

Poetry Series

Sarah Cotnam
- poems -

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Sarah Cotnam()

I graduated from the University of Toronto with an Honours BA in English Literature, with minors in French and Philosophy. I have been writing poetry through teenage years and still continue to write poetry.

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(incomplete And Missing)

already the days go by
ticking life along
and when we stop
to see ourselves
we find new shadows
and lines

words remembered
and life's regrets
piled in our office mind
wait on no reply
to find the gust
that blows them all away

the blowing gust
of dust to dust
and words that don't mean the same
to find ourselves
with new lines now
our memories take the blame

betray our thoughts
forget the lines
that wash our hands alone
and when we stop
to see ourselves
()

Sarah Cotnam

A Love, A Life

A soul,
A spirit,
and a mind of your own

A love,
A life,
and a dream to call home

A mother who loves you,
A sister that cares,
A father sent
to answer your prayers

Sarah Cotnam

Because I Had Too

im having trouble shutting my eyes
but it makes no difference now
it could be day forever
but my world will ever be black
im hoping it's just a stage
hoping
for it to end soon
so i could grow out of this
away from this
see the light on the opposite end of the tunnel
inside this train going faster than light

i have no control
so dont ask me to turn left when the tracks turn right
dont ask me to follow you when you turn away
stop asking me
i cant leave this train-tracked way

i think if i scream loud enough
my soul will leave me
so i scream quietly
but im getting louder every time

my tortured soul
im hugging to a starless sky
waiting for the moon to rise
waiting for what the tide will bring
im waiting for you
my other half
in this misunderstanding world
someone to catch my tears
even before they leave my eyes

liquid life is drained from me
im not stopped by shiny things
the brightest has far gone blinded me
so im left in constant dark

you raped away my self hood

and along with, sense of pride
i can only think of you now
constantly i hide
in the black, barricaded
sitting against my door
you will never be in again
my room is shut with my soul
that you will never get in

Sarah Cotnam

Bound

i was taught, i was trained
can i give up my own way?
well i was locked and i was chained
cant see my shadow front of me
i don't know, i don't know you
but you locked me up too
i was hoping to get threw
hoping to be unlocked by you

but that idea could never be
you never had ability
i really thought that you knew how
and if you do the tell me how

but you could not allow me free
you kept me locked
hiding your key
and that hurts more than you could know

so leave me here 'cause i can't go

Sarah Cotnam

Broken Clock

</>watching the broken clock
expecting to gain back what I've lost
expecting some simple things
from you, me and everything
my happiness is in the balance
and expectations in the offense
taking from nothing
and feeling bad when losing in the taking
watching the broken clock
maybe I've lost what I've lost
maybe there's more to lose
karma is a sad excuse
but keeps us happy.
we love being happy

Sarah Cotnam

Child's Play

the pain
took me a while:
a while to accept,
a while to submit to it.
how could
some small interaction
end this way?

I'll recount for you
what was done
that late summer day;
picture the sun setting
and listen closely to this spell:

I tried to take
what was once mine
something that once was...
You remember what once was, don't ya?
Well,
'That', was what I was trying
and tried
to get back.

I heard the angels!
I thought I did;
I thought I heard their echos
when in a cave; I had whispered their names.
I heard the angels sing!
(maybe it was the devil,
or maybe,
as you said,
it was only my imagination)

Told me to grow up.
Told me to stop eating sand
claiming it to be caviar and lobster and
anything rich I could think of.
I was king!
I knew I was!

I thought I was,
so... I was.

I tried to take back
what was once mine,
what was once my kingdom
of good food and three walls
which echoed my voice
and signaled the angels!

But I'm burdened now
with a pain:
a pain that was given,
not given, -earned;
I earned my broken wings,
my broken crown,
and my feasts of sand/

It just took you to say,

Play-time is over!

Sarah Cotnam

Condition

life is just a soulless planet
filled with half humans searching
for the how-to book on
how to be more impressive

talking is a way to express
the right impression
hoping someone will listen
and call them your lover

lies are another form of
showing that we are free people
lying to keep them guessing
because the truth is only one answer

live in a multiple existence
try to be more fulfilled
want expiring passions
to stop the wanting when it's done

when it's done there are no answers

we do not get privy to truths

we are just stupid beings

impressively unfulfilled

Sarah Cotnam

Confused

confused
and i might be alone
dont know why everyone
got up and is gone
i feel so alone
my head
what do you take me for
play around like im
some little girl
what do you know
my eyes
see what they want to see
they dont believe in me
or of my choices
that make me me
my hands
have touched something
beautiful, more than you
could ever know
but what do you know
my mind
is making fun of me
throwing stones and picking on me
remember who made me free
my words
that i have not spoken before
are the key to open that door
and yet i feel so alone

