

Poetry Series

Chelsea Crisman
- poems -

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Chelsea Crisman(1994)

Life isn't something to be taken lightly. It isn't something to be serious about. It is something to savor and something to charge. Pain, loss, suffering, work, agony, sorrow, fear, anger..... I know them all. Yet I refuse to live by them. I control me, and I feel the need to try to be happy. Laughter is good medicine, smiles do make friends, hope opens doors, and dreams lead to success.

Anger

He holds me through the night.
He doesn't let go, his grip is tight.
I fill his being as he uses me as he wants.
I'm in his mind sending him taunts.
You're afraid of us together.
You know I'll be here forever.

He loves me so,
He'll never let go.
I control his mind—
I'm the reason for what there is to find.
You can't watch me rule his thoughts.
You try and try, but it's for naught.

He sees red,
He can't get me out of his head.
I love this struggle for power,
It is the sweetest smelling flower.
You see that I'm winning.
You can't break this weave I'm spinning.

He tries and tries until it's done.
He's given up and there's no more fun.
I reside here now, there's nothing you can do.
I am who he clings to, he won't need you.
You walk away full of hurt,
You don't even know about this silent sport.

He's alone now, except for me.
He never lets me rest through his crying.
I am replenished by his silent tears.
I know that this was his secret fear.
You hear on the news of a man gone insane.
You know it is him, drowning in his pain.

He wants me gone, he wants you back.
He blames himself for turning black.
I know of his desires,
I am the one who fueled those fires.

You see past me and into him.
You pull me from him and this is the end.

Chelsea Crisman

Cosmic Symphony

Her heart again begins to beat,
As she watches her mother weep.
Twisted tales of sorrow's love,
The agony of a soaring dove.

She's told a story of a friend—
A friend who met his end.
No more is he alive,
His heart given for her life.

The violin's sweet strings
Give the clarinet golden wings.

A bullet through his chest
Was the result of an ignorant jest.
On his way to the 5-11,
He chose his own path into Heaven.

The red lights flashed by,
His loved ones screaming "WHY? WHY?"
In the room next to him
A girl was punished for her sins.

The piano's soft notes,
Lends the air for the flute to float.

It was a life he couldn't take
As he watched her heart fail, not break.
"Give her my life, I have no need
Give her my being; just tell her it was me."

A beautiful woman, such a strong wife,
Hated that girl for taking his life.
Believing it was planned with precision,
She did not accept it was his decision.

Let him pound the drum!
Listen to the guitar strum.

Wife to mother, was the fight.
"She's just a girl! Much too young to die! "
"He's mine! I love him! Don't take my husband! "
Such a young girl stealing the heart of a man.

Ink to paper, he then signed.
Allowing the girl one more time
To pay it forward and smile again;
Never to know what he began.

The cello rings so profound;
The bass's soul is finally found.

She felt her heart beat without strain,
Not quite believing in life without pain.
A woman glared through the glass;
Her mother rambling about friends and class.

What had happened? What was wrong?
Hand on her heart, the rhythm was strong.
Quieting her mother,
She glanced at the other.

Deep saxophone cries,
The trombone spilling lies.

"Who is that woman? What did I do? "
"She's no one sweetie. No one for you."
But she didn't believe those words.
Whatever was wrong was what she deserved.

The door opened suddenly as the woman stormed in.
"No one to her? If it weren't for her, I'd still have him! "
Tears stained her face as she continued to scream
"If it weren't for you, he'd be here with me! "

Music so achingly rich! □
Feel the song hit its divine pitch!

The discussion continued.
An argument ensued.
At sixteen, the heart transplant was a miracle.

It meant a life of laughter and climbing to the pinnacle.

Though what cost did it take?
Whose decision was it to make?
A nurse came in, with remote in hand.
Then on the telly appeared a man.

Now for the crescendo so deep,
Listen as the instruments weep.

"We're sorry to say this, but there wasn't a single survivor"
The nurse looked sad, shocked through her core.
"Route 5-11 was hit by a train
Yesterday morning on its way to Main"

Shock took over the wife as wonder filled the mother.
The girl didn't understand why they stopped hating each other.
Little did she know they didn't need sympathy.
Her life was decided by a Cosmic Symphony.

