

*A spark of faith
I have found,
Not in the air,
Or on the ground,
But in the love
You've graced me with,
I've found the faith,
To simply live.*

*This book is dedicated to all those who said I could
not,
And to all that said I had better.
This is a little insight into the world of Mel.*

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*My Soul and My Hearts
Inspiration*

Kaja's Eyes

*A little girl with sleepy eyes smiled at me today,
She said her name was Kaja,
and I just knew,
she'd steal my heart away.
She had dark hair and a giggling face,
seemed to me I was at first out of place,
for I had never known such a girl,
with firecrackers in her way,
she'd tell you all she ever had to say,
but with the most precarious way.
She'd knock you over with wit in a split second,
or teach you a splendid lesson on just about
anything.
I wasn't sure what it was I saw,
perhaps it was she had no flaw,
for beauty like a faery princess,
and laughter contagious as a sneeze,
perhaps the truth as it may be,
is she reminded me,
well, so much of me.
Though one thing she possessed I did not,
was love in all she saw,
but with one smile she changed in me,
all that I had forgotten to see,
and now I see the world through Kaja's eyes,
as beautiful and fun as it can be.*

*To Kaja,
With Love Always,
Aunt Mel*

Little Star

*You are my little star
been guiding me from afar
I always knew where you were
right here in my heart.*

*You are my little star
I held onto every night,
if only in my dreams,
you're my everyday delight.*

*I saw you grow from a little speck,
lighting up the sky,
shining out the moon,
Awe`ing the heavens til dawn.*

*You are the only light I see,
when the clouds are down on me,
You are like Andromeda,
natures spectral key,
a galaxy of light and spectacular color
in a blackened sea.*

*You have always been my little star
no matter how far you are,
hanging just above the moon,
or merely sleeping in the other room.*

*You are the greatest gift I've ever had,
My little star.*

*To Aarynn,
Love always,
Aunt Mel*

The Feather

*A short poem for the book in progress
'I Do Believe in Faeries'*

*Wholly Goodness!
She exclaimed as the breath escaped her gaping
mouth
I looked to the horizon trying to figure the
amazement out
When there I saw what a moment ago was not*

*A Glimmering castle
Not on field or mount
But floating above the
Hills of green clover*

*This mirage of glass
Porcelain and gold*

*I must be asleep
For this is surely a dream
It is impossible
In all realistic means*

*But then as she grasped
My shaking damp palm
A small orb of light
Brought a startling calm*

*Slowly so slowly
I came to understand
As the shimmering globe
Brushed so lightly my hand*

*With this great new experience
I could not contain
The outburst of cheer
From my heart to my brain
As my gleeful childlike laughter
Bubbled and spilled
Uncontrollably from my face*

*My shocked companion
Wiped joyful tears from her
Eyes and her chin
When we suddenly saw
Not one light but ten!*

*As the red sky slowly
Turned purple and blue
A childhood dream
Began to come true*

*But as the brightest light
Flickered and faded
It was then that I surely knew
All the mystical stories
Reality held true*

*As I dropped to my knees
The little light settled
Barely above the soft earth before me*

*Her gown delicately shimmering
A glittery white
As though weaved of a mornings
Soft fallen dew*

*Her skin so pale
So perfect
As the freshest
Young budding white rose*

*But her eyes
So crystalline blue
The color of a hidden
Sapphire lagoon
So clear
So true*

*As though radiating the magic
Of a Midsummer
Moon*

*Framing her face the
Soft glowing gold
Trailing their tales
In whispering waves*

*With wings so delicate
A translucent soft yellow
The color of a sunbeam
Peering through a rainbow
Kaleidoscope patterned
Fluttering so quickly
No movement at all
Appeared*

*The tips of her pale bare toes
Never once
Alighted the earth
As though the blades of grass
Seemed to bow*

*In the utmost respect
Then with a soft gust of breeze
All became silent
Not song of a creek
Nor chirp of a single cricket
No chatter of a squirrel
Nor hoot of an owl*

*All time seemed to stand still
With anticipation
Yet near apprehension
As to what this small spirit
May reveal*

*And as her cherub lips parted
As though she was to speak
No words heeded
Instead the sound of a thousand
Whispering winds
Carrying the hushed murmurs
Of a hundred Angels blessings
Spilled forth from her mouth
Enveloping the very essence of my soul*

*I sat there stunned
As the whispers became words
And I began to hear the language
Of the Earth, of the Guardians
The Enchanters
The Ancients*

*Suddenly I felt washed over
With the most overwhelming
Sense of peace
And it struck me
I knew I was looking at the*

*Face of love itself
As if awakening with a start
From a deep sleep
My eyes were then open
And I looked and I saw
Hundreds of these beautiful little spirits
All different shapes and sizes
But radiating with the same
Rainbow hazed glow*

*Stammering out the only word
I could form
"Hi"*

*The beautiful Fae
Stepped into my palm
With the sound of a million
Tinkerbells said "Hi"*

*And we all laughed together
A new friendship I'd found*

*Then she looked into my heart
And told me a tale
Of a girl who was lost
With only dreams for a trail
Producing a feather
Of the softest goose down*