Sarah Cotnam

Darkest Days

i used to have my darkest days
i used to never sing nor play
i used to cry when no one would see
and wait for someone impatiently

i used to question everything
never know a single thing
think only of stupidity
always afraid what others see

Sarah Cotnam

Days Go Bye

I ran so hard
so fast.
I left
and was gone.
You found me
on the floor of the world
Saved me from the cold
and brought me to the warm
Said thanks and left
Again gone

Morning came
Wake up
No one to blame
This is
the morning after
after the world
it's still coming

So you wake up
and just walk away
As if nothing ever happened
or maybe
it always happened
No secrets told
No lies broken

I had summer injected
to my veins
They stole away Christmas
They left the same
I lie here
blinking my life away
And I thought
this is how
they welcome me

The lights go on
the lights go off

I am still here
and you are too
I feel you here with me
there for me
holding me up
standing up for me
I'm not alone at all

It will fade out quickly
Then I wonder
what the hell happened?

Out of control
Out of my head

My life has been passed
down to me
I keep it alive
And when it tries to leave
Where has my week gone

Sarah Cotnam

Drink Nights

and i went out followed
took the turns alone
they're laughing at me
talking to me
thinking that im thinking of them
feel the weight of their thoughts
feel the weight of their world
and their complications
looking out for them
they're laughing at me now
every night's the same thing
every night's the same scene
everybody wanting
and everybody laughing
they're not listening
and i went out followed
took all the turns alone
they're laughing at me
talking to me
hoping that im thinking of them now
they're laughing at me now

Sarah Cotnam

Fairytale Romance

the beauty of the fateful
to find that one lover waving by
how wonderful it must be
to fall to someone who already loves you
how simply the plot falls
how quickly the love thrives
and neither the moon, sun
can pass this love, idle by

Sarah Cotnam

Forced Feelings

And maybe I could be just a little bit stronger
And maybe I could just hide
But to not have you any longer
I know I said I wouldn't miss you

I lied
These tears don't just come from no where
My sad eyes can't be washed away
And I know that you really do care
But I need you to be with me

To stay
So come back and stay with me
Tell me, you want to be here
And I'll keep you warm at night
You'll realize I'm right
and this is where you want
To be

Sarah Cotnam

Forward

when you feel as if you've lost your way
and the rain clouds up your sunny day
just breathe and say
i'll be okay

when you feel as if your life is blurred
and you don't understand a word you've heard
just breathe and say
i'll be okay

cause you may dropp
when on your way to the top
but don't worry my dear
no need for another tear
cause you're on your way
with a fresh start today
just advice of one word
don't believe what you've heard
behind you
just leave it
behind you

when it seems easier to stay inside
and every past night, alone you cried
wipe your eyes
put down the lies

when it seems easier to avoid a friend
and you cannot see their helping hand
wipe your eyes
put down the lies

cause you may drop
when on your way to the top
but don't worry my dear
no need for another tear
cause you're on your way
with a fresh start today
just advice of one word

don't believe what you've heard
behind you
lets keep it
behind you

Sarah Cotnam

Give Up The Quit

Kicked out,

Off the daily grind:

two shots to make me happy

were too toxic to keep me around.

Blood running dry, wild and tame.

Smug-smiles contort the face

to something less seemingly smilish,

and they were charging at me

chanting 'dry breath is not welcome here':

'rye breath is not welcoming',

and they chased me off the line.

their coffee eyes

told me it was time to go

(as politely as coffee eyes can) ,

and i said 'bye' in a dry rye breath;

escaped as they let me go:

escaped: I know.

Back in dark rooms with blue tv glows

and drink-glass coasters with

Canadian sketchings.

'I am barely on my feet', i say to an onlooker,

'try another bar'.

(sources: If you like the 'charging, chanting, chasing' look up the song Jungle Line by Joni Mitchell, and if you are wondering where the blue tv screen light and sketched on coasters are from look up A Case of You also by Joni Mitchell)

Sarah Cotnam

Handed Over

automatic friends wont last the night

when the clock is ticking

and the sounds of it ruin the mood

swings follow suit and take us down

into singular cells of selves

that we would never have admitted to

in any other time line

accept

accepting circumstances

that lay out the possible

reconciling moment

that allows the plot to carry on

and keep all players

in motion

automatically

animated

we all have painted faces

just check out mine and see

that i spent all of my time

on an image for you to imagine

and animate

automatically

teeth clenches and all

Sarah Cotnam

His Story

when i was a boy
in the days of slow suns
when it was all fun and games
with no tongues

when i was young
i was just a boy

that never talked
but always smiled
cant count the times
that i was sad.

didnt have
my first girl friend
until i was
21.

i had to
already be
a bit more
happy.

forever,
i will think of her
and think that it would not work out
but her skin was so soft,
and she liked me
so much.