Oh, sweet, sweet symphony.
You melt my heart with your harmony.

Chelsea Crisman

Death By Pride

You can't see who I am
If you didn't try to know.
You don't know my dreams;
I never let them show.
It's not my fault you never asked,
I'm not the one who lied.
My blood is on your hands,
If not for you I'd still be alive.
Do you feel important now?
Have you finally gotten the upper hand?
I can't believe I loved a boy.
A boy could never understand.
After all this time, do you have your pride?
Do you hate me for having more?
It's not my fault I am who I am.
The waves can't help but wash on shore.

You don't get my laughs.
My smile is a mystery.
For someone so happy,
I'm shrouded in misery.
Where you wanted me to cry,
I stayed strong.
When you needed my words,
I was gone.
Is that why you left?
Did you leave because of my pride?
I'm not the one who needs rescuing
You know I'll meet you stride for stride.
I'm sorry I couldn't say those words.
I apologize for being cold.
Love isn't something I had ever known.
Yours isn't a heart I can hold.

Chelsea Crisman

Devil's Snare

To be with you is to be with him.
I cannot escape his influence.
He taunts me with his knowledge
And tortures me with your heart.
I try to run away
But you won't let me part.
You hold me tight
Claiming I am safe.
You tell me it's okay and that
I'll smile another day.
I don't what I should believe-
I'm confused by what I feel.
All I know is I'm here with you.
Wishing he'd go away.

Here, with you,
Trust is formed.
Here, with you,
Love is born.
Here, with you,
I feel no fear.
Here, with you,
I cry no tears.

Poetic thoughts cross my mind
Scurrying through the crevices of time.
I feel your arms around me
I feel your heart beating quickly.
Your warmth sends me back.
Back to times unwanted.
Back to the times of fear.
It sends me back to him.
All the way back to those days.
Those days of old.
To the days of pain.
You smile and whisper in my ear
'Everything is fine,
I'm here'.

Here, with you,
Trust is formed.
Here, with you,
Love is born.
Here, with you,
I feel no fear.
Here, with you,
I cry no tears.

While I am here.
With you.
Remembering him.
I feel my soul break.
My heart is shattering.
If only I could experience hate.
But I can't.
You remind me of the good
It doesn't matter how lost I am
My heart takes me where I should.
Which is with you.
No. It's away from him.
Away from these feelings that haunt me.
Even whilst I'm with you.

Here, with you,
Trust is formed.
Here, with you,
Love is born.
Here, with you,
I feel no fear.
Here, with you,
I cry no tears.

Still, I cannot run fast enough
To escape his careless smile.
Every time I close my eyes
There he is
Without having to try.
It follows me through happiness
Never ceasing to send me to sadness.
I can't get him out.
Even with you next to me

He laughs in my face.
No matter how hard I try
I can't get him out of my mind.
I run to be with you,
To be hidden from him.

Here, with you,
Trust is formed.
Here, with you,
Love is born.
Here, with you,
I feel no fear.
Here, with you,
I cry no tears.

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Chelsea Crisman

Fate Of A Writer

His eyes burn and throb.
If only to close them,
It would all go away.
The thoughts won't allow him.
He must write them down!
All those ideas in his head!
So many words swirling around!
He has to let them out!
No sleep in three days,
But this is what makes the best work.
When he's so tired he can only dream
And he no longer has to think.
Those memories fade away.
Pure emotion pushes through.
That's when he knows he can manifest them.
If not in his life,
Then in the eyes of others.
Inspiration, heart break, and determination;
They all flow from his pen as naturally as snow falls.
Someone, somewhere, will someday read it.
That's all he asks for,
For someone to understand.
Is it so ludicrous a wish?
All these words he spills onto paper,
And not a one has ever actually listened to one.
Some call him crazy,
Others say he is outstanding.
They don't see though.
They don't see what is hidden in those words.
He writes in his insanity,
Screaming for hope
And praying for friend.
Praying for a friend that knows.
Ink stains his hands,
Sleep clouds his eyes.
Was that her voice he just heard?
Coming from the window?
Setting down his pen, he rises.
Each step takes him closer to her.

Each step separates him from his right mind.
There she is, so beautiful.
Calling his name, her arms reach out.
He's on the window sill, leaning out.
From his apartment, he thought he heard a scream.
He doesn't know.
He doesn't remember.
There she is!
Right in front of him!
Arms outstretched, he takes one last step.
One last step to be united with his fate.

