

# Poems from the Heart.

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*A medley of poems written by me, on many different topics. Please read!*

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## 1 - Like nothing that can be described.

Love is like a scarlet rose,  
Ever blooming, ever fair;  
Though at times we cannot read  
The danger lurking there.

Love is like the churning sea,  
Ever dancing, ever changing;  
Real or not? Fake or true?  
Our lives ever rearranging.

Love is like the blowing wind,  
Ever swirling, ever strong;  
At times, gentle, others, fierce,  
Will it endure if it knows it is wrong?

Love is like nothing that can be described.  
Our hearts are tangled in the strands of fate;  
Isn't it strange, how one moment's passion  
Can turn suddenly into bitter hate?

Love is like a scarlet rose,  
Ever blooming, ever fair;  
Though at times we cannot read  
The danger lurking there.

## 2 - Father and Daughter

### *A Father and Daughter*

The baby is born, she is laid in his arms,  
Tears of pure joy stream from his eyes.  
Who knew that such happiness would come from thier passion?  
Who knew that such bliss would come from a baby's shrill cries?

She learns how to walk, she learns how to talk,  
"Dadda and Mama," her little voice speaks,  
He lifts her to the ceiling, thier laughter entertwined,  
Lifting them high as nearby mountain peaks.

They teach her to read, they teach her to write,  
A scrawled portrait of her parents and she;  
They hang it up on the refrigerator door,  
An achievement for all there to see.

"Father," she asks, "May I walk with you?  
Along the sand, down by the water?  
I will love you forever, no matter what happens.  
Daddy, I'll always be your loving daughter."

She is growing too fast, he thinks sadly with regret,  
As she enters high school with earrings and dyed hair;  
But life cannot slow down, as they often wish.  
She dances through youth, living life without care.

They argue and fight over boyfriends and piercings,  
She bursts into tears of rebellion and rage;  
He puts his foot down, barring boys in his house,  
For he remembers how he was at that age.

After years of the struggle to prevent drugs, alcohol, and addiction,  
There comes the graduation, she had finally made it.  
They wipe tears from their eyes as she walks to the stage,  
Accepting the diploma, as one who had earned it.

"Father," she asks, "May I walk with you?  
Along the sand, down by the water?  
I will love you forever, disregarding what happened.  
Daddy, I'll always be your loving daughter."

He couldn't believe it, as he led her down the aisle,  
That he was giving away his baby girl to another,  
And yet, as they made thier vows true, his heart warmed,  
As he remembered the simuliar scene with her mother.

It was equally strange when they had thier first child,  
And his little grandson was brought into the world.  
How the circle of life turns, he thought with great wonder,  
From daughter to grandson, life too quickly unfurled.

Amidst all thier joy, he didn't wish to tell them  
What the doctor so gravely announced with a frown.  
Surely, it couldn't be true, no, it couldn't.  
He had too much to do before he finally lay down.

"Father," she asks, "May I walk with you?  
Along the sand, down by the water?  
I will love you forever, no matter what happens.  
Daddy, I'll always be your loving daughter."

Playing catch with his grandson, he ignores all the pain  
That comes from his stiffening limbs, bones, and joints.  
He helps his son-in-law build his life with his daughter,  
Disregarding the dirction in which the symptoms point.

As he throws the last ball, his vision darkens with pain,  
Clutching his chest, he falls to the ground.  
The young boy runs to his parents and grandma,  
As a laboring heart continued to pound.

He wakens in the hospital, surrounded by family,  
Thier faces grief-stricken by the doctor's sad view.  
He smiles gently as they try to pack in some more years  
In the minutes he has left after hearing the fatal news.

"Father," she asks, "May I walk with you?  
Along the sand, down by the water?  
I will love you forever, no matter what happens.  
Daddy, I'll always be your loving daughter."

He kisses and embraces his loving, grieving wife;  
He talks about responsibility with the son-in-law.  
He gives his only autographed ball to the boy,  
And hands over his will into greedy relations' maw.

Lastly, his daughter he sees, holds her hand.

She cries, and begs him not to leave him today.  
He smiles, and says, "My baby girl, I will always love you."  
From the gates of heaven, he hears her say:

"Father," she says, "I wish I could walk with you,  
once again, along the sand, down by the water.  
I will love you forever, for the rest of my life.  
Daddy, I'll always be your loving daughter."

She lays her head on his chest as he slips away,  
Trying to catch his spirit with her aching heart.  
All of his love envelopes her in his embrace,  
Before his spirit goes to paradise, and they must part.

As the monitor goes flat, with a monotonous drone,  
Nurses and family rush in, wide-eyed.  
She sits up, tears streaming down her face in a flood.  
Trembling, she says, "I'm sorry. My father just died."

