

# WAKING TO DISCOVER

part of the *Patterns of Life* series by  
The International Library of Poetry

*Noah Bevins, Editor*

**Daisy**

So much more than just a flower,  
 Love, life, dreams, beauty,  
 You're so gentle, so soft,  
 And yet, as I watch you, I frown.  
 "He loves me, he loves me not."  
 Please make my dreams come true.  
 I'd place you in my hair in summer,  
 And yet, as I watch you, I cry.  
 Blowing petals in autumn's early winds,  
 Your sweet smell in my room,  
 Your soft petals brush my cheek,  
 And yet, as I watch you, I sob.  
 Memories, happiness, joy,  
 You're so innocent, a child,  
 And yet, as I watch you, I weep.  
 This single daisy stands alone,  
 Alone at the top of a hill,  
 And there it stands above a grave,  
 Alone, like me, standing above his grave.

*Amy Shavaun Metzler*

**Raging Peace**

The scent of scorched tobacco  
 permeates the four walls of this room

Where we shed our tears  
 where we lay to rest  
 our tales of lost loves  
 and of better days

This is where we laugh  
 where we cry  
 where we lend a sympathetic ear  
 to those who share their woes  
 of the passing day

These walls encompass  
 the family we have become  
 the lovers we have made  
 the enemies that we are

These walls hold the secret  
 to our young, tainted lives

*Stephanie Anne Mueller*

**Come to Me**

I will love a man  
 I will caress his soul  
 With the tendrils of my core  
 I will bask in the full glory of him  
 He will call my name  
 And I shall come to him as a night flame  
 A beautiful fire  
 That will burn splendidly in his veins  
 I shall lie beside him  
 And breathe every ounce  
 Of his luscious being  
 My breast shall dissolve  
 Beneath the splendor of his touch  
 My flesh shall melt on his tongue  
 I shall dance before him  
 And lose myself in pure liquid bliss  
 As I breathe his name  
 Desire shall call him to me  
 Love will bind me to him

*Sheryl Pulido Tuason*

**footstep by footstep**

early morning  
 soft drizzle gently strokes  
 your unshaven cheek  
 alone in a sleeping city  
 the echo of your footsteps  
 only travels a few yards  
 then it drops to the ground  
 and if you are quick enough  
 you can grab it  
 and pleasantly listen to it  
 in the palms of your hands

the city slowly wakes  
 yawns and stretches its  
 streets in every direction  
 the sun breaks through the clouds  
 and starts drying up your footsteps  
 and you with your wet hair  
 can quietly sit down and watch  
 other people go by footstep by footstep

*Asgeir Kristjan Olafsson*

**Rain Dance**

Tomorrow the rain will come down  
 For today  
 I'm doing my rain dance  
 Tomorrow the rain will come down

Tomorrow the rain will come down  
 For today  
 The mosquitos are dancing  
 Tomorrow the rain will come down

Tomorrow the rain will come down  
 Maybe, because  
 If I should die tonight  
 It will rain no more for me  
 But I won't shed a tear  
 I'm spinning around  
 My arms are two wings

Tomorrow the rain will come down  
 For today  
 I'm doing my rain dance

*Werner Morrens*

**Angel's Wings**

Spreading those wings  
 across all things,  
 living or dead,  
 above their heads.

Resting on a cloud,  
 creating not a sound,  
 reaching out to you,  
 bringing you up to blue.

Wings as soft as silk,  
 wings as white as milk,  
 feathers floating in the air,  
 releasing all your despair.

Shall I take you up  
 to the top,  
 spread my wings and fly  
 with you to the sky . . .

an angel's wings. . . .

*Betty Ngoc Ha*

**9/11**

To the fallen soldiers,  
 Their families.  
 To the people  
 That lost their lives  
 On that unforgettable day.  
 To the emergency people  
 That risked their lives  
 For the lives of others.  
 We thank you  
 And remember you.  
 We hope  
 You know  
 That  
 No matter  
 If we knew you  
 Or not,  
 You will always  
 Remain  
 In our hearts.

*Tammy J. Atherton*

**Where Would I Be without You . . .**

Each morning I wake  
 To see your face beside me  
 Where would I be without you  
 Helping and to guide me

Your smile warms my heart  
 Upon a cloudy day  
 Your laughter brings the sunshine out  
 When tears have washed away

I tinker in my garage  
 As you finish the domestic chores  
 I love you for your perfectness  
 I love you for your flaws

Each evening I snuggle up to you  
 Enveloped in love we keep  
 Where would I be without you  
 Lost in an endless sleep

*Trina Maria Pattinson*

**Suicidal Son**

He puts the gun to his head  
 And pulls the trigger  
 I wonder how scared  
 I should be  
 After all, the gun is only  
 A finger and he's smiling  
 But he says he wants to die  
 And he keeps pulling the trigger  
 Pow, pow, pow, as though maybe he  
 Didn't release the safety  
 Or only put bullets in  
 Some of the chambers  
 Bad genes, bad blood, bad parenting  
 I wonder how guilty  
 I should be  
 His leg swings over the side  
 Of the hospital bed  
 Long and skinny, unable to bear  
 The weight of his life

*Johanna F. Shapiro*