

Poetry Series

sharon wildey
- poems -

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sharonannwildey

A Wild Souled Woman

A Wild Souled Woman
She does not seek
She stalks
Like, very like the tiny vine who stalks the tree
She walks head up
Driven by her Nature
Like the Lioness who feeds
So that life may live
The Wild Souled Woman
Moves freely
Unadorned
Through the water, the weeds and the Wind
Nature is hers
She owns Her
Alerted by aromas
The sweet of the flower
And the Stench of Decay
She knows where she is
And is not
This Wild Souled Woman
Is an I Am

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A Writer's Desire

I want to bond with my typewriter
Make it my only friend
Talk to no one else
In some isolated but loving place
I want to bond with the words
Placed on pages and pages of story
Telling of times long gone
And Love that needs no commas
I want to bond with my typewriter
As if I needed no one else
And it was my stalwart place
Where my soul would be free
To speak of unimaginable deeds
My typewriter steel-headed as it is
Tells no one of what I erased
And no one of what I kept
Even in my heart
All these years

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Charlie's Poem

CHARLIE'S POEM

I breathed my song into the air
I showed my heart to the sun
I raced the stars and touched the clouds
I picked my soul up from the ground
and spoke my words of freedom to the sky
I am free
I am free
I am free

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Coming Back At You Angelou!

What happens to diamonds when too much pressure is laid on
They shatter, Maya, they shatter
Just like the dirt and the coal and the fossils
They shatter, Maya, they shatter

Pressure does not always ripen a life
It is not noble, just like the poor are not always noble
Pressure breaks men and women, ruins them, robs them
It is not selective

What happens to diamonds when too much pressure is laid on
Bound by their immobility, they explode
Kept from giving way by their principles
They cease to exist, blow up, blow to hell

And anyway, Maya, what does it matter
In the end you will be silent again and I will
Die alone.

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Dating Proud

I am a special woman
Special because I walk with my soul every day
My soul you see because I bravely sought her
And learned her
And myself in turn
So mister if you want me
You had better bring your A game
Not your old songbook
Because my soul and I
Well, we have heard those songs
And they aren't sweet enough
To be listened to by us
Special you see
Because I walk with my soul every day
And we will wave our eye lashes just once
Creating a wind so strong that your music
Will be sent where sourness goes
To wonder why
If you want me
Bring your A game
Or stay home

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Day To Night

The day
Hands me over to the night
Always
The day fullness of light
Noise
But the night is reality
Dark
Silent

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Daytime Nighttime

The day

Hands me over to the night

Always

The day fullness of light

Noise

But the night is reality

Dark

Silent

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Dear God

Dear God
I know that I have prayed
In the past
When I believed
In You
I know that I have prayed
For relief from my misery
The question then
Why did I receive more misery
When I prayed
To You
Was it when I began to think
You couldn't be a white Man
Or a Man at all
When I prayed
In the past
Maybe you really were
A white Man
Who really was involved in my Life
Every day
So when I prayed to you
For relief
You forgot
So busy were You
With other white men
So this is my prayer now
Please don't help me
Anymore
Please go help someone else
I have all the help from You
I can handle in this Life
Please let me have my own misery
Maybe I will find my own relief
Just stay out of it
If you please
And be a nice white man
And Leave.

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Easter

And as life initiates each day
So does the earth
Opens its mouth
Wide
And says "feed Me"
As God opens Nurture
And says "Come and be fed"
Oh the miracle

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Emily

I love you Write it in the sky
My message of love
From all the way from here to you
I write my love so large
That you can see from there
For only the sky is the canvas
Large enough
To hold my love
For you
Write it in the sky
My granddaughter
For you too
Can see what is there for you
And feel love forever
From me to you
Among the clouds
Will you find the words
And wishes
And the best of me
Write it in the sky
Dear Emily

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Grandchildren Never Known

If you want to love
Find me
If you want to be loved
Follow the path
I laid for you
Tiny notes left undisturbed
Among the rubble of my things
Big ideas of being together
Only slightly disguised by age
Find me Little Ones
For in my heart
We were always one

