

Poetry Series

Mary Nagy
- poems -

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Mary Nagy()

Check out my website at

You can also buy my book now at . It's title is "The Place I Search For" by Mary Nagy.

I've added lots more family pics with their corresponding poem. I hope you enjoy it! Sincerely, Mary

~i Need A Favor~

Walk with me through sorrow.
Erase for me my shame.
Teach me of forgiveness.
Tell me I've no blame.

Reach into my darkness
and pull me to the light.
Read to me from your book.
Help me learn tonight.

Give to me your comfort
when that is all I ask.
Be there just to hold me...
a very simple task.

I'll return the favor.
One day you'll need me too.
I'll wash away your pain.
I will see you through.

Mary Nagy

*~i Pray He Will Forgive Me~

We shared our thoughts just briefly
but those moments meant so much.

Tonight I came to realize
my life has felt your touch.

That green-eyed monster came here
with prying, dirty eyes.

I couldn't bare to face him...
such hurt shown in his eyes.

I heard your voice beside me
say "This is no way to live."

So when he comes home later
my apology's what I'll give.

Sometimes I feel so helpless,
so thrown out of control.

I pray he knows I'm sorry
from each fiber of my soul.

Mary Nagy

*~i Simply Have To Peek! ~

I like to take drives
late at night
and pass all those old houses
with the lights on
and the drapes carelessly forgotten.

I can't help myself.
I have to peek.
I wonder
what their house is like,
what they're saying,
why they're laughing,
why they're crying.

I wonder if they would
invite me in
if they knew I was
thinking of them.

This is just how I feel
when I read your poetry.
I feel like I'm driving by your home
and stealing a peek
through your windows.

Thanks for inviting me in.

Mary Nagy

*~tragically Mistaken~

You say
you want to know
about their pain.
You say
you wish you had
some warning.
You feel bad
that you didn't
have a sign.
Do you?

If they cry for help
before they have done
the destruction...
do you wipe their tears
or do you laugh at them
and say they are just
seeking attention?

Warning signs?
They're all around us.
Do we really
want to see them
or do we just want
to say we wish
we would've seen them.

It's easy
to say we would've
done something.
It's much harder
to actually do something.

Are you
a silent observer
or are you
an active listener?

If you think

it doesn't matter...
you're tragically mistaken.

Mary Nagy

*~why? ~

Why do we need to write?
Is it to know that we are read?
Or, is it for the need to purge
these voices in our head?

Perhaps we want to think
that someone may just hear
the thoughts we've set in motion...
even if they're not quite clear?

Maybe we go unnoticed
throughout our normal day?
Maybe we get ignored
yet we have so much to say?

I may not know the reason
that I write my thoughts to you
but, I know I will continue
and if you listen...I'll thank you!

Mary Nagy

~a Collision Of Souls~

When she first saw him walking like a God down to the lake
she knew it was the last free breath that she would ever take.

Right then and there she knew it, her world forever changed.
Her life took on new meaning as if all was prearranged.

She knew she had to meet him, this guy moved in next door.
So she slipped on her bikini and went strolling by the shore.

She paid him no attention, just made sure that he would see
the woman he would surely love from then till eternity.

When he first saw her walking down the beach without a care
he didn't have the nerve to speak, just gave an open stare.

He knew right then he loved her though he didn't know her name.
From that day on he knew his life would never be the same.

He tried to get attention yet you'd think she didn't see
the feelings that he couldn't hide had nearly made him flee.

He knew he had to meet her, this young girl in the sun.
He made his move and from then on their worlds had become one.

When their eyes met they melted almost beyond control.
The world began to tremble with this collision of the souls.

Many watched the fireworks that day out by the lake.
The water was the backdropp for the love they'd surely make.

Their love was overpowering, yet ever gently so.
It made each think that they must never let the other go.

Mary Nagy

~a Little Birdie Told Me~

I know you're hurt and hungry.
I know you cry all night.
Just try to hold your head up.
You're gonna win this fight.

Let's say a little birdie told me
that you're so very strong.
He said that you are suffering.
You have been for so long.

Your prayers are being answered
please listen as I speak.
I promise you'll survive this.
That's a promise I shall keep.

Your tears won't go unnoticed.
Those scars will disappear.
Remember what I've told you
when I cannot be here.

You hold the key to happiness
within your battered heart.
I'll be with you in spirit...
for we shall never part.

Mary Nagy

~a Tender Moment At The Supermarket~

Sitting there watching them
they had no idea
they were such an inspiration
so comfortable with eachother.

He, at least 85
she, about the same.
From my car I could see
the way he worried about her
as he pulled his car up to the door
so she wouldn't get wet.
He tenderly watched
while she tucked her hair
under her clear rain bonnet.

The rain was barely a trickle
but it was a cold rain
and he wouldn't have her
catching a chill.
She waited
just inside the door
while he parked the car
a sky blue 1976 Bonneville.
They probably bought it
brand new.

His steps were slow
and purposeful.
I could tell he hurt
but was trying to still
be the "protector"
of his beautiful bride.

They walked into the store
arm in arm
while I sat for a few more minutes
alone in my car
listening to the whish-whish
of my wipers.

Mary Nagy

~attention: I've Just Received An S.O.S.~

I've just received an S.O.S:

That read:

"Please Save Our Souls"

"This life has been so horrid
and it's taken brutal tolls.

We need your words of wisdom.

We need your expertise.

We need some reassurance.

Oh, could you help us please?

We don't know how to flourish
or how to simply shine.

We only want some happiness
so we can say "It's mine".

This state of such emergency
can not be washed away.
It must be cleansed through kindness.
Please help us heal today!

The years have left us battered.
They've left our young hearts torn.
Sometimes we have to wonder
why we ever had been born."

I may not be there with you
But in spirit I shall be.
I hear your painful cries for help
I hear your mournful pleas.

So to the hurting masses
with the dying hearts with holes
let me reassure you
that if I could I'd save your souls.

Of course I'd be there with you
and I'd offer you my hand.

I'd give to you my shoulder
to lean on as you stand.

But, the strength is deep within you
don't be afraid to see
the answers are before you
for this you don't need me.

You have the only power
to illuminate your life.
Just focus on forgiveness
for yourself...just drop your knife.

