

LOST IN BOOKS AND POETRY

By Carmen Zippel

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To all those who find comfort when lost in books and poetry;
May you find comfort in this one too.

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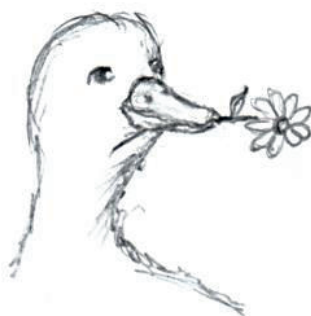
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Why are you writing poetry

Why are you writing poetry,
Write words 'bout things mankind can't see?
Why do you write of things long past,
Or things that might not even last?
Why do you write of things you feel,
Then close them up with wax and seal,
And sent them to a far'way land,
In hopes they find your lover's hand?
Why do these things that make no sense,
Writing of stars in great suspense,
Or how the pale moon shines at night,
How the sun kisses the earth with light,
Or how a tiny droplet soon
Will make a pretty flower bloom?

Dear fellow, I can't tell thee why,
I only written words supply.
I'd sing and dance and scream it, too,
But those are things I cannot do.
And so, I take my pen and try
To capture things so they can't die.
I'll write of things my eyes have seen,
Of people that may once have been,
Of feelings kept so deep inside,
That nobody them ever spied.
I'll write down words to comprehend
Whereto my thoughts and feelings went,
And hope that they will help me stay,
Will help me not to lose my way,
And help me see what I could not,
Remind me of things long forgot'.

Now to thy question, my dear friend,
I write those words so I can mend
Those broken pieces of my heart
That this cruel world has torn apart.
And if those written words hit true,
I'll mend thy broken pieces, too.



Magic in your eyes

There is magic in your eyes
And stars in your heart's plains,
Parts of suns and planets,
And stardust in your veins.

You look at stars with envy,
Wishing you could be a part
Of all their constellations
And their universe of art.

But the stars are not just out there,
They're just hard for you to see,
Because the stars and all their magic
Are a part of you and me.

Caged bird

Do they know that she is helpless,
Ripped wide open from within,
Praying someone stops and helps her,
Win the war beneath her skin?

No, they never guessed or figured,
That her smiles and laughs were fake,
While she drowned inside her thoughts each day,
Under the surface of mind's lake.

She screamed inside her head for hours,
All while others all around
Wondered why her voice was husky
Though she never made a sound.

They only saw the pretty surface
And never knew that all these years
There was a caged bird in that body,
Damned to drown in its own tears.

When you meet her, just look closely,
Maybe then you'll wonder why,
Every time she smiles so broadly,
It's like she's about to cry.

Thy tender features speak to me

Thy tender features speak to me
Like flowers do to soft spring rain,
Thy gentleness could make me sing,
So that my love I can explain.

Thy magic flows into my veins
And runs along this heart of mine,
A captive am I to thy spell,
And still no doubt is in the line:

"I love you" my heart sings to thee,
And will so for eternity.

Fireworks

The shining sparkles fill the sky,
Explode just like my feelings do.
Their lights are shooting high and high,
I wonder if your love does, too.

Those fireworks are set alight,
Just like your letters did to me,
In colours they light up the night,
But you are all my eyes can see.

The countdown starts, you turn to me,
I realize, as your eyes meet mine,
How brilliant fireworks may be,
There's nothing in the world so fine,

As your eyes when you look at me,
I hope you'll do so endlessly.

I long for love

I long for love like books keep showing,
For moments filled with peace and love,
For dances full of joy and laughter,
While the rain pours from above.

I long for love like that on pages,
A brush of lips against your cheek,
And eyes that sparkle like the night sky,
When across a room they meet.

I long for love written in novels,
For tender touches against skin,
And whispered words in morning hours,
When the sun starts shining in.

I long for love that's kind and caring,
And filled with passion, so that doubt
Can never tell you, you're unworthy,
I want that love I read about.

Thy smile so tender and so sweet

Thy smile so tender and so sweet
Can lighten up the room alone.
And when by chance our eyes do meet,
My name seems to myself unknown.

Thy voice, thy moves, they capture me,
My eyes cannot stray from thy form,
My whole mind seems to follow thee,
My thoughts in chaos, like a storm.

They drift towards thee constantly,
No moment can I rest in peace,
My every moment's laced with thee,
My thoughts 'bout thee won't seem to cease.

But though imprisoned by thee, dear,
I am a happy captive here.

I confess

I confess I'm thinking of you,
All the time of every day.
I confess I start to miss you
The second that you walk away.

I confess that I imagine
Moments filled with love and you,
Moments full of joy and comfort
On the days I'm feeling blue.

I confess that every second
That I see your warmth and grace,
I can't keep my heart from flutt'ring
Or the smile from my flushed face.

I confess that I have fallen
For your kindness and your smile,
And though I know you surely haven't,
I'd like to love you for a while.

Dying fire

The dying fire lights this chamber
And fills it with a warming glow
While outside, day slips into evening
And softly falls the sparkling snow.

I'm leaning back against the cushions
And hold your body close to mine;
And while you sleep in my embrace,
Up to the sky I send this line:

Please let me hold her here forever,
In this embrace of love and bliss,
And let our lives be full of peaceful,
Special moments just like this.