

Poetry Series

**Cynthia Grieser**  
**- poems -**

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# Cynthia Grieser()

Born in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Cynthia is the last of fourth children.

# A Dare

She walked, walked in a hypnotized state

Nine, nine, nine

Lost in the Bermuda Triangle

Nine, nine, nine

With only the moon for her guild

Nine, nine, nine

Forever lost in a forest maze

Nine years, nine

Cynthia Grieser

# A Few More Years

In a few more years this wouldn't have happened  
In a few more years they could tell the truth  
In a few more years it would have been legal  
But this didn't happen in a few more years

In a few more years she could be a bride  
In a few more years he could be her groom  
In a few more years race wouldn't matter  
But it didn't happen in a few more years

It happened then  
It happened with a Klan down the street  
It happened just as I'll tell you

When it happened she was just a girl  
When it happened he was just a boy  
When it happened I found him on the tree  
When it happened I raced her out of town  
But now?

Now he's just a headstone  
Now she's just a mom  
Now it's just a memory  
But that will all change in a few more years

In a few more years a little boy will be grown  
In a few more years a man will come back  
In a few more years the truth will be known  
In a few more years they might accept him as their own

I just have to wait a few more years

Cynthia Grieser

## As A Child

It was looking at your pain that gave me strength  
It was by watching you stumble I learned to stand  
As I heard your stories I shaped my choices  
Now I have heard your cries  
I saw your tears  
I was your shadow through all those years  
I grew from those cries  
I learned from those tears  
Now I'll chase away your shadows for the rest of these years

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## Before And After

I used to be strong before I meet you  
I used to be calm before I meet you  
I used to be giving before I meet you  
I used to be nice before I meet you  
But that was before now this is after  
I'm not strong because my love has made me weak  
I'm not calm for my love became a storm  
I'm not giving for my love made me selfish  
I'm not nice because I can no longer wish for your happiness

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# Can'T And Can Believe

I can't believe you left.  
I can't believe you lied.  
I can't believe you left.  
You left me here to die.  
I couldn't believe my friends.  
I could believe your lies.  
I couldn't believe myself to see past your eyes.  
I could believe the lie, my dream.  
I couldn't the truth or so it seems.  
I could believe the myth, the lie, the tale.  
I couldn't believe truth I always found in the mail.  
I can't believe you left. Yet you're not by my side.  
I can't believe you lied, but I know the truth inside.  
I can't believe you left me here and died.

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# Him

Curling chocolate brown swirls, hanging low  
Love the hair  
Pitch black with a hint of humor  
Love the eyes  
Deep rumbling thunder that fills me with warmth  
Love the laugh  
Pure and bright it could clear my darkest night  
Love the smile  
Take them away hair, eyes, laugh, and smile  
I still love the man

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# I Am

People will always ask me what I am  
If I tell them to guess this is what I get  
Mexican  
Cuban  
Black  
Indian  
Puerto Rican  
White?

These answers aren't right they guess an ethnicity, but not who I am  
I am my mother's adventurous spirit  
I am my brother's opponent slash friend  
I am my sisters' strength  
I am a survivor of my past  
I am my father's daughter  
I am a friend  
I am a counselor  
I am someone's hope  
I am someone's future  
I am loved  
I am me

Cynthia Grieser

# Incumbus

I heard you in the whispering wind  
I saw you in the setting of the sun  
I met you underneath those clouds  
And I loved you through the storm  
You left me with the raising of the sun  
Now I hear you in the whisper of the wind

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# Little Red

With a kiss on the cheek and a basket in hand  
She sets off for a magical land  
With stars as her guild and bends in he road  
What lies ahead is hard t know  
Surrounded by darkness knows safety's inside  
Yet in the darkness she decides to hide  
Howl in the forest shadows that move  
Fear did not make her choose  
Running towards the sound  
Off the path the source could be found  
There she found a sly wolf on the prowell  
The dark brown wolf released his howl  
The real end of this tale is not commonalty known  
See this wolf knew this girl as his own  
Their spirits were bonded soul mates the two  
Yet this mystical ending is known by few.

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# Memories

No matter how much I cling it slowly slips away  
And all those vivid colors are fading into gray

That golden gleam is now a red rust  
And all those snow white pages have turned into dust

The burning brilliance that was you has turned to ash  
And that fiery soul has vanished in a flash

That beautiful face has faded with time  
Yet it wasn't long ago that I called you mine

Cynthia Grieser

# Minority

You tell me life is fair? Look around.

Is it fair I work longer hour to be paid less money?

Is it fair jobs are turned down, because of the color of my skin?

Is it when an item goes missing my family's accused?

Is it fair when whole families have to worry about food?

Or what about the little girl with no shoes?

Fair to have to show papers everywhere I go?

Look at our lives. Step in our shoes.

Is it fair?

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# My Reflection

When people look at me they see an ordinary girl  
But when I look in the mirror?  
I see an extraordinary story  
I see that the prince came before the happily ever after  
I see the love that built a bridge across worlds  
I see loyalties that withstood storms and blood  
I see friendships that crossed both countries and seas  
I see a descendant of strong nations  
I see a love so strong it has marked generations  
I see the people who laugh in pain, but cry in joy  
I see the history of me

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# Photograph

A picture's worth a thousand or they always say  
I never understood that saying until you're letter came-that day  
We had written back and forth, thousands upon thousands of words  
Yet you when that picture came that day you finally came to earth  
Your were crinkled eyes and head thrown back in unbridled mirth

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# Visits

I coward in terror  
I shut my eyes tight  
Hoping the darkness could give me flight  
But screams filled my my ears  
And fears weighed me down  
The refuge I sought could not be found

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# Water

I found you in the song of the sea.  
Since then you have been all water to me.  
You are the peace of the still brook waiting.  
You are the joy of a hot spring laughing.  
I see you in the dance of a rushing river.  
When I watch the rain I hear your voice as a storyteller.  
Because of you I see the mystic of swamps and marshes.  
Because of you I see the majesty of an elegant waterfall.  
I have seen your beauty I have heard your song.  
Now listen to my call please hear my song.

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