You do deserve your happiness
just let yourself be free.
Unlock your lonely prison
you hold the only key.

Mary Nagy

~despair~

I search the world for answers
to the questions in my mind.
Although, it seems those answers
are the ones I'll never find.

In dark despair I call out.
I scream for help and light.
The source of deep depression
is something I must fight.

I try to "keep my chin up"
and "focus on the ball",
but everytime I take a step
I also take a fall.

For those of us who fight them,
the demons in our head,
we have to force ourselves to sleep
each time we go to bed.

Without my faith in Jesus
and my love of family,
I don't know where I would end up
but I know I wouldn't be free.

Mary Nagy

~do You Remember When.....? ~

They sat hidden in the shadows
and talked amongst themselves.
I doubt they would've noticed
if their servers had been elves.

He was entangled in her beauty
and the things that she would say.
There were moments interrupted
but he never looked away.

The waiter took their orders
and he served them both their meals.
I couldn't help but envy them...
"I remember how that feels..."

To feel the world is spinning
just for the both of you.
Everything's exciting
and there's nothing you won't do.

If only we could bottle
all the passion of those years
to use when it is needed most
to help wash off the tears.

Sometimes it seems impossible
to feel as we did then.
Perhaps we can go back there.
Do you "Remember when..."?

Mary Nagy

~easy Does It~

We walk up to the building
but don't know what to say.
It seems warm and familiar...
the sign just reads "AA".

Dad came here to get sober.
He's trying to get clean.
I know I'm only 7
but I know what they mean.

He's been here for awhile now.
I've missed him very much.
He couldn't even call us.
"Not Allowed" to keep in touch.

"Thirty days is nothing! "
she says into her drink.
"He needs some time away from you! "
"Some time so he can think."

When he comes home it's her turn.
He says "I know she can."
I'm scared to meet this stranger...
my dad is... not this man.

Now he wants our room clean.
He wants to cook a meal.
I'm not sure what to think of this.
I'm not sure what to feel.

In thirty days she then comes home
to a brand new clean up crew.
We're nervous how she'll treat us...
we don't know what she'll do.

Given a months sobriety
they're at eachothers throats.
There's no more happy dinners.
No more inspiring notes.

They fall off that old wagon
like they've both done before.
Get ready for survival
cause we are bound for war.

The cycle never ended.
They never kept it clean.
They mimicked "Easy Does It".
Yet "easy" was never seen.

Mary Nagy

~finding Uriah's Angel~

I wish I knew an angel with a warm and tender soul.
One to send Uriah so his heart could then feel whole.

He's such a sweet romantic and he knows just what to say.
I can't believe that "Mrs. Right" has never come his way.

It hurts to feel his loneliness and truly feel his need.
To find a woman for this man would be so great indeed.

His tenderness could soften the heart of any beast.
Let's get a thousand women to prepare a lovely feast.

He is the guest of honor and I hope you'll all attend.
Let's find this man an angel to be with him til the end.

Dedicated to Uriah Hamilton :)

Mary Nagy

~good Girls Vs Skanks~

So maybe you don't party.
You don't think drinking's cool.
There's more important things to do
while you are still in school.

Next time they call you "Good Girl"
just give them a big "Thanks! "
Cause later on those "Party Girls"
are also known as "Skanks"!

:)

Mary Nagy

~he Said He Thought I Saved Him~

The celebration ended
as we dragged ourselves to bed.
My heart is brimming over
with the words that he just said.

We were sleepily talking
as we so often do.
To no surprise he leaned over
and said "I really love you".

Of course this is just routine.
We always say "Goodnight
I love you and sleep well"
but he didn't stop there tonight.

He said he thought I saved him
from what he would have been.
He said he was so thankful
that I found him way back when.

I felt my heart would burst
from hearing such sweet love.
I've often felt that I'm the one
who owed my life above.

Of course I didn't save him.
His soul is way too pure.
The truth is I'm the lucky one
of this I know I'm sure

Mary Nagy

~how Do I Continue? ~

My every muscle hurts.
I fight my eyes for sight.
It seems my day just starts...I blink
and once again it's night.

Just let me please lie down my head.
I must just be too weak.
How can I accomplish all I must
when a nap is all I seek?

I burn the proverbial candle
of course both ends are lit.
Sometimes I feel I can hardly stand...
it's all I can do to sit!

It never seems to ease up
this pace of life full-tilt.
There's rarely time to smell the rose
before it starts to wilt.

God, help me through these rough times.
I promise to really try.
I promise that I won't give up.
(I can't promise not to cry.)

My tears so often cleanse me.
My soul just seems to ache.
I need your strength to hold me up.
Have pity for heavens sake!

Mary Nagy

~i Finally Have Done It! ~

I finally have done it!
I've published my own book!
With it I share my thoughts with you...
I hope you'll take a look!

I've written down my troubles.
I've written down my dreams.
I've written down the giggles,
the laughter and the screams.

Some say "It's way too personal."
"How can you share so much? "
To them I say "That's just my way
of healing without touch."

Through writing I gain comfort
as well as share my fears.
I'll share with you my pleasures
but I'll also share my tears.

If you want to read what's in my soul
than check out my new book!
At
just go and take a look!

Mary Nagy

~i Remembered My 7th Grade Locker Partner~

I talked to my sister today.
It's been over eight years.
The first word that she wrote
began the flood of tears.

I said to her simply "Hey"
she answered simply "Hey".
The saddest part through all of this
was we didn't know what to say.

I told her I was crying
and I just couldn't stop.
She said I shouldn't waste my tears...
they continued still to drop.

I saw my sister clearly
as she was when we were teens.
With only one year between us
she doesn't know what this means.

Nobody thought we were sisters.
They knew we were best friends.
We even shared a locker...
who'd know that's where it ends?

She fought to leave the horror
of what our lives became.
She thought she wanted freedom....
She never was the same.

Her life became so twisted
between foster homes and pain.
I wish I could've helped her
but, I was hurting just the same.

I told her I was crying
and I just couldn't stop.
She said I shouldn't waste my tears...
they continue still to drop.