*"This is for the stories
you will tell
of the love you have found,
no longer lost
the path shines a light
towards a magical cause
of scribed tales and dreams."*

*It was then that I knew
My dreams had come true,
And I vowed to the Fae
Never to forget*

*Then as a mist
Settled quietly down
The little lights flickered and faded
As my friend and I watched
With tears in our eyes
In the sweetest sort of melancholy
We said our silent goodbyes
As the castle dissolved
Into the moon
Enchanted night.*

*Visions and Memories
Unrequited*

*You smile in your sleep,
Did you know?
The subtle curves of the tender petals
Of your mouth
Softly turning up at the edges
Seeming to beckon in the purest of dreams.
I watch you in the caress of the moonbeams
Seeping through the window
For what seems like hours.
Untouchable
Your innocence astounds me,
As I drift to sleep
Lullabyed
By the song of your breath.*

Smile

*As sparks of moonlight race across
My uplifted eyes
Gazing into the wonderment of the night
My lips part whispering a gentle kiss
On the tail of a shooting star
Across the space of forever
Leaving it in a single drop
Of midnights fallen dew
On a freshly opened
Crimson rose
Beckoning to you*

You

*I can still see the colors
Of the sunlight
Searing through the rolling hills
In my memory
Vibrant hues of reds and blues
Orange yellow and purples
A rainbow of light
Caressing our bare skin
As we held one another
For that sunrise
Painting a picture for our souls
As we danced slowly
Absorbed in the wonderment
Of each other
And as we parted
Silently vowing someday
Someday we shall dance again.*

The Dance

*I have said goodbye
So many times
To you
A million tears I've
Tasted
Half of them for you
I have grown
And I have learned
Yet you remain the same.
Shall we dance?*

Tears

*I would sing you a song of eternity
If you would give me a night
I would hold you for hours
Until the moon
Gave way to the dawn
I would show you the endless shadows
Of my soul
For a peek into the wonder
I see in your shrouded words
I would grow you a field of crimson roses
For a taste of your hushed mouth
Now quiet
Waiting somberly for the whisper
Of a breeze
I would wrap you in yards
Of flowing velvet
For a simple touch of your
Pale hand
Resting gently on your lap
Tapping out the tides rhythm
On your outstretched leg
Patiently waiting
For something I cannot read
In the mysteries
Of you.*

Untitled

*Your essence
I can't shake off
The amount of tingles
That run up my spine
When I see the deepness of your eyes.
My breath catches
As I compare the softness of those lips
To the simple touch
Of a flower petal
As I crave to linger
In this moment
Of time I am in.
Falling into the deepness of your words.
Elegance is the only word
I form as I stare
At the whispers
You weave
Into the sweetness of the air,
Craving to taste
Those words
As they bubble forth
Hanging suspended
As my breath
In the stillness of the air.
Dizzy
Is how your words leave me
As I realize
Those words are out of reach.
Admiring your beauty
From a distance
Dreaming
Of a day.*

Dreaming

*A simple word you utter
Sets my soul ablaze
The silent shadows I watch
Dance across your moonlit eyes
Stops my beating heart
As you turn and look at me
Through that crooked mischievous grin.
Every time I see that smile
Shivers run fleetingly down my spine.
As you reach for me to gather me up
In your arms
My lungs begin to burn
As I cannot breathe with the passion
Of your entrapping embrace.
I lose all single thoughts
Into a swirl of chaos
As your tender lips meet mine
My legs grow weak
As I hear you whisper
In my ear your desires
In a single whimper
I offer you my soul.*

Words

*As my voice tires of whispering in the cool night air
Calling for you to find me
I wander aimlessly through shallow pages of
pondering.
Someday I will find the one I seek,
Perhaps I will find you
On these nonsense pages of idiocracy.
Another morning dawns as I leaf through another
page of nothingness
Scrolled in a slander of what once the delicate
English language
I sigh as your trace I do not feel on
The cold glow of my luminescent screen.
I felt you last night,
As I walked through the chilly air,
Though too far from me you were,
As I could not taste your scent.
I called La Luna to send you to me
As I dozed into a restless slumber
You haunted my dreams again.
Your voice echoing in my brain as I feel your breath
on my skin.
I awake to the empty loneliness of my room.
Where are you?*

Where are you?

*How many times does my heart
Have to fall back to you?
I have tried so many times
To find love without the remembrance of you
Yet my heart still
Breaking
Quietly quakes with
Lost hopes of you
This time
I tried to love without you
This time
My mind let me believe all that I had
Deafened my heart to
I love him so
Yet there you remain
Cloaked in the shadows of my soul
What is it about you?
That leaves me so breathless
Hopeless
Confused
Why cant you let me go?
I miss you
So much
Always
If only you knew how just speaking your name
Leaves me broken
And why?
Let me go
I have prayed for so long
To be rid of my love for you
Yet still
Here it is
Bleeding my heart dry
Making every breath in my lungs burn
Why?*

*Do you have a clue
What is it about you
What was it then
And why is it still there now?
I will remember you
My entire life
If you just let my heart go
To love like I can
And love like I need
Can you release me?
I need to hear these words from you
To let me go
And love like I deserve*

