

Poetry Series

Kathleen Weibe
- poems -

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Kathleen Weibe(6-2-69)

A Fighters Fight

In the third round beat like a dog
seeing double vision, head in a fog
blood running down
hoping to win this one last round

Sound of the bell rings its chime
to win in a sub-mission this one time
tired as hell but have to push through
what else is a fighter to do

Punches hit like a on-coming train
have to stay focused even in pain
knocked down put in a hold
doing everything that was told

Have no more energy inside
on this rush what a ride
doing the best one can do
in a choke turning blue

Have no choice have to tap out
hold it as the the ref shout
illegal hit to the head
different approach should be used instead

This is it down to the wire
hands and legs feel like they are on fire
lost this fight by cant win them all
still standing in this brutal brawl.

Kathleen Weibe

Betrayed

I'm not sure if this is the right place
and even if its the right time
but no words needed
for I can see the expression on your face

My mind wanders in places unknown
the deepest and darkest abyss
already have the answer just by your tone

I give up for I have no other option
left in confusion
left in awe
I question myself to places I have been

Words are mere words nothing more
expression
devotion
what else should I do kneel to beg on the floor?

Below the standards I will not fall
hurt is a promise
death is certain
emotions flare but this deal was very raw

Should I sell my soul to win your embrace
and kiss your passion
living your dream
wishing it was me in her place

No spoken words of a goodbye
felt betrayed
a knife pierces my beating organ
no honesty just a bold face lie

Nothing more I can do for your mind is made
I will leave silently
with a trail of petals
in the shadows I will begin to fade

Don'T Give Into Hate

Careless and reckless
the more you became
you are still you
but not the same

No regards for others
no sympathy or care
yet you wonder why
no one is ever there

You become cruel
and truly that's a shame
pushed everyone away
only have yourself to blame

Tried to help you to be there
all you did was work against me
my friend have no time
for your games don't you see

It's all or nothing this is your choice
run and hide or step to the plate
or this game you play
can end in stale mate

Rid of these hateful acts
it's just a false wall
let your true self shine
and let the persona fall

I can help you and be your friend
but to be honest and fair
you have to make the first move
if you want me to be there

Kathleen Weibe

In The Midnight Sky

In the mists of my awaking you come to me
softly and slowly with out warning
is this real of what I see?

Dancing on the clouds above
softly across the midnight sky
together; like a beautiful flying dove

Our eyes making one single connection
piercing with passion
on the water is a perfect reflection

Two bodies acting as one
gliding, sailing
pressed, intertwined
from you I never want to run

In the midnight sky I hear our favorite tune
the sweet sound of music in my head
pieces of my heart you prune

This cannot be, no more perfected
I will cherish this moment
only the beginning of what is being erected

In this exact moment in time
caught up in the rapture of you
it can be everything except for a crime.

Please I beg, never let me slip away
here in the midnight sky
we dance and in each others arms we stay.

Kathleen Weibe

Life Of An Alopecian

I don't know where, where to exactly to begin
Being judgmental should be a mortal sin
Don't look at me like I'm outrageous
Alopecia Areata Isn't contagious

My spots maybe be small, big and round
But there is always someone who has it in your town
Alopecia Areata doesn't discriminate
Any one can have from birth to 108

I have no clue why it had to pick me
Genetic, Stress or just Hereditary
All I know that there isn't a cure
I've tried all the treatments that's for sure

Hair follicles are in a sleeping state
When I lost all my hair was the icing on the cake
Doctors really don't know why
But when they told me all I could do was cry

Found myself all alone and in pain
Thought I was going to go practically insane
Made a few call and met a friend
Slowly my hurt and confusion came to an end

I've come along way not to hide my head
Use it as a strength and to my advantage instead
If you don't understand and want to know more
There is valuable information out there that's for sure

Don't hate me because I have almost no hair
You can talk and giggle honestly I do not care
The smirks, whispers, and goofy looks
One can educate themselves by reading a book

There might be a slight difference between you and me
When you notice an Alopecian don't look at them any differently
I'm still alive and sent from above
Alopecians Such as my self Value the true meaning of love

Next time you see and Alopecian Walk by
I implore you do not hesitate to say hi! !

