

Poetry Series

Deborah Ashdown
- poems -

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Deborah Ashdown()

A Day Outside

The sun is shining, birds are singing.
The sounds of laughter, children playing.
C'mon kids, it's a beautiful morning.
Ley's go outside and play.

Down at the park, a brass-band is playing.
Johnny laughs, asks, what's that long silver thing that mans blowing?
That's a trombone son, close your eyes, listen to that tune.
Can you hear it son? What a wonderful sound.

Don't you just love being outside.
All that freh air, sun-shine blinding your eyes.
Charlie splashes, giggles in the paddling pool.
Hey mum, look, this is fun, it's cool.

To see smiles upon childrens faces.
Makes you feel like dancing.
Your heart skips a beat.
Feels like you're at the races.

The grass is our blanket as we sit down to picnic.
The kids chuckle as they munch on their biscuit.
Chocolate and jam, smeared all over their faces.
My god, what a mess, you have no graces.

C'mon kids, it, s time to go home.
Oh mum do we have to, we're having so much fun!
Hey, whats with all these glum faces?
We can come back to-morrow and have some more fun.

Deborah Ashdown

Cleaned Away

Sweep the carpets.
Sweep bad memoirs under the carpet.
Dust away those cob-webs.
Dust where hurtful memoirs linger.
Mop the floors.
Mop the ocean of sad memoirs you once shed.
Empty the bins.
Empty your pitiful bank of memoirs.

With your home sparkling clean.
With your memory cleaned of tainted memoirs.

Reminisce no more.
Open your once locked door.
Beauty and love, wait and reach out to you.
Take it, it's well deserved.
Live your life now.
Those memoirs
Are no more.
Deleted and cleaned away.

Deborah Ashdown

How I Long

Earth was once a foundation of beauty.
Created for the human race to digest and acknowledge.
Green pastures, animals grazing on their fodder.
Children sat in sunshine making daisy chains.
Magnitude of country-side that extended for miles.
Flowers to admire and not to be unearthed.

Earth is no longer a foundation of beauty.
Human race as seen to that!

Animals grazing in green pastures rarely exists.
For in their place are factories, high rise flats and tips.
Daisy chains are no longer made as children loiter,
Drinking alcohol, waiting for their next fix.
Country-side that was once extended was short existence.
Now you take a stroll in a run down park, quite unpleasant.

How I long to go back to those days of beauty.
I now exist in a world of ominous, human race as seen to that!

Deborah Ashdown

I Hate You Daddy

I am so scared, finding it hard to breath,
my heart beats so fast, I want it to stop.
I can hear your footsteps nearing my door.
I cringe, bite my nails and sob into my pillow.

I can feel the stench of your breath on the side of my face.
Your touch feels like a bullet, sharp, hot and dangerous.
You enter inside me, sharply, with so much heat, penetrating too deep. You are a monster.

You whisper ' I love you '
I silently reply ' I hate you, daddy '
You don't hear my screams or see my tears, for if you did, you would put an end to my fears.

I lay there, my body a dead weight.
I take myself off to another land of beauty and love.
When you have finished your deadly sin, you smirk at me.
Your dark, evil eyes, you're the spawn of the devil.

As you leave my room of torture,
I turn over, begin to sob into my pillow,
Waiting for the pain and fears to return.
I know you will be back again, to-morrow!

I hate you daddy.

Deborah Ashdown

I Have No Regrets

My best friend.
That's what I called you.
Many years younger
Gifted with beauty and youth.
You seduced, slept with my man.
How could you betray our friendship.
You left me, my man left me,
Unable to eat.
Unable to sleep.
Unable to care for my children.
Unable to feel the love I once felt for my man.
He only saw your outer shell.
Your beauty.
Your youth.
He was blinded from reality.
You were unable to provide the love of a wife.
My man and I were whole
Until the day you tore us apart.
I told him I loved him, gave him space.
That's when he realised
His true love was me.
Your age differences
Were too many years apart.
You were heading for disaster
Not a new start.
He returned home
Where he had left his heart.
I forgave him for his weakness
Our love only grew stronger.
He learned from his mistake.
You are alone now
Learning from your mistake.
Your weakness I also forgive
But cannot forget.
Our friendship ended the day
You seduced my man.
Our friendship we lost.
I have no regrets.