Chelsea Crisman

Fatherless Child

Running away as fast as I can,
Not understanding why I must leave.
Tears flow like a river down my face.
All I asked was for you to be with me.
Now I hold this child;
The spitting image of you.
His eyes are brown and he has your hair.
I hardly know what to do.
Dare you deny him?
How can you walk away?
He's your own flesh and blood!
The least you could do is stay!
We'll build a home together.
This time I'll stay strong.
Child and mother together,
You'll be sorry you were wrong.

Entering these school doors,
Worried about my mother.
Alone in this world,
I am her only lover.
Since you left she's been broken.
"Chin up and smile on" she'll say.
"Don't worry—we'll get through this."
Still I watch her struggle every day.
I hate you for this.
I just want you to know.
I hate you for what you did.
Only a coward would pick up and go.
You broke her heart and ruined our life.
I was only four years old when you left.
How could you do such a thing? !
I was barely a child yet!

It's been twelve years since I saw her face.
The boy's almost grown now.
I don't doubt he hates me.
I would too—I broke a vow.
I remember his laugh.

I miss her smile.
I wonder about them
Every once in a while.
But I've moved on.
It's time they do too.
If they can't live now,
There's nothing I can do.
I'm married again.
I have a life of my own.
A new son and a daughter on the way.
Never will I have to be alone.

I cry on these lonely nights.
Hurting inside as I lie on an empty bed.
I'm exhausted but can't sleep.
Two jobs and I can barely keep a roof over our heads.
My son has grown up well.
Eighteen years old last week;
I'm so proud of him
After his graduation I could hardly speak.
He'll be gone soon,
Off to a university
On a football scholarship,
But he's after a degree.
I suppose I should tell him.
I pick up the phone.
I dial the number.
He doesn't deserve it, but at least he should know.

Twenty one in a month,
Three years of being scouted by teams.
I can't wait tell Mom this,
I'm bursting at the seams!
Mama Dear, our dreams have come true!
I can't wait for you to see what I've done.
You'll be here tomorrow—
I hope you're proud of who I've become.
I remember your tears after you called.
A woman on the phone;
A boy and a girl in the background.
I'm not surprised they didn't know.
Why would he tell her?

Why would he care?
He left us that night.
Her leaving him is only fair.

It's been eighteen years since I walked away from him.
I've spent the last four trying to find myself.
She took the kids and left.
Forgetting me like a book on a dusty shelf.
Who would have known the boy would be so smart?
Who could have seen he'd be so strong?
He's talented in every way.
The television tells me as a bird would sing a song.
I catch the bus,
Take a train.
I'll make it in time,
He's probably forgotten the pain.
"There you are son! " I call out.
"It's me, your long lost father! "
The look on his face says one thing.
"I was raised a bastard; a boy without a father."

Our house is large,
My pride is more.
He's my baby boy,
With wings made to soar.

Once a player,
Now a physician.
So much to gain,
More to give in my position.

He turned me down.
Rejected me cold.
Since that day,
The whole world knows.

They know how he left us.
They know how it hurt.
They see my boys strength,
They see his immeasurable worth.

Mama is happy,

"Daddy" is dead—
Or at least to me he is.
And no more tears will she shed.

I have gray hairs,
And no one by my side.
These years have been hard.
It's no one's fault but mine.

I raised such a strong boy.
I have such a loving mother.
I'm such a stupid man.
I couldn't ask for another.

She's been my rock.
He can't forgive me.
I'm so happy to call him mine.
I just wish that she could see.

All those years they were alone.
All this time our happiness has been ours.
I want him hurt, yet I want to forgive.
I see the months go on like speeding cars.

I can't show mercy, but that's his strength.
I'm going out to his home today.
He'll never see me, I wouldn't see me.
"I forgive you, " is all he'll say.

Then I'll walk out those doors.
I can taste my own tears.
He'll come on back.
I've faced all of my fears.