Mary Nagy

~i Saw You In The Rain~

Sitting for what seems hours
listening to the rain
I find myself hypnotized
by the puddle
forming at the bottom
of the downspout.

The air is cold
yet I don't notice until
goosebumps cover
my arms.
Funny thing is,
I still feel warm.

I was noticing how
the rain poured out
of the spout so fast
yet as soon as it was free
it rested
in that puddle
content just to be free.

Is that how you feel?
Like that rain?
Struggling with such force
for your freedom?

Once you've reached
your "puddle"
will you relax
and stop struggling?
Is that all you're looking for?
A little space away
from that confining spout?

The puddle looks so calm
just shining with the days reflections
mirroring my thoughts.
If I look away will that puddle

still be there tomorrow?
I don't like taking risks...
so I keep staring
hypnotized by the cool
air and the tiny bubbles
fighting their way to the surface.

Mary Nagy

~i Was Afraid Of Doctors Till I Met Dr. Seuss~

I was afraid of doctors.
They made me turn all red.
They made me itch and get a rash
I scratched until I bled.

One day I found an old book
just lying in my yard.
I knew that I could read it...
I was six and it wasn't hard!

The book was filled with magic
and wondrous, crazy things.
It told about another world
where dogs could be the kings!

I looked at the front cover
to see who wrote this book
to my suprise.....it couldn't be!
I need a second look!

A doctor wrote this story! ?
I guess they're not all bad!
If he could think such silly things
then, surely I'll be glad.

I'll go to see the doctor...
I give you no excuse.
I only hope my doctor is
as fun as Dr. Seuss!

Mary Nagy

~i Was Touched By A 200 Lb Beauty Pageant Contestant~

We entered the tent
mostly out of boredom.
We had an hour to pass
before the Grandstand opened
and the concert began.

As we passed the make-shift cages
that held the 200 lb beauty queens
we snickered and chuckled
as we held our breath
to escape the God-awful smell.
We didn't make eye contact
with these contestants.
We just gave their scratchy heads
a quick pat as we walked by.

One pig was different.
Her name was Rosie.
She was a rose colored pig
covered in coarse white hairs
from snout to curly tail.

When we passed her cage
she looked at me.
She saw me.
I saw her.
I knelt down and looked her in the eyes
and I understood.
She was afraid.
We patted her head and she rolled over
as if to say "Ahhhhh, how about here? "
So, since we didn't want to dissappoint her
we stayed and rubbed her belly.....
well into the time of the grandstand show.
Her tension seemed to ease
although the fear in her eyes never left.
She seemed compelled to keep us with her.

When it was finally time we had to leave
I read the sign above her area
and all the air was sucked from my lungs.

The sign read: Sold to Madison's Meat Market.

ROSIE WAS TO BE BUTCHERED!

We couldn't hold the tears back
and the fear felt by this special pig
travelled through my veins that day.
I have never felt so helpless.

We returned each day of the fair that week
to visit Rosie.

We tried to let her know we were sorry.
Sorry that her life was ending soon.
Sorry that we didn't have the money
to outbid the butcher.
Sorry that she was born a pig.

I will never forget the day
I was touched by a 200 lb
beauty pageant contestant.

Mary Nagy

~i Wonder If You Love Me~

Why is it that you stay here?
Do you wish that you were free?
I wonder...
if I offered you your freedom
would you walk away from me?

Do you stay because you want to
or do you feel you should?
I wonder...
if we didn't have the kids
would we get along so good?

How can I know you love me
when I can't see how you feel?
I wonder...
if I could read your mind
would you try to cut some deals?

I hope this is forever.
I've bet on it with my life.
I wonder...
if you could choose again
would I still be your wife?

Mary Nagy

~i Write These Words For You~

If you could heal a thousand souls
with the words you write today
would you put your pen to test?
Would you know just what to say?

Would it give you motivation
to fulfill your need to write
just to know your words were helping
to give the blind the gift of sight?

If you knew your words were reaching
out to millions everyday
would you open up your heart?
Have your pain put on display?

If words can heal a wounded soul
I write these words for you.
I'll write them with my blood as ink
for what I write is true.

Mary Nagy

~i'M Sorry I Missed Your Message

How did I miss the messenger
when you sang so loud and clear?
How did I miss that message?
Did you try to make me hear?

Is my life so darn important
that I'd overlook a friend?
Am I blind to such emotions?
Did I sense you near the end?

Perhaps I should have taken
just one more closer look.
Maybe I could have noticed
the way your soul had shook.

My eyes are now wide open.
Through tears I'll try to see.
Next time that you are troubled
please Tara, lean on me.

Mary Nagy

~inside She's Dying~

Listen to her laughter
as she tells another one of her
hilarious anecdotes on life
(where she normally makes herself
the punchline)
We can't help but laugh....
she's so funny!

Watch her eyes shine
with the excitement
of knowing we're actually "buying it".
She really thinks she's fooling us.
See her bite her lip
as she tries
to hold back the tears.
(If they fall...
she'll just laugh through them
and it'll appear she laughed
so hard she cried.)

I see the fear
she hides deep inside
as it casts a shadow
over her eyes
and turns the bright blue
just a shade darker
than they should be.

I hear how her voice cracks
when she makes a joke
about herself.
I feel her pain as she looks
across the room at the door
like a hungry child
spotting a jelly-filled doughnut
sitting on the table...
just out of reach.

Inside she's dying.

Mary Nagy

~it's Just Another Bomb Threat Mom~

She's not in class
where she should be at 9: 15 a.m.
She's at the church
acrossed the street from the high school.
She assured me she's fine.
"Don't worry Mom
It's just another bomb threat...
no big deal."

She's so relaxed...
yet my heart races!
Could this be the day
that they aren't joking?
Who says it's just a "threat"?
How am I supposed to stay calm
when the bomb sniffing dogs
are making their way
through the darkest hallways
of your school?

This happens often...
too often.
The recurrent sight of the serpent-like
line of teenagers winding their way
acrossed the street
seeking the safety of the old church.

Where are the parents
fighting for
"separation of church and state"
today?
I bet they're glad to have their child
sheltered by the church's crumbling walls now.

Mary Nagy

~just One Can Make A Difference~

They say that I am clueless about reality.
They say "Nobody gives a care about morality"

They say "People are evil and hurt you when they can".
They say "You're such a fool to even try to save one man".