I Love You

You found me in a homeless family hostel.
My sorrow and sadness, you could not tell.
I fell in love with your energising smile.
Some-thing I haven't seen in a while.

Your lips were inviting, I could not resist.
Your taste of love and happiness, that was my one and only wish.
You held me so close, your breath so refreshing.
I trembled, you whispered, hush baby, this is called loving.

We make love like we have only just met.
We work our bodies in harmony, to-day is the best yet.
I feel your desire and fulfil your needs, as you do mine.
I will love you forever and for all time.

I Love You

Deborah Ashdown

Knock Knock

Knock Knock on my door.
Let me in, please open your door.

I don't hear or feel your knocks of array.
So you cannot come and enter to-day.

I am here to guide you through troubled times.
I can help erase, banish all those bad times.

Let me in, please open your door.
I'm your guardian angel, I'm at your door.

I hear and feel your knocks of array.
Yes, guardian angel, enter, I am ready to-day.

Deborah Ashdown

Life Can Be?

Life can be good.

Life can be bad.

No point in thinking of what I could have had!

I have to make most of my time that is left.

Before one or both of us go to our death.

They say the best thing in life, is the love of a mother.

You never gave us a chance, you just didn't bother.

The love you had inside, you never shared.

only to my sisters and brother, you never cared.

I loved you then, I love you now.

The yearn for your love is fading some-how.

If I am not worthy of my mothers love.

I think it's time to meet my maker up above.

Life is good.

Life's not all that bad.

I no longer think of what I should have had!

Deborah Ashdown

Lifes Re-Cycle

Your fluorescence reflects through the stars at night.
Rings of regret as I think back to that sad night.
I wanted you.
I needed you.
I loved you
dearly.
You were taken from me to meet your maker that sad night.
You were not to survive on this god forsaken earth.
I didn't get a chance to feel the pain and joy of your birth.
To hold you.
To feel you.
To love you
dearly.
You are now in heaven up above.
With this poem, feel my love.
Life is a vicious circle.
You will return as a re-cycle.
My little baby may be gone up above,
But I feel you inside me, my love.

Deborah Ashdown

My Bed-Room, My Play-Room

My bed-room is my play-room.
Where my fantasies come true.
Come.
Enter.
I will show you, look through.
My bed-room.
my play-room.

Mirrors on the ceiling above the four-poster bed.
Delicate fairy lights flicker above your head.
Black satin sheets enticing.
Shag pile carpet inviting.

That's my bed-room.
My play-room.

Come.
Enter.
I will show you the time of your life.
In my bed-room.
My play-room.

Ha, my fantasy is on hold, not yet to be told.
My intention was to tease you.
Not yet to please you.

Nothing now but silence with-in my room.
You came.
Did not enter.
My bed-room.
My play-room!

Deborah Ashdown

My Friend Duncan

Duncan is a friend of mine.
Whom dissects my poems, line by line.
I don't mind criticism, I don't mind praise.
Duncan my friend.
You never cease to amaze!

Duncan lovingly appears to be a romantic.
No doubt could sail me across the atlantic.
He makes me feel special with his words of beauty.
Duncan, my friend.
You're such a cutie!

Deborah Ashdown

My Legacy

My legacy I leave you,
will not contain finance.
My legacy I leave you,
will be in a form of romance.
Some-thing for you to remember me by.
Some-thing I hope will not make you cry.

From the moment our eyes made contact.
Love was our destiny proven to be fact.
You brightened my days with your energising smile.
Made me feel so special and desired all the while.
When we were apart.
It pained my heart.
One look at you thawed my once cold heart.
Warmed to the core until we were to part.
We made love like it was our last time,
bodies in unity, rhythm and rhtme.
I loved you then, I love you now.
I will find a way to convey my love some how.