Chelsea Crisman

Flight Of A Sixteen Year Old Girl

She runs from pain like she hides from the truth.
Honesty, integrity; things that aren't her roots.
She dreams of wings and flying away
Hopes that somehow there will be a better day.
She prays for peace as she fights,
Waiting for her miracle and a shining Knight.
She cries inside as she silently screams-
Oh why couldn't things be as they seemed? !
She bleeds in secret and hopes in spirit
Wishing for the end so she doesn't have to bear it.

Blue eyes hiding tears,
Green eyes living fears,
Brown eyes dreaming of a better place,
Hazel eyes gazing out into space.
The mirror doesn't tell her what she wants to hear.
The music isn't showing her a way out of here.
Those boys can't hurt her as she hurts herself.
Those girls stopped taunting in fear of their health.
Her ideas can't be broken
Her thoughts rarely spoken.
She has her eyes...
They're always lost in the sky.

She's battered and bruised inside and out,
What she wouldn't give to be able to shout.
She doesn't know who she is or what she wants
Only that in her nightmares her past does haunt.
She can't disappear or lie anymore
Hell, she's long forgotten what she was fighting for.
She keeps on pretending with her giddy smile,
Always reminded that frowning is futile.
She plays their hearts and captivates their minds-
Oh, if only they knew she wasn't so kind.

Blue eyes laughing on,
Green eyes teasing addiction,
Brown eyes relishing release,
Hazel eyes entertaining peace.

Her reflection's a lie
Her ears never hear why.
Gorgeous boy falls in love as she tries to run.
Beautiful girl steals his heart and the fight's begun.
Two sides afraid to back down.
Two sides too proud to lie-down.
Still, she has her eyes...
This time pointed on the prize.

She struggles with understanding and mercy
Not comprehending such animosity.
She walks and talks as she quietly battles
Trying to hide from the calls of the bottle.
She doesn't want this and never asked for him
Love was a feeling she assumed was a whim.
She dances on clouds made of lost hopes
Forever wondering if there is a way to cope.
She runs from the pain like she hid from the truth
Honesty, integrity; things she wished were roots.

Blue eyes full of scars,
Green eyes crying nectar,
Brown eyes fondly remembering,
Hazel eyes always pleading.
The mirror can't tell her the things she wishes to hear.
The music can't show here a way to get out of here.
He could never accept her for a secret she's kept,
She could never allow him those tears that she's wept.
Her ideas were never broken,
Her thoughts misunderstood but well spoken.
In the end, she has her eyes...
This time they aren't just a disguise.

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Chelsea Crisman

Forever Friend

It's unimaginable,
This agony I feel.
It's festering inside,
Like a wound that cannot heal.
Knives are stabbing my heart
As my face stay cold as stone.
I WANT TO SCREAM!
I've never felt more alone.

Am I really so bad
That you put me behind you,
Forgetting without forgiving me,
Because the words of some fool?
Do you hate me so strongly?
Have you forgotten so easily
Those words whispered in the dark,
Uttered so secretly?

Kill me now!
Let me die!
You were supposed to care!
Friends don't make friends cry!
I depended on you!
You were my should to cry on!
I valued your help-
Was I just some sorry pawn?

You used me when you wanted,
Disposing of me on a whim!
What happened to my anchor?
Without you I have no will to swim!
Did you have to toss me out?
Why did you throw me away?
I guess I was never good enough;
Never able to find the right words to say.

This pain won't subside.
I can't sleep-I cry.
You're worse than any nightmare.

I wish my love were a lie.
I was fine without you.
Then you held me.
Immediately I fell in love.
Did it take too long for me to see?

This is sheer torture!
Just let me die!
You broke my walls!
You made me cry!
I hate you now!
We weren't supposed to end!
Even if we weren't together...
I thought you were my forever friend.

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Hercules

I run as fast as I can,
Trying to escape such memories.
Happy and sad alike,
I don't want them part of me.
Wishing for something more,
Praying for even greater,
My knees are raw
From all the times I've fallen.
I pick myself up,
Dust myself off.
Heartbreak hurts,
But pain is an illusion.
I can get through this.
Strength is a state of mind
Power is the strength of heart.
Love is open
Faith is kind.
My dreams reach Heaven
As my hopes collide.
Crash and burn,
Laughter always does,
Still, I won't bow.
Not for anyone.
Pride is my arrogance,
And I have plenty.
My tears are unable to fall,
No matter how strongly I wish for them.
I am Hulk.
No, I am Hercules.
Here to unite,
To protect and fight,
And to win.
This isn't a poem of wishing for forgiveness.
This isn't a ballad of broken dreams.
This isn't me asking for anything.
This isn't me on my knees.
I'll stay strong,
I'll stay 'happy',
Nothing can hurt me,

I'm Hercules.