Release

*You perplex me
You astound me
I spin dizzy
When I am around you
Stupefied into nothingness
By my own ignorance
Of the complexity
That is you
I crave to get closer
I thirst for answers
Of how to learn
You
Yet stunned I am
Confounded I am
Silent I remain
In this realm
That is you
If only the answer
Was in your
Smile*

Perplexed

*She sits quietly observing
The slow passing world around her.
She thinks of dreams she's had forever
And sighs in solemn resolve.
Walking with a slow lost air about her
Reflecting the wasted smiles
Faded on strangers faces.
Glancing at a passer by
She sees the truth in his sad eyes,
She's invisible.*

*She fell in love once,
To the perfect man,
Then she realized one day
He was never hers.
She lays awake at night
On her lumpy couch,
Wishing for somebody to hold
Someone to wrap around.*

*She's a second hand girl
Wandering through her life,
A little bit lost
And a little bit gone,
A little bit tired
And a little bit torn.*

*She sits alone in a crowded bar
Pondering the patrons
Wondering what's going on
In another place a million miles away.
She thinks about a time
Everything all made sense.
When once she had it all figured out,
Then blinks regrettably
And exhales her past in a faded memory.*

*Passing the local thrift store
She peers into the dirty plate glass window,
And catches the second hand reflection- of herself.*

*She's a second hand girl
A little bit worn
And a little bit used,
A little bit tired
And a little bit torn
But someday-
Someday she'll feel new again.*

*She wanders aimlessly through the night,
Destination unknown,
Nothing but open road for her home,
Tumbleweeds and freedom her pillow.
Old jeans and holey sneakers
Reflect her world.
She has a future somewhere,
A fate meaningful
Beyond her second hand world.*

*She's a second hand girl,
A little bit worn
And a little bit used,
A little bit torn
And a little bit bruised.
But in her second hand world
She sees a little bit of hope
For her goddamn second hand life-
In her second hand life,
In her second hand hope,
With her second hand years.*

Second Hand Girl

*If you can see me
Touch me
Make me feel real.
If you can hear me
Hold my hand
Make me feel solid.
If you see my tears
Through my downcast eyes
Reassure me
Reassure me.
If you have a little time,
Can you share it?
If you have a little hope,
Can you spare it?
If you have a little pain
Can you scream so I can feel you?
Scream to me
Scream to me,
Let me know this life is real-
Scream your fears,
Your pain,
Your soul,
Scream your thoughts
Into my empty heart.*

*Once I held you in my arms so tightly,
Once I felt your heartbeat pound
It's way into my brain,
Echoing
Echoing
A meaning for this life
I lived for you.*

*Do you ever wonder where we went?
Do you ever think of our mingled sweaty passions
Heavy,*

Thick laden into a summer night

*Do you ever feel
The way I made you feel
Anymore?*

*Do you ever want to break the
fucking world-
Shatter all the nonsense bullshit
That surrounds you?*

*If you see me
Can you touch me
Just so I know I'm still real?
If you ever hear my voice again-
Can you pretend to care?
If you see my heart breaking
Coursing rivers of tears
Into nothingness-
Can you remember
How you once wiped them away?*

*Scream at me!
Let me know you fucking feel.
Scream at me
Let me know you were always real.
Scream at me
Scream at me
Break through all the
Fucking walls you hide behind
And scream at me
Tell me I'm still
Here.*

If

*I think of you,
And want to cry.
Miss the sleepy look
Of your deep brown
Bedroom eyes
Miss the way
Your laugh did sound
Miss the lazy brush
Of your gentle touch.
I think of you
And smile,
Thinking of how good you dance,
Even when your drunk.
I think of you
And smile
Remembering the beach
Never before
So many kites
Touched the sky
At once
Than on that day.
I think of you
And smile
Thinking of
Squeezing into the bath
With you
I think of you
And smile
Remembering
Holding you at night.
I miss the way your skin
Smelled while you slept
The calming sound
Of your breath
I think of you
And want to cry*

*Knowing what I left,
I think of you
And want to cry
Knowing I'll never hold you
Or smell you
Or taste your breath
Again.
I think of you
And smile
Knowing that your happy now
In someone else's arms,
Yet I think of you
And cry
Knowing never again
Will you be in mine
I miss the way
You once looked at me,
And miss the way we loved
I can think of you and smile now
But my heart never said goodbye
So still I sit and cry.*

*Kites
To Shaun*

*I stopped loving you today,
I decided you were part of my curse,
and I need to let it go.
It's strange to think I thought for so long,
I thought you were it, you were my one chance,
to be beautiful,
to be free,
to be loved.
I know I was wrong,
so wrong for all this time.
It's odd to think I have held on for so many years,
to the smell of you,
the smile,
the feel of you.
How I could see your face drifting through my
dreams,
and I thought it was just you still loving me.
And now I know I was wrong.
Now I know you let me go all those years ago.
It was just you merely haunting me.
Today I felt this huge piece of my heart finally give
up,
it died today and I know I will miss it.
I will miss it like all those nights you would kiss my
forehead before I fell asleep.
I will miss it like I miss you telling me how great
someday I'll be.
You were this bright white light that blinded out all
my sorrow once upon a time.
You taught me how to not be afraid of being me.
You showed me how to be beautiful, like you were,
you taught me how to love.
I'm burying you today.
My memories and the light you left traces of in me.
I don't want it anymore.
Once I felt so scared so petrified of what I saw in*