When you're sick, I'll be there.
When you're hurting, I'll be there.
When you're alone, I'll be there.
When you need me, I will be there.

Look for my smile, you will find me.
Look for my aroma, you will find me.
look for my comfort, you will find me.
look for my love, you will find me.

I'm so sorry I had to leave so soon.
I didn't want to leave so soon.
I really had no choice.
It was the lords choice.

I will love you for eternity, this I promise you from my death bed.
Promise me one thing my loved one, always love me when I am dead.

Please don't shed any tears, have no regrets, no sorrow.

Rejoice my life, go forward with yours, live for to-morrow.

Your beloved wife.

X

Deborah Ashdown

My Lost Love

So much distance lies between us.
Many miles of land, sea and sky.
Your memories, I cherish, I cannot lie.

So much love, that was not to be.
If only you could come home to me.
My wish, I know, is not to be.

Our families fought, tore us apart.
Thought we were stronger, we never really left start.
Our memory will remain in my heart.

But hey, we had some good times, we had a laugh.
Remember, we fell, making love in the bath.
We laughed til we could laugh no more, made love again on the floor.

As I put pen to paper, tear-drops fall.
Not for sadness, only happiness.
For if we hadn't met, I would not have met love at all.

Deborah Ashdown

My Magic Box

When people look into my magic box, they see it is empty.
Little do they know!

It holds all my dark secrets and nightmares.
I have put them all on hold.
I will deal with hem one by one, until I am old.

The thing is I don't know where to start.
Do I start with rape, torture, or the pain in my heart?
Am told the begining is a usually a good start.
So that's just where I went, to try and part.

I dealt with my mum first.
She beat me, tortured me, even took my god damn virginity.
Mum is just a word to me, a person who only gave birth to me.
When I was old and strong enough to stand on my own two feet,
I told her what I thought of her, with words ever so neat.
I then wiped her from my memory and emptied her from my magic box!

Next was partner of fourteen years and father to our children.
He raped me, played games with my mind, held a gun to my head.
I thought I was dead.
He gave me no choice, I upped and left.
My kids were affected so bad.
I was gone, he turned to drink.
His liver packed in.
He now lays in the grave-yard, dead.
I wiped him from my memory and emptied him from my magic box.

Last but not least was the death of my grand-parents.
They both died of cancer and suffered immensely.
I was with them to the end, feeling their pain, tears of sorrow.
Knowing they will not be with me to-morrow.
I visit them by their graveside, I chat to them, some-times cry, so much sorrow
still inside.
Am sure the grief will ease in time, as I keep their memories in my mind.
I have wiped the cancer from my memory and emptied it from my magic box.

My magic box is now empty.

No more nightmares of which there have been plenty.

My mind and my magic box are two of the same.
They are both now empty of sorrow and pain,
Only to be filled up again.

Deborah Ashdown

My Man

My man has a shaved, shiny bald head.
A bum to die for, squishy, am dying to bed.
Only thing is when I mount his wobbly tum.
It's like mounting a water-bed.
But boy, do we have fun!

His fart is the best, knocks you for miles.
The smell so rancid, there's only him who smiles.
We cannot breath, we cannot speak.
The my god, there's his feet.
No man on earth could ever beat!

He smells, makes gruesome noises.
You can't but help love him, with his poises.
Doesn't matter what smells or noises you make.
You're my man, I love you for christs sake!

Deborah Ashdown

My Reflection

As I stand and gaze at my reflection.
I see beauty beyond a saddened face.
Tears are flowing gently down.
I only sense my tears, for they are invisible.
Like a mask I wear daily to hide my sorrow.
Fooling every-one with-in my grasp of society.

My reflection is only a self portrait.
Only portraying the outer visibilities.
The inner beyond repair, polluted to the core.
If you could reflect on my past experiences.
I would be gazing at a different picture.
As I stand and gaze at my reflection

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My Shadow

My shadow is my imaginery ego.
You secretly follow every-where I go.
My inseperable companion, my friend.
A threatening influence, a fiend.

Why do you haunt me and scare me so?
I am tearful.
I am fearful.
I sence your lurking presence,
intimidating me so.