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His Halo

When I see him
I swear he shines.
My heart lights up
Because I know he's mine.
This is no other one for me,
For he's all I'll ever want or need.

I don't see wings
No cloth of white
Still, I see his halo
Shining so bright.
It is his heart,
The way it loves,
That tells me he doesn't need one.

He wears it as his essence
Not just on his sleeve.
He has a golden halo,
It shall never leave.
His halo shines so bright
That only I can see its might.

Halo so blindingly beautiful
It blesses me tremendously
As I know that I can really see
Its honest and true beauty.
Most say he has no consideration,
Believing he is only selfish,
No one can see how beautiful he is.

Yet I see his halo.
He doesn't need wings.
They don't know him,
They're unable to see
His halo so golden
He doesn't need anything.
He wears his heart more
Than just on his sleeve.

- February 17, 2010

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Chelsea Crisman

His Tears

His tears-

They bring me happiness

They fill me with joy.

They tell me I've won

My silly little game.

Now he won't want me.

I must watch him leave,

For better or worse,

This isn't for me.

He's not what I want,

I'll break his sweet heart.

I told him it wouldn't work

Since before the start.

His Tears-

They make me laugh.

They bring a smile to my lips.

They fill me with unwarranted excitement

For now I am free.

I can finally breathe.

He is without me.

I am without him.

So there will be no more tears;

There is no need.

Crying is useless,

So why waste his tears

On a waterproof shield? ﻿

Chelsea Crisman

If Only You Knew

You, you bring tears to my eyes.
Why can't you see what you've been missing all this time?
You, you wound my heart so.
Turning away from beauty as though
It warrants no notice from
Me, you, or anyone.

You, you say nothing but lies.
What is it your heart is trying to hide?
Is it blindness or a sin?
Was it the rejection of a certain him?
You, you live by lines and limits-
Missing the truth as if you cannot see it.

You, you break my heart.
Stopping yourself before you could start.
Is closing your eyes enough?
Or are you keeping this front to seem tough?
Just open your eyes!
You don't know until you try.

You, you break my heart.
You, who quit before your start.
You, you never thought.
You, who is worse than a bird caught.
You, you can't even guess.
You, who deserves beauty nonetheless.

Do you know why I cry?
I cry so that you might open your eyes.

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Love The Devil Out Of Me

You smile and laugh as I fight on.
I've a scarred heart and bloodied knuckles
But you still want me to fly
You're the angel, trying to catch the free bird
Tell me baby, is the flight as fast as you'd like?
Cuz honey, we got the sky.

They say I couldn't be caught
That the Devil baptized me himself
I have skin of leather and unpaid debts,
Living on the highway to Hell
Whiskey was my only lullaby
Then you came down from Heaven.

Now you have a Hellcat purring,
Teaching the old dog new tricks.
I want you to hold me as I set down my guns
You've put this sinner on her knees
And I know it had to be hell on ya, Angel
For you to love the Devil out of me.

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Chelsea Crisman

Pain

Pain is inevitable,
We cannot escape.
So why do we try
To pretend that it's fake?
Is it human survival,
Or is it just dumb?
Although we know know that
The pain always comes.
We take risk-
Most not a bit fun.
We know that it's pointless;
There's nothing to gain
Except for heartache
And so many other pains.

Pain is inevitable.
There's no running away.
So there's no use trying
To keep the nightmares at bay.
Why do we want
To run from the truth?
Pain's always there
To laugh in our face,
So a smile is useless
Force the monsters away.
The truth is the truth-
And the pain will forever stay.

