

Poetry Series

Lorna Gero
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

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

Lorna Gero(March 1,1978)

At the age of nine I experienced something that no child should ever endure. It was at that time I discovered my gift for writing.

I am the only girl in my family with five brothers. My father died when I was thirteen years old and my mother has been my rock. She has inspired many of my writings.

I am the mother of a beautiful little girl who has also inspired my new outlook on life.

Like many, I write about what I feel and experience and this is my gift to the world.

This is my story.

LMG

A Moment Like This

A moment like this
has been deemed a once in
a life time experience. However I have felt
similiar feelings, dreamt similiar dreams, thought the
imaginative thought.

In a moment like this
I will banish my fear with expectations that we
both flirt with a deep desire for the inevitable.

A moment like this
has allowed me to release what none other
has had the courage to enforce, but
have secretly wished. I am sure of
my feelings as I am sure of the outcome,
therefore, embracing this endeavour seems
only natural and acceptable.

In a moment like this
you have bestowed upon me a great sense
of admiration and understanding which therefore
confirms my initial thought. A moment like this
has shed light on a once upon a time dark shadow
that although self motivated became my way of escape, .
The fear of the shadow being lifted co-existed with the thought
of being hurt again, in a moment like this.

In a moment like this
I want to be brave for I feel I am worthy of what I deserve.

If in a moment like this
a memorable moment like this we should decide
to take it slow. Then a friendship an undying one will last forever,
in a moment like this.

Lorna Gero

Getting Over You

Getting over you has been
the hardest thing I had to do.
You are what fairy tales call
"a dream come true."
My heart is deeply sad
and the tears they will fall.
I have only four qualities
I seek in another and you
possess them all.
I've played the "what if"
and the "what could have
been game" having the end
result being the same.
Your kiss is a strong memory
that I do not intend to forget.
Every moment we spent together
were none that I've come to
regret.
Although, if I knew that the
heartbreak would constantly
eat at my soul I would not have
smiled at you that day
heck I would not have
even said, "Hello."

Lorna Gero

Longing To Be Loved

I trusted you as I have not
trusted anyone. I confess to you
how I felt and you in return
led me to believe you felt the same.
I now know that the words you spoke
were words of deception.
Now I lie everynight in a lonely
bed not blaming you, instead blaming
myself.
My heart has been broken for what
feels like eternity and even in my sleep
tears will fall.
I do not regret meeting you, dancing with
you, or falling in love with you.
I regret not regretting it.
For I am longing to be loved by someone
who desires my love.
Then my heart will heal and at night
I will finally sleep and in my sleep
I will smile.

Lorna Gero

Lost

Lost in the wilderness
on a dark night.
You try to find a
opening where there is light.

You run in circles
because you can't see.
Yelling in to the night,
'Somebody help me.'

Lorna Gero

Passing Strangers

A gathering of many
woman, men, children.
A spot where they come
to reflect, cry, or share
a precious moment.
The clear blue sky
embraces the rich sun.
The river near echoes
a steady rythm.
The birds applaud
singing a soft melody.
Familiar and unfamiliar
faces gather with no
expectations.
Their only wish is to be as
one with their surroundings.
An ocassional nod followed
by a smile.
A moment captured by few.
The silent acknowledgement
of a mutual engagement experienced
by passing strangers.

Lorna Gero

Place In This World

Our hearts sadden as we read
about the troubled times of years ago.
Our eyes fill with tears as we watch
movies of the brutal lives blacks once
lived. When men were viciously beaten,
women brutally raped, and children often
killed.

Others received pleasure from the
wounded one's pain.

Blacks have risen from the tunnel
of hell to mark their place in
this world.

We are appreciated, and respected
by our own and others as we
struggle to keep our place in this world.

Although some achievements go
unrecognized we still go on
building dreams and living each day
full of hope, A dark past never to be
forgotten because of those who
survived and paved a road to our
future and helped mark our
place in this world.

Lorna Gero

Silently Crying

His heartaches
his soul whimpers
the look of helplessness
a gasping breath of anxiety.

An uncertain boy
an unsteady walk
the lowering of his chin
the dragging of his feet.

Beautiful brown eyes
hidden by dark shades
pearly white teeth
hidden behind a still expression.

They may wonder
they may suggest
and the obvious
appears to go unnoticed.

An uncertain boy
an unsteady walk
the lowering of his chin
the dragging of his feet.

Lorna Gero

The Writing On The Paper

It was not a message
left from someone for me
or a phone number that I've
been meaning to call.
It was not something that
was underlined or written big.
It was written several times,
but very small. It made me sit
up straight when I realized
what I had wrote.
The words that I wanted to say
but would only go as far as my
throat.
'I Love You'

Lorna Gero

To That Black Man

We love you even though sometimes
you don't deserve it.

We are your friends, your sisters, your girlfriends,
your wives.

You lack what we as black women need
the most, respect.

We are struggling ourselves everyday
as we try to overcome the abuse
we have suffered, the love we have lost
and the "thank you's" we have seldom heard.

You, black male should be our shelters
from the storms of discrimination, our
shields in the battle of abuse and not the
water in the wells in which we feel
we are drowning.

Lorna Gero

We Are The Same

I present to you a woman
who wishes she were not
judged by the color of her
skin and the clothes she wears.

Why must I because I'm
different be a target to
your insults and your
ignorance. I am human
like you.

So I talk with a slang and
dance different some of you
dance just like me.

Yeah our skin color is different,
but we are the same.

Like you I want respect
I deserve respect. I do not
want to be stereotyped
because of my Friday nights
outfit. I do not want to be
discriminated against when
I'm working and you see
me wearing pants that show
off my round butt or my top
that show my breast when I
bend over to give you your
dinner.

We are God's creation and God's
children once at heaven's gate
there will be no color because
love, respect, and acceptance
has no color.

Lorna Gero