Like a prowler, ready to pounce.
Drained of my self confidence, my energy,
ounce by ounce.

I desperately ned to perceive you,
to be aware.
You are a coward, show yourself,
if you dare.

Unexpectedly, I rapidly turn to catch sight of you.
trembling, vomit rising to my throat,
damn you.

Shocked, chilled to the bone, unable to move.
You also stand there, mocked, desperate to move.
All this time, you quietly taunted me.
You were my stalker, taunting me.
Not my shadow, protecting me.

Go, I am frightened no more.
from this day forward,
it, s me and my own shadow.

Deborah Ashdown

My Sister

We pulled one an-others hair, scratched at each others eyes.
You got me into so much trouble with all your lies.
Moms favourite pet!
That's what I called you.

I forgive you for all the trouble you caused.
We were kids then, am not picking at straws.
My naughty sis!
That's what I called you.

I loved you then.
I love you now.
Forgive me if I have annoyed you some how.
My best friend!
That's what I call you.

Deborah Ashdown

My True Love

When you're in pain, I will endure pain.
When you cry, I will perceive your sorrow.
When you're ill, I will restore your health.
When you're cold, I will be your insulation.
When you feel hunger, I will nourish you.
When you're weak, I will be your strength.
When you no longer breath, I will harbour your memory.
When you stray, I will forgive you.
When you shout, I will not rise to your holler.
When you want to be alone, I will permit you space.
When you no longer feel love, I will not blame you.
When you argue, I will not strike back.
When you no longer want to be, I will suffer your freedom.

All the above I do because you are my true love.

Deborah Ashdown

No Consideration

You had no consideration for ones life.
You ran him down, left him in the road, to die.
His body was hit at such impact,
his head severed, his body no longer intact!

And still you drove off to deliver your drugs,
burnt your car out, dumped it in the woods.
You say you immediately returned to the scene,
that's when you heard his mother scream!

How could you not hand yourself in.
You say you felt guilty, deep within.
What about all the pain his mother was in.
You committed a deadly sin!

It didn't take long for the police to hunt you down.
You gave them a hell of a run around.
They found you, charged you and sent you away.
Giving you time to re-think back to that day!

Ten years you got for killing her son.
I guess at the end of the day, you won.
But for that sons' mother, her grief will always live on.
You took the only precious gift in her life, her one and only son!

Deborah Ashdown

No Cure

A chance to live, a chance to die.
Sometimes there's no choice, only the question, why?
The birth of a baby, so precious and pure.
My gran dies of cancer, of which there's no cure.
Heaven or hell, where did she go?
Is there a god? I don't think so.
Wouldn't it be grand to find a cure.
A lot less deaths, that's for sure.
Grief is hard, grief is bad.
Please find a cure of which I'll be glad.

Deborah Ashdown

Not Enough Time

I ask myself, why was I not loved as a child?
Was I such a bad child mom?
Could you not stand the sight of me, have you got regrets ever giving birth to me?
Remember mom when you shouted, smacked and made me cry?
I was a wee child of five, you were my entire life.
I asked you to love me, you couldn't, you turned, walked away, leaving me stood there drowning in my own sadness.
You left scars for all to see.
Did I ever tell you my friends, they laughed and picked on me.
My happiest times were whilst I were asleep.
My dreams were so beautiful and mine to keep.
You couldn't take my dreams away from me, but you took my god damn virginity!
For that I will hate you beyond eternity.
I am grown now and have children of my own.
I love them, they love me.
I don't need you for my own.
I hate you, I despise you, feel sorry for you all at the same time.
Your life will soon be over.
So you see mom, there's not enough time!

Deborah Ashdown

Remember?

Remember mom when you shouted, smacked and made me cry?
I was a wee child of five, you were my entire life.
Still after all this time I ask you, why?

Remember I asked you to love me, you couldn't, you turned, walked away,
leaving me stood there drowning in my sadness, why?

Remember how you said how I remind you of my dad?
It made you, oh so sad, but me, I was glad, I loved my dad.

