence and this is why I love you.

The last street car has gone off the tracks but is now heading on the right path.

To the Girl I Know.

Chantelle Clark

This Is How You Make Me Feel.

On a peaceful night, the stars are shining bright.
Only the whisper of the breeze goes by. A wonderful calm night.
This is how you make me feel.

A roller coaster plummeting down from its summit,
My heart stops and I can't catch my breath, or stomach.
This is how you make me feel.

When a newborn baby cries and opens its eyes for the first time.
It experiences something new.
This is how you make me feel.

When I hear you laugh and see that smile oh what a joy!
My heart aches, longing for it, The heartache disappears.
This is how you make me feel.

When I crawl under the nice cozy blankets and drink my hot chocolate.
I feel the warmth inside.
This is how you make me feel.

When I walk on the beach, I hear the gulls screeching. ,
But I also hear the ocean calling for me. Could it possibly be you?
This is how you make me feel.

When you reach out to pull me up when I have fallen down.
I feel your strength flow one on one.

These are the feelings of being with you.
Happy,
Accepted,
Wanted,
Loved,
Excited,
And day by day, I learn something new. I love you!

This is how you make me feel!

Chantelle Clark

Through Adult's Eyes

Through an Adult's eyes, Life's a game.
The news, the prose, they're one and the same.
A war claims lives,
People Die.
Its only a fight through an Adult's eyes.

Through an Adult's eyes, work is all.
The Jobs, the paperwork, each day is a wall.
Computers and books.
Little difference to us.
There reality checks.

Through an Adult's eyes, we will eventually die.
Apathy, and old age, their road invades.
A neverending path,
We can't run away.
All there is, is work and play.

Through an Adult's eyes, fall has arrived.
The sunlight, the moon, the fresh morning dew.
Each day brings, no surprise.
Each day is the same through,
This Adult's Eyes.

Chantelle Clark

Thunder-Haiku

Thunder growls
memories rush in
airplanes of war.

Chantelle Clark

Tick Tock-Haiku

A clock ticks away
time passes by with no sound
the past fades away.

Chantelle Clark

Tick-Tock The Clock, Soaring Then Diving

The clock ticks loudly in this silent world,
The only sound is time passing by.
What a funny thing it makes me want to cry.

I leave this empty home and head
To the park where I can roam alone in the dark.
Thoughts swirl through my head.
Thoughts of all the fights and rude things said.

One thing that I do look forward to is talking to you.
You always seem to make me look towards the light
Away from the darkness of this night.

All the fights and rude things said are contemplated
By you and you always come up with something
That contradicts the things swirling through my head.
These swirling things that make me want to be dead.

Your perception is never wrong, and your perspective seems to get me
everytime.
Sometimes you get mad at things I say and do
But then you say sorry and tell me what I should do.

You give me hugs and tell me its all okay,
You tell me that life shall never fade.
Your always positive, always knowing what to do.
Your always there, I can always count on you.

Whenever I fall your always there
Picking me up saying that life isn't always fair!
My life is a rollar coaster travelling at the speed of light
But yet your still here on every flight.

My feelings go up and down, they never stay level
They always seem to touch the ground.

Your an angel, you have wings, so you seem to
Catch me when I dive, falling down...down
Then I soar for a bit and then I hit!

But once again your there asking me if I'm hurt, saying that you care.
You then take my hand pulling me up.

I wake up from what seems to be a bad nightmare.
Oh but here I go, things start over again.
Reaccuring day by day, always falling through each day.

You stay with me in the worst of times, always there
To step in if needed showing me that you care

Your always singing a melody
Like a beautiful Nightingale.

There is so much more to say
But nothing to express it so now my words are done for today,

I'm off to roam in the park, then home to listen to the ticking clock.
I will once again look forward to talking to you.
You see me through it all,

And for that I'll be there for you to help you if you fall.

Chantelle Clark

Trapped Soul Metaphor

My soul keeps secrets only known to me, it cannot abandon me. Its a hidden area that noone can see, but for me.

Locked within it are memories of long ago scars. Its a journal, a master key to who is really me.

This is my safeguarded place that is isolated in solitude and something I can't seem to face.

Chantelle Clark

Truthful Mirror

Look in the mirror
See the truth that lies there.
However, gripping fear
Also resides without care.

The day is dark
The sun has died.
Death has made it's mark
Life can cheat and lie.

Stick with the pure
And you have recieved.
The truth; the only cure
and your life a burdened deed.

By Chantelle Clark

Chantelle Clark

Universe-Haiku

Darkness around
smothering distant lights
the universe is seen.

not traditional

Chantelle Clark

Untitled

Trapped inside, a broken life
That no one understands.
A deep dark bed of sorrow.
I can't escape, digging
Further until I drown in misery.

This poem is not written by me, but by my friend

Chantelle Clark

'Untitled'

See the wrists gleaming red.
Hear the screams fading away.
Hidious things that you said.
Now I am never going to stay.

Blood streams down
I smile at it's story.
Lost and never found...
Each dropp has it's glory.

Glory does not exist anymore
Not in this modern life.
Now its only bought in magazine stores.
Our fantasies filled with strife.