Kathleen Weibe

Life Too Surreal

Sometimes there are no words to replace emotions
just left with an empty feeling inside
compared to death made itself comfortable
the worst feeling anyone should endure

It sits heavy on the heart like a 10 ton paperweight
all you can do is think about that person
the things you have done, right or wrong
but it was never out of disrespect

Showing that person that there are no limitations
of what you can do or will do for them
evidently I wasn't so blessed to have them for myself
call me greedy or possessive but that's who I am

I refuse to take no for an answer I'm persistent
in every meaning of the word
try hard to get past this milestone in your life
that torn your soul into a million pieces

Then the questions set in what the hell did I do
did I just make a deal with the Devil?
better yet what did I do to deserve to be replaced
all efforts went on unnoticed just passed by with out a glance

The overwhelming thoughts of them haunt you in your sleep
tossing and turning all you want is nothing more is them
why? why? why? constantly repeating in your head
as if it were a broken record or a skipping CD

You want to know more questions that should be asked
but, don't. even if you did ask them it will never be
what you expect or what you want to hear
the compulsiveness and obsessions linger like smoke

And then the hurt stabs you in the heart like a knife
the feeling of betrayal after all what you done for them
feel like you have just been used and thrown to the curb
visions of that person remains in your memory

Hoping, wishing, wanting, needing them is a must
did God have something against me so badly
for me not to have happiness once and for all
maybe it was something I did in a past life

Or maybe it could be the fact of the matter is that
they just didn't want me to be in their life in the first place
or just because of reasons unknowing
truth has a funny thing it surfaces itself in time

It pays to be honest then there will be no deceiving
or having the second thoughts even doubts
being up front truthful is better than being lied to
then at least you know what options you have

Then the choice will be all yours to be taken
without having the fear of coulda, shoulda, or woulda
even after the hurt begins to slowly fade away
and anger follows wanting revenge if you so choose

But that is a route I refuse to take seeking revenge
is a waste of my sweet precious time so I will wait
till the next time when love presents itself to me

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Kathleen Weibe

Little Miss

She will drink more than she should again
get a little wasted
get a little crazy
even have a one night stand

tomorrow will be another day
but she really doesn't care
she is a groupie
for a fallen heavy metal band

who knows what will become of little miss
strung out on drugs
having no self respect or self control
she has become every mans whore

what she will do for a good time
is what the guys say
her eyes are black, arms full of holes
she'll be asking and begging for some more

little miss who had a dream
of making it big on the silver screen
she wanted to be a star
only to be a guys favorite lay

they feed her hungry appetite
of sex and drugs
they pawn her off to strange men
this is the price she will have to pay

years go by she looks and reflects
in the mirror there was a beautiful girl
now only to see a wasteland of a temple
a woman half way in the grave

perfect young teen who had it made
she had parents who gave her the world
had her friends who wasn't so good
it all began when they took her to a rave.

Kathleen Weibe

Memories Of Her

He sits alone on a bar stool
sipping on a drink in a filthy place
songs over played of love and hurt

Next to him is an old man
telling stories of forgotten times
and past loves and a short skirt

For he cant seem to get her out of his mind
he roams his fingers in his hair
drowns himself in whiskey and beer

The fowl stench of perfume fills the air
looks around to see if she stepped in
repeated words where did we go wrong my dear?

Her voice whispers in his head
everything he sees reminds him of her
even the softness of her touch

Favorite past times are just a memory
another lost soul in a dingy place like this
telling himself he needs her so much

How did we end up like this he asks himself
looks at a woman with flowing brown hair
for a split second he thought it was her

A smile came and gone so quickly
holding a single rose
ordering another bottle of liqueur

Holding a picture just to take another glance
says a prayer for his only love
as he sits alone sipping on his drink.

Kathleen Weibe

Midnight Brawl

To him it's just another typical night
it's beautiful weather
for another lovely street fight.

For him this is just a job
throwing punches and
being surrounded by a mob.

No rules, no refs, no bell
gotta be smart and cunning
how this night will turnout
no one can tell.

All bets are in; no holds bar
many unhealed wounds
he remembers every scar.

No weapons brought here
just him and another man
having no worries, having no fear.

His only weapon is his hands
no music being played
no manager, no fans.

Using everything he has learned
skill, and street smarts
his opponent being caught
with a right as he turned.

With his weight and with all his might
swings the final blow
he knows he just won this fight

No medals or victory crown
no hurrays or cheers
just two guys worn down.

Fleeing the scene of midnight brawl

he walks away with his pay
the other slowly coming to a crawl.

Kathleen Weibe

My Promise

A promise is meant to be kept to the end
its an obligation
a contract if you will
not to be broken not to bend

My promise is quiet simple but all to real
love you forever
sharing my soul
for my heart you did steal

Give you my hand
give you my flesh
loyalty, honesty
passion, and trust

Truth is all a virtue I must uphold
respect, commitment
hold you and keep you safe
bring you back to health when you catch a cold

Communication will all be a must
no secrets
no lies
all for you my heart will always lust

Partnership, friendship
a love affair
keeping you intrigued

From hell to high water this promise I will keep
to be there at your waking moment
at your sleeping side
no boundary that I wont leap

All or nothing but I prefer to give my all
suggestions
or crazy ideas
but my love for you will never go into a stall

This is my promise to you and only you
till my life comes to an end
never hurt honey
my love, I will always, always be true

Kathleen Weibe

Patch Of Clover

As I sit and wonder if he will ever see my soul
knowing he is in love with another
that I know will never love him like he should
for I know I can love him better ten times fold

She treats him good on the wire
she tells him everything he wants to hear
but he will know what is in store for him till
its too late
when his heart gets set on fire

I tried to be the one who to love him and show him I'm there
expressed myself in more ways than one
all most nearly a year goes by
but all it did was get me nowhere

He is everything I ever imagined to be
for she will break his heart in two
and I'm still the one who is left to care
can't he see who truly loves him? Its me! !

