

Poetry Series

Kim Schilling
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Kim Schilling(1967)

A Child Awaits

So many little ones sit in wonderment
Sitting and waiting far, far away -
Your friends go before you
Waving with happy, hopeful faces.
Will your turn ever come, you cry?

Where are mommy and Daddy?
Death came too quickly for some.
Others have given up hopes and dreams,
For life has dealt them terrible blows,
Leaving their babies to ache and yearn.

And here I sit pondering our fortune -
One beautiful son we have been blessed.
So much love overflows in our family
Surely one more sacred miracle awaits us.
Could it be a little one who sits far away?

His face is bare and his age unknown -
But tears are heard at night by our bedside.
He calls out to be loved by someone.
Our work is done, the month is coming.
Do not be afraid, son, you'll soon be home.

Kim Schilling

A Poet's Curse

See
deeply
into the
core of writers
so true to themselves
undaunted to make known
they bear their hearts openly
with bravery and hope for break
and willingly pen their darkest pains
pulling from the depth of madness within
knowing they make vulnerable their souls
to predators in search of swift feasts
made easy by open flesh wounds
bitter smell of truthfulness
a trusting writer's curse
doesn't have to be
but the writing
so defines
poets
see?

Kim Schilling

A Rodent's Throw Of The Dice

The Groundhog Looked Out of His Door

"Shall I give them spring or six weeks more? "

"These silly fools think my shadow is the trick,
but I just roll the dice and make a decision quick."
And with the crowd looking quite festive and glee,
he waddled slowly out and with a smirk he did flee.

Down his narrow hole he skedaddled with the moans;
The crowd was so frustrated, it tickled his funny bones.
"That's what they get for tormenting me year after year,
and chasing my cousins from their burrows with fear."
But deep in his heart, he knew winter was near its end.
His thick fur shedding, spring was around the bend.

Kim Schilling

Against The Wall (Sonnet)

Tangled in her yearning for freedom
Yesterday's babe pushed against a warm breast
Child of the nineties lacking wisdom
Knowing nothing of how her life was blessed.

Far and away she ran, not looking back
Glittering night streets were calling her name
She promised to do right and stay on track
For the sure promise of fortune and fame.

But against the wall she found herself stripped
Strung out junky and whore to make ends meet
Overcome by darkness, innocence ripped
A faceless girl met by utter defeat.

Somebody's daughter cries for your warm touch.
Instead she'll die alone in death's harsh clutch.

Kim Schilling

An On'Ry Pup

There once was a pup named Bonnie,
Spotted black and white and on'ry.
One look and I knew that she was home;
A piddler she was; the town she did roam.

Raised with love, but never did she trust,
Always close by, but distance a big must.
A proud hunting dog she did grow to be,
With a promising future that all could see.

Despite faults and quirks she was our baby.
Over time would she turn? Maybe, just maybe.
She would cautiously cuddle on the big chair.
Paw at our legs for pettin' and nuzzle our hair.

One morn a girl entered her life – a poor fateful day;
Despite our cautions, she just wouldn't stay away.
Low growls and a curled lip warned the girl to stay back,
Grabbed Bonnie's head for a kiss, her face sustained an attack.

We still have her brother Buck, although a wee bit shy –
We bow our heads in sadness; that Bonnie had to die.

Kim Schilling

Analyst (Rictameter)

Explore
my twisted brain
thinking you know it all
from the protection of your chair.
All along you hide your own sick secrets
and harshly judge those seeking help
concerned not for the truth
while you simply
explore

Kim Schilling

Another Night Ended

Sly Stallion of mankind
Zippered up and gathered
Relief behind a thirst quenched tree
Slowly marches back
A long bobbing stride
Propped against the wall once more.
Buff muscles flexed
Geared up for anything
And hand majestically placed
On newly bloated beer belly.
Satisfied grin arises
A sneaky smirk
BUUUUUUURRRRRRP
Much awaited pressure eased.
Manly calloused hand
Rubs harsh, stubbly scruff
A sign of masculine laziness.
And those gorgeous baby blues
Elevate up and down methodically
As SHE saunters by.
His suave mating call "Hey, Baby"
Casually rejected once again
He mumbles to himself.
Deep-hearted snort
Another night ended.

Kim Schilling

Apparition's Caress

Day issued passage to misty twilight.
Radiance faded into the dim night.
Fondness for dark fixed me to the window.
Clearly appeared a crude body below.

Unholy apparition with pretense,
brought longing to my soul without defense,
for his innuendos were dour and dark;
quiet raspy whispers blew cold and stark.

His chilly caress gave me strange pleasure;
intense desire reaching my treasure,
allowing him to oblige my fantasies
only to affirm my morbid tendencies.

Skeletal finger to mine said farewell,
as he descended the stairs back to hell.

Kim Schilling

Arachnophobia

Oh, God, the mere thought
of writing 'bout a spider
has the hair on my neck
growing wider and wider.

They're brown and hairy
and damn quick to scurry
across every darn surface;
watch me jump in a hurry.

I scream like a pansy
my husband does declare.
At the mere site of one
I do cuss and do swear.

A sticky web in the face,
sends shivers up my spine.
I dance with my arms flailing;
they've seen me, I ain't lyn'.

And people make fun of me,
all these animals I do keep.
Some roar and will growl,
but a 'lil spider, not a peep.

Now I can't even squish one,
the crunch, it does kill me.
And once it's a goner,
I can't even take a look see.

This phobia, it's got me
by the proverbial balls
They're everywhere!
Everywhere!
Roaming the halls!

Behind It All

She walks with an air of confidence,
Drawing stares of awe from many;
What's behind the smile she wears?
Must be contentment of past and present.

She attracts a crowd wherever she goes,
Telling jokes and bringing humor to all;
What's behind the wit and cleverness?
Must be cheerfulness to spread the joy.

She draws in those who are hurt and needy,
Bringing solace to their aching hearts;
What's behind the compassion and love?
Must be a feeling of peace within her.

She partakes in the gatherings of friends,
Joining them in their many festivities;
What's behind the splendid laughter?
Must be a love of life and mankind.

Harboring dark secrets behind it all,
Hiding behind her smile and cleverness –
She goes about her days afraid, alone;
There is no cheerfulness, no contentment,

Peace replaced by sinister chaos within,
And love of life frequently lost to darkness –
Her eyes have seen what none should see.
Look closely: Can you see what's behind it all?

Kim Schilling

Behind The Door

Naked branches, far-reaching black silhouettes,
tapping their slender fingers on cracked windows.
Eerie winds whisk dead leaves across a buckled walk,
while a paint-chipped "for sale" sign creaks to and fro.

Astounded children gather to pass on the ghostly legend;
Old Man Johnson lived to be 103 in this haunted abode,
but his meals of flesh and bones kept him young and spry,
inviting in all who dared touch the knob on his front door.

One by one people began to disappear from the streets,
while Old Man Johnson grew fatter and more malevolent.
Scarlet blood seeped out of rusted drainpipes onto thirsty soil.
Thick, pungent smoke erupted from the slanted brick chimney.

The house grew hungry with the taste of meat and blood,
but the fated old man couldn't keep the demons at bay.
Murderous screams can still be heard on Halloween night,
and ghastly crimes shadowed through the ragged blinds.

No one knows for sure what happened behind the door,
but some brave children have crossed paths with it.
It's said that if you approach the door quietly,
the knob will turn itself, inviting you in for a look.

Kim Schilling

Bestial Cries

Bestial cries drape the eerie night,
as rolling clouds pull in the mist.
Shadows scurry to bending trees,
releasing crows to darkened flight.

Strewn gravestones tilt in wormy soil,
the unrest mocking from far beneath,
scratching, clawing from their tombs,
they hear the wails and increase the toil.

Their master calls to join the bloody feast;
gathered souls who knew not of the beast.

Kim Schilling

Blank Page Lie

"God grant me the serenity..." he said.
Gathering strength to face another day
On his knees at night to thank Him and pray
Fearing demons would clutter his dark head.

Conquered by mistrust of those who loved him
Bitterness bore holes into his bare soul
Feeling on his own and no longer whole
Mad for having to go out on a limb

Seduced by deceit of eternal peace
My steady companion whose hands toiled
Now a crumpled heap, lying blood soiled
Why was I missing his when life had ceased?

Blank page by his side held nothing but lies,
Truth was found only in his vacant eyes.

Kim Schilling

Celebration (Rondelet)

Celebration

Is a time for all I hold dear,

Celebration

Take delight in His creation;

Cleanse my soul and hope He will hear,

Feel my joy and wipe gone my tear

Celebration.

Kim Schilling

Chill Of The Morning

Tender leaves capture
chill of the morning dew;
weeps not for those living,
but for the passing of life
into winter's icy slumber.

Kim Schilling

Colors Of Dark

Eyeliner thickly paved
round' her dark sullen eyes,
jet hair framed pale face;
must be goin' nowhere,
so they believe not in her,
but in her sinister colors.

Yet she flourishes in school
beside the "colored" boy;
an implant from the ghetto,
destined to fail, or so they believe,
the American Dream gone bad
in all their pompous prejudice.

Together they hold hands and unite,
to promote "Stop the Killing",
while crowds of all colors gather;
a black balloon floats for every child lost,
black guns of every kind surrendered
to awaiting police.