Problems arise...
and people just don't care.
A crisis will bring the demise
the end, its just not fair.

Fair is not an excuse
Life isn't what it used to be.
People are now easily amused.
Now being born costs a fee.

Live this life and you'll get hurt.
Live your way, die your way.
However now people are quite curt
When it comes to knowing they'll never stay.

Our blood is spilt and we must give.
Now we must repay.
The pain flows as I continue to live.
It will always be in my way.

Life is a mass of schemes.
Life is just a reason.
To live your life as a dream.
That I find is definite treason.

By Chantelle Clark.

Tell me what you think please, and if you have any suggestions for a title please feel free to message me or leave a comment. Thanks.

Chantelle Clark

Walking On Water

You stand at the edge of the sea.
Your soul cries for fresh air.
Tormented shrills long to be free.
Anguished pain you cannot bare.

The wind whispers your name
The trees sway within its voice.
The sun rises in all its fame.
Now you have made the choice.

The water is smooth as glass.
All is still and lifeless.
You say goodbye to your past.
Walking on water is priceless.

You take that first step.
Your cautious and scared.
You hope and fret
That death will not dare.

You continue to cross.
Step by step you walk.
Your old life has been tossed.
No one shall mock.

The water is underneath ice.
The wind's hands are cold.
Your prays must suffice.
You walk until your old.

There's new life at the end of the path
Your spirit is free at last.
You no longer belong to the evil's wrath.
Your memory is now free of the past.

By Chantelle Clark

<- Written for English Class->

War Memories-Haiku

Moonlit poppies
column by row
soldiers missed.

not traditional

Chantelle Clark

War...

Then it goes
Oh how it flows.
I then go white
Under ashen light.
The floorboards soaked
A little voice croaked,
'What did I do?
...with these thoughts of you? '
The ashen light fades
And I see the old spades.
The old cards arise
Bringing my demise.
Crashing upon the floor
Like a slamming door.
A beloved old picture falls
While a lovely voice calls.
But the walls muffle the sound
As I reluctantly hit the ground.
Not yet cold,
Maybe one day my story will unfold.
If not I'll paint the sea red
But for now I stagger into bed.
Collapsing down upon the mess
I can never seem to pass this test.

Grabbing my sweater
I started to write that perfected letter.
The words flow...
I already know,
What I'll say...
'How come life can be so frayed? '
A knock on the door
The creak of the floor.
The walls are the barriers
No more message carriers.
Things said blocked, a tick-tock.
All I can hear is the clock.
Time goes by
Oh how it flys.

I place the letter on my desk
Time to pass this unwritten test.
Walking out of that room
Here comes my awaiting doom.
If I come back
You'll know my strength didn't lack.
Into the sunset I walk
No more time for talk.
At home save me a place
Just in case.
No more questions please
And don't you dare tease.
If I come home
I'll bring a beaded comb.
A treasure for you
That benefits too...
Walking alone in the sunset view
I don't know if I will come back to you.

Chantelle Clark

Why Do We Do Things We Do Not Mean? (Note)

Why do we say things that we do not mean to those that we love the most?

How come we hurt the ones we love and love the ones we hate?

How come words are strong when we do not need them to be and weak when we need to be strong?

These are all questions that run through my mind every day and to the extent that I get frustrated in trying to understand why the human must do what they do because of the emotions that one feels. It seems, to me, that emotions are one of the strongest and most influential motivators in a human being's life. They control us...and we cannot and will never be able to escape this, and to some extent we can just barely control them.

I am like any other person in this world; vulnerable to emotions. Anger, sorrow, jealousy, and the list continues on, uncharted.

What I really want to know is why would I, or anyone else say something so horrid to the one person who means the world to them, to me. This person is always there, one that I can always count on, one that will never betray me like friends could do...that person is my mother.

It's almost like...they are there too much and we just tend to push them away, and unfortunately there are horrible repercussions for doing so. I will let you all know that I love my mother very dearly, and I will always need her. I guess I am just trying to find my place, but that is no excuse for being down right rude, when she is only trying to help, and even the thought of that brings me to tears.

My mother is always there to help, always there pushing me along, always opening up opportunities for me, new doors to walk through, so how come...I am such an idiot?

Everytime this happens...there never needs to be any encouragement from anyone to make me feel terrible...lets just say I have a massive reflex of remorse. As soon as I have done something, or said something that I knew I shouldn't of, knew I never meant to say, knew it was anger talking...negative thoughts just swamp my brain...and I cry for hours on end till I can't hear anything for my head is pounding to the point that it's all I can hear, all I can think of.

And I shake with anger towards myself...and I get into this state of pure hatred towards the point where it begins to get unbearable and I contemplate wanting to die.

And people might just say, stop being a coward, stop letting the emotions control

you, just go and talk to your mom. But honestly that never works, she never wants to talk to me after...and rightly so..I don't blame her one bit.

I am just pleading someone or something...some insight to help me get away from this...I hate it, I loathe it...and myself for being who I am when I say the things I never mean to say.I know its just a pure lack of control...but hey, no one gets that.