*you I had to flee,
I did the one thing I really truly knew how to do, I
had to leave.
I know you never for a moment understood,
but I knew I killed part of you then.*

*I made you at that moment become part of what I
hate most,
My curse of broken hearts and faded dreams,
I made you part of what I fear, yet in all matters
truly defines me.
My curse to lose all that I truly love, a one way path
that I can never go back on.
I wish with all my being that I could erase ever
being scared of love,
but to this day I am, and that will never change.
I wish you could just know me now, as I am, this
person you helped form and mold,
I am courageous now, I'm brave as I can be,
I'm not scared of staying in one place, or even letting
love find me.
I'm not afraid of telling people who I am, or what I
aspire to be,
I'm not afraid to fall overboard and letting all the
world to see
this neurotic, playful, even loving person that I have
come to be.
But when the world should crumble and time ceases
to exist,
I will be more sure of these things,
You were the most beautiful thing I ever knew in
this life,
and though my heart finally let you go,
You will go on in all my beliefs, all that I achieve,
for you are that one person who once told me I can,
and I better, because all I truly have is me.*

*Goodbye my love,
I hope life brings you all you wish for,
I release this curse of a loving memory.*

This Curse

Inspired

*Through the tears
I question things
Why the trouble, why the pain
What I ever possibly did
I question my life
My friends
My luck
My faith
I cry and I cry
Through breaking hearts
And faded dreams
I stand in the rain
And cry for the world
Through my falling faith.*

*Sometimes I question
"The Great Big Plan"
My fate
As She has chosen for me to live
A troubled road on which there seems no end.*

*But like a weathered tree through time
I stand here still, I'm still alive
Stronger than I was before
A little wiser, yet so much more.*

*How can I question the way that She
Makes miracles happen
At the most faithless of times
Right in front of me*

*My heart though a little bruised
Is more assured of these
I must suffer
To survive
I must fight
To overcome
I must experience
To learn
Yet most of all
I must have faith
To live.*

*My Goddess gives me what I need
To be the spirit that is me.
I am an Angel in human form
Though fallen I am
I dance in a rain of grace.*

Rain Of Grace

*To think, is to be, or so they say.
Yet through temperance
I am guided to feel beyond
What mere logic could explain.
So much time spent
Merely shifting water between glasses
Weighing logic and reason
Over analyzing all
What would the world become
Should it be ruled by Iris?
The heart merely choosing all ends
At the end of all rainbows
The smoke ceases to exist
The world takes on a shapeless hue
And love can really conquer all
Knowledge can be only second hand
And laughter ceases all wars
At the end of every rainbow
Snowflakes fall in color
Vibrant hues filled with passion
Ignorance could not proceed into this realm
It's reserved for life so free
I offer you my hand to come
Into this garden of life
Into this flowing sea
Into the storm less vast deep of faith
Would you follow me?
If I could promise your soul true peace
Could you walk with me?
Over the highest mountain
And through the darkest caves
I would guide the world
To the realm of Iris
Conceal your eyes and follow me*

*To the world of fantastic balance
Knowledge through life
And love through experience
Passion through failure
And faith through ends of all.
Follow me.*

The Realm of Iris

*The most beautiful thing
I saw
Today
Was the rushing rain down
The concrete,
Off the rooftops
Cascading
Down my shoulders
Filling little pools
Around my bare feet
As I tilt my face to the sky
Staring at the dark wonderment of the night
Not a single star
Shining
Through the heavy clouds
Stunning
Bolts of light
Fleeting
Across
The ceiling of the earth
The potent smell of her
Opening
To receive
The sweetness of a first
Falls
Storm
Breathing
In the nectar
Of what creates life
Rain
Is beautiful

Rain*

*This is a very special poem I wrote some time ago
now.*

*I hope that it touches some and truly offends others.
It is for all those who whether or not they believe in
the war we are still currently in the midst of,
They choose to take a stand and fight for the
freedom of the World.*

*When I wrote this I initially directed all meanings of
this war as the freedom of the U.S , though as the
years have dragged on and our men and women
are still overseas it has been continually justified as
the freedom of the world. Now I can honestly say I
am very against the war. I have been since the first
bomb dropped. I am no Michael Moore and I wont go
on about my true feelings leading up to this as I'm
sure no one taking the time to read this book wants
to hear much about politics etc. But I will take a
minute just to say, the numbers of casualties
continue to rise as we continue to "fight the war on
terror," but are we fighting terror or are we
attempting to Americanize the Middle East now? My
heart breaks every time I watch the news now,
But that is no matter. I guess the bottom line is,
regardless of the true meaning of this "War" I stand
behind and support my troops, I hope you can say
the same.*

Thank You

First draft was written in November 2001

*She's sittin at home watchin the three o'clock news,
Tears in her eye's she doesn't understand why.
Meanwhile a newly wed woman
Loses the clouds from her eye's
Wondering when or if
She'll ever see him again.
Over in the next city a young woman closes her eyes
Holding a newborn
With tears slipping down
Watching the news as the bombs get ready to fly.
And the world starts to cry.*