They say "You have to face it and accept whatever is".
I say "That may be your plan, but I doubt that it is HIS".

I plan to make a difference for all our kids to see.
I don't need your discouragement, just try to stand by me.

If we don't even try to change this crazy messed up place
how can we bare to look our children squarely in the face?

I won't give in to what you say, I'll walk this lonely path.
I'd rather err this side of love than sit and watch the wrath.

I'd like to think you're with me and that you truly see
just one can make a difference....please try to hear my plea.

Mary Nagy

~learning To Love~

How do I learn to love myself
when love was never shown?
It's hard to look in a mirror
when that face is not my own.

I know the "What you should do" 's
and the "You know what is right" 's
but that won't help me while I try
to win this losing fight.

I always have to force it
to say I'm worth that much.
I have to make myself believe
that I deserve his touch.

It's easy to say "Do it".
It's harder when it's you.
I have to work at it each day
and night the whole way through.

How do I learn to love myself
when love was never shown?
I think I better take the time
or I'll end up alone.

Mary Nagy

~let's Remove Your Rotten Heart~

I'd like to tie a tourniquet
around your wounded heart
and watch until the blood
stops dripping
then I would cut away the mangled mass
of decaying vessels that hang
below the pulsing mound of life.

Perhaps then you could begin,
begin to feel, begin to love,
begin to live.

Mary Nagy

~love Is A Verb~

Love is a verb.
Why don't you understand?
It's not just something you can hold
or give from hand to hand.

When I say I love you
you don't know what I mean.
But, when I gently touch your face
the love can then be seen.

You need to see the action
not just hear me say
I love you and I will show you this
with actions every day.

Mary Nagy

~melt Me Into The Picture~

I always wondered
where my love of books came from
it certainly wasn't from
all the tender moments
on my parents laps
listening to beautiful fairy tales.

I've always been uncontrollably
attracted to books
with pictures of people...
any people... doing anything.
As I was thumbing through
a coffee table book
admiring the beautiful pictures
of people in far-off lands
I remembered...

As a young girl I would
escape through books.
Even before I could read
I would find old, abandoned schoolbooks
in the bottom of our toybox
from the many schools we started to attend
and then moved again
too quickly to turn the books back in.
Those books had
such wonderful pictures
especially the Social Studies books
They would show people and lands
that I dreamed of changing places with.

I still remember a picture of a man
carrying his small child on his shoulders
while the mom walked along beside them.
That little boy looked so happy
like he didn't have a worry in the world.
I guess he probably didn't.
If I would've been able to
climb through the pages and

melt myself into that picture
I would've done it.

I still catch myself looking
at my kid's schoolbooks
and noticing all the wonderful pictures.
My kids just flip through the pages
without even noticing the people in the pictures.
Somehow that comforts me.

Mary Nagy

~my Fears~

The silence is flooding my ears.
Your absence is feeding my fears.
I've never quite known
if my feelings have shown
as I've loved you throughout the years.

Do you know I still feel as I did?
The same way as when I was a kid.
I still worry you'll leave
while I'm left here to grieve.
Of these feelings how do I get rid?

Will I always feel I'm not enough
even though I pretend I'm so tough?
If you love me, you know
that I don't let things show
and then sometimes I get pretty rough.

Just give me the time that I need.
Don't ask things of me out of greed.
I will do what I can.
You are my only man.
Consider me your daily "good deed".

The payoff will be the best part
cause you've stuck with me right from the start.
In the end it will be
just you and me
so be patient, you still have my heart.

Mary Nagy

~peeling Eggs Makes Me Smile~

You may wonder
how peeling the shells off eggs
makes me smile.....
but it does!

I've been making egg salad sandwiches
and smiling the whole time!

While I am wrestling with the eggs
trying to get the paper-thin shell
to come off without removing too much egg.....
I'm reminded of my dad.

Whenever my dad would peel eggs
it would kick him off
into an hour long tangent....

"Those stupid farmers! "
"They are so greedy they give the chickens
something to make them lay more eggs
and it's making their shells so thin I can't remove it
without losing half the egg! "

He would go on and on while we rolled our eyes
and gave each other "the look".
"Here he goes again! "
We learned to volunteer to peel the eggs
just to avoid hearing the speech.

Well, he's been gone for 12 yrs now.....
What I wouldn't give to hear that speech again!
I still hear him.
Only now, I smile while I wrestle the shells off the eggs.

Mary Nagy

~playing The Game Of Life~

It comes with no instructions.
You make up your own rules.
That means you must take all the blame
when acting like such fools.

You always have a choice
in everything you do.
Your decisions are rewarded
by what comes back to you.

They say karma can be scary.
It doesn't have to be.
If all you give is kindness,
that's all you're going to see.

Life is one big challenge.
Just roll with every punch.
I have faith that you can do it...
let's just say "I have a hunch".

Mary Nagy

~polar Opposites~

My husband stopped to ask me
"What do you do for fun? "
I answered very simply...
"I love poems...here, read one."

He looked at me as if I said
"I like to chew on glass! "
And when I passed my book to him
he said "I think I'll pass."

He said "You must be crazy! "
"Please say I just mis-heard."
He just can't see the beauty
within the written word.

I begged him "Please, just read one."
"Just give the poem a try."
He said "I'd rather use a fork
to poke out both my eyes! "

How can we be so different
and yet still get along?
Although we're polar opposites,
he's the music to my song.

Mary Nagy

~proper Poemhunter Etiquette~

To make your stay enjoyable
for you and all your friends
just keep in mind some simple rules
and warm up all your pens!

First rule is to keep your posts
to daily just a few.
Cause when you post a million...
it annoys the "local crew"!

The second rule is never say
you like a poem you don't.
This doesn't help out anyone
(if you think it will....it won't.)

The third rule that will help you:
"Thank" others for their time.
They took the time to read your work
and compliment your rhyme.

The fourth rule is to just be kind
to others that are here.
If you don't like the person...
don't send the message "Queer! "

The last rule is a big one
but it's more of just a "guide"
Don't think that you're anonymous...
on here you cannot hide!