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Happy Mothers Day

Mothers Day

The day the entire nation gets

To pretend

They care about their mothers

Or that they would give them so much as a drink of water

Or a minute of their precious time

Pretend with grandiosity

So the Merchants

Can sell more of your soul

And you can give the rest away

To your hidden deceit

So go ahead send a card

Or make a call, it's cheaper

Make an announcement to your friends

That you are such a good child

Hide your rotten core

Happy Mother's Day to you too

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Holidays For People Who Aren'T Real People Anymore

Erase the Christmas tree
With your favorite ornaments
You know the ones you put on the tree since they were little
Since they were little, loving and easily amused

No presents for them or you
No surprises from someone who thought of something you might enjoy
No giving to them
Anything of value from your heart

No Easter baskets with those little yellow chicks
No dinners it took hours to prepare
And glasses of sparkling grape juice in wine glasses
Cherry tarts and cheese fondue
Gone as well

No Thanksgiving guests from foreign lands
The experience of hunger like no other
Followed by the nap of ages
And days of leftovers

All gone
You are gone as well
Replaced by the ghost of their memory
Shaded over with their self righteous distaste
Of the one who loved them

Sit alone on the holidays Mother
Sit alone
On the porch of history
And rock yourself to the rhythm of your ancestors

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Homecoming

I really just show up once in a while
Seeking some crumbs from the table of Wildey
Met only your righteousness turned into your sin
Cuts a little deeper into a soul
When the illusion of love present
Was really a shadow of lore
Crumbs from the table
Spilled into my history
Not as a balm
But as salt in the woundedness
Of a life
Lived outside the village
What changed me was seeing the world
What changed you was not seeing the world
Where all have a right to the crumbs
If not the table
Did you sass Jesus, good Canaanite woman
Good you didn't try it in a homecoming
In Jennings County, Indiana

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Honor Killing 2012 Cnn News

I am very tired to be a woman
I am very tired to be a mother
She moaned to the reporter
From the shadowy frame of the TV screen
Where her being, her face, her identity
Had been wiped
Her husband, the doctor, had uttered the words of Honor
Witch Whore Adulterer
And even though her Father refused
Still she was dead
Hidden
Forgotten
In the name of Patriarchal Honor
In her is every woman
Tired of being a woman
Tired of being a mother
Tired of the death sentences uttered by those who are suppose to love us
The hand that caressed us
Turned into a weapon
Ripping us apart
First from the very core of our souls
And then last, our bodies,
But then why not? When everything else is lost.

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If You Believe - Don't

I don't have a dead faith
In anything normal that is
I see people who have figured it all out
By a full limbed embrace of doctrine
Prying their 20 digits off the book
Would take a prophet probably
Certainly not a pea brain person like me
I have a faith
Unformed and probably unfounded
By systematics (yes there are real people who call themselves that)
My faith is treacherous
Demanding
Refuses me complete comfort
Dishing it out to me like a nanny with a pudding
And I a child in her care
My faith keeps me curious
And informed
That I am not god
And maybe there is one
Or a thing somewhere
Way out of my reach
But beckoning
Nonetheless

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Indiana

Where is the freedom
When you grow up in a small town by the tracks
And must live by their rules
Or they drop you like a piece of the manure
They kick off their shoe
Where is the freedom
When you rise above the limited vision
Of a little place
In the minds of people
With no face
Where is the freedom
When it gains you nothing but fear
Fear that you will never find a place
With love, tolerance and peace
Better to stay in the small place
And turn yourself away
From truth and love
Better to live without a face
Than to wander aimlessly and alone
Where is the freedom in that

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Life Legacy

The old nightmares
The filth of your dreams
That silence you into the tombs of you child person
Come away
Let the house of legacy fall
And be cleansed by it
Release the mockery
Ban the dark laugh
Come away
Let us sit on the grass
And watch it all burn into hell

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Morning

You can leave the mountain
But not the morning
The morning follows you
As gently as a mother's eye
All your life
The mother morning
Brings its infinite possibilities
At the slightest breaking of the night
Her stirring presence is waking
Just before our plans turn our face away
From her meaning
Nonetheless she is present
Nurturingly present
Every single day of our aging

