

Poetry Series

Bgb radley
- poems -

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Bgb radley(12/03/1959)

I'm a 53 year old mother of three grown children. I raised two grandchildren for three years. Due to the parents addictions. I suffer from Schizoaffective disorder. Which I bi-polar disorder with delusions. Between my age and mental disability, I had to put my darling kids up for an open adoption. They're with a beautiful family, happy and healthy. I'm still dealing with my grief.

I love the mountains and camping. Cooking, reading, writing and blogging. I'm learning how to disc golf. Fun :)

I'm friendly, loving, caring and giving. I like taking care of people. I also invent kitchen gadgets.

A Dark Time Of Trial

To discover human remains
Cinched to the rafters
he leapt off
Adorned in the noose
a morbid necklace
Inner turmoil
no more to live

A note deserted in drunken scrawl
In shreds
those left behind
Fatherless innocents
inquire why
No rationalization
for a senseless deed

Aching at the formalities
Enduring our shared existence
Bye is the lifetime
that remains in the past
Dried up are all the tears
Angst with respect to an echo
Horror lays imprinted on my mind

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A Fresh Wound Is My Heart

A fresh wound is my heart
A dark void is my soul
To love so deeply minus control
An abrupt ending to a cherished role

A fresh wound is my heart
Emptiness of all space
To caress kiss an angelic face
Withheld from my grasp every last trace

A fresh wound is my heart
To just have and to hold
Return of love gone precious as gold
Once warmth of my spirit hardened cold

A fresh wound is my heart
Ever the tiniest thing
Tears loss and pain such sadness they bring
Reminds me of loves genuine being

A fresh wound is my heart
You are off on your own
Miss you immensely feel all alone
Bleak nothingness and vacancy have grown

A fresh wound is my soul
I want you back with me
I offered you up it will never be
Love your face in my dreams...you and me

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Dont Leave Me Behind

I love you my child
I don't know how to help you anymore
You continue to die your slow death
Its painful for us both
To watch you killing yourself
To see you so all alone
I know your living with demons
I curse the devil and his minions

I love you my child
To witness you convincing
yourself to give up and die
It kills me inside

I love you my child
I've always loved you and always will
I don't feel you're long for this earth
The slow deterioration has accelerated
The doctors give you one short year
I cry for the hurt in your heart
I cry for the torture in your soul
I cry because you think I don't love you

I love you my child
Don't give up and die
I ache at the thought of living
without you
Please see a glimpse of light in my soul
Let it guide you to peace
I can't watch any more
I can't see you do this to yourself

I love you my child
Don't die my sweet little girl
Don't leave me behind
Let's love eachother for the
time you have left
I love you more than these
mere words express

I love you more than my own life
Don't cry little one
for I am here

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Falls True Meaning

Summers heat exhausting
Earlier sunset cooling

Chill nights, blanketing beds
Lazy sun rising, shading brilliance
Cool, cloudless, breezy daylight

Scholarly studies, another year
Garments warming, gone shorts, T's
Choice daily temps arrive

Leaves cascading, pure beauty
Geese make flight, winter looming
Excited trek, Aspens glory

Basking in falls perfection
Raining winds, beginning flakes
Everyone prepares for change
Bow our heads, winters onslaught

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Haiku Oh George

Bloom cherry blossoms
to always reveal the truth
chopping down the tree

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Haiku Black Widow

Spins her web tidy
plus hour glass she is mighty
steer clear this spidy

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Haiku Blue Spotted Eggs

Uplifted from earth
patiently warming to beget
nestled in crossed twigs

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Haiku Mans Madness

Sarin used
regime belies deed
children dead

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Haiku Your Truths

Heavenly to kiss
parted rosy colored pair
whispering your truths

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Haiku Beginnings

Buds new life cool breeze
scent of fresh rain on the walk
pungent first mown grass

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Letting Them Go

A grandmas patience for three long years
No help from love ones brought many fears
Kids happiness and well being all mine
Unconditional love, caring and time

Hugs fun play and loving eachother
Working hard as father and mother
So many families in this sad trend
Addiction neglect...the child can't fend

Made impossible decision to adopt
My age mental illness...I had to stop
Heartbreak and tears through the long process
Patience with workers, under such stress