I hope you like Poemhunter.
It's really a great place!
But certain things annoy these folks
(and slaps them in the face!)

So, save yourself the heartache
and all the undo stress.
Remember proper etiquette
and you will avoid the mess!

Mary Nagy

~shared Loneliness~

Two people in one room
yet each feel alone
in their own world.

He's thinking of the increased
heating bill.
She's thinking of the increased
distance between them.

As he flips through the channels
with a half-conscious stare
he wonders what the future holds...
more unpaid bills
more collection notices.

As she scrawls her emotions
into an old tablet of paper
she wonders what the future holds...
more silence
more shared loneliness.

He looks at her and feels guilty
for not providing more.
She looks at him and feels guilty
for not knowing how to bridge
the distance between them.

No words are spoken.
He just flips the channel.
She just writes a poem.

Mary Nagy

~she Died Right There Before Me~

To me, she could've said anything
I wanted so badly to hear her say,
"I love you and I'm gonna try."
But all she said is "I just can't stay."
She looked away, I stared her down.
I needed to see her eyes.
She looked at me and that's when I knew...
THIS IS THE DAY MY MOTHER DIES.
She died right there before me.
I watched her fade away.
Her eyes were glossing over
as I begged her "PLEASE, JUST STAY! "
She said goodbye and drove away.
I've learned to deal with loss.
But, now she says "I'm coming back! "
She doesn't know the cost.
To me she's dead, she can't come back.
She'll have to remember the day
that she died right there before me
when she said she couldn't stay.

Mary Nagy

~she Walks, She Talks.....She Freaks Me Out! "

I've been told all the rumors.
I knew it could be true.
(You never really listen...
til this stuff happens to you!)

I heard that she might sleepwalk.
Oh sure, I thought, big deal!
But nothing could prepare me
for what my heart would feel!

Last night I heard a little noise
nearing towards my door.
To my surprise it was my child
walking on all fours! !

She was crawling like an animal
and heading straight towards me...
the sight's burnt in my brain now
(trust me...you HAD to see!)

I screamed and yelled right at her
and told her to 'GET OUT! '
(I know...a mother should comfort
not just scream in fear and shout) .

But I was just so freaked out
as she went back to bed...
I followed her right to her room
and watched her shake her head.

She laughed and said "That's funny"
"Hey Chels, mom got so scared! "
My night....completely ruined
I thought she might've cared!

Tonight, one eye is open
I'll never sleep again!
Sleepwalking is her weakness
I fear not "if"... it's "when"?

Mary Nagy

~should I Look For God Or Should He Look For Me? ~

Should I look for God
or should he look for me?
It seems I need the answers
but it's hard for me to see.

If life is full of troubles
and it's "meant to be" this way
I just I can't help but wonder
if God sometimes looks away.

If my pain is there to help me
and I'll learn from my mistakes
should I even worry
how much time my lesson takes?

If life's about survival
and we learn from all we see
should I try to look for God
or should He look for me?

Mary Nagy

~so I'M Human.....~

I tell you that I'm human.....
Does that mean I have to choose
one color or the other
or else you'll say I lose?

I won't say that I'm colored
nor will I say I'm white.
I say we're all related
and I know you know I'm right.

Why point out all our differences
when what we want is peace?
Why not celebrate our human-ness
and watch the hatred ease?

You ask me of my color.
You want to know my race.
I tell you that I'm human...
it's written on my face.

My heart pumps blood just like yours
my joints ache when it rains.
Lets stop focusing on color
and start to use our brains.

Mary Nagy

~so This Is What I Would've Looked Like If I Hadn'T Hated Myself~

Bending over the sink
I can feel the throbbing of my pulse in my ears.
The fear of what I'll see when I look in the mirror
keeps me rinsing for a few extra minutes
seeking comfort in the warm rush of water
over my head.

It's time.
It's time to release her
and feel no shame.

Out of the corner of my eye
the washcloth smudged with tans, pinks, and black
reminds me how much I've grown to count on
this disguise.
The safety of blonde hair washes down the drain
too quickly to stop it once it's started.
The blonde will be gone when I stand up.
The last shield from my true self...removed.
I grab a towel in the hopes of delaying the sight
I've dreaded since I was fourteen.

Standing up I see a woman in the mirror
looking back at me with a probing stare.
She had been hiding for so long
behind haircolor and makeup.
Finally she is free.
Today I stand here looking at her
naked faced with her natural haircolor
for the first time since childhood
and I hear myself say...
"So this is what I would've looked like
if I hadn't hated myself."

Mary Nagy

~somewhere Between A Man And A Little Boy~

As I'm putting your laundry away
I stop to look around your room.
The hundreds of Hotwheels
parked, as they should be, in their crate.
I can still see you lying on your belly
on the kitchen floor making the best
sound affects ever created by an amateur.
I can't help chuckling to myself
as I sit on your bed
and look at the things you treasure.
Your dads army jacket
proudly on display on your wall
next to the American flag.
Your many necklaces
(only "cool" ones)
that could never be mistaken
for a girls.
Then I walk over to your display cabinet.
Your most prized possessions.
I peek in careful not to disturb
the museum style set-up you have.
I see your baseball trophies
all surrounding your first (but not last)
home-run ball.
Your unopened packages of Hotwheels
(each representing something I am clueless of) .
Your slingshot and bb guns.
Just as a sadness of your lost youth
starts to wash over me
with the thought of how responsibly
you've arranged all this,
I see a picture of Napoleon Dynamite
smiling back at me
as if to say
"Gosh! Get out of my room! Geez! "
Even though you may be somewhere
between a man and a little boy...
I still know where to find you.

~somewhere Between Wedded Bliss Street And Family Man Drive~

Don't fear me.
My problems are
not contagious.
Years ago I was
like you.
My home was beautiful.
My family was everything.
Somewhere between
Wedded Bliss Street
and Family Man Drive
I took a wrong turn.

It's not as easy as you think
to turn back around.
'Just get a job! '
is as simple as
answering the 'Meaning of life'.
An address is needed for a job...
yet a job is needed for an address.
Without one or the other
where is the hope?

You think I look
frightening.
Maybe if you actually saw me
you would see that
I look
frightened.