*On the news you see him again at five,
Next to his brother, predestined victory bright in
their eyes.
They are heroes, they are the chosen, they are the
proud and the few.
On the tv they are live and in view.
And for a brief moment you make yourself think,
All is okay, they are untouchable it's true,
And you deny the bombs are really going to fly.*

*At eight o'clock She lights a candle
At the foot of the old memorial
And for a brief moment,
The world had stopped.
Turning to walk away she said a silent prayer for
all the people
Who's lives with that bomb had gone by.
Across the country an old mother just hugged her
son goodbye,
While holding his son next to her, the love of his life
says goodbye.
Silently saying a prayer to see him home safe again.
With faith in her heart she looks down at her
wedding ring,*

And the bombs begin to fly.

*On the news at eleven, you heard the President
assure you everything is okay.
The invasion going just as planned, surprise attack
worked out A-Ok*

*Then across the world you see his friend with tears
in his eyes, on news at eleven
They'll be okay in the end.
Meanwhile you see the wounded, the broken, the
rundown, the proud and the true,
And your heart says a prayer for them as you see
the faith in their eyes.*

*A young man of twenty-one feels the dirt stuck in
his eyes, thinks about his mommas cookin,
As he hits the ground with bullets zinging by.
He tries to think about his girlfriend, the taste of ice
cream or how about a beer maybe two,
Then pulls the trigger in the name of freedom, the
family under The Red White and Blue.
While next to him a man falls like his father did, like
a hero untouchable and true.
And the world cries.*

*It's eight am and like the world she's glued to the
news,
Hoping we've won or something that'll bring good
news.
Maybe just a small glance of hope, possibly a
shimmer of peace.
And the politicians lie, and the mother's cry, as the
sons and daughters die,
While the sun begins to rise as the bombs still fly,
On the eight o'clock news.*

*Yet a soldiers faith holds true while fighting a war
On another mans shore in a land far, far from home
Under the colors waving Red White and Blue.
Being one of the heroes, the untouchable, the proud
and the true....*

*In the name of freedom for me and for you.
And his face never made it to the news.*

*I sit and watch the news thinking of how to make
sense of it all,
As I feel the tears begin to fall in a sadness for us
all.*

*Yet we call it the fight for The Red The White and
The Blue.*

*I say a silent prayer for the World, for the Proud and
the True.*

*And a quiet thank you to the heroes that fight for the
freedom,
Everyday for me and for you.*

*Brothers and Sisters that are Heroes, and
Untouchable,
Predestined to be the voice of freedom
And be the hand of The Red The White and The
Blue.*

*To our brothers and sisters fighting for the worlds
freedom,
Thank You, you all are Heroes.*

Shadows and Haunts

*Lost in the shadows
You watch me while I sleep
Your soft voice whispering my name
Bleeding into my dreams
I feel your gentle touch caress my silken skin
Your breath drifts lazily down my figure lost in
sleeps
Embrace
I dream of you and I together in a place no mortal
fear
Could find its way
I dream of us dancing in each others arms swirling
in
Laughter
As the world slips away to the tune of
Chopin's Symphony Nocturne
Echoing through grand empty halls
Twirling as love weaves a tangles tale of a lost loves
Misfortune,
Delicately spun of passions un-tasted
Spinning I fall from your embrace
Turning to reach for you I see you are gone
As the song comes to a foreboding sad end
I awaken to find the light seeping from my window
Through the heavy curtains
I feel the breeze send the lingering scent
Of you again
As I sadly close the window and return to my
dreams
Of you*

Symphony

*I am walking through a vast wasteland
Of hollow words
And twisted dark fairy tales
I feel the scorching sun
Rising again
Beating harsh rays on my back
As I search blindly
For a land of answered dreams
And never ending wishes
I fall down
As my legs give way
To the crumbling
Of my hopes
I lay quietly
Sobbing on the earth
Begging for an oasis
Of spirit to arise
In front of me
A whisper of a breeze
Summons my consciousness
Back
As I see before me the darkest of Angels
Beckoning
To me
Suddenly I am in a field
Grass and rolling hills as far as
My heart can see
I look and see my Angels arms
Open waiting for me
With faiths tears on my cheeks
I go to you.*

Angel

*Quietly I walk alone tonight
Through the empty streets of this small town
Darkened windows
Gape as though mocking me
At midnight
Such an early hour I think
To be asleep
Alone I sit in a park
Beneath an antique street lamp
Flickering
I smell you on the breeze
And know you are too far away
I wander down the street a bit further
Running my hand lazily
Down the brick walls
Of this town
I realize this is not me
This place
I am alone here and too far from you
From anyone
Who could quench my thirst
I feel simmering in my veins
My sleeping dreams
Now haunt my wake
As I think of you
Your voice,
Your feel
The taste of you
I am dying
Inside I think,
In a way
My love I ache for
Never to find
A kindred or two
I cannot feel here
How I have ended*