Took four long months to live with myself
Guilt rage hatred...counseling to help
Found a perfect family for the kids
A great mother and dad, plus two new sibs

The transition was excruciating
Watching my angels change, while relating
After a short time they made the move
Patience with grieving, never knowing what mood

The children are with the new family now
It's been five months, I've survived it somehow
Skype drawings video...pictures galore
My daily waiting, they're not mine anymore

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My Empty Heart

If you leave me ill truly be through
I'm teetering on the edge it's true
I have suffered great loss, as of late
Can't survive more torture or hate

I have hurt you beyond repair
Deceit, half truths, you feel I don't care
Honesty is important to you
I was scared and knew not what to do

Please don't go with an untrusting soul
I would be lost in life with no role
I've never trusted a man until you
It's breaking my shattered hear in two

You are such a kind, fair, loving man
Treat me like gold whenever you can
I always come first when it's tough on you
I don't put you first, I now see that too

You think I'm using you, a free ride
So far from the truth, need you to guide
Until you I haven't loved a man
Abuse thwarted me, don't know if I can

Talk about baggage, I own it in scores
Please don't give up, salt in open sores
Give me a chance to absorb your love
I'll open my heart and trust God above

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Silent Sreams (Adult)

He comes in my dreams
At least I think I'm asleep
I feel his hated dark presence
as he appears in the night air above me

An indescribable face
Horns, razor teeth and the eyes
Eyes of the dead and the pits of hell

He pins me down with the strength
summoned from all his demons
He mounts me with lizard like limbs
And clawed, slender fingered hands

Cold as dry ice

His foul breath of a billion deaths
encompasses me

I start to scream
Scream prayers I remembered as
An innocent child

His hard, crooked, thin member
entering and poisoning me
I scream but no one hears
It must be a dream

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The Woman On The Corner

Trial of homelessness strikes close to my heart
Its so difficult to put down in part
My poor baby daughter a ghost on the street
For a bottle, a meal- she'd screw men she'd meet

This is such a dangerous way
To lead a desperate life everyday
The hardest part was watching Her die
Not the life I'd have chosen, wonder why

She was a very hostile and hurtful drunk
True tough love on my part, how low had I sunk
Muscular Dystrophy was part of her plight
She saw only darkness was too tired to fight

She seized even when downing her booze
Early scerosis extended abuse
I cried for her at night, worried all day
She called from jail detox and a hospital stay

I once had to search for her as Jane Doe
In a panic I found her. Back out she'd go
I felt so mad, sad and damn confused
My Sarah was out there, but with who I mused

Homeless are people with a good heart and soul
Whether they choose or not to take on this role
I know from experience that this is true
My daughter is loving, giving, caring too

She had cried to me that I loved her no more
I wrote her a poem to convince and implore
Her to live and I loved her, I swore

I read her that poem in her hospital bed
We both cried, she'd get help she actually said
She's now a month sober, attending AA
Happily Sarah has a safe place to stay
I pray to the Lord that she finds her way

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Thru The Rain

Rainy day people and frogs
Packed New York streets, mossy bogs
Umbrella or bumbershoot
In quagmire and crowded route
Splashing masses, polliwogs

Precipitation, cascade
The alley or everglade
Plebeians and horny toads
Wetlands, winding back roads
Holding broolly or sunshade

Mobs, croaker in the wallow
Soggy marsh, bypass below
A sprinkle, pitter-patter
Parasol, doesn't matter
Your bullfrog and average Joe

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Triple Haiku - Autumn

Hot relenting days
transforms cooler evening
fronds alteration

sleepy rising sun
chill cloudless breeziness
leaflet spirals down

quiescent fridgedness
bare armed branch depleted
foliage beneath flakes

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Walking Toward The Gallows

Stepping into the grand chamber
Smell of polished wood and old justice

Taking place on a hard planked pew
Prepared to be admonished

All rise with respect due,
the robe that takes the bench

Players present in majestic setting
Take the orange clad prisoners first

A little time to breathe,
wipe the sweat from my palms

My name is announced,
hope they can't see me quaking

Sentence is four points and an SR22
I hate court

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