I don't want a handout
but I'm in no position
to refuse it.
I need your help,
your compassion,
your faith,
and your friendship.

I can get myself going
in the right direction again.
All I need is a little help
while I round the corner.
Then watch me fly.

Mary Nagy

~stolen Cherries~

I prayed they wouldn't see me.
I'd hide between the branches.
They had no way of knowing
those cherries were all I'd have
to eat that day.

I knew they'd yell if they saw me.
They always did.
They'd yell for me to "Get out of there! "
Like I was a stray dog they found
sifting through their garbage.
I would just jump down
and run home...and wait
till I thought they weren't looking.

I couldn't blame them.
Afterall, they took alot of time
pruning and caring for those trees.
(lucky trees)

The girl that lived there
was in my class.
She never acted like she knew
I ate their cherries.
But, I knew she knew.

I tried to pick extra once
to save some for later
when I knew I would be hungry again.
But, the bigger kids would take them
as soon as I got in the house.

That tree was the only "safe place"
I could enjoy a meal
with my little brother.
He was only five
and he couldn't climb so well.
He always needed a boost
to get to a good hiding spot

in the tree.

I hate cherries.

Mary Nagy

~the Dandelions Were Listening~

I never did the
"He loves me not....
He loves me" game
with flowers.
I already knew nobody loved me
so why should I listen
to a stupid flower?

I did make wishes
on dandelions
after the bloom died
and it was tiny spikes of fluff
waiting to blow away
till next year.

I hated wasting my time
but I couldn't resist.
I figured
"If there's even a small hope
that this will work....
I've got to try! "

I would find a spot
where nobody could see me
and I'd whisper
my one wish
the same wish
every time.

Thousands of dandelions
blown away
by my pleading breath.

I never told a soul
my wishes.
Until now.
I wished to be happy
one day...
with a husband

who loves me
and kids who love me.
I wished so hard...

I never thought
those dandelions
were listening.

Mary Nagy

~the High Road~

It's up to you so choose it.
You see which way to go.
How good a person are you?
Is it the high road or the low?

You're faced with many options
that only you can choose.
Some will lead to glory.
Some will make you lose.

Your so-called friends may guide you
down a dark and narrow street
but, when it's done and over,
they'll run from all the heat.

You make your own decisions
because you'll pay the price.
I trust that you can hear me.
Please take this free advice.

You have the chance to choose it.
Don't act like you don't know.
Where is it you will travel,
down the high road or the low?

Mary Nagy

~the Hunting Trip~

Daddy went hunting.
Mamma went too.
Daddy got a deer,
but Mamma got two.

Mamma told her story
while Daddy stood by
looking like at any time
he was gonna cry.

We all thought "He's jealous
he only got one."
But, Daddy had a reason
he didn't shoot his gun.

The buck was at his blind.
He seen him at close range.
The path was clear and all at once
Daddy felt something strange.

He knew that she was waiting
over in her stand.
He had bagged so many deer.
Her fate was in his hands.

He tossed a stick to scare the deer.
He sat and watched it run.
He prayed she wouldn't miss her shot
(OR HER HUNTING DAYS WERE DONE!)

He sat patiently waiting
for the gunshot near her stand.
When he heard her yell "I GOT ONE! "
he finally unclenched his hands.

The deer was his gift to her
although she never knew,
why Daddy only got one deer
and she got two.

Mary Nagy

~the Joyride~

We always go out driving... that's what we love to do.
We'll all pile in and go, the kids and me and you.

We look at fancy houses and dream of "One day we'll..."
We like to count the cows seen grazing on the hill.

Rolling down the windows and feeling the cool breeze.
The leaves are turning colors, getting ready for the freeze.

We hear the twigs start cracking underneath our muddy tires.
Looking for the black birds all lined along the wires.

The kids will give a clap and send the birds up in a tizzy,
we just keep on laughing now until we're feeling dizzy.

If we can find a two-track with a sign "road closed ahead"
you know we're turning off the street and going there instead!

Once we're stuck we'll all just push, we don't mind anyway.
For us this is the life....and this is our favorite kind of day! !

Mary Nagy

~the Man That Buys Tampons~

So many men won't do it.
They have to hide their head.
If they must go...please let God know
he'd like to be struck dead.

Of course the store is crowded
It has to be that way...
How could this trip get any worse?
"Hey there! " The neighbors say.

But if you only saw yourself
through other women's eyes,
you'd see a thoughtful, caring man
that fills their heart with sighs.

When a man can go buy tampons
and not care if he's seen,
he must be a true sweetheart....
or else SHE' S REALLY MEAN!

Mary Nagy

~the Path Of Forgiveness~

As I creep down the path of forgiveness
and I search for my own lonely heart,
I yearn for the feel of completion.
I must finish what God made me start.

I can see in the distant horizon
there resembles someone I once knew.
Do I have the strength needed to reach her?
If I don't can I get it from you?

Will you help clear my path as I'm trudging
down that frightfully winding old road?
Can I lean on your arm for my safety
even though you can't carry my load?

This old path is alive in my memory.
It knew I'd return on this day.
I am listening to my own heartbeat
while the unknown is leading the way.

My legs have been turned into jelly.
I see myself walking along.
I wonder if I should be back here.
For some reason this feels very wrong.

Mary Nagy

~the Recruiter Called Today~

The recruiter called today
for my oldest child.
I politely told him
"She's not interested."
He promised she would have
college paid for,
a very slim chance of being sent to war,
and the pride of being a soldier.

I informed him of her interest
in criminal justice.
I let him know she is going to college
and we will figure out how to finance it.

He sang me the praises of the
Military Police.
Told me of how proud she would be
and how proud I should be if she chose this path.
He explained how if she was working on a degree
she could not be sent into active duty on dangerous lands.
But, in his next breath he told me how she would get her degree
in a much faster pace than in a traditional college setting.

I declined interest
while I pretended to write the number he left for my daughter.
I did tell her about his phone call
but I also told her why I hope she doesn't choose
to be a soldier.

Is my greediness with my child's life a sin?
I know "somebody has to do it" ...
but, I can't bare the thought
of my child being sent to fight in a war.
I realize this is probably very
un-patriotic.