Memories I hold close to my heart.
The good ones I cherish, the bad ones won't part!

I contacted you recently and yes, I asked again, why?
You still cannot answer. Again I ask myself, why?

It's time for me now to put my memories on hold and swallow my pride.
I ask you, can we possibly make anew start?

My heart is in turmoil, thought my next breath spoken,
would be when you are six feet beneath the soil!

We have been given our last chance to make amends.
Please mom, say you love me.
Make my pain go away and my sadness end!

I love you mom.

Deborah Ashdown

Silver Lining

Aura of bright light surrounds.
Charismatic, elegance,
beauty astounds.

Angelic voice sings
for all to hear.
Wings embrace ones
love endear.
My guardian.
My protector.
Lead me to your light.
I am ready.
I am eager
to follow your
aura of bright light.
Wrapped with-in your
angelic wings flying.
Guarded.
Protected
by your
silver lining.

Deborah Ashdown

Smile

Hey what's with the sad face?
Nothing can be so sad for your beautiful face.

Share with me your sadness.
I will show you only gladness.

A problem shared is a problem halved.
See, it's not so bad, you can smile, it's not hard.

A smile is infectious, so pass it along.
It could be in a poem, or in a song.

A smile makes your heart sing,
Makes you feel warm inside, gives it a ring.

So remember my smile, as I will yours.
For your sadness, you will no longer endure.

Deborah Ashdown

The Homeless Man

Clothes are dirty, musty, too small and unfashionable.
Hair excessively long, infested, totally unmanageable.
Succulent he imbibes from his whiskey bottle.
Not a morsel insight, his hardened skin a pallid mottle.

He slouches uncomfortably, alone in his dismal doorway.
Abandonment of society, he feels he no longer belongs this day.
People with ignorance pass by without a second glance.
In this cruel, demoralised world, he doesn't stand a chance.

As darkness looms and loneliness creeps deep and mocks.
He prepares for night-fall, submerged with-in his cardboard box.
His only hope as he glances way up high.
Is a bright silver shining star, his guide in the sky.

Memories of his past have no place in his doomed future.
He is damned, not acceptable with-in to-days fine culture.
Was spared to live such a lonely, devastating life.
Suffering and pain is a norm of to-days strife.

With pity I stand watching, not knowing what the hell to say.
I gently smile, hand him loose change, I have saved for this day.
Impeccable manners, greets me with delight and a look of surprise.
As I turn to walk away, tears fill my blue sad watery eyes.

I admire his strength and courage, it's society I damn.
Stood before me is an example of power and integrity with-in this man.
I take my hat off to you my homeless friend.
I hope you achieve your desires and yearned for fulfilment in the end.

Deborah Ashdown

Your Flourescence

Your flourescence is invisible to others.
Only I see the magical colours of your soul.
You illuminate my darkest days with love.
Your wings embrace me with so much warmth.
Your angelic voice sings along in harmony.

Your flourescence illuminates my rays of passion.
Passion for your eternal love I feel a desperate need.
Angels rejoicing for they approach to claim you..
Don't abandon me at a time of damnation.
How will I survive with-out your flourescence.

I'm sorry for my selfishness my love.
It's time for you to leave this forsaken earth.
Rejoice with the memory of our sparse time to-gether.
Unwrap and flutter your angelic wings way up high.
Go now my loved one, I will search for your flourescence with-in a star.

Deborah Ashdown

Your Fluorescence

Your fluorescence is invisible to others.
Only I see your magical colours of your soul.
You illuminate my darkest days with love.
Your wings embrace me with so much warmth.
Your angelic voice sings along in harmony.

Your fluorescence illuminates my rays of passion.
Passion for your eternal love I feel a desperate need.
Angels rejoicing for they approach to claim you.
Don't abandon me at a time of damnation.
How will I survive without your fluorescence.

I'm sorry for my selfishness my love.
It's time for you to leave this forsaken earth.
rejoice with the memory of our sparse time to-gether.
Unwrap and flutter your angelic wings way up high.
Go now my loved one, I will search for your fluorescence within a star.

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