These two know bigotry and hate.
Beatings and deaths over black;
from those blind to the sub-surface
or too afraid to admit connections.
Perhaps our two embrace their diversities,
knowing color is only color wherever it be.

Kim Schilling

Crest Of Dawn

Crest
of dawn
carries rays
of quiet warmth,
inviting song birds
to welcome the day in
song while she rises happily;
aroma of spring dances through
open windows, fanning wispy sheers.
Lids close as she inhales heaven's appeal.
Looking outward she sees the ginger sunrise
swelling to the fresh sky like bright flames;
brushwood sways beneath tender breeze
while young rosebuds grasp stoutly;
well-built columns of thorns.
She captures moments
on colored film
to cherish
today's
morn.

Kim Schilling

Dancing On Insanity

A shove so great to break you -
Falling, flailing into nonbeing;
No longer knowing your greatness.
A gentle man beaten by insanity,
And a love that crushed your spirit.

Lost to those who knew you well -
My hand outstretched to yours;
Begging for forgiveness, strength,
As I watch you succumb to yourself.
Your mind twisted with toxic beliefs.

Hear her words with powerful disbelief -
A crumpled up man alone and forgotten;
Finally quieted and at peace with himself.
It cannot be true! What have I done?
To know now a call could've saved you.

Reflection upon our closing words -
Wicked, unloving they were meant to be.
And I cup what's left of my tender love;
Hoary ashes now free of a once warm soul.
Blown into the winds with hope of a final truce.

Kim Schilling

Dead Men Tell No Tales

Cold gray granite
rests upon this sullen earth;
A tribute to a great man –
Who knew nothing of himself.

The spirit chained by deceit,
and heightened with lies
for all he felt lacked;
poisoned with self-loathing.

A mask melded to his weathered face
to conceal a misplaced soul,
lost long ago to all the ruse;
better than to be revealed.

Like the burden of a heavy heart,
carrying on the life of an impostor,
but to discern truth from fiction;
he is no longer a capable man.

Harnessed by a yoke of angst,
riddled with craving for extol;
such resistance finally sealing his fate,
and dead men tell no tales.

Kim Schilling

Death Called My Name

I have felt Death calling my name -
From the damp warmth of ceasing
To the cold resolve of reaching finality.
My crumpled body rest at His holy feet.
And Angels looked down upon my soul.

With life growing inside of me, He knew -
It was not to be, for life was still full for me.
Pain filled me as They returned to the heavens.
And people bustled about disturbing my serenity.
Don't cry, you're not alone, I heard them say.

Will I ever walk again, I wondered to myself.
And my Angel appeared and held my tender hand -
Encased by sterile and cold walls, I prayed to Him
Would He hear me, for I was new to this prayer?
Now is the time to believe - please forgive me.

Bruised and battered I lay in waiting for the news.
My Mother's Day gift not soon enough to arrive -
A broken back and pelvis, but also a child on the way.
And a month on my back and rest would keep us safe.
Not one, but two miracles after Death called my name.

Kim Schilling

Death Of A Rose

Dried
red rose,
the cutting
and sad wilted
reminder of your
cruel broken promise to
respect our love and wait here.
Now death fills up my tattered heart,
as the choking smell of the rose seethes
like a corpse rotting in an unmarked grave.
Misplaced, alone and confused in anger,
I lay upon the freshly tilled dirt,
longing to smell you once again.
Soil and petals slip between
my dry brittle fingers
and mascara runs.
Dead long ago,
my one rose
laid to
rest.

Kim Schilling

Devil Inside

Oh, mind alienated in so many parts,
Taking me far back to my childhood diaries,
Fractures keeping secrets, each having their own hearts,
Protecting me from my passionate inquiries.

Ominous shadows pass before my wary eyes,
Someone dark inside is always observing me,
Not a defender, but a devil in disguise,
The defender's enemy he dared to decree.

Bitter voices in my head do like banshees screech,
To take the demon out of sight beyond control,
Come to blows and regain power that's within reach,
Employ inside guardians to take back my soul.

Many people live within and carefully glance,
Cautious of the devil inside, not taking chance.

Kim Schilling

Disheveled

Dirt beneath her fingernails,
disheveled and alone,
a young girl jumps from the swing,
falling to her scuffed knees.
No one comes for her,
for she's a lost child.

Her parents buried long ago,
she's forgotten comfort,
settling for darkened alleys,
avoiding glaring eye contact.
Her heart aches for a family,
as people joyfully pass her by.

Years slip by shivering and cold.
The old woman visits the rusted swing,
pondering the empty spaces in her life.
Returning to her gloomy makeshift tent,
she gives thanks to God for her life
before taking her final breath.

Kim Schilling

Diversity

Embrace me,
colors bleed from within,
exposing my secret.

Just like you and yours;
I weep the same tears,
over lost loves and lives.

Carrying the same burdens;
I pray the same prayers,
and smile at life's delights.

So continue to advance;
gain knowledge of my diversity,
see the rainbow through the gray.

A lover of life,
and God's most divine gift,
oh, the gentle woman.

Kim Schilling

Down The Road To Nowhere

Down the road to nowhere –
You found me walking there,
Battling my demons and darkness;
A promise of love you offered,
Your age and wisdom revered,
I took your hand and trusted.

Arduous were the days and nights –
As we struggled to have needs met,
You, incapable of seeing past yourself.
Promises broken and fears realized,
Yet determined to overlook it all;
For the sake of love just out of reach.

Many, many years have passed –
It's eerie in these long dark halls,
As we pass each other silently.
Nothing in common, but him;
Beautiful young child of innocence,
Mindful of the coldness about him.

He hears you berate me, bully me.
Dominated and controlled by anger,
Your words sting like a viper's bite.
How many times do I plead?
While together, we fall separately
Back down the road to nowhere.

Kim Schilling

Dust Off The Book

Looking down upon me, Lord, I feel you.
Tender touch upon my trembling hand;
how can I not know your love for me true?
For you have answered my every demand.

Though I have drifted from your faithful side,
with open arms you have welcomed me back.
Blinded with selfishness and worthless pride;
now humbly sentient for all I lack.

Give myself to you and beg compassion
My modest life with yours will intertwine
Your hopes I will meet in any fashion
Your power has healed these deep wounds of mine

Dust off the book and learn your blessed word,
Thank you, Lord, for finally, I have heard.

Kim Schilling

Etched With Always And Forever

Emerald eyes
cast with shrouds of time
seep memories;
sixty years severed to old age.

Alone now,
precious memoirs beckon her;
duty china cabinet
holds chronicles of that special day.
Cake cutters and wine glasses
sit poignantly on yellowed lace.

Long crystal stem reaches upward,
etched in sacred union
"Forever and Always, April 12,1949"
spoken as clearly as that day.

Arthritic hands fumble,
as the fragrant cork is popped.
Beside her in spirit,
she takes it in as she had on that revered day.

A teenage recollection,
dips her finger into the wine,
and gently runs it along the rim of the wine glass.
Melodies as sweet as a violin
emanate from the old wine glass into the air;
a musical trick he long ago taught her.

Tranquility overcomes her.
He would've liked that she'd remembered.

Kim Schilling

Eternal Autumn

Eternal autumn blankets our world
Touching leaves of colors swirled
Embryonic buds never to see light
Rest has fallen upon the chilled night
Nature quiets for an evening of rest
As song birds settle into their nests
Long are the eves of autumn blessed

Away are the days of warmth and green
Utterly spectacular is the colorful scene
Though the winds blow fingers through
Under blankets of moss trickles icy dew
Mother Nature has chosen her one season
Neither you nor I will ever know the reason

Kim Schilling

Final Resting Place (Rictameter)

Final
resting places
beneath worm-ridden soil;
secrets bared only to demons.
They claw at tattered funeral garments,
to get to death's barterd souls.
Loved ones cry foolishly,
but nothing is
final

Kim Schilling

Forbidden Love

Wandering the fissures of my mind
He observes what other have missed
Pain, sadness, hurt and loneliness
Sharing it in part with his own tender heart
He is real

Calling me out from my internal darkness
He challenges me to accept myself wholly
With tenderness and strength he speaks
Proscribed tales of cruelty and abandon
He is powerful

Staring deeply into arresting eyes
I hope to catch a part of him forever
Forbidden love to silence my soul
Knowing the dream is illusory for now
He is honorable

Money passes to the unknowing hand
Same time next week

Kim Schilling

Forever Inked

Absent grave,
only bottled ashes on nightstand;
teddy bear once hugged weeps.

Smoking gun,
long, drifted to Heaven's skies,
mixed with forgiveness,
transgression liberated.

But what of me?
Eyes seep blood,
taste of salt lingers;
forgiveness escapes me,
as death stains my skin evermore.

Nowhere to kneel,
but curse you, I cannot.
Absorb you into my flesh as one;
serenity will be mine.

Ink into my skin,
colorful memories of you.
Words of remembrance and love,
beauty once known,
forever with me.

Kim Schilling

Fragmented Mosaic

I am fragmented mosaic artwork;
magnificent colors on some days,
dull grays and blacks on the worst.

Many voices in my crowded head,
screaming to be heard above all –
Stop the abuse! We've had enough!
Drowning in alcohol, the silence comes.

Redeeming my sins with caring hands,
God's creatures, big and small, arrive;
great pain and suffering they've all seen,
with a gentle touch I restore them to health.