For that, I'm sorry.
I have lost many things in my lifetime.
My child's life is not one of those things I wish to sacrifice

for the good of my country.
I love my country
but, I love my children more.

**I respect all the soldiers who are willing to fight for their countries. My Grandfather, Father, and Husband have all fought in wars. I am very proud of them all. I am not disrespecting soldiers. I'm just sharing my feelings....I'm not at all claiming they are the "right" way to feel. Sincerely, Mary

Mary Nagy

~the Tough Questions~

You say you wanted to talk
about our past.
You heard I've been dealing
with my own acceptance
of what my childhood actually entailed.

It seemed you loved hearing
how I view him now,
how I see what he did
and just how wrong it all was.
I could almost hear that cheshire cat-like grin
cracking through your stone-face
over the phone.

I hear the jangling of your earrings
as you nod your head in agreement
while I recount the horrors for you.
You say "Yeah, I was horrified by it all."
"He was sick."
"He was twisted."
"That's exactly why I left him! "
I wonder if you'll still be smiling
when I ask you
WHY?

Tell me Mother....
why, when your new boyfriends
house became too crowded
with his 5 kids and then your own five,
did you take me back to my dad
and hand me over like a sacrificial lamb?

My pleading cries were ignored.
My screams to let me stay with you
were ignored.
Why, if you KNEW he was so bad...
did you give your 10 yr old daughter to him?

Don't say you want to talk

if you can't handle the
tough questions.

Mary Nagy

~the Train Was Coming~

As I lie in bed tonight I hear the train whistle blow.
We've lived near these tracks for about 12 years now so
I am stricken numb when memories start flooding my head.

She came back to the house to tell us she left him on the tracks.
"Your dad was too drunk and stupid to get off the tracks so I left him! "
She had been his girlfriend for almost 2 years now
and was even more of a drinker than he was...
a manic-depressed alcoholic in full swing.
The fact that she was only 8 years older than me didn't help either.

But, her drunken urgency seemed sincere and put us into a state of panic.
We knew we had to find him quickly and as dark as it was,
that would be difficult.
The brand new camaro in the driveway was useless.....
too many DUI's left it permanantly parked as a reminder of another "fun" night.

So we walked...and prayed.

Sure enough, we heard the sound we dreaded most.
THE TRAIN WAS COMING.
We could only pray he had moved off the tracks in time
or that some good samaritan seen him and took pity on him.
There was no way of knowing...
we just kept walking, looking, and praying.

When we had scoured the area where she assured us she left him
we grew more and more worried because there was no sign of him.
The darkness made it impossible to see down the sides of the tracks
where the ditches were deep enough to cause a drunken stumble.

We weren't sure if we should be looking for a man passed out
or pieces of a man hit by a train.
We also weren't sure what shape either would be in if we found it.

After what must've been hours of searching.....
we faced the facts with tear stained cheeks
that we couldn't find him.

Almost as an afterthought, we passed the bar in town on our walk home and decided to peek in (maybe somebody had seen him) .

There he was

having the time of his life...drunk as could be, hitting on the waitress (who was only too glad to see us arrive and take him home!)

We told him about our search the next day.

Out of anger he told us we were ignorant and shouldn't worry about him...

I'm sure he didn't realize what an impossible request that was.

Mary Nagy

~the Walls Are Crumbling~

As I tried to grasp some meaning
from within her silent cries,
I felt her soul reach out to me
from deep within her eyes.

I saw the walls were crumbling
and falling to the ground.
Perhaps this is a fresh start
the two of us have found.

We talked for what seemed hours
about our lives and all our dreams.
She wished she could go back there
but of course, she can't it seems.

We're given only one chance
to make our dreams come true.
We may not have forever
but I'm here right now with you.

Let's unpack that old suitcase
and throw the memories out.
If we need to talk about it
lets talk, or scream and shout!

At least it's a beginning.
Can't we be thankful for this?
We have to just move forward
or there's so much we could miss.

The past is done and over.
Today is still brand new.
Why waste another minute
while I'm sitting here with you?

Mary Nagy

~timeline Of Pain~

The baby girl was born.
The family was torn.

Three kids already there.
With parents that didn't care.

Do with her what you will...
She'll always love you still.

Abuse the trust she'll give.
She'll never want to live.

Cops are called again.
No ones ever gonna win.

They pray that one will die.
Just no energy to try.

Parents need to split...
she quietly watches it.

No one wants the kid.
No wonder that she hid.

You take her, it's your turn.
What is it that she'll learn?

To never have their love...
so hard to rise above.

Mary Nagy

~trust Me~

What have I done to lose your trust?
Can you please explain to me...
Why is it that you seem to think
I'm trying to break free?

I don't yearn for my freedom.
I feel free in your arms.
Don't let those thoughts control you.
I'm aware of all lifes harms.

You'll never be forsaken.
I'll always remain true.
It hurts me when you don't believe...
I'm forever loving you.

I feel the pain you're feeling
but, I am not to blame.
It's just jealous emotions.
I love you just the same.

I won't give in to jealousy.
You know me way too well.
My loyalty won't falter
surely you can tell.

You don't need to be worried
of things you cannot see.
You gained a wife forever
the day you married me.

Mary Nagy

~wash Away My Doubt~

Dear Lord, I have some questions for which I need to know
the answers have been weighing on my mind, I'm sure it shows.

Are you truly in Heaven? Is there really such a place?
Are you watching my adventures while I'm finding my own space?

I so often have to wonder, do you hear my silent cries?
Who am I to think you love me? Is it all a pack of lies?

When I'm left to sit and ponder all the thoughts I have on you
I can't help search for answers...how am I to know what's true?

Do you hear me when I whimper as I lie in bed awake?
Do you see me lose my temper when I've had all I can take?

Is it you that soothes my wounded soul each time I see myself?
Could it be true what is written in the books upon my shelf?

Just wash away my doubt and cleanse me with your truth.
Dear Lord, you've been so silent as I've left behind my youth.

Though life at times seems hectic and I wonder if you're there
I hold on to the thought that there's at least one soul who'll care.

Forgive me when I doubt you and I try to see things clear.
Please Lord, renew my faith in you....just let me know you're here.

Mary Nagy

~watching Our Young Tree~

As the wind begins to bluster
we watch that tattered tree.
It's grown to mean so much to us
we planted it....you and me.