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Morning On The Mountain

This morning on the mountain as I stood anxiously waiting for the morning to make her appearance, I realized that she is just unpredictable. One day she burst onto the scene with colors blazing. The next she is naughty and seductive. Sometime angry and sometimes lazy. Often she....well you get the picture. Oh Mother Morning, can't you just grow up, put on the uniform, be consistent, precise, on time and responsible Really just being responsible would help.. Why all these surprises? Every day we await your presence with trepidation. Such drama....people don't like drama. I suppose you know that

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Naked Week

I am wondering what it would be like
To spend a whole week naked
And whether my friends would come to tea with me
And whether they would be naked too

And whether during the week
My body would become beautiful again
And I would dare to catch a glimpse
Of myself wet from the shower of time

And perhaps I would love again
Or dare to
If I were naked for a week
But carried on as if I had nothing to hide

And whether during the week
My world would be useful again
If I could be seen as I am
Naked and all

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New Eyes

I see with new eyes today
The world
My world
Ever delusional
Ever fluid
Searching - perhaps a little more
Settling in - yes for sure
Slowing - but only to savor
Sorting - to put aside or keep
Vision
Embrace
The world
My world
Sight
Noble Eyes

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Night Words

Night words
Of tenderness
Secreted murmurs
Of touch
Private business
Between lovers
And friends
Spoken softly
Least the sound
Arouse the passion
Too great to bear

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On The Mountain Top

I took my broken soul up to the mountain
Channeling Moses
I went to the mountain top
and cried out to God
The ashes of what was my heart rested in my jeans pocket
The bits of self mingled with the scars of my achievements
in my hand
I cried out to God
To send the Angel for me
That I had no desire to live again
Instead God sent the vultures
I saw them from the cliff
Soaring black animals heading for me
They snatched my ashes, my cries and my deep desire
from my hand
They mocked my achievements
Reducing me to ancientness
And then, these great black carrions played in the sky
Throwing bits of my leftovers here and there
While I watched in surprise
For a moment I hated
Hated the vultures, God, the Angel
Then the Angel came
But it was too late
The hatred had passed
The vultures came back for me
To teach me to soar on the winds of life
Without shame
The pure air filling my lungs
I played with them all day
The fields were green
The soil rich with promise
I went to the mountain
To channel Moses
I stayed there
I lived again
The vultures soared and disappeared
Moses smiled
And then I went home

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Politics

I wonder how many storms I have witnessed
Standing on the shore
In my miniature life
Standing on the shore
Waiting for the clouds
to reach me
Racing toward me
with loudness and ominosity
Experience has taught me
Even in my miniature life
To not be overly impressed
For I will out last it
While standing on the shore
Shrugging my shoulders
Waiting for it to pass

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Reputation Of De Poeet

I wonder if every poet
Is subject to speculation
About who they really are
As supposed through their jottings
If so, then no wonder at all
That we are thought crazed
Those of us who dare
To write out loud about
That which crawls around in the universal belly

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Rise Up

Rise UP

From the dirt and filth of the nations

Rise UP

From the wounds of war

Dance in their face

UP

Dance on their streets

Tear the shreds of their hands

From your vaginas

From your breasts

Rise UP

And say No More

Nay, scream No More

UP

Dance

Rise in the name of Women and Girls

Now!

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Sharon Wildey's Freedom Song

IN HONOR OF MY 73RD YEAR

Stepped out of the box

Years ago

Resisted the sticky fingers

Pulling me back

Un-programmed myself

From what was to be

And freed from that dried and calloused skin

My story soared into what could be

And even though what could be

Often did its worst to me

Looking back I hear only my freedom's song

Singing to me

And when I am gone

The slate will be wiped clean

Making way for another little girl

To step out of the box

Of what was to be

And launch herself into what could be

And maybe, just maybe she will hear my freedom's song

To sing along the way

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Stepmother

Do my grandchildren call you Grandma
Like my children call you Mama
You who produced nothing but heartache
You who never knew me but
Made it your purpose to vilify me all these years
Like a female dog gnarling over the leftovers
In the form of my husband who never was a father
Like you were never a mother
Needing to pretend he was a prize worth winning
Needing to destroy the one person who knew he wasn't
Needing to have pictures of children to show around the office
And having none, took mine
With your vitriolic tongue
And forked eyes
Pretender