Terror arises once more as night closes in,
lashing out at all who care to comfort me;
a thorny friend I become to those around.
Pain killers dull the ache inside my heart.

Come to me with your worries and hurt,
for I am truly compassionate and loving;
those in need will find my embrace warm,
always available and comforting to them.

Anger erupts in a flash without warning,
as my mood shift like nomadic winds,
and bipolar disorder grips me like a vice.
Taking daily medication is overpowering.

But nothing is sweeter than motherhood,
for I am a gifted mother and best friend;
a sweeter son exists nowhere on this earth,
and blessed I am to watch him for the Lord.

I am fragmented mosaic artwork;
magnificent colors on some days,
dull grays and blacks on the worst.

Free Floating

Leaf,
floating,
twisting like
one frail feather
on forgotten hopes
of yesterday's journey.
Their time together alone,
more delicate than a songbird
living in part on second chances,
its song a desperate cry for attention;
now free flying on secrets made of tears.

Kim Schilling

Freedom Now Is His

In your untimely death you were set free
Amongst angels your turmoil you did flee
Your heart ablaze eternally again
For our precious love was never in vain.

Oh, gentle wind upon my mourning flesh
Let our souls connect once more to enmesh
In spirit my love knows no restrictions
Neither distrust nor shake my convictions.

Alone I grieve my mortal lover gone
In visions he's here from dusk until dawn
And feel his touch upon my naked cheek
To sit in wonderment and hear him speak.

Parted from this world Love forever is
My heart's in chains while freedom now is his.

Kim Schilling

Future Moon Walker

Little eye glued to the lens;
visionary of green Martian men.
Floating, suspended deliciously
above craters of cheese.
Could this be Heaven?

Beneath flannel sheets,
flashlight in hand,
as pages flip;
Luna big and mysterious,
beckoning him.

Engaging dreams,
slip him into space,
between today and tomorrow -
Future moon walker.

Kim Schilling

Glass Castle

Auburn curls surround olive skin,
glitter painted cheeks;
a princess in her mind.

Hidden from them;
tucked away in a glass spire,
like a precious locket
beneath the shirt of an adorer.

Secretly she plays,
barbies and stuffies,
play cups of tea;
arranged just right
at a table knee-high.

Youthful conversations
of fantasies and princes
to whisk her away.
Speaking of love,
and ending with a sad sigh.

A pound at the door
shatters her fortress.
She gives into them.
It's nothing,
but a tragedy.

Kim Schilling

God's Forgiveness (Rondelet)

God's forgiveness
Sweeps me with such humility.
God's forgiveness
As my life thrives with faithfulness.
His touch I sense tranquility,
With grace and kind gentility,
God's forgiveness.

Kim Schilling

Gone

Kiss him tenderly
His dry lips cool against mine
He has left this world.

Kim Schilling

He Said, She Said

They delivered me out of profound darkness
With the kissing promise of saving light
The key, they said, was in their mighty hands
Looking up with poignant eyes, I followed.

Put a smile on your face, she said. So I did.
And the burning anguish melted into my soul.
Don't you dare cry, he said. So I didn't.
And my tears forever dried up into toxic ashes.

Be good or Dad won't come home, she said. So I was.
And my heart raced to hear that door open every night.
You don't know what love it, he said. So I doubted.
And the little I held onto floated away into the clouds.

Go to church and pray and you'll be fine, she said. So I did.
And resentment built as my God betrayed me time and again.
If you're unhappy here we'll send you away, he said. So I lied.
And old recollections of isolation and neglect filled my heart.

No one likes to be around a sad person, she said. So I joked.
And the fool, cloaked in silliness, kept the monsters at bay
Be grateful for what you have, he said. So I tried.
And all the things in the world could not simply hug me.

There are people worse off than you, she said. So I imagined.
And guilt burned like acid through the core of my being.
Straighten up and fly right, he said. So I worked harder.
And hiding behind the scholar was a desperate little girl.

You have nothing to feel bad about, she said. So I stopped feeling.
And the little ones reached out to take my pain for safe keeping.
Anger is not acceptable in this house, he said. So I laughed.
And I ran the razor across my skin to secretly unleash the emerging rage.

You don't know how good you have it, she said. So I wondered.
And I watched others pass by and wished to share their pain.
I'll give you something to cry about, he said. So I grit my teeth.
And I so wished he could hear my cries and know what I knew.

I've never been so embarrassed in my life, she said. So I cringed.
And I dreamed I was dying a slow torturous death at the hands of loved ones.
Don't dare talk about family matters to strangers, he said. So I shut up.
And I became numb to myself and the world around me after all.

There's nothing more that can be done for you, they said. So I believed them.

Kim Schilling

Hearing (Acrostic)

Hollow words seeping from your cold lips,
Entering are yesterday's broken promises.
Arising are the sullen tears from the past,
Remembering the whispers in my naïve ear.
Intuitively my heart knows the difference.
Never more shall I hear substance in emptiness,
Gathering strength instead from inner voices.

Kim Schilling

Hide Amongst Shadows (Rictameter)

Shadows
placating me;
my hunger for darkness
encapsulates my empty soul,
driving me to seek the troubled spirits
for I lust after their power;
rising within my core,
I hide amongst
Shadows.

Kim Schilling

His Will (Rondel)

Taking to spirit that His will be mine,
and knowing His grace will make me soar,
with a gentle touch, which I so adore;
A guiding radiance for all to see shine.

With daily prayer to confirm I'm divine,
devotions and questions he won't ignore;
Taking to spirit that His will be mine,
and knowing His grace will make me soar.

Be not afraid if I don't build a shrine,
for in troubling times He'll tow me to shore,
faithful, always leaving open His door,
in devotion, His hand I'll never decline;
Taking to spirit that His will be mine.

Kim Schilling

Horse And Rider (Rondel)

Galloping towards the base of the steep hill,
watching the breeze bluster through her mane,
with a mild touch I veered her with reign;
For a serene moment all time stood still.

Horse and mount journeying with great skill,
but collectively as one we must attain;
Galloping towards the base of the steep hill,
watching the breeze bluster through her mane.

Feeling the power beneath me is a thrill,
and racing across the meadowy plane,
a feeling rushes over I can't explain,
perhaps the reality of taking a spill;
Galloping towards the base of the steep hill.

Kim Schilling

Hungry (Rictameter)

Hungry
are the wretched
digging through the garbage
looking for the wasteful remnants
of those fortunate enough to consume.
The poor dream of a better life
and to be acknowledged
never being
hungry.

Kim Schilling

I, Cougar

Majestic, elegant and stealthy,
from the golden peaks I observe
my quarry beneath the pine tops
unaware of my vigilance and hunger.

Creeping down the mountain side,
like lightning I strike the weakest,
with claws in neck and teeth in gullet,
bringing the beast quickly to its knees.

My kittens await my victorious return,
spotted and mischievous scamps,
hissing as they tackle the prized feast
My pride runs over as they nurture.

I bask now in the moon's beaming light,
purring softly, my family huddled closely,
ever so watchful for perils in the darkness,
until tomorrow brings full circle of life again.

Kim Schilling

Immortal

Haunted
your image there
beyond the grave darkness
reminding me of how we were.
Years of comforting gone
taken from me
Cruelly
screaming my name
to soothe your embittered
wounds, however hollow they be.
For life had place and time
to hold you close.
Enslaved
by open wounds
healed not by God's time.
Priceless is the pain of his loss
weeping not for the dead
still I am here.
Wounded
soul still living
denial shrouds this mind
your supple hand resting in mine
still warm with amber life
against my heart
beating.

Author notes

This poem is based on the song My Immortal by Evanescence. Every single word represents how I feel today since my soul mate Mike committed suicide a few years ago. It's like this song was written just for me. I cry every time I hear it. This poem is written from the heart and soul. Enjoy the form

Behrquain Swirl - Created by Arkbear

Syll count: 2 4 6 8 6 4 2 4 6 8 6 4 2 4 6 8 6 4 2 4 6 8 6 4 2

Best viewed centered

Kim Schilling

Impossible

Yesterday's desperation long forgotten
Now rearing its ugly head relentlessly.
Like squeezing a watermelon through a straw -
I will fight it with all my power and might.

Kim Schilling

Innocence Restored

Descending from the darkness,
an angel crouches in the shadows;
purity cradled by her tender breast,
somnolent from demon's sedition.

For this little one was The Chosen,
revered for her simple innocence;
unknowing, beautiful and chaste,
ready to be offered up to Him.

A sip from the bloodied chalice,
stripped her of her virtuousness.
She lay on the cold black altar,
and tearfully awaited her vile fate.

From out of the depths of the gloom,
she saw the angel of darkness descend.
Screams bellowed out and fire roared;
demons spoke in tongues and clashed.

Sinking into the scarlet soaked soil,
Evil and His beasts recoil into their hell;
free is the soul of the little lost girl,
and innocence restored by an angel.

She crouches in the dark shadows;
purity cradled by her tender breast,
somnolent from demon's sedition.

Kim Schilling

It's In The Air (Rictameter)

Catching
the first snowflake,
your tongue tastes the season;
Snow covered tree with lights shining,
North star pointing to where an angel sings.
Garland draped across the red door
with seasonal wreath hung;
it's awfully
catching.