No one takes the time to give me doubt...I did what I did and that's it, nothing more..and I hurt the person. Frig...how unintelligent.

My mom is an amazing person...she really is and sometimes I am blinded, and I hate myself for it.

Dear Mom:

Not that this makes a difference but, I'm sorry.

I truly am.

For this is a constant story.

One that never seems to end.

My eyes pour tears

and my head pounds.

I scream my worst fears.

But no one understands.

I never meant to hurt you.

It kills me everytime.

I tear at myself for my views

And I scream out in vain.

I always make mistakes

and sometimes I don't think like I should.

And sometimes those smiles...

tend to be fake.

But no matter how I feel

I love you so.

I am sorry for doing what I've done.

Please, that's all I need you to know.

You are always by my side

standing right there.

You can make me smile no matter what.

I am sorry I am not fair.

Please just know that I hate myself
for what I always do.

I am sorry.

Perhaps...if it's not too late we can start anew?

A lost soul..

Written by Chantelle Clark.

Chantelle Clark

Wilted Garden-Haiku

A blackthorn grows
flowers dwindle
forgotten garden.

not traditional

Chantelle Clark

Winter's Night-Haiku

Breathless night
the cold penetrates
needles sting.

not a traditional haiku

Chantelle Clark

Young True Love

Somewhere there's someone just like him.
Drifting over the last few weeks pondering why he was chosen.
He found the person who made his life.
He found the one but then it all just fell apart.
Now there is no more of what had been,
Only photographs that keep memories from fading within a world of grey.

Maybe now he wishes to go back in time
Head full of regrets, like I have in mine.
Maybe he thinks of all the things he did wrong,
He wants to go back but the time is gone.

Maybe he feels alone, just like I do
Allowing each other to be put through that pain.
When we just go through it all over again,

Somewhere there's someone just like her.
Drifting and dreaming of what might come to be.
Somewhere he sits, knowing hes not alone.
Somewhere she sits, knowing they can get past their tears
That shelter all their hidden fears.

They let each other break their hearts
Now theres nothing left but fading photographs and hurtful memories
That seem to last.

He picks up the phone, he can't take this no more.
As he dials her number hope slowly drifts into sight.
She answers with a shaky 'hello! ? '
He says hes sorry, he vows to her, she accepts and puts all her
Sorrows behind her.
He lets down those walls made of steel, that were protecting his heart,
They were never real.

Somewhere there are people just like them.
Vowing to never let their love be torn apart again.
Now they drift and dream peacefully and together live in great harmony.

Love is the saving grace of all eternity.

Chantelle Clark

Your World (A Note)

Have you ever looked at the world and wished it was better? Well not so much better just merely different, or is it perfect to you? We all want the world to change in some way so it either benefits us or it helps the world as a whole, well only figuratively speaking in a consensus assumption. There are those people out there who'd rather not think about bettering the world but instead would rather just live in what we've already got. But what do we really have? We have a lot less than what we used to have in terms of a moral thought. Yes there is a super power below us, a reputation to uphold, and the constant drone of technology. We all thrive in the world that surrounds us in some way, we are addicted to gadgets, technology in general, and this science has proven itself convenient. But this has, yes furthered our knowledge and advancement as human beings but, it has made us less content. Can anyone vouch that they have gone outside for a walk to admire the nature that surrounds us or do we only go out when it is demanded of us, or as a place to just relax, and clear our heads? We are a more prejudiced people than we used to be, but then again are we? Yes we had wars then, yes we have wars now, and are seemingly becoming more and more prevalent in which case our world is slowly falling. Once again we are stuck in a world with continuous conflicts of people with the difference of opinions. We fight for our idea, our word, our world, our fantasy, we do not and rarely compromise and when we do, it does justice to the people who are what we should be, but nothing and no one is perfect.

We all suffer, for some it is looking at the future, and for others it is being idle which is an agonizing loss of time and emotion put into nothingness. Yet nothingness, in some cases, should be welcomed. Those who live in the moment are enjoying the now, the present, what life is giving them at this point in time, from day to day, hour to hour. This allows for a strong will of contentment, and yet sometimes it does not do anything for some. Sometimes this contentment does not last for those living in the moment, things begin to get complicated and the simplicity of their world is lost and they must find it again by all means. The world is constantly changing it's state of voice, we are stuck in a place of many ideas, too little time and too many options.

So as the world continues on in it's wonderful state of bliss which is really nothing but a worthless facade of contentment filled with false contortions, we must look at the real reality, the truth. So as we smile with our lives, the happiness we have and the sorrow that we always come in contact with, we must ask those questions that boggle us even though the answers are right in front of us. All we need to do is stop overanalyzing and listen to the wind that is shaping

our futures with the velocity of our quick decision making and judgement.

And the Narcotic drone of distraction continues...

And simplicity cries out, can't you hear it through all the blinding and reverberating complications that bounce against our skulls willing them to split as we live our lives full of obstacles, cause that is what life is. A simplistic fold of layers in a complicated fashioned weave.

Just a thought,

Chantelle.

Please comment if you feel the need.

Chantelle Clark