-September 9,2010

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Pain is inevitable
We cannot escape.
Yet I still try
To rewrite my fate.
People see me and say
I'll be something one day.
Be it rich,
Or even poor,

They said power will be at my door.
I don't want that.
I just want a friend-
A trusty companion to finally understand.
That I need to help others,
I must change fate.
Are my dreams so ludicrous
I should be scorned?
No one believes me,
No one sees me.
Happiness and smiles?
Don't make me laugh.
Being stupid and slow,
You deserve to be fooled
If you believe that.
Smiles don't mean carelessness
And making sure I don't seem smart
Doesn't make me selfish.
I want to gather money
For the poor and the homeless,
I want to wrap presents
For the young and the helpless.
I'm going to adopt,
And I'm going to save. I'm going to teach.
I will never back down.
Don't believe in me.
See what I care!
Tell me words of discouragement,
Give me all your dares.
I'll accomplish it all
Just to prove you wrong.
I may not be Super Girl
Still, bet your ass that's not gonna stop me
From helping the world.

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Chelsea Crisman

Please. Don'T. Stay.

Please don't
Hate me
Love me
Need me
Want me

I need you to
Care about me
Dream of me
Wish for me
..... Forget me.....

Don't
Come any closer
Get near to me
Try to save me
.....Shut me in the dark....

Stay
Away from me
Safe and away
Away from my heart
..... With me forever.....

Never
Push me
Fight me
Love me
Leave me

Please don't
Care
Leave
Stay
..... Cry.....

I need you to
Smile
Scream

Dry your tears
And come with me

So please
Laugh for me
Leave me alone
Stop loving me
Just disappear

Wait
No
Don't believe me

Please
Love me

Don't
Leave me

Stay
With me always

- September 8,2010

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Chelsea Crisman

Searing Dreams

Pounding, Rushing.
Running, Pulsing.
Gasp for air,
Need to breathe!
Reach for light,
I cannot see!
I'm suffocating,
Smothered in fear.
I have no where to go.
These scorching tears,
They never leave.
Inside my heart,
Inside my mind,
Locked away
Is this dark.
Close my eyes,
Lose my mind.
My fear of sleep
Is my fear of dreams.
Haunting faces
Chilling scenes.
I cannot escape from this thing called sleep.
You wake me up;
I shy away.
My slumber forgotten,
All I can think:
I'm shaking.
Shivering.
Sweating.

My Skin, it's searing.

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Silver Sunrise

She watches the beautiful dawn.
Her breath catches in her throat—
Never had she seen such silver clouds.
So soft and glistening white, those clouds rest on the sun.
The sun this morning is a pale whisper.
Bright enough to light the world,
Light enough to look at and be immersed in.
It is a mystery, a beautiful mystery.
The morning is brisk, yet comforting.
She has never felt so amazed by something.
Something as simple as a sunrise.

A tear glistens on her cheek, unnoticed.
She doesn't even realize she weeps.
Crying over the night lost.
Another night without sleep,
The wind was too tempting to resist.
Those tears are for the dancing no more.
What if she can never capture it again?
What will happen if that night is gone?
Will she never again be able to experience Zephyr's bliss?
She knows that that is a fate
She could never survive.

I feel for this girl.
She's lost in her own world.
Caught in dreams of fantasy thronged with poetry,
I doubt she'll ever meet reality.
I can't cry tears for her anymore.
Beauty over reality is a dream indeed.
NO! she forcefully screams.
I see beauty in reality!
Why can't you?
My heart aches for her now.
Her plea will be lost on this world of insanity.

Wait, I mean sanity.
Or is it reality?
Possibly fantasy?

I am unsure, and I don't like it.
I lose myself in the cool air and the soft winds.
How stunning a morning.
How strange a morn.
I'm caught in the beauty of silver clouds.
The pale sun makes me reminisce days of flying.
Suddenly it all becomes familiar.
Let me mourn the night before, for this morning she cannot rejoice.

Chelsea Crisman

Sinful Pleasures

His smile was a sin.
I saw it once, and then saw it again.
His eyes were brown, flecked with green.
They would stare for hours, laughing at me.
Hello was all it took.
I was done for with one look.
We whispered secrets in the night.
That's when I decided to continue my fight.
With a voice of delicious harmony,
It didn't take much for him to capture me.
Alas, I felt like a bird in a cage.
Through my veins, the need to be free raged.
My feet began to carry me away,
All the while he was silently asking me to stay.
His laugh filled my ears as his hand covered mine.
I fooled myself, believing things would be fine.
Goodbye came too quickly for me to understand.
How could I have loved a boy instead of a man?
A heart ripped to shreds,
I wished myself invisible, if not dead.
Tired of existing and a heart of broken stone,
I felt myself become brittle and I feared I'd always be alone.
His smile was a sin.
It's the same now as it was then.
His eyes still laugh as if they know something I don't.
Everyone tells me to walk away, but I know I won't.
Because from his lips comes the most beautiful song.
And I can't help but sing along.