Sarah Cotnam

Hotel Home

choking; i cant breathe today
left you in your hotel home
where you will stay
and i will pack up and leave this place
and i will hug you then go away

goodbye; i say to everyday
i'll visit you at your hotel home
on a booked off holiday
and i will pack up and leave this place
and i will hug you then go away

tonight; i am smiling
sleeping at your hotel home
then it all went wrong
cuz i had packed up and left your place
i managed to hug you, but then went away

driving; driving the wrong way
leaving you at your hotel home
are you smiling?
and i packed up and left your place
i managed to hug you, then faded away
and i will pack up and leave this place
and i will hug, one last time goodbye

Sarah Cotnam

I Hate Bees

Late summer
when the bees get dizzy
the heat is getting cooler
nights are getting longer

The patio lanterns
glow all evening
Kim Mitchell on the radio
us kissing on the lawn

Lawn chairs out
twigs pointing to the fire
marshmallows getting hotter
getting cozy moving closer

Laughing, telling stories
of the August adventures
and plans for September
as the fire slows its flickers

There stands us
a couple of summer romantics
holding hands – take it in
hoping summer never ends

Sarah Cotnam

In Hopes

in my life not knowing
should I love you and think you love me
stair at your picture
the one where you're holding me
and imagine the great days
while you are away
imagining unknowing
if you want our love to stay
when you tell me that you're breaking my heart
will you keep some pieces
in hopes of a second start

Sarah Cotnam

Interrogation

Secrets may fade in my mind
but they will never disappear
The only secrets I'm afraid I'll break
are the ones I hold so dear
I am not one to open up
but it isn't because of fear
I don't need you to know everything
I don't need to shed another tear

Secrets are made in my mind
the silence I hold so tight
Don't make me tell you all my thoughts
I don't want to have to fight
Don't change me to your cookie cutter mould
my eyes can't take your light
I don't have to fit into this world
I don't have to explain; it's my right

Sarah Cotnam

Jealous

calculating the mood
swing tides
of loving life
and being jealous
in a single day's turn
honey
you keep me running
running to
running to hide
from
I love you honey
get back from god

calculating the sins
I'm having
from wanting you
and being jealous
in a single day's turn
honey
you keep me running

Sarah Cotnam

Lakes Freeze In The Winter

developing fantasies in my head

of us in different bodies

the eyes flash origins

but the rest tells our stories

my hands show the hard work

the mechanics of my offerings

and my knees show the bruises

of all my longings

take turns in bodies

playful and forgetful

take me to the water

and bury my deeper

bury me faster

hide my body

my eyes flash my origins

my innocence and wanting's

I wont last under water

for much longer

so take me in December﻿

Sarah Cotnam

Light

THE LIGHT

the light the light

CAME

POURING

IN!

and from the East

and

From the West

was,

this

light

LOOK

and let the star light burn bright into your eyes

until you cannot see the darkness anymore

what kind of darkness?

all. the emotional- the negative -the sour -the painful -the closed-eyed darkness

LOOK

and let the star light burn in and

accept the soft brightness that the eyes can tolerate

until you have retained just enough light

to brim with joy, and happiness, and goodness and sweetness

all of the emotional that invites others to find you

warm and good and nice and approachable and personable and accepting

and good and nice

and good

LOOK

it is just light that we needed

to reflect
our goodness

Sarah Cotnam

Lost Chance

until
i felt
the blood through my veins
did i need proof
to be
alive

it's sad
the feeling
that ive already said
my goodbyes
to door
number one

and if
i wait
to be undone
will i taste
the dreams
unspoken

oh what's done is done

Sarah Cotnam

Love ?

I can be an eagle or
I can keep grinning
at the way you choose to manage
to keep me joyful and happy.
next time I will set the wall
next time I will close the stage
this time what you see
is me becoming free.
maybe you're the only one
or maybe this has just been fun
I wont know until the end
so keep me going by stepping in.
Mines' the mind that needs sharing
I'm the sole that needs consoling.
I love the way that you hold on,
I love the way you're stepping in.
I can be a vulture too,
but I will close the stage for you.
I'll meet you in the corridor,
hold my hand and I'm grinning.
I'm in love.
I'm grinning.