I feel he is my best friend that I can confide
dirty little secrets between us
and all the dirty little lies
I cant make him love me but, all I can do is try

Maybe in time when its all passed over
maybe then he will look my way
but till that day comes I will always be in love with him
sitting, waiting for him in the patch of clover.

Kathleen Weibe

Stranger's Heart

Many preserved memories
places hidden tucked away
unforgettable loves we once had
the heart is like unread diaries

People come and go so swiftly
names are barely mentioned
untold confessions never surface
pictures placed so neatly

Crimes of passion never told
secrets not spoken of
stories that are whispered
these moments we can only hold

A strangers heart is a deep abyss
for we are one in the same
it holds powerful feelings
yearning what it once miss

Freely without reservation
give to be broken
receive to be whole
lives for ones attention

It bleeds crimson tears
beats with love
knows no boundaries
having very few fears

Hello is a good place to start
maybe in time we can share
in a place where we want to be
in each others strange heart.

Kathleen Weibe

The Author

The author has a story to tell
whether its romance, fiction
poetry or horror
in his own mind is where he will dwell

So many topics to choose from
drama, comedy
non-fiction, or on life
he wants to be greatest not just hum drum

To grasp his readers attention
and coming back for more
he takes you on a journey
for this is his authentic invention

The sweet sounds of Johan Sebastian Bach
His story has only begun
a beginning of a tale
it must be firm but yet solid as a rock

Weather he writes a poem or a book
placing you in with his words
that are penned
he captures you with his rod reel and hook

He sits back and takes a drink
wine or beer
brandy or whiskey
he gives himself time to think

The author has only one fear
not writers cramp
or running out of ideas
just the dead line as it draws near

He tries his best to stay on the beaten trail
not to lose his train of thought
he stays on point
for he knows he cannot fail

As the deadline comes to a cease
he over looks his work
kisses the pages
for he completed his masterpiece

Kathleen Weibe

Trip From Hell (Pt1)

I drove from I-95 over to I-90/94
Yes you can say I put the metal to the floor

Drove all day and into the night
Guess I was going to fast now smokey is in sight

He stopped me and laid on me one hefty fine
He said slow down and be safe wow! he was kind

Went back to the driver seat to color in my log
Rolling down the highway pretending to be a big dog

Have a hot hot load and no time to spare
Running my face on the CB acting like i have something to share

All ready 3200 miles into this trip
Just hoping and praying that I just don't quit

Oh lord the chicken coop is open and pulling me around back
Lucky me Mr. DOT man letting me know I have a missing stack

Shut down of course till the repair guy fixes my truck
Have to call the company now just to pass a buck

Down too many hours wore out and beat
What can go wrong? have a broken air-ride seat

No border patrol or radio stations here in Montana
Have only one Cd why on earth did it have to be Santana?

Jamming to the only tunes, my truck doing all bit of 68
Driving illegal to get there and cant remember the last time I ate

I'm in despreat need of real hot shower but I'm almost at the receiver
Stopping in to get some fuel, Just my luck got bit by a golden retriever

This has been a trip from hell no doubt about that
What else can go wrong? what that sound to notice I have a flat

I'll limp the rest of the way have 10 minutes. to get check in
After I get unloaded and the tired fixed I'll do it all over again.

Kathleen Weibe

Who I Am

actress, alopeican, artist, aunt, beautiful, blunt, bold, bubbly, camper, caring, care, free, committed, composer, cook, crafty, crazy, critic, cute, daughter, decorator, devoted, down to earth, easy going, electrician, emotional, explorer, feisty, female, florist, freaky, free spirited, friend, friendly, gardener, grand daughter, great grand, daughter, gypsy, hair dresser, hard worker, helper, home maker, honest, host, human, inquisitive, inventor, jaded, jewelry maker, kind, kinky, laid back, learner, lender, level headed, likable, listener, lover, loyal, mechanic, mom, musician, mysterious, neat freak, nice, niece, non-vindictive, nurse, optimistic, out going, painter, passionate, passive, patient, photographer, poet, pretty, questionable, quick witted, reader, respectful, responsible scientist, sexy, short, sincere, sister, small, smart, special, spiritual, student, sociable, talkative, teacher, thrifty, thoughtful, tolerant, traveler, true to her word, understanding, unusual, visionary, versatile, vet, voter, worthy, writer, woman, x-rated, zany.

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