*Where I am
I do not know
But for you
I wait here
And stand alone.*

Standing Alone

*Stumbling home bubbling with
Energy
I laugh aloud filling
The night air
With joy
For tonight I had you
Tonight my hunger
Was saturated with pleasures beyond
What one could have hoped for
I know you are far from being
My beloved
But you are a great
Meal
For my soul to dance
The merry circle with
Round and round my head did spin
As I rose and fell
In your embrace
If only for a few hours
I owned you
I was so lowly
Til' I came upon you
And you set my soul ablaze
As you bit my lip
And sighed quietly in my arms
As I brought you to another
Level of lust
Your face so quietly sleeping in the
Moonlight
As I wandered off into the distance
Leaving you with the memory
Of a passionate Autumn's Eve.*

Autumn's Eve- A Poem For A Meal

*I stumble home tonight as the sweet taste of red
wine simmers on my lips
I dream of the feel of your passion
As it sweeps through my veins
Intoxicating the world
Whispers in dreams passing
Through my brain
I softly call your name
My lover once again returning
Twisting the aura radiating from my deepest
Souls desires
I envision you
Absorbing all my lusts
Passion created by a whisper
In the still night air
And then as fast as my imagination created you
You were gone
Fleeting as swift as my bleeding hearts
Desires breaking
I turn to look and you were
Gone
Merely a creativity of my mind
You appeared for me
Never staying
Never teaching
All the eternity you mean to me
You are my lost vision
And now your gone like
You were never to be
A tearing hearts bloodletting be
As you took my
Soul in your
Fears.

Gone*

*A voice
I heard echo through my inner most thoughts
Over the roar of a Harley Davidson tonight
A flash of vinyl I saw
Through crimson waves of satin
As I pictured the mouth behind the voice
I saw your mouth caress
My soul
A calling of my mortal essence
Drawing me into
The shadows of you
I fall
Willingly into the fate
Which defines you
Defying the mortality of me
Falling like prey
Into the passions
And darkness
Of you
I've dreamt'
Of you
Again.*

Again

*Tonight as the red sangria
Poured in rivers down my throat
Thoughts of the taste
Of you
Thickly coating my tongue
In the warm metallic taste
I feel my lips dripping with sweetness
Of the crimson light I take from you
Swirling my breath down your chest
My soul baring its hunger
As I reach for you
So you like pain you say
In a silent whisper
Echoing hidden meanings
To the core of my ache
Yearning for saturation of
Your stars
Falling
In arches around my passions
I succumb
To my desires for the taste
Of you
I find myself cocooned in your touch
Twirling around in abandoned
Places
Of my soul I sing a quiet
Lullaby as my convictions surrender
A sacrificial openness to you.*

Attraction

*I am drawn to the breath of my eternal lover
Living, no
Dead, no
But stuck somewhere between worlds
I quiver thinking of lips
I dream of deep in the sub-consciousness of my
brain
I hear his words echoing in the nape of my neck
Melting to my breast
I ache for him
Shadows of Luna
Racing across my lovers eyes
I fall entranced into them
Falling deeper still into his embrace
Tingling bells echo through my senses as I feel the
first trickle
Around his mouth drip slowly down my breast
I ache for him
Cold is not the feel of my lovers hands as he grips
me
Tightly to him
A quiet gasp leaks from my parted lips as his mouth
meets mine
Tasting the tang awaken my senses
Savoring the sweetness on his lips
I fall trembling to the ground as holds me still so
close
Suddenly all that I did not feel before I felt
All I never heard echoed through my brain
I heard my heart flutter as I never did hear before
As I shared my essence with the night air
My lover shares his taste with me
As I feel a hunger burn
An ache for that which sustains and creates life
The nectar of the living*

*I have called my lover to me for this
I have ached for him my life through
He was a shadow in my past life I did not see
Now I go with him
For all of eternity*

My Lovers Embrace

*I am she
Succubus
Demon invader
Feeding on you most inner passions
Never spoken
Beyond those lips
I am she
Who can touch the flame boiling deep
Within your soul
I am she
Your body cries out in your dreams for
The mistress that can take all of eternities touch
And deal it in a single brush of my palm
I am she
Who a single word of my mouth breathed upon your
neck
Is like flowing rivers of honey
Coursing uncharted paths
In the wake of my roaming kiss
I am she
Who radiates the same inner heat
Of all Hell's fires in one small flame on the candle
Which I use to tease you
I am she
Who keeps your imagination alive
With fitful dreams
Of searing passion
And crimson soaked lips
I am your Dark Angel
And I have come
For you*

Succubus

Catacombs

*And another year slips gently through the hourglass
Of time as I sit quietly pondering the memories
Of time I lost, time I spent endlessly searching
As I continue to do right now
My head begins to pound
As I feel dizzy knowing nothing
Yet feeling everything in waves rushing over my
head
Slowly drowning me in a pool of
Vast eternal silence of uncertainties
What have I don't in my life
That could possibly make me anything
Ahh, yes, I know now,
I dream
If a stranger were to ask me just who I am
I would have to say I am not really anyone
Yet I am spun in a complexity of inner turmoil and
chaos
Cloaked in a silken shroud of dreams
I quietly pace the forty rectangular feet of my room
Remembering the time I spent in a small jail cell
How claustrophobic I was the first time I
encountered that space
Yet like any caged animal
You adapt
Happiness is a foreign word to me
I mean true happiness
What that is I'm not sure I have ever really known
I know what comfortable is, what compromise is,
adaptation, acceptance
Oh, to be happy.. in a drunken stumbling mess I
once admitted I was
Happy
I think it was the numbness to be truthful
I stare at the luminescent screen of this computer
now*