Kim Schilling

Journey Through The Year

Peeking March rays pierce fertile soil,
appealing showers to slake secreted plantlets,
making way for babies and blooms to abound
and nurture freely in June's warmth.

Thunderous booms fill July's sky,
fetching cracked soil and wilted flora
until crisp showers relieve thirst,
leaving droplets on rainbows of color.

Cornucopia spread across the table,
paving the way for holiday cheer and joy
before freeze takes hold of life
and slumber awaits a gentle tapping.

Kim Schilling

Life On Meds

A prayer and pills;
another start to the day.
Looking into the mirror,
several faces greet me –
Why, oh, why, must it be this way?
A ball of whispers grow,
my head becomes crowded.

“Why do you take so many pills? ”
A beautiful boy stands before me –
“To keep mommy from getting sick.”
He reads the bottles, pronouncing:
Lexapro, Provigil, Abilify, Topomax,
Lamictal, Xanax...“That’s a bunch! ”
The pit grows deeper in my stomach.

Two to bring me up from the dark abyss,
one to keep me from soaring to the clouds,
one to keep those voices from taking over,
one to stop the shaking from the anxiety,
and one to wake me up from taking all of this.
God, to live a life uncontrolled by drugs...

A day without meds brings on acute withdrawal,
blurred vision and nausea as I spiral downward,
with eyes leaking unclesansingly at a rapid pace.
And thank the Lord when my appointment comes,
for once again I think I need a flippin’ adjustment!
Yes, my affliction has mutated again to intolerable.

How I long to be walking with the unafflicted souls,
to feel the sun’s rays against my face and know –
it’s really goodness shining down upon my life.
Though a life on pills is a reminder of my battle,
insanity and lost motherhood are never options.

Kim Schilling

Like Watercolors In The Rain

Bound in the warmth of a serene spring breeze
Dress flowing like watercolors in rain
She dances secretly amongst the trees
Elegance and splendor she does sustain.

Golden sunlit rays like spotlights on stage
Tawny bobbed curls reflect the blessed shine
A leap and pirouette through wild green sage
Untouchable and beauty so divine.

I desire to reach out and take her hand
Hidden in my own heart's confused esteem
Make her mine and meet her every demand
My soft lips merely whisper; my mind screams.

Oh, glance my way and see into my soul
For with your radiance, my heart you stole.

Kim Schilling

Little Big Brother

He looked like most other baby boys
Ten fingers, ten toes and a perfect nose,
But he was given only days to live,
So cherished and doted upon he was.

Against all odds he came home to grow.
Far behind the others he did slowly follow,
never quite catching up to expectations,
yet exceeding where so many tend to fail.

With eyes as blue and wide as the ocean,
and thick wavy hair blacker than night,
the permanent smile he wears melts all;
for he knows only kind and gracious words.

So gentle in spirit, unaware of his shortcomings,
easy prey for those who targeted the weaker.
A vicious sister, am I, coming to his defense,
as there is no rivalry, only admiration there.

My brother Gerry is six years older than I,
and we're aging quickly as the years go by.
Amazingly so much has changed in my smile,
yet my brother's remains so inspiring always.

Kim Schilling

Lover's Lament

Storm rolls in like a wild galloping steed
Thunderous beats and bolts fill the dim sky
Her curled locks flow as a horse in the lead
Leaning out she blows him a kiss goodbye.

Into the tempest he rides a bold knight
Lovers' lament clutching as heavy hearts
For a mêlée with unknown foes his plight
He holds his Dear close as the war starts.

Window holds her silhouette as she waits
Hear Ye! Hear Ye! News of loss is widespread!
Despairing deeply she knows not his fate
Agonizing months pass; she fears he's dead.

In graceful gown she sleeps in flowing tears
Wakened with a kiss to chase away fears.

Kim Schilling

Melted

Swim
throughout
life as one,
blindly going
where conformity
will take the unwise ones,
like puppets on a taut string,
doped up on their formalities,
robotically moving nowhere fast,
life passes by in a blink of an eye.
Through the rigidity I brave my way,
a fluid man of grand character
held together by uniqueness,
but shadowed by my graveness;
to my obscurity
it always leads me;
my arrogance
and conceit
melting
here.

Kim Schilling

Men See It As Being A Bitch (Acrostic)

Men see boldness as being bitchy,
Except of course if you're a man.
Naturally, men can be big and bold.

So take note, women, and stand up!
Expect resistance to your courage,
Expect conflict when you take control.

Imagine yourselves free and in flight,
Towards the sun you will reach high!

As you follow your path to discovery,
Self-confidence will become yours.

Born to nurture, as well as to guide,
Envelop your destiny and cultivate it,
Instead of cowering to shame and pity.
Needless culpability has silenced many,
Go forth with your God-given voices.

Ask for His help if you have to and remember:

Being bold does not equate to being a bitch,
If you are respectful, considerate and kind.
There will be ignorant ones who label you.
Care not what they think, for they stifle you.
Hear these words that you may be a woman!

Kim Schilling

Merely Dreaming (Rictameter)

Dreaming
of you last night;
I saw your weathered face,
intense blue eyes burned right through me,
love rekindled despite God taking you
I folded up inside of you.
Awake I sadly knew
I was merely
dreaming

Kim Schilling

Miracle Of Silence

Say not a word,
For silence is golden;
Heeding the warnings,
Of abusers from past,
And abusers of present.

The miracle of silence;
Hiding your secrets,
Cloaking your shame,
From all who would see,
Imperfections and impurity.

Life-breathing stillness;
A guarantee of existence,
Cold and absent of trueness;
A self devoid of wholeness,
And decaying pain within.

Silence - miracle or curse?

Kim Schilling

Mosaic Mind

Fractured mind and soul
Tortures that went before
They are my bonding means
Weaving my pieces together
Keeping me from the hole of darkness

Soft whispers in my ear
Bewildering chatting away
Disturbing my waking thoughts
But they are mine to keep
Family of one made up of many

Kim Schilling

Mother And Me

I cannot see
But hear your voice
Muffled by warm fluid
Surrounding me defenseless
Filling our shared hollow.

Talk to me!
Do you not know I'm here?
Touch your belly
He knows
He has felt me kick.

Denying the change
Bouncing fluidly
As you run and play
Other girls giggling
Blind to your secret.

So young
So naïve
Unknowingly giving life
To someone for years and years
You will not know.

Growing inside you
Waiting for the day
To look into Mother's warm eyes
You hold me once
And leave me behind.

Kim Schilling

Mother Earth

Oh
earthen
blue spirit,
beckoning us,
calling us to see
your attractiveness
and honor your frailty.
For it's our duty to protect
all that you've kindly gifted to us,
to show you compassion and empathy.
Let's not forsake you in the name of greed,
but rather cultivate your grand strength
and learn from all you may present.
That we would tread intensely,
on faithful Mother Earth
would point to failure;
Mankind's demise.
Take note now;
God's gift -
Earth

Kim Schilling

My Baby Blanket

Worn and torn, you've been through all,
Happily by my side since I was so small.
Intricately woven by hands that did care.
To me you were the perfect child's prayer.
Endowing your comfort for secrets I shared.

Endless holding and cuddling I gave in return.
Laughter and tears while I was made to learn.
Entering adulthood, I pitched you on a chair.
People made fun of you; I thought it unfair.
Happily I went about in my grown-up years,
Aware you were hidden when I was in tears.
Now I'm old and gray, and I still think of you,
Tucked away in a chest, my blanket so true.

Kim Schilling

My Coati's Nose

My coati's nose is long and pointed.
You could say the tip is even jointed.

He skillfully uses it to dig up grimy grubs.
Or even to hunt mice out from the shrubs.

He sits on my shoulder and buries it in my hair.
It wiggles to and fro as he sniffs at the air.

In my mouth it's shoved to see what I'm eating.
I could certainly do without this sort of greeting!

And at my feet he'll sit and playfully roost.
But turn and bend over, I'll surely get goosed!

For gold and for treasure he'll search between toes.
He'll even shove it far inside my narrow nose.

Yes, I love my coati, long nose and all.
Compared to his, mine is quite small.

Kim Schilling

My Ghost

Ill-timed leaves crumble beneath my feet
The warm breeze tickling my bare back
I feel you there enveloping my vacant core
Lost am I since your untimely passing
I am left to love your immortal ghost

Wishing gentle touch still lingered there
Once calming my trembling soul
Bottomless blue eyes and kind spirited smile
Still impressing upon my embittered heart
My ghost still beautiful and loving me

Sitting on the edge of insanity I see you there
Clouding my dreams of what is real and not
Unbearable hurt sneaking up to conquer me
Past slipping beneath me as I try to hold on
Piercing my spirit is loss to another world

Trying hard to seize your soothing words
Long ago spoken softly in my ear
Spiraling without direction I need them now
Fires ablaze within the deep chasm engulf me
You are out of reach no longer my savior

Dark and perilous are my poisoned secrets
Held close and tightly to your warm chest
Promises of never abandoning broken
Early to the grave you fell carrying my pain
Our shattered pieces falling to the earth

My ghost he eludes me as I reach for him
Touch of his hand is wind blowing through
Voice grows fainter as brutal days pass
How I long to be one with him in his world
This love is killing me

My Healer

I remember when
you walked the earth,
a soulful man of peace,
bringing healing to all;
gifted hands from God.