Sarah Cotnam

Missunderstood

call me romantic
but you left when the going was good
and I'm willing to call it a misunderstanding
if you feel misunderstood
I think we had a great thing
there's something more to this
but I must know how you feel
before I'm misunderstood

Sarah Cotnam

No Parking

I have come to the road stop
gone from the place of need to change clothes and roles
to the real –whatever that is-
the time to change: the last sensible reinvent
Phase one: complete

Time to be consistent, coherent, and determined
to believe in a me worth projecting
and project
as loud as I possibly can
to ensure myself that those I lost
and those I ran away from
know me, remember me, and forgive me
in every light I wished them to have seen me
by projecting myself in every light I wish them to see
for all my steps forward
and to do so honestly.

I have come to the road stop
of turn left for the turn-a-round or right
to keep on trekking

Sarah Cotnam

Not For Climbing

go back to green
climb trees and recover from scrapped knees
that was Your spring
imagining
flying high through the sky
swinging, discovering
that was Your spring
go back to green
memories of doll parts
doll eyes, open wide
hold tight, memories
that was Your spring
wondering, what will the future bring
caterpillars or sting-bees
laughter or lame trees
not for climbing

Sarah Cotnam

Numb

</>looking at my layered mirrored self
my bandaids are coming undone
from showing wounds and hiding them again.
you can't see what i've done recently.
just another tip from the ones I love
more bandages, mail ordered, come in.
starting to resemble the dead-man mummy
if only I could step down and open my weak eyes.
maybe next time the light will be holy
but this dead-man can't be around no more.
Simone's man knows, I can't be found.
I've become a burden, that's not funny at all
I've become the best liar, in the world.

Sarah Cotnam

Or Take Me There

the sun pours over like a wave
feeling as good as they say
they told me to nurse your broken heart
but you say:
take take take or go to hell
take take take or take me there
but dont
dont touch my heart
(my heart, my heart)

the leaves cast shadows on my skin
taking the sunlight in
they told me to nurse your broken heart
but you say:
take take take or go to hell
take take take or take me there
but dont
dont touch my heart
(my heart, my heart)

the breeze hits smooth across my face
holding your hand, i cant replace
this moment for any other
but you say:
take take take or go to hell
take take take or take me there
but dont
dont touch my heart
(my heart, my heart)

Sarah Cotnam

Ramblings

hallucinating feelings negatively
im sleep depriving
myself in a way that
i cant get through it
cant get through these coming days
where life is hopeless
love is empty nothing friendly
no my friend you cant turn me back
im heading dark and spinning
intertwining falling blindly
close my eyes not seeing
counter acting black expanding
im not dying just rude awaking
of puzzeled thoughts
and brain complaining
from your explaining

Sarah Cotnam

Single

i just feel like
him and i were
Siamese twins
and he kept on
chiseling the part
that connects us
and i'd ask
wait what are you doing
and he'd reply
i had an itch

one day we split
and he walked away
i bled
he cried
i was still
and he moved
distance grew
as he walked away

Sarah Cotnam

Sorry I Never

im missing the good old days
where i sat alone in my room
where the darkness fades under my eyes
and i needed much more sleep
im sorry i gave to many reasons and escapes
im sorry i was too tired to be awake
im sorry i never told how i truly felt
in truth we never ever really began

which is to say
that day when i told you i died
were you even listening
my life was just a sleeping pill
that i was fighting, fighting away
im sorry i gave to many reasons and escapes
im sorry i was too tired to be awake
im sorry i never lived spontaneously
in truth i never really went anywhere at all

so im missing the good old days
though i never even learned how to play
i took life to seriously
i never dreamed; i needed much more sleep
im sorry i gave to many reasons and escapes
im sorry i was too tired to be awake
im sorry i never trusted you
in truth i never even trusted myself
im sorry i gave to many reasons and escapes
im sorry i was too tired to be awake
im sorry i never told how i truly felt
in truth we never ever really began

Sarah Cotnam

Staring Back At You

talking to the pages
of the words i read
of the laugh-man laughing
and the speed
in which i take my time
to the page
the dedication that i make
is a choice
of losing feelings

taking to the street
of the lessons learned
of the shapely strangers
and the stranger birds
i think about the way
i float and think
this world
is perfect
moments

i measure out the clock
to the time it took
to the words i said
and your thankful look
it reminded me
of a time
where i stood and said
i will
remember
this

in sleeping or in waking
it's the feelings felt
not the looks made
but the touch itself
that make up
what we felt
in perfect moments

tell me again
how you feel
how you felt
the time you knew
but wanted help
in catching
my wave
you caught me
staring back at you