*And feel quite the same numbness
Lost
That is a good word for me
Somewhere between spirit and life I got lost in the
sands of time
I get so angry sometimes because I am so utterly
lost in this life
It always turns out to be the same pathetic moronic
choices
That lead me to another story, another memory
And place
Different faces in a sea of past loves, old friends,
lost contacts
The road less traveled
I slept for 23 years on that very same road
I curled up with a tumbleweed for a pillow and
called
A ditch my home
I have seen so many un-believable things in my
short life
Sometimes I have to sit and ask myself I am really
living this thing better known as a form of life
Where am I this month.. Seattle- Alaska- Texas!?
No this month I find myself in a 20x30 ft room for
the better part of
22 hrs a day staring at a wall, a computer
A black bound journal with pages of poetry about
A dream
People ask me what am I?
I am a writer
I am a lover
I am a musician
I am a soul spinning confused
In a sea of possibilities
Am I sad? I think I have become so adapted so
comfortable with this*

*With whatever fate decides to throw at me
I don't get sad anymore
I don't know the last time I cried for anything other
than a movie
Its odd to think that once upon a time I knew so
many people
Had so many people I held dear
I don't have one person in my life that I have known
for more than a year now
But my life has been like that since elementary
school
Its odd because I think I am the only person I know
or have ever met in my life
That is truly and utterly alone
Yes, it is partially by choice, though in most cases
that is just how my life
Seems to play out
Its like having a CD on repeat for a whole year
You first like it- enjoy it, than you are simply used to
it
Then after a while it bothers you every now and
then
BAM! It drives you fucking insane and of course you
cant turn the damned thing off because its broken
now from being on so friggin long. Wouldn't it be
nice if life had a plug?
I'd settle for different stations.
Anyone want to hear about my dreams?
That is pretty much what I am good for
A good laugh a great tale
I can tell stories about one coast to the other
Being homeless
Being a musician
Being a hapless writer
Following the Dead*

*Being a punk
A drug addict
An ex-con
A poet
A stepmother
A best friend
An artist
A Witch take your pick
But wait, we were talking about dreams
My dream...
Did I ever tell you about Ireland?
Land of rolling green hills and castles that echo of
times past. Ireland. I am going there you know. I
even set a date.
February 24th 2003, my 24th birthday. Sounds nice
huh? I am going to go play in the cold new spring
rain and sleep under the stars in those hills.
I'm going to name constellations out loud to myself
and read
Walt Whitman smelling the earth I am going to give
away copies of my children's book to little village
kids
I am going to disappear into the land of the Fae and
fade into the rose colored sunset.
Well the dream brings me a small flicker of hope
It will happen someday, it has to
I wish I had a violin
I would play a song for you
I haven't picked one up since I was ten years old,
but I bet I could play you a song
Would you rather I sang a song
I haven't sang to anyone in years but I bet I could
sing a lullaby well.
Someday I will write a poem for the world so
powerful and strong it will echo my voice through
valleys and mountains*

*Bounce off the moon
It will touch the hearts of everyone in the world and
make them laugh and cry all at the same time
Someday I will collide into the arms of some great
love that I will just know
I am no longer alone
Someday I will have someone look into my eyes and
know my whole story without me having to say a
word
Everyone's eyes tell a tale
They tell you who the person is if you look deep
enough
I know this sounds nuts (maybe I am)
But I got lost in my eyes once
I remember the day, I was putting on my make-up
and fell into my eyes, I snapped out of it 2 hrs later.
I cannot put my finger on what I saw there but I
know there is something intense in me
I know there is passion un-describable
Hope un-touchable
Love un-obtainable
Sadness un-spoken,
A voice unheard
My eyes sparkle with the intensity of the moon I've
been told
I think my eyes sparkle with a dream like the wind
that little kids whisper into
Every night
My eye's shine like I am always on the verge of
tears
I think I am in a sense
Anything happy can easily make me cry
I don't know why-
I've just always been that way
Anyone ever say's anything truly kind to me, I cry
like a dove.*

*Ever notice how far a real hug can go?
I have had some of the most powerful hugs in my
life
Most of them were goodbyes
But the ones that just hit you somewhere between
the heart and the stomach-
Those are the best
The comforting hugs are always nice but there is
something
In those strong unconditional understanding ones
You know the ones that you get a huge lump in your
throat
I'm one of those hugger types
I give great hugs
Maybe because it's all I know
I am a great person if you ever need a shoulder
I understand most everything pretty well
Now laughter-
You now every time a child laughs a fairy is born
Sounds silly I know
I have to laugh about everything otherwise I would
be forced to succumb
To the inevitable shadows
I laugh about my own life because in all honesty if I
had any sort of courage
I would have shot myself years ago
But wait
I am courageous because I do tread on
I keep my head up and keep hope
Everyday I love someone in some way
That is courageous too
Everyday I sit down and I know in the end at least
one of my dreams will come true
Someday
That has to happen because otherwise who I am
will be nothing*