Hand in hand we walked,
and calmed my demons
with a voice so soothing,
that I melted into you;
becoming one beating heart.

Your touch brought unity,
to my splintered mind and soul,
an understanding of faith,
to tame the lurking beasts;
saving me from my madness.

I remember when
God called you back home.
My light forever went out,
bringing forth darkness;
our love never forgotten.

Kim Schilling

My Pill

Like an extraordinary pearl,
a dropp of dew plunges from the flowering petals;
fragrant peach tree in the early morning mist.

Cooing doves in the background;
peace and tranquility runs through me
as all pain rushes from my mortal self.

Passion returns in the midst of all this beauty,
for He has shown me the splendor of His ways.
I am no longer the sole player in my life.
He is the only pill I need to take on a daily basis.

Kim Schilling

Never Alone

Oh gentle touch upon my naked hand
Divine proof that alone I never stand
Brisk winds cutting me deeply to the bone
Your warm, gentle embrace to me be known.

For even when I'm overwhelmed and lost
Love comes not at a particular cost
All you ask that I remember your Grace
Honor and worship you in any place.

Though I oft forget and stray from your side
You welcome me back with arms open wide
Your omnipotent guidance brings forth light
Resign my heart and soul to be all right.

Oh God, my Father, you make me humble
Walking your path so that I won't stumble

Kim Schilling

Never Gone

When you called me my heart did stop.
Lost amid clouds my faith did drop.
I heard your voice and fell to the floor,
for God took you many years before.

Was my mournful mind playing a game?
That I would hear you call out my name?
What a gift to have fall upon my ears,
your tender words after all these years.

The Lord works in mysterious ways,
so I bowed my head and gave my praise,
and kindly held within his holy palm,
our love whispered in a gentle calm.

Blessed in dreams your dear console,
Embraced in trust my heart and soul.
My need to have you close fulfilled,
now safe and sound as God had willed

Kim Schilling

Never Scar Me

Hence,
because
I love you,
I question not
if you feel the same;
your tender smile speaks it.
More stunning than a flower,
it leaves its mark when you're away
and I cherish it like a new treasure.
Waiting by the window in the twilight,
the moon glows bright like the stars in your eyes,
seems like forever before you're home,
but destiny floats you toward me.
The message is obvious.
Hold me and feel my breath.
To live without you...
Never scar me!
Can it be
so wrong
Love?

Kim Schilling

No Longer Human

I tried to be free,
but under lock and key
you capture me in my dreams.
With a hoary skeletal finger
running down my fair cheek,
your unnatural laughter resonates;
my beating heart in your hand,
and blood splattering my face.
The warm salty liquid chokes.
Your cold lips against mine,
I feel my life slipping away,
convulsing and twisting
while your hollow eyes look on.
Your breath is hot and putrid,
bringing tears to my eyes,
but I am leaving now;
no longer human of mortal flesh.
Blood soaks the sheets;
my chest, sunken from death,
rises no more, as I take your hand.

Kim Schilling

No Longer Imprisoned

Your words impaled my heart and soul;
imprisoned the core of my tormented spirit.
Let these deafening screams be heard,
and pull me from the shadows of hurt.

No longer will this chapter rule me;
or write the script that I'm to follow.
For your pages are weathered and old,
serving no purpose in my renewed life.

Kim Schilling

No Time For Losing

Summer's rain –
Soft whispers gently
Falling to my face;
Reminder of God's Grace.

To sense such beauty –
Darkness slowly fades
Welcoming clarity inside;
A long lost friend.

Even if momentarily –
The vision set in
No time for losing;
Much has been lost.

For He has my purpose –
An empty shell now willing
Ready to meet the world;
Renewed with hope.

Kim Schilling

Ode To A Dormouse

So quietly he sat in his dark cardboard house,
that very few knew of this modest dormouse.
Yet his presence was felt by all who knew him,
and loyally we'd fill his little bowl to the rim.
Little evidence seen of this lonely small being,
'cept nutshells and crumbs hardly worth seeing.

His bonded mate was sadly lost years ago,
as she leapt off a hand and skedaddled to go.
Days and days passed, yet he still lingered on;
his eyesight long gone, a blue tinge they did don.
I pondered with amazement as he stayed in my mind;
Could he be the longest living seen of his kind?

His tiny cage took up a lone shelf on the wall,
and some even wondered if he would ever die at all.
I checked on him daily and poked him to see;
would he move today or would he cease to be?
I was nicely surprised and grinned each instance,
He moved and looked irritated at every disturbance.

The basement it held such a chill yesterday,
I lifted his house and searched for the gray.
He was weak and cool and slow to move;
The day was approaching - he had no more to prove.
I sliced up pear and gave him a sliver,
and hoped his last meal would help ease the shiver.

That sliver of pear was his favorite weekly treat.
He would nibble the center and lap the nectar so sweet.
I left him alone to spend time with this meal;
I knew this would be the last time he would feel.
Hours passed and I checked on him and his pear.
He had gobbled it up and now lay dead in his lair.

Once a spry critter with a famed feisty bite;
It had been too many years since he showed his might.
His eleven years of life is peacefully behind,
a record of loving care we bestowed on his kind.

I can see him right now as he scampers and plays,
his mate now beside him as was in the old days.

Kim Schilling

Old Glory

Old red white and blue
Proudly waving high above
Hopes of new freedom

Kim Schilling

Old Lovers

Our love set aside
Lets go your bitter pain
Pitiful little bird caged
Its youthful feathers clipped
To ensure you always there
But time is growth from me
Ready to fly once again
Away from my gripping touch

My lover confined no longer
Now one of malice and contempt
Cerulean eyes once alluring and soft
Settling to chilled impenetrable glass
Autumn's unforgiving nights of gray
Blowing through me bitter stares
Stabbing wounds imbedded deeply
My spirit lost to you

Love overshadowed by perilous lives
Shaming words and pointing fingers
Now winter's snow to warm spring rain
A healing heart slowly emerges
Slashes sewn by forgiveness
And blood pumped by acceptance
So great a thrashing for freedom
Old lovers, new lives

Kim Schilling

One Gift

If one gift I had to give
Deadening silence drowning you
Replaced by cries heard loud and far
Bring fierce guardians to your side

If one gift I had to give
Grave cross heavy upon your stolen innocence
A warm blanket draped in its place
Envelop you with warmth and comfort

If one gift I had to give
Horrid images burned deep inside
Removed forever with soothing touch
Remind you of your preciousness

If one gift I had to give
Fear encasing you, paralyzing you to reside within
Drawn out by loving trustworthiness
Reassure you of benevolence deserved

If one gift I had to give
Sickness and guilt weakening your spirit
Armor crushed by protective resolve
Restore your courage long forgotten

If one gift I had to give
Venomous spirits bleeding demons on your soul
Cast off forever by empowering verve
Pull you from the blinding darkness

If one gift I had to give
A box full of treasures would be yours
Of sacred youth revered and cherished
Of love and compassion bestowed upon you
The joyful times of a naïve childhood
Endowing a wholeness belonging only to you
Encasing you loosely, freely, guiding your way
To share your box of treasures with those who need

Kim Schilling

Pain And Hope

Pain
cannot
be erased
with a single
waving of a hand.
Rotting, settling deep
within the core of the heart
until it bores holes to your soul,
pain imprisons your mind ruthlessly
leaving you defenseless against yourself.

~

Obscured in darkness, festering blindly,
reaching outward for signs of living
in a world filled with decayed rot;
soft whispers enter your head
and hands lay upon you.
As ache peels away
you recognize,
at long last,
there is
hope.

Kim Schilling

Pallet Of Radiance

Sky's dusk and sea embrace in a pallet of radiance,
while unfettered ocean flow sculpts beauty in rock,
and lays heavy saline blanket on the multihued sands.

Fragrance dances in a mist from the depths of purity,
invites me to purge myself of all intense burdens;
profound tranquility cascades fluidly over me.

Memorizing this panorama is but a gift to myself –
I fold it up tightly and keep it with me always;
A remembrance that I need only to wade so deep,
before life's beauty and serenity tow me ashore.

Kim Schilling

Passage

Passage across Mother's supple belly
are calm amber glows on translucent eyes;
as gentle lullabies soothe beating heart
soft waves rock me to sleep without a care.

Fortification from harm in this warmth;
existence between mother and her child.
Drawing life from you, I gather my strength
in preparation for journey ahead.

From my slumber I'm slowly awakened
enveloped by walls closing in on me.
Whoosh! My head emerges from its safety
as passage to cold freedom is gained fast.

"I am here, World! " I cry with a sputter.
And so begins my life as an idol.

Kim Schilling

Passage Of Time

Whispered in a soft warm hush,
Say not a word now little one –
A trembling heart brushes her tiny chest.
Tears are swept by wisps of blond curls.
Unheard and forgotten as she fades away.
Tell me. What is to become of this little one?

Frozen in time, the monster still prowls.
She waits in paralyzing silence for him –
Passage of time has shown no compassion;
Haunted by past and present, she concedes.
Her insides ripped apart by promises of quiet.
Tell me. What is happening to this child?

Stalked by dark and dangerous secrets,
Her choices guided by concealed deceit –
Leading her back to treacherous waters;
Destined to the life they made sure for her.
Silent drowning tears seep into her soul.
Tell me. Why has this happened to this girl?