Chelsea Crisman

Sky On Fire

A day starts out softly,
Like a dream that has to begin.
It's cool and beautiful,
Like a wish that's never been.
The sun crests the horizon,
The breeze rustles the leaves.
Only morning is like this,
With the sun low in the east.
Clouds start to separate,
No longer pink, but not yet white.
The fluff and float,
Soaring like a bird new to flight.
The sky becomes restless.
The red fades away.
All that's left is a hidden blue
And hope for a pleasant day.
Let's go back to the red.
I miss the blooming desire.
Sunrise isn't like sunset—
The day can't start without a sky on fire

Chelsea Crisman

Small Walls

These walls
Closing in on me.
I can't breathe.
My mind...
It's so muddled.
My heart,
It won't stop bleeding.
I don't understand.
I thought I was free.

Free of you.
Free of me.
Free of us.
Free of all.
Instead, I lay broken in a box.
A box with such small walls.

This heart,
It beats.
My soul,
It screams.
I can do nothing.
To run away...
It's all I want.
I need to breathe.
I don't understand.
I thought I was free.

Free of him.
Free of you.
Free of them.
Free of her.
Yet, here I am.
Forever unsure.

My body,
It's wounded.
Unable to act.
Stagnant and bitter,

I cannot react.
To scream and to cry,
That's what I need....
Still, I don't understand.
I thought I was free.

Free of you.
Free of me.
Free of us.
Free of all.
Instead, I lay broken in a box.....

....

A box with such small walls.

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Chelsea Crisman

Spirit Of Spring

Sweet clover beneath my feet
As sweet as dream inside of a dream.
My toes curl in contented comfort.
The sigh that escapes my lips was impossible to hold.

So this a morning of slight dew?
This is the true morning of spring?
Those flowering trees inspire me.
I just can't keep it in any longer.

My body flows with a silent rhythm.
Quick feet and graceful movement are what I've become.
I'm no longer the burdened girl;
No longer the girl with too much on her plate.

I'm as light as a feather.
What is that thing called stress?
My heart is as fresh as it was before worry.
Finally, my mind is clean.

Eyes fall upon me.
Yet it makes no difference.
I may look like a clown, or a graceful ballerina.
I don't know, and I'm too free to care.

Twisting and turning, twirling and soaring...
My body follows a silent tune.
These feet of mine seem to fly.
This moment should never end.

Still, I stop.
Not from exertion or embarrassment.
Nor from a feeling lost.
I stop so that I may see where I have stopped.

I stare into the face of the most beautiful man.
Blinking, as if he can see me, he reaches out.
He believes he can catch me.
The man knows little.

I cannot be caught.
Wild and free as the breeze,
I won't allow anyone to stop me.
For at this moment, I am the spirit of Spring.

Chelsea Crisman

The Moon Cries

In one night,
A child dies.
Luna loses her fight,
And the moon cries.

A sister is alone,
Her human loses something dear.
Nobody could have known,
Now the moon releases her tears.

An angel of the sky,
A hero in disguise,
Luna can finally fly.
Fly to the moon that cries.

Chelsea Crisman

The Neverending Fight

Drip. Drip.
Blood so red.
Plip. Plip.
A heart so dead.
No one's there.
He's so alone.
No one to hear
None have known.

Swish. Swish.
A shooting star.
He makes his wish.
He sends it far.
Just let them see.
Just let them know.
Too bad only he
Will see this show.

Slice and dice.
Cut it deep.
Dice and slice,
Help him sleep.
Endless nightmares,
Sleepless nights.
No one cares,
Why should he fight?

Drip. Drip.
Blood so red.
Plip. Plip.
A heart so dead.
She cries silently.
Her sanity frayed.
Why didn't he believe?
She wished he had stayed.

Swish. Swish.
A shooting star.
She screams her wish,

She sends it far.
Don't be sad!
Don't you cry!
It's not so bad!
Please don't die!