*Because all I truly am
Is a dreamer*

Me Part I

*I sat quietly resolved in my somber desolate
loneliness
For the better part of today
Revisited many words I once had the inspiration
from my desperation to write once upon a time
So long it has been since I felt the sinking of my
heart to read the words I
So long ago had the courage to feel.
Words
Odd how in so many ways that is the only way I
can feel
What is a word?
A word has the extreme power to make or break in
but a single utterance
The fleetingness of a single touch
In a word my heart can be but shattered
My dreams could break and my spirit broken
To succumb
I give my heart so freely in this life only yet to
“suffer the slings and arrows”
To remain lost spinning out of control into a world I
have yet to find my role in
I died today
I cannot tell you how it felt or what it smelled like or
even what I saw
I just felt a part of my soul slip away
If only for a moment I knew
That part of me
Of my light was gone
Disappeared so fleetingly
I listened to a song
How odd is it for an artist a lover of flowing tunes
no words ever needed to fill the echoing silence in a
flurry of different tempos
You can feel the pain of a musician
In some odd way the pain nearly fixes you*

*If only for a brief sketch in the boundless realm of
infinity
That other soul filling your spirit with all the
fluctuations of sorrow and life
In a four minute song
I read my poems today
Odd how no matter in what way my words ever
touch a heart can they ever feel what
I feel every time I revisit them
Can one soul ever hear my cries my passion theory
anger dreams or pain
In my words I offer them to freely abuse at their
whim
Can this that I write now ever be heard within the
realms of another soul
The way it terrorizes mine at this very moment
Can anyone ever see the pain hidden in my
moonlight eyes
Will anyone ever see the real me
You know
I don't think anyone could ever have the slightest
idea of what exactly is in my heart
The inner turmoil
The passions never reflected in my eyes
If only I could show you and give up all the fucking
words
They drive me insane
I mentioned before my love for Chopin's Symphony
Nocturne in "Symphony"
My passions dreams hope sorrows and lost loves all
resound to the melody
That song makes me feel so many things at once
The sad sweet melancholy song cried on the strings
of the violin bounced off Chopin's love for the piano
Did he ever know when composing the passionate
piece that it ever would*

*Touch a heart so many decades later
Is it just my hopeless romantic heart that can hear
the feeling of a composition
So melodic and true to the soul
I listen now to raindrop prelude as my heart weeps
I feel hope as the song reaches a peak of piano and
the waves crash over me
To feel an artist is to experience unconditional love
Do you ever feel that or is it just my love for
unspoken words
I have a hope that someday I will be loved for my
passion*

*That my life will work in a sweet symphony
All fluctuations engulfed in a world of perfections
felt like the way a raindrop
Works with nature
I know that one day fate will except me the way
that I am
And I will someday find solstice in the spinning
world of chaos
But until then
I will trust this world with my imperfections
With my dreams and my heart on my sleeve
It kills me slowly
But makes my soul stronger all at once
For that I owe this world
Your world
In my next lifetime I will be stronger yet
From this world of turmoil
Grief and sorrow
I will overcome the critics and outlive the anger and
regret
My voice will someday touch a heart in this life or
the next*

*And I will know then that these suffers were for
something in the end
I trust you
Oh world of liars, plastic and perfectionists
Critics thieves and idolists
I trust you with my heart
Someone needs to
I know hurt is bound in the end but for life I except
you as you come to me
I will show you my heart upon my sleeve
Use me and abuse me form your own ideas and
criticize me
Hate me loathe me fear me and kill me
I will love you all the same
For you are nothing that I want to be
Unless you can see the beauty that is me
I want to be loved, oh yes I want to be held and
adored and appreciated
More than anything else in the world
But I can not bend like the willow
I can not sing like a sparrow
But I do cry like the rain
Be careful with me
For I am the you-
You can not see
I am the you- you will not accept
I am the you
In the end you will wish to be
I'm not much but the heart I have is enough for me
Today I will cry because I am lost
But tomorrow I will be okay again to carry your
burdens
On my back of adaptation
Be thankful for me
A lost fallen angel in a world of hypocrisy
For you could never have the heart to be me*

*I am alone
But I love you
And I will love this world I find myself lost in until
my last breath
A dreamer, a lover
A lost soul in this world of chaos
I battle today to merely breathe
But tomorrow I shall truly live
And I will not be afraid
To be me for another day.*

Me II

*Walking around this cold place
I feel as Though I am dying
A quiet whisper I mutter
Into the stale air
A silent tear falls
Into the night
Quietly I go further
Into the unending night*

*Nothing in the world is ever just
black and white,
Everywhere you look are shades of
grey.*

*Thank you, for taking the time to read my works.
For queries on other works or if you would like to
contact the author*

*Please visit my website at
www.geocities.com/pixi_kiss
Or you can email me at pixi_kiss@juno.com*

*You may also find "A Little Girls Magic" my first
book, which is a children's tale in its entirety on this
web page. For an actual copy please contact me.*

*Sincerely,
Mel Anderson*