Lurking in the shadows she sees him everywhere.
Damaged and beaten, an understanding is near –
Dreams unfold truth; keys to unlock hidden doors.
Her heart trembles once again to say a word aloud;
Stronger than that little one, her fight is one of hope.
Tell me. Is this what has become of this woman?

Kim Schilling

Peacefully Into Forever

Vibrant leaves firmly embrace,
Autumn's robust bending branches,
against cutting wisps of brisk air,
pushing woolly clouds above.

Crackle of leaves beneath kind hooves,
thick coated deer forage tender grass,
as bushy-tailed squirrels hoard acorns;
tranquility falls over the forest in a hush.

Flocks in formation soar way up high,
southbound away from the rich dusk,
which reflects pastels on river's edge,
and flows peacefully into forever.

Kim Schilling

Reminiscing

You
always
undress me
and caress me
like old lovers do
beneath the silver stars.
I writhe with eyes firmly shut,
breathing deeply with abandon.
Dreaming scoffs and teases me knowing
reminiscing only blinds the future

Kim Schilling

Rest Now Little Alyssa

God took you from us yesterday,
While you slept ever so peacefully,
Waiting, anticipating your future.
A promising young lawyer,
Now a shining star in the sky;
A mystery not understood by many.

Flags fly sympathetically at half mast,
Testament to our shock and our sorrow,
Your vibrant spirit, life and beauty.
Fair-haired, blued-eyed young lady;
With so much to offer this world,
An angel in life; an angel in death.

The apple of so many tearful eyes,
But birthed from a loving womb;
A greater love is known to no one.
Look sweetly down upon her, Alyssa.
A broken mother quietly weeps today;
On this sacred Mother's Day.

Kim Schilling

Rip Tide

Deadly
ocean rip tide
current pushing away
hides below playful tumbling waves
sucking unaware humans
further sea bound
floating
against their will
waging war on tempest
pounding down upon their spirits
Sunburned and blistery
treading for life
hoping
savior appears
freedom to transport them
Life beyond what hell has become
begging for forgiveness
coming to grips
their lives
completely lived
only missing goodbyes
Loved ones bemused by mystery
lay bouquets and garlands
Weary swimmers
praying
sea submerges
quickly and painlessly
Lungs inhale with burning saline
surface drifts from vision
bodies touching
bottom

Kim Schilling

Romantically Inclined

All those innocent goodbyes,
and yet his yearning blue eyes,
spoke to me in profound secret,
I would hold and not soon forget.

It was his life's tender obsession,
this man of dignified profession,
to breathe in the sweet aroma of me,
and touch me wholly and lovingly.

Velvet rose petals to lure my heart,
in hopes that with him I would depart,
beneath the glitter of the silver sky,
our love for each other we did cry.

Unsuspected to be romantically inclined,
clandestinely he had me wined and dined,
until that day when his place went unfilled,
death had taken him, as God had willed.

Kim Schilling

Sand Castles

Girls
Playing
In the sand
Building castles
Dreaming of princes
To take them far away
From their pain and suffering
Left unseen behind their small smiles
That they have worn for a short lifetime
For to wear anything else would mean death
But together they have found some comfort
In each other and their visions they know
To believe in something greater
Mighty God high to restore
Faith in people and selves
And move on in life
To pain no more
But to live
Be freer
Dream

Kim Schilling

Saturday Afternoon Romance

Dark chocolate velvet sleeves,
of soaring, slender cat tails
whisper gently in the wind,
as sandpipers scurry quickly,
scattering frenzied bugs about.

A grand old willow gives shade
to the red paisley blanket beneath;
still seductively warm to the touch,
and imprinted with entwined bodies.
Skewed wine glasses bare of nectar.

Clear, cool water ebbs and flows,
Ticking the toes of young lovers,
walking slowly into the sunset.

Kim Schilling

Seasons Pass (Rictameter Chain)

~*~

Ice storms
wrap crystal sheathes
around sleeping woodlands
bringing life and light to those who
would image the splendor of God's artwork
and see beyond the destruction
of such cold and brutal
falls of last night's
ice storms

~*~

Melting
arrives with Spring
as buds shine beneath glass
waiting for their time to peak up
and greet the world in all its radiance;
bathed in sun and showers to grow
until drought takes hold and
leaves look like they're
melting

~*~

Cool gust
brings in crisp fall
and relief from dry thirst.
Clouds fly over waving goodnight
to Mother Nature as she prepares Her
stem children for Winter's coming
around the bend to put
buds to sleep in
cool gust

~*~

Kim Schilling

Sensual Amber (Acrostic)

Sensual amber glow illuminates their room.
Excitedly she awaits her striking new groom.
New love melts into the plush lambskin rug.
She pulls him closer with a quick, firm tug.
Unbuttoning his denim shirt and then his pants,
And slowly her hips sway in an erotic dance.
Lying on the rug watching, he awaits his chance.

As she falls slowly upon him with gentle touch,
Muttering words incoherently, he says not much.
Bodies rub and thrust in lust's unison of pleasure,
Enveloped as one beating heart no one can measure.
Release is met in harmony for both to long treasure.

Kim Schilling

Sheer Gardenia

You lit up the room with your stunning smile
Dancing and floating with such grace and style
Arm in arm with gardenias on your wrist
He pulled you close and tenderly you kissed.

Such love and devotion for each other
I look at you in awe, my dear mother
Ceaselessly in my heart I hold you near
With humble reverence and strong rever.

And time cruelly fades all your memories
Children, births, and your anniversaries
Body held captive in weakness' throes
Beneath all the hurting a smile still glows.

Released from your shell to eternal grace
I leave white gardenias in a small vase.

Kim Schilling

Slots

Brightly inviting
A test of courage and luck
Sucking you bone dry

Kim Schilling

Sounds Of A Tear

If tears made a sound, would they speak the truth?
Would love's tears whisper sweet melodies?
Or mother's mourn a banshee scream!
Surely tears of joy echo!
And ecstasy hollers!
What about torture?
Must be noisy!
Would tears yell?
or just
flow?

Kim Schilling

Souvenirs

Internal rage its damage mounting
As tears moved farther from my reach
My soul inflamed by unrelenting hurt
Memories secreted in the caverns of my mind
No relief in the distance

Sharp, glistening liberator in hand
Illuminating signs of iniquitous past
Blood flowed freely over pure flesh
Through open wounds pain seeped out
Leaving my heart to beat again

Scars are souvenirs never to be forgotten

Kim Schilling

Splash

Resounding croak heard
lightning quick jump and a splash
lily pad drifts on

Kim Schilling

Stab Them Dead

Sitting, waiting
Time and time again
With potent liquid beside
Fractured ideas begin to whirl

Wanting, hoping
Capture them now!
But so fast they go
Not ready to be scribbled
Evidence of internal despair.

Crying, hating
Afraid they'll escape
To suppression once more
Temporarily forgotten
Yet shading my presence
Awaiting their time.

Bruised, inspired
Time comes once more
Reminding me of moments
With it the moods
To wish gone at once
As to stab them dead
Pinned hard to paper
And locked forever away

Kim Schilling

Symphony Of Rain (Extended Version)

Raindrops play for me
Beating gently in my heart
Sing sweet melodies

Oh, tug at my weakness
Give into my deepest desires
As you wash away my inhibitions
Cleansing me softly to purity, awaiting
Gentle caressing; lovers' unity
Taking me to pure ecstasy
Oh, such sweet melodies
Rain down on me

(Bottleneck Haiku)

Kim Schilling

That Day

You
felt me
that day I
said I love you.
From the moment of
conception you were true;
Heaven's gift from God above,
I pledged I would nurture and love.
From this lifeline between us we share
Sustenance until you breathe your first air.

~

Your birthday came, the grandest day ever,
brought forth a bond that could not sever,
for mother and child seek console
together in each known role.
Always through life's woes,
we journey closely
to where one goes
other heeds;
respects
love

Kim Schilling

That Painted Face

Grin
they said,
demanding
I hide feelings,
and show the false me.
Put on that happy face.
Repress the sadness and hurt,
for no one likes the lonely child;
or so they told me and I believed.
Swallow all that you know about yourself,
and lose your precious identity too.
So I painted my lips big and bright,
for all to see the cheerful me;
my soul sinister with time.
Now grown and on my own,
I fear being lost.
I am consumed,
but the paint
does come
off.

Kim Schilling

The Bear

Foraging for food
mighty bear plans for slumber
long months lie ahead.

Denned in fat and warmth
she rests out of harmful paths
Spring arrives in bloom.

Appearing cautious
mother turns and sweetly calls
brand new cubs emerge.

Kim Schilling

The Bear Ii (Haiku Chain)

mighty scavenger
heeds the pathway of nature
long months lie ahead

dennd in fat and warmth
she slumbers out of harm's way
until Spring's blooms wake

slow and vigilant
mother turns and sweetly calls
brand new cubs emerge

Kim Schilling

The Beast

Floating safely above
One sees what is forgotten
Dirty claws ripping savagely
Innocent flesh torn

Inside little ones scream
Pain they have felt before
Wide-eyed they stare
Frightened of what is to come

The beast's breath decayed and hot
His movements rough and callous
Like a ragdoll lying motionless
Her blood the only sign of life

Humiliating words impale her soul
Wishing death quickly upon herself
Knowing she is shattered and impure
The beast finishes with a snarl

Mirrors reflect innocence lost
A shell of a body filled with lost souls
Not knowing where to turn
Curled into a fetal position, rocking steadily

Kim Schilling

The Body Never Forgets

My body has learned by heart
What my eyes have long forgotten
Entrusted long ago with deadly visions
These entrenched dark and dangerous secrets
Guarded tightly by those faithful curators inside
Held in jagged pieces by little and big hands.