Sarah Cotnam

Still-Ing

if only i
could just be
honest still
then maybe
i could
be held longer
and then i would
know the place
i had felt
back in the time
when you held me still
back in the day of bread

if only i
could just be
motioned still
then maybe
i could
be more fulfilled
and then i would
know or think i knew
that i had felt
something
inside you
and i held back still
and i looked at you
and you held back
and i held back still
just to look at you
maybe i could
be more fulfilled
if only i could

back in the day
of bread and of milk
back in your arms

Sarah Cotnam

Stranger Stories

wisdom is decided
after the great ideas
after the life unfolds
like stranger's sheets
on their bed.

wisdom calculations are
by the people left behind.
god makes fate
and judges justice.

colours are added after
just to please the people,
to recognize
those that are human or humane.

I'll tell you stories after,
but right now I can't remember
if I am lost
or just insane.

Last night I walked the forest,
and saw the true green colour.
I thought, 'I must remember;
this evidence that I am human'

these visions that I had,
in the walk I can't remember,
is the story I want the people
to remember.

so I told a stranger.

and woke up in the strangest sheets
I've ever been in.

Sarah Cotnam

Temporary

the day
is a coffee carousel
of the same faces
and ponies
at night
flying high through the sky
are airplanes
fighting star lights

and mother nature
says to the earth
and father time
says to the earth
that humans are temporary
I remember
we are just temporary

Sarah Cotnam

The Gallery

Welcome to my secrets.
The gallery of glory,
the gloom and I'm sorry,
but no photographs please.

I'm telling you this,
so you know there's no test,
no time to rest, and yes
cigarettes are for sale in the store.

The pictures on the walls
only speak of my falls
and the ends
I wish to erase.
Which leaves me to say,
don't take this the wrong way
but no photographs
please.

You may have seen this collection before
at a time when we ruled the world,
when you knew me,
and predicted my thoughts.
But I did in fact change,
with some paintings rearranged,
so I must tell you,
look around again.

I'll tell you again,
because I call you my friend,
all these stories I hide
are lies.
I hide when I'm stared in the face
by evil and disgrace,
left crying, with the love of yours
misplaced.

So it's fitting to say,
before I take you away,

no photographs
please.

Sarah Cotnam

The Truth Is

Sometimes I wonder if I ever had a voice
Did people hear me
Maybe hear
Did people listen to me

Sometimes I wonder if I was ever really included
If people ever really saw me there
If people really wanted me there
If I made a difference being there

The insecurities of adolescents
They continue throughout adulthood
Until they are dealt with
Until there is closure and
Until there is growth
As a human being

As a human being
We are judged
We are talked about
We are unaware of fault and
We are all to blame and
Always to blame

Sarah Cotnam

Voice Of Reason

Let me be your voice of reason
I can see you need some help
You can't control your seasons
between your heaven and your hell
I'll guide you in the right direction
I know where you want to be
Don't worry just take my hand now
A nights rest will set you free

Free from this black light
It's time to take your bow
It is my spot light
Black light for me now

I'll do my best to make you happy
jump for joy, laugh and smile
And even if I fall quietly
Please know I've loved you all the while

Just let me be your voice of reason
I'm right here to give my help
No one's managed to control the seasons
between their heaven and their hell
You know I'll guide you in the right direction
I've never been lost yet
Don't worry just hold my hand now
A nights rest will leave you better than before

And I know you'd like your purpose full
jump for joy, laugh and smile
You know I'd love to give you that
but to take is not your style

So jump for joy and laugh and smile
even if I astray
because we're all just sitting here
like cigarettes in an ash tray

So I'll be your voice of reason

if you want my help
I can't control the seasons
between my heaven and my hell
Let's run in this direction
Let's see where we will be
Don't worry just hold my hand now
Tonight we run free

Sarah Cotnam

Young Philosophies Of A Changing Heart

learning to trust myself:
each breath I take is a reflex
but each word that was said before was an act
and I need to learn control.

I am thankful the heart is automatic:
manual would be unbearable, yet
delusions of freedom obscure
and I wonder if my mechanical system
requires a mechanic

I need to trust myself
and move less gracefully:
life is not a race to the finish line,
we're not boats in the water in currents or flows.

life is a physical and mental experience:
remembering and feeling and forgetting-
striving for that heavy 'something'
learning to trust one's self:
being is easy,
being who you want to be - is life.

Sarah Cotnam