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The Avocado Tree

I planted my brokenness under an avocado tree today
Fertilized it with my self-critic that I shot between the eyes last week
And buried in my compost heap
For just such an occasion
As an avocado tree
With its rich soft fruit
Protected by a tough skin
Eat one every day
To be healthy
The new apple
Johnny Apple seed and me

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The Collection Of Oneself

In the end times
when the self is scattered over the years
left in the care of other people
and forgotten occasions
It is timely to
consider
the collection of oneself
The bits
from the largest horrors
to the tiniest secret pleasures
Gathering them gently, each one,
and placing them on the shelf of history
in their place
to look at everyday
and wonder
at Life
once again.

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The Gardener

A soft breeze from the lake
As I sat with my hands in the dirt
Earth
Blackness under my nail beds
Seemed to find its way there on its own
Growing me
Into the life form
It desires
All from the earth
Life seeps into me
I yield
Oh god, I yield
The unique fragrance of the earth
Calls me to witness
Its astonishment
As every second it lifts up a new fountain of life
I witness
Oh god, I witness
And while I stand in awe at the beauty
Of a single blade of grass
I am just as awed by the heavy boot
Trampling each blade underfoot
I answer
And say, yes
Yes I will be your protector
Your gardener
Oh god, yes I will

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Tina Turner Our Story

Born to nothing
Opened her own door
And Ike walked through it
Ike like all the others we married
Walked through our door
With his drugs and sex and ego
But like some of us
From the bottom
Leading with her chin
Tina opened another door
This one for herself
Opened another door
And took her talent, her body and all of us
Through it
Proud Mary
Proud 70's women
Breaking ground
Opening one door at a time
Leaving Ike behind
And all he represented

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Walking And Moving

Walking into the cool embrace of the woods
She is smiling
Raising her fingers into the V sign of her time
Moving on
Ready for the next chapter
In her book of life
Her precious
Velvet covered
Gold lettered
Book of life
Her delicate fingers
Wrapped around its edges
Frayed a bit from age and use
Her book
Her life
Her right
to move on
in victory
Never bowed
nor humbled
She seeks

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Wandering Around The House

Wandering around the house
Room to room
Trying to find myself
Lost
I am not to be found
Searching
Corner to corner
Room to room
Walking and walking around some more
Will it ever stop
Where am I
Not there and not here
No life
No love
Room to room
Searching
For something
For someone
For those who left me
They aren't here
But I search anyway
Room to room
Corner to corner
Wandering like the goat in the desert
No food to nourish my soul
No water to quench my thirst
For them
Who left me
Here to die
Alone
In this house
With its empty rooms
Where I find nothing
Not even my mother
Or her ghost
In any corner
In any room
Nothing
But the sound of my footsteps

To comfort me

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Winter

The wind moves in stillness, jerking from place to place as if a concealed villain lurked in the cold whispering. It is always pensive the seasonal wind, timidly covering time with obligation, burring down to warmth, curling up and waiting. Eyes wide as new noises gain notice and the phone rings for inquiry not for action. No action to take here at the beginning but for the edginess of closing down and waiting.

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Yemeni Girl,15, 'Burned To Death By Father

Yemeni girl,15, 'burned to death by father
Did you hear her screams
As the flames began to char the nerve endings in her body
As the pain flashed through her eyes
Eyes that could not cry fast enough
Did you hear her screams
Women of the world
In China
Or Asia
In the United States
And Switzerland
How long did she scream
Before she breathed
Fire and Smoke
Enough to silence her forever
By her own father
For honor
Her crime
Speaking to her fiancée
Who stood by and watched
And approved
Saved was he from this harlot
Saved was the father from dishonor
Dead was she

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