I feel them there beneath my deadened skin
They use my hollow eyes to peer at the world
Kicking and screaming they feel the pain
Absorbing it, gripping it for the coward in me
My body shakes and trembles for them
I cannot escape completely, as we are one.

Too big to be remembered for fear of consuming me
Too big to be forgotten for they won't let me
Only in my dreams they haunt my tranquility
Moaning and weeping I see unrecognizable terror
Awakening to little ones crying and big ones irate
Fighting with myself I refuse to hear their messages.

The wall of resistance deadens their ghostly wails
Walking onward with ambivalence through the day
My skin crawls with remnants of yesterday's pain
Desperate clawing at my skull reminds me again
Evil that escaped my youthful mind
Is evil the body never forgets.

Kim Schilling

The Boy, The Bear And The Hare

A hush fell like whispers in the cool air.
The bold children pushed each other on a dare,
knowing all too well they'd get a good scare,
for hidden in the deep, dark cavern lived a bear.

Now she was no ordinary bear sleeping unaware.
She lay patiently waiting for one without a prayer;
just one to wander too close to the front of her lair.
She could sniff them getting closer, almost there!

She excitedly licked her chops and groomed her hair.
Soon there'd be a banquet to which none could compare.
Crackling leaves and sticks, she looked up with a stare!
It was him! Little boy! Eyes big and wide, full of despair!

Peeking around for the other bears, as she wasn't gonna share,
she let out a growl, grabbed the boy and threw him in a chair.
But just as she was about to eat him up, along ran past a hare.
"Run, boy, snare me that hare! I prefer him to you! Medium rare! "

Kim Schilling

The Caretaker

He quietly sits in dim solitude.
Day after day he waits.
A tear in the fading wallpaper;
His muted center of attention.
Alone in his final days;
Devoted family long gone.

She is there but once a week;
Holding his hand, offering solace –
An angel sent to him from above.
To him, his last loving friend.
Tender words are exchanged,
And warm tears are wiped away.

She sits quietly in dim solitude,
Focused on that tear in the wallpaper,
On that final visit of his passing.
Remembering his tales and wisdom.
An angel sent to her from above,
Wishing for a final chance to tell him.

Kim Schilling

The Carolers (Rictameter)

Angel
atop the tree
reflects the glow of lights
as snow falls like feathers outside.
Carolers sing beneath a lone bright star
in front of a garland draped door,
and the smallest singer
looks so like an
angel.

Kim Schilling

The Chosen Child

Blood courses through her veins
As Satan spreads His vast wings,
Huddling His offspring together.
He wants this child like no other;
Chosen from the many observers –
Innocent, unknowing, fearful.

Curtains fall around the dimmed stage
The bloodied chalice raised in honor of Him.
Strong hands pass over her paralyzed body.
Hear their words and see their insipid faces –
And be taken to another realm of darkness.
Fear it is here she is left to die alone in agony.

Dull chanting off in the distance whirrs on.
Crumbling leaves beneath scurrying little feet
Speaks to her of comfort and life in another world –
He has left her here for now, bathing in His evil.
Taking flight into the ghostly shadows beyond,
Leaving her soiled spirit trailing in the cool mist.

Kim Schilling

The Forked Tongue

More clever than any beast -
Yield to the tongue of the Serpent!
Inauspicious Bellysbabble.
Language of the laughing Devil;
Sprinkled with intoxicating wit.
Infused with bewildering puns.

He is vexed by the malevolent fiend –
Great transformation in the Garden!
And Man's first brusque defiance,
Bringing Death into the world;
His soul forever to perdition,
Living on a Woman's shame.

Escape from Eternal Life with Him –
Search for comfort in infernal abode!
The people will act out duplicitously.
They will speak with forked tongues;
Darkness will be called Light,
And evil good, and good evil.

Kim Schilling

The Hanging

A crumpled paper,
dampened with tears
screams out your angst.
Gripped by those words,
they sear my soul;
"He's gone now."
A hush surrounds me.

The scuttle has stopped,
all hard evidence removed;
abandoned to mourn,
in this cold, dim room.

Like magic I see you there,
dancing around that chair –
You won! You won!
How you loved musical chairs...

A chill washes over me,
the shadow of a noose hangs low
in my mind, as you step off;
"He's gone now."
A hush surrounds me.

Kim Schilling

The Meaning Of Friendship

Truth
be told,
true friendship
does not come fast
or with simple words,
but instead with actions,
like lifting up her spirit,
or just being there to listen,
even if it also breaks your heart.
It takes time and effort to be a friend.
To share your darkest secrets and still trust
she'll still be held safely in your hands;
another of the great gifts known
to two bound by true friendship.
they share a distinct love
envied by many
who don't get it.
But once friends,
always
friends

Kim Schilling

The Race

Handsome horses hanging heads,
Ripping and roaring, ready to run!
People pacing, picking preferred,
Choosey choices, chancing all!
Gun goes off - going, going gone!
Watching, waiting, wailing and waving,
Dirty dust dancing down the track.
Steamy steeds stormin' past stretch!
Greedy gamblers gloat to gang.

Kim Schilling

The Swimming Hole

Tranquil multihued waters
rest calm as crisp leaves rustle;
A sunshade branches out,
where bare feet have tread
and minnows have nibbled.

Today awaits their arrival,
Yellow rafts and orange flippers;
boys' laughter grows closer
as clothes are shed down the hill.
"Last one in is a rotten egg."

Kim Schilling

The Ultimate Betrayal

Absent grave,
only bottled ashes on nightstand;
teddy bear once hugged weeps.

Smoking gun,
long, drifted to Heaven's skies,
mixed with forgiveness,
transgression liberated.

But what of me?
Eyes seep blood,
taste of salt lingers;
forgiveness escapes me,
as death stains my skin evermore.

Holding you close,
life slipped out quickly;
the ultimate betrayal.
Destroyer of love and life;
despondency ravishing the soul.

Looking upon the Heavens,
resentment engulfs me,
peace is yours.
Such treachery to our union;
what do I do with this?

Kim Schilling

The Wild World

Animals, so majestic in their own right.
Beautiful black bears bask in the open sun.
Cunning coyotes cruise the plains for their cuisine.
Dancing dolphins delicately dash across open waters.
Excited elephants stampede across the delicate environment.
Ferreting ferrets furrow through piles of filthy laundry.
Gnawing goats gnash their teeth on gnarly old cans.
Humongous hippos walk heavily on the lagoon's floor.
Ingenious iguanas imitate their background to blend in.
Juicy jellyfish just wait around to give you a jolt.
Kooky kangaroos keep their young close in pouches.
Lively llamas lob loogies at unsuspecting people.
Magnificent mountain lions map out their quarry.
Naughty nightingales steal niceties for their nests.
Ornery ostriches often give chase to naive onlookers.
Peaceful porcupine won't prick you unless perturbed.
Quiet quail sit calmly unless quickly scared to flight.
Rebellious raccoons are rascally and really wreak havoc.
Sluggish sloths sit solitarily high in trees to escape predators.
Tough tigers blend in the tall grasses to hide from trappers.
Unique urchins lie still and protected under the sea.
Voracious vampire bats victimize unknowing prey.
Wonderful warthogs wallow in warm mud for soothing.
Xanthic xenops swoop down from the rainforest tops singing.
Youthful yaks have spring in their steps over the grassy meadows.
Zealous zebras gallop zestfully across the wild open plains.

Kim Schilling

This Darkened Web

Delicately spun to beckon you,
Here with beauty and depth.
Inviting you in with a glance,
Letting you so deep within,
Enticing you with solace.

Fraught with confusion,
Entangled in tender emotions.
And coming just far enough,
Holding your heart in her hands,
To think you are hers at last!

A wink and a smile will capture,
Those places you cannot remember;
Those places you cannot forget.
And lazily you bare your soul,
Exposing your every weakness.

Stunned and trapped in silence,
Bound tightly in her dark weave.
Sucking you dry of your spirit;
And her eyes will speak the words:
Welcome to this darkened web.

Kim Schilling

Those Were The Days

Passing notes back and forth;
"Do you think he likes me? "
"Check Yes or No or Maybe".
Those were the days,
Of youth and innocence.

And scurrying off to church;
"Don't be late! God is watching! "
But stealing a church newsletter,
illusory proof that we'd gone,
heading to the malt shop instead.

Yes, those were the days...

And what about kickball?
I so rocked at that!
Smashing the ball with neighborhood kids,
waiting for dad to whistle for dinner.
Steaks grilling on the barbecue.

Later resting on the porch sipping 7-Up;
the school band practicing in the background,
and fireflies flying effortlessly around,
avoiding our glass jars and cupped hands.
Can you remember those days?

Stories being told around campfires,
scary enough to keep me awake,
but lulled to sleep by a loving mom.
"Remember these days", she said,
"for they'll soon be long passed."