Slice and dice.
Cut him free!
Dice and slice!
Why didn't he see? !
Tears fall as the sirens wail.
Make him survive!
So she can tell
Him, he's her life.

Chelsea Crisman

Time

It's five thirty in the morn.
My thoughts filled with scorn.
I could just weep,
From denying myself any sleep.
Time is leaving me,
Five thirty-three, it can't be.
A week has gone by.
A week that seemed to fly.
My wrists drip red,
Cleansing my heart of hatred.
Emotions are fleeing.
This soul is screaming.
I'm broken to the core,
For my life holds no savior.

Now it's nearly six.
The time to 'pick up sticks'.
This life is in a lull.
I can't sleep it's so dull.
Blue blanket, blue pen, blue pants.
My mind wanders as if in a trance.
Brown door, brown chair, brown wall.
What happened to the bright colors of fall?
Is it winter already?
NO! It can't be!
It was just September!
When did it become the end of December?
Time has left me too far behind.
I fear this life is no longer mine.

Chelsea Crisman

Tough Love

Hard shell, strong mind.
Cold heart, no time.
Forgotten feelings from time left alone.
Wounds so deep they didn't show.
A smile as fake as Pamela Anderson's breasts.
To capture my heart, you had to be better than the best.
I didn't need love or want your time.
It took one laugh for you to be mine.
One smile of yours, and I was taken aback.
In my heart of stone, I felt a crack.
The rest was my own fault,
When my walls crumbled to salt.
As we said goodbye, I wished to die.
Who was I without you by my side?
Looking back, I let out a laugh.
Lessons are learned from seeing the past.
I rejected your love as you held on strong.
When you turned away, I saw I was wrong.
Too late for me, too bad for you.
You were the joker, I was the fool.
Lucky for me, I quickly regenerate.
My shields are up and will not break.
So ignore me baby, as you talk to her.
Forget me love, when you hunger for more.
There is no other you, but there's not even an imitation of me.
You'll never find what we had-just you wait and see.

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Chelsea Crisman

We Are

Say your prayers,
Wipe your eyes,
Go to sleep
And dream of me.
Dream of smiles
Dream of laughter
Hope for tomorrow
and Happily-ever-after.
Be not alone.
Do not fear.
I am with you
Through these years.
We are strength-
Also faith.
We are dreams.
You are me.
So say your prayers,
Wipe your eyes,
Go to sleep
And remember WE.

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Chelsea Crisman

Why

Why do u try
-so hard-
to make me cry?
How can you stand
to gaze at your reflection?
-Can you not see who is staring back? -
When will you open
-your gorgeous eyes-
and finally see
that it will be?
What will it take
for you to understand?
Who shall convince
-you-
of who you really are?

-Why can't it be me? -

Why do you refuse
-to truly see-
that you affect everybody?
How can you smile
and laugh like that?
When did I
-realize-
that I miss you?
What silent
-yet screaming-
event occurred that
made me live
-for only you? -
Who could ever
find this amusing?

Why did this happen?

Why was it you?
How could I
-not see-

what was coming?
When did you
cast this spell over me?
What will come
-of this twisted tale? -
Who, but you,
would wish this on me?

Just one more question dear

-Why do you love me? -

-September 8,2010

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Chelsea Crisman

Wind Dancer

I stand outside and breathe in.
They are such calm, cool, soothing breaths.
My lungs fill with the damp kissed air.
My hair is teased by the quiet breeze.
Out here, peace is beauty.
And beauty...is everything.

In this dark, I feel no worry.
Deep blackness holds the moon behind the clouds.
Watch closely; see the sky fly past!
My heart beats with new life.
My soul screams with the purest excitement.
It's as if I've found myself at last.

My arms lift in a joyous embrace of the softest zephyr.
As my head lolls back, I laugh into the light kisses of Jupiter.
This is my dance, and I know the steps.
The wind is tugging and pulling and shoving and hugging.
I feel the slight drops of rain on my body.
My smile widens and I know I am free.

I am free to fly through this tempest.
The drizzle is delicate upon my skin.
It's the gale that challenges and encourages me, though.
With every gust I am rejuvenated and found anew.
My body is one with this storm and I now know who I am.
I am a memory; a memory of the wind dancer.

Chelsea Crisman