Today the wind seems brutal
as we watch our young tree bend.
Our fear is that it's just too weak.
Don't let this be the end.

In horror we just watch it
while it nearly bends in half.
We hear it creak (or is it cry) .
And through our nerves we laugh.

To our suprise it stands tall.
It's weathered one more day.
It may be slightly curved now
but that curve will go away.

We get to watch our young tree
grow to wondrous heights.
In life this also happens
but do we recognize the sights.

Mary Nagy

~we Proved Them Wrong~

They said "You'll never make it".
We said "Just watch and see".
No matter what they thought back then
We've made it and we're free.

So many years have gone by
and together we have stood.
How come they never told us
that our life could be this good?

Who knew we'd be so happy?
It seemed like we were doomed.
They said we would be miserable.
They all had just assumed.

Oh yes, we've had our rough times.
No doubt we'll have more still.
You'll never have to question
if I'll be here...cause I will.

I'm glad we didn't listen
to the people in our life.
I've never once regretted
when I chose to be your wife.

Mary Nagy

~why Am I So Selfish? ~

Why am I so selfish?
I should think more of her.
But instead of seeing what could be
I'm being so immature.

I know she's truly suffering.
That should be my main concern.
Yet all I seem to think about is...
"Will she ever learn? "

Her lungs are black as tar.
She needs help just to breathe.
Hearing that she'll smoke again
makes me simply seethe.

She knows what she is doing.
She's not a little child.
I thought that only young people
did stuff that's dumb and wild.

Don't set aside the oxygen
so you can have a smoke.
You're dying right in front of me.
This pain is not a joke.

Mary Nagy

~why Can'T I Be Happy? ~

Why can't I be happy
when the world is at my door?
I have all that I'll ever need.
I couldn't ask for more.

Then tell me why I'm empty.
Why do I feel so low?
I wonder what is wrong with me
and if I'll ever know.

My brain say's "Stop debating..
You over-think too much! "
But, my heart just screams and begs for things
like time and things of such.

The little things I'm needing.
Just little, thoughtful things,
not the fancy houses
or the cars and diamond rings.

Maybe I'm just greedy.
I should be satisfied.
So I will do just like I should.
My feelings I will hide.

Perhaps I am too different.
I feel my heart can't show.
I fear I'll always be this way...
deep in sorrow when no one knows.

Mary Nagy

~why Do I Feel Responsible? ~

I still have dreams that haunt me.
I'm back there as a child.
I see the drinks, the drugs and all.
I watch our family be defiled.

In my dreams I try to help you.
I try to stop the pain.
The stress of changing whats been done
is driving me insane.

I know that I was little.
I couldn't have changed a thing.
Then why do I feel so responsible
for almost everything?

I feel I should have told you
I hated how we were.
It hurt to be so hungry.
I was afraid, alone and unsure.

I know I was only one of five
and we all went through the pain.
I just can't keep from going back
and feeling it all again.

If only I could have stopped you.
I could have saved you from the drugs.
I could have held you and begged of you.
But, oh yeah.....you hated hugs.

I try not to visit back there
but my dreams go where they may.
Each night I take a step back in time
I hear a little girl say.....

Why do I feel responsible?

Mary Nagy

~why Won'T You Read My Poetry? ~

I printed all my poems out and put them in a book.
I've placed it on the table in the hopes you'll take a look.

You know you'll find my soul there beneath the cover page.
You'll read about my pleasures, my heartaches and my rage.

I know you don't like poetry and this I understand
but how can you not want to peek into my "wonderland"?

If you would take a minute and peruse a page or two
I think you'd be suprised to read the thoughts I have of you.

I've tried to make it easy and I know you see it there.
I'll wait it out and hope you see these things I need to share.

I suppose I know the answer is in where I place my book.
I'll put it in the bathroom.....then you're sure to take a look!

Mary Nagy

~will I Still Go To Heaven If I Envy? ~

I watch them from the corner of my eye.
(because I don't want them to think I'm weird)
I wonder how I could get what they have.
I wonder what happened
that made my own mom turn away.

Do they know I watch them?
Can they see the lump in my throat?
Did I blink my tears away quick enough?
Do they know?
I hope not.

I know it's a sin to envy.
I just can't stop myself.
I want to....I know how it seems.
It's embarrassing.
It's crazy to want somebody to love you
if they don't.

But, I still want a mom.
One that would come over and visit
and ask how the kids are doing.
One that offers me a hug
when she hears how I'm hurting.

One that loves me.

Mary Nagy

~with These Hands~

With these hands
I've held you when you were feeling low.
Hand in hand
I'll walk with you wherever you may go.

Make no demand
I'll always feel the way I do right now.
You help me stand.
With you I feel it all works out somehow.

Not what we planned
or wanted, but yet it feels so right.
With these hands
I'll love you in darkness and in light.

Mary Nagy

~would You? Could You? ~

Would you know me if you saw me?
Could you recognize my soul?
Would my voice trigger emotions?
Could you sense that was my goal?

If I walked up to your door
would you even know it's me?
How deeply do you know someone
.....just from their poetry?

Would you stare and look right through me?
Could you feel my pain inside?
Would you still enjoy my poetry?
Even if I couldn't hide?

Mary Nagy

~you'Re Heavy On My Mind~

It's silent
except for the buzzing
of the flourescent lights
in this deserted classroom.
I should be studying
but my thoughts keep drifting
back to our talk.

Is it possible
to make time for "us"
without taking from "them"?
You're so heavy on my mind
that the Behaviorist Theory
really seems irrelevant.

We both know
we've lost focus.
We admit
that everything else
comes first.
Lifes daily turmoils...
Can't we leave it all
for one day?

How do people do it?
Their lives are packed
full at every minute
yet they still manage
to spend time alone
together.
Does it take a special
kind of person?
Are we just too
unorganized to manage this?

If only for a moment
I want to look
into your eyes
and fall in love

again.

I want to lose myself
in the dark mystery
of those brown eyes
that have watched me
change from a child
to a woman.

The buzzing
of the fluorescent lights
remind me
that I only have 2 days
to study.
You're still heavy on my mind.

Mary Nagy