Kim Schilling

To Eternity

To eternity
Devoted to you with love
Everlastingly

Lovers
forever whole,
hearts link beating jointly,
thoughtful natural harmony.
Trusting in the other soul's faithfulness,
for nothing compares to the touch
and beauty of true love,
a gift from God,
lovers.

He quietly read these sweet words to her,
with tissue in hand her eyes did begin to blur,
for nothing sweeter had ever been said
until this love her feelings had been dead.

She gently laid her warm hand upon his chest,
at this moment she knew she'd been blessed.
This man whose eyes looked deep inside,
to love, hope and passion was her guide.

Under the glow of the silver moonlit nights,
arm and arm they would gaze at the sights.
Kiss beneath the twinkling stars they would
for the words he read were understood.

Kim Schilling

Touching (Rictameter)

Touching,
saying nothing
as His empathy speaks
for those we hold near and dear
during times of trouble and dissension.
For He is the Lord Almighty,
embracing our wishes
with compassion,
touching.

Kim Schilling

Touching My Soul (Rondelet)

Touching my soul
With the tenderness of your grace,
Touching my soul
With the care of making me whole;
All worries vanish without trace,
Through your love I feel your embrace
Touching my soul.

Kim Schilling

Treason

Beyond the hazy mist rising over
Perfusion of colors paint the scene
Undulating fields of green and clover
Periphery to the realm of the Queen.

Full of piety were the Queen's loyals
For anything else would be a grave sin
Was the way of the world to the Royals
She would have the irreligious man's skin.

In full panoply rode the brave young knight
Pathetic pagan in old patchwork rags
Was said in the parchment to give him fight
Passion erupted and raised the Queen's flags.

Hunt went forth to prevent treasonous acts
Caught and slaughtered with many brutal hacks.

Kim Schilling

Under Lock And Key

Morn cracks with burning golden rays;
Its fingers pry open internal darkness,
Bleeding eyes wary of the night's angst,
Watches for Evil has danced upon her soul.

Words whispered in a sinister hush set afire;
Under lock and key she does cower and bow.
Silence her only acquaintance - her escape -
Devoured by unforgiving, guilt-ridden worms.

He is everywhere watching and waiting -
Desecrating her under the light of the moon;
Entombed with fear as death hovers over,
She belongs to him, for he has muted her.

In her nightmares He freely roams about -
Slashing her virtue and honor mercilessly,
His cruel domination over her - silence;
Under lock and key she does cower and bow.

Kim Schilling

Unstable

Treading delicately on a scale,
a life with no balance;
controlled by chemistry,
only to be betrayed inside,
for I sway and tip regardless.

Internal voices,
a jackhammer chipping away
what little sanity is left;
pounding, pounding, pounding,
boring holes into my psyche.

Never stopping to rest,
my sensations run untamed
like an unpruned tree,
reaching in all directions;
bending and breaking with ease.

Yet it all builds,
anger and rage running hot;
erupting like a volcano,
leaving desolation in its wake
until I sleep once more.

Into depression I fall,
an abyss swallowing me;
darkness consumes me,
and I long for death.
Bi-polar has me again.

Kim Schilling

Untimely Death Ii (Haiku Chain)

brilliant man alone
tears fall with no one to catch
his fate sealed by love

treacherous mistress
cold, calculating intent
peers down wickedly

deep void engorges
sponge of wasteful emptiness
waits to be deprived

waving smoke rises
shocking gunshot brings silence
Death's mourning dove coos

Kim Schilling

Vain

Vain are those who decree
What is real and what is not
Having experienced neither
Still they moralize to others.
Claiming to seek only truth and enlightenment
But harvesting from only shallow mines.
They close their wits in pompous fashion
Backs turned towards the genuine educators.
As the sanctimonious were before them
Limited to what should and should not be.
Failing not only themselves
Failing all who do not question.

Who are they to say when voices are not real?
They might benefit to silence themselves and listen.
Cowardly to refute what is seen by the pupils before them
Growth might be had by observing through genuine eyes.
Closed off to their own senses and those around them
Have them inside to taste and feel and smell the recollections.

Unable to comprehend another's realities
Shielding themselves from what they do not know.
Not embracing the trueness exposed to them.
They speak from behind the safety of books
They do not believe what others believe.
They do not see what others see.
They do not hear what others hear.
Never looking up to account for their ineptness.

Brightly tagged and stacked neatly
To be forever filed away
These humble pupils
What priceless gifts they would give.
What endless lessons they would teach
To those who are humble and bare open hearts.

Vibrant Dreams

Oh
fairy,
spirited,
so to touch me
deep within my soul
with your colorful dreams
of mystic places and thoughts;
towards this free never land I float,
you beckon me with your radiance;
Captured by visions unveiled by desire.
Cast your spell upon me, for I am yours;
Silently you wish only visions.
My beautiful dreamer you'll stay;
no heart can steal your spirit
or imprison such grace.
I still deeply crave,
but settling
distantly
lover's
dreams.

Kim Schilling

Water Garden

Misty steam rises from the porcelain tub
as she gently lowers in her curvaceous body.
Glistening bubbles reflect gold specks of light;
candles dancing gracefully under moonlight,
scent of Water Garden released into the night
brings her quickly to ecstasy as she caresses.
A sensual moan rolls out as her head leans back.

Her body glistens in the soft light as she exits,
and leg rises to the rim to be stroked by the towel.
Slowly she rubs herself down with soothing oil.
A red robe hangs loosely over her stunning body,
exposing firm, young breasts and the beauty below.
White smoke now rises from the Water Garden candles;
she strolls to bed, lulled to sleep by the lingering aroma.

Kim Schilling

Welcoming Winter

Parting the tender way for Winter,
tan blades of crunchy grass kneel,
succumbing to the crisp breeze,
dividing the line of old and new.

Against airy, snow filled clouds,
raucous flocks prepare their exodus,
leaving behind vacant homes of summer
in naked bending branches of oaks.

Laughter fills the cool afternoon air,
the song of innocent children playing;
yesterday passes - today promises
rainbow leaves in heaps to throw about.

Squirrels don their wooly hazel coats,
watching attentively from fissures above;
their acorns stored away in neat clusters.
Unclothed trees cast skeletal shadows,
as a single leaf holds on for dear life.

Kim Schilling

What A Child Believes

Look me in the Eyes -
For I am a blank slate,
Waiting for your words;
Speak to my tender soul,
And enlighten me of my worth.

Looking to you I believe –
That truth must flow freely;
Making you all powerful,
To a loving, trusting child,
Prepared to be good or bad.

Make me worthless now –
Flowing words of disdain,
Cutting deeply into my heart.
Would you not see the scars?
A bad child grows into pain.

Or build me up with love –
Speaking with gentle kindness;
Guiding me into self-awareness.
Would you do that for me?
A good child grows into beauty.

Kim Schilling

When Rain Falls

When rain falls
my heart beats a little faster,
breathing deepens with anticipation.
Tapping of raindrops against glass,
like a gentle massage down my bare back.
Mild rumbling of thunder rolling overhead,
like his tender, hot moans beside my ear.
Silver lightning stretches across the sky
like the energy that shoots through me.

I writhe beneath the beauty of the silken sheets,
as I caress myself in preparation for his arrival.

Kim Schilling

Where Violet Lilies Grow

Beneath the earth where violet lilies grow -
Macabre hands fold across a gaunt chest.
Golden ring lies limply on a skeletal digit.
Pristine black suit now tattered from years,
saturated with mold and feasting worms -
Beneath the earth where violet lilies grow.

Kim Schilling

Whispers Of The Sea

Whispers of the sea,
plated conch shell to my ear,
like His voice reminding me,
"This, I have given to you."
Waves pass over my feet,
cleansing me as He had been.

Sandpipers scurry past
footprints left in the sand –
perhaps lovers on a sunset walk.
Blessed to have a family,
a look to Heaven's sky says,
"Thank you, Lord."

Splendor and serenity fill me.
Liquid turquoise glass finish
swallows the earth's glowing orb,
as dusk completes perfection.

Humbled by my minuteness,
engulfed in eager anticipation,
for I know in His vast plan
tomorrow brings splendid hope.

Kim Schilling

Your Ripped Out My Heart

God forgive me for what I've done;
I couldn't leave my home and son,
if only to be your loving, faithful wife,
to keep you from taking your own life.

Leaving me has ripped out my heart;
for eleven years we've not been apart.
Now crushed and broken beneath mourn,
battling anger and grief, I feel so torn.

In your comforting presence I felt whole,
now lost memories and dreams fill my soul.
I hate you for throwing away a love so true,
most of all I'm sorry I didn't say I love you.

Kim Schilling

You'Re Mine (Villanelle)

From the very start you built a wall,
young lover of dreams swept away.
Determined I was to overlook it all

Whispers of promises did enthrall,
still keeping me close, yet held at bay
From the very start you built a wall.

With ring in hand, you stood tall,
pledging to change and not to stray.
Determined I was to overlook it all

Across the sea we flew to Vauxhall.
Of love and care there was no display.
From the very start you built a wall.

One day I caught you glimpsing at Paul.
It finally dawned on me that you were gay.
Determined I was to overlook it all.

I can ignore anything after a highball.
You're mine. I don't care what you say.
From the very start you built a wall.
Determined I was to overlook it all.

Kim Schilling