Years later, cradling a granddaughter in her lap,  
The daughter/mother/grandma smiles as she tells his tale.  
"Let me tell you of my father, who you will never know.  
Let me tell you of a man who loved me without fail."

"Father," she says, "Soon I will walk with you,  
Along the sand, down by the water.  
I will love you forever, until the world ends.  
Daddy, I'll always be your loving daughter."

### 3 - Northern Blossoms

#### Flowers from the North

Gold dandelion and marigold, a gardener's bane;  
A flood of forget-me-nots, a sapphire blue;  
Snowy-white daisies, with bright yellow centers;  
Indian's brush of a red-purple hue.

Lilac blossoms and petals  
Share a hue with thier name,  
Clover, and lavender,  
Are colored just the same.

Sweet, elegant roses, of many colors and kinds,  
Scarlet and magenta, and opal-white;  
Given as a present, for a birthday or dance,  
These buds were quite a beautiful sight.

These are the flowers I picked and received as a child,  
These are the blooms that graced the table, a bouquet;  
These are the North Country's flowers, or at least mine,  
No matter what others the people may say.

## 4 - Choices

Oh light, oh light, oh holy light,  
drive away the endless night.  
Upon the wings of angels near,  
the voice of light rings loud and clear.

Oh dark, oh dark, oh hopeless dark,  
The death of light doth leave its mark.  
Will you despair and die, give into sleep?  
Give in to evil dark and deep?

Balance of forces quite ungood.  
Balance of things we know we should.  
It is your choice, within your soul:  
Beware, for darkness takes its tole.

## 5 - I'm Me

11/7/05

This is a song I wrote myself yesterday, so I hope you like. I sort of feel this way, sort of don't-I don't know, the first two lines popped into my head when I was getting ready for bed, then I had to do the rest of the song. I have a tune for it, too, and I've sung it. Enjoy!

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### ***I'm Me***

I'm on a different road than I ever thought I'd see.  
Who is that walking there, oh, could it be me?  
Changing lights of life, darkness running wild.  
Oh change, oh change, a different child.

Then, there you were, calling from the light.  
Helping me live, showing how to fight.  
No one knows who I truly be:  
Not you, not them, not even me.

Can I go back to what I was before?  
What does this life have in store?

*Chorus-* Here I am: I'm me.  
I'm all the "I" that I can be.  
Changing here, will I ever be the same?  
Free me from uncertainty and pain.

Walking down through this life, I start to see  
How full of love and life this journey be.  
With you by my side, how can I go wrong?  
Am I harmony or discord in life's song?

Can you tell me what's in store?  
Is it worth fighting for?

*Chorus-* Here I am: I'm me.



I'm all the "I" that I can be.  
Changing here, will I ever be the same?  
Free me from uncertainty and pain.

Will you walk down this lonely road with me?  
Take my hand in yours and set me free!

*Chorus-* Here I am: I'm me.  
I'm all the "I" that I can be.  
Changing here, will I ever be the same?  
Free me from uncertainty and pain.

Free me from uncertainty and pain.

I might never know.  
But at least you tried to see.

## 6 - Blue Sky

12/13/05

### Blue Sky

Striding along, seeing the sites,  
but some things are oh, too faint to see.  
Why are you there, alone in the dark?  
Why don't you come and walk with me?

Some decisions, quick divisions.  
The differences in light and dark I know.  
But why don't you see how good life can be,  
I don't think that you meant to stoop that low.

Yeah, we can stray off our path so easily.  
In making decisions, are we truly free?

We are who we are, and that's all right.  
But it's up to you to see the light.  
Will you fall, or will you fly?  
Into that oh, so wide blue sky?

It's all coming down to that final stage,  
Where you will choose or lose your fate.  
Why can't you see what you mean to me?  
Will you choose right before it's too late?

We are who we are, and that's all right.  
But it's up to you to see the light.  
Will you fall, or will you fly?  
Into that oh, so wide blue sky?

Blue sky. . .

Oh, I just want you to make your choice.  
Make your move, and give thought voice!

We are who we are, and that's all right.

But it's up to you to see the light.  
Will you fall, or will you fly?  
Into that oh, so wide blue sky?

Oh, that blue, blue sky . . .

## 7 - Purified

### ***Purified***

I have long ago forgotten  
The feel of sunlight on my skin.  
The memory of that warmth has rotten,  
As have the bodies of my kin.

Scarlet blood, pale teeth and face  
Flash again before these ebon eyes.  
Or are they still? The mirror's pace  
Is untethered by my forlorn cries.

All alone, and I grow weary  
Of dragging centuries and days.  
Things repeat no things to merry  
Millennia passing in bloody haze.

And so I trespass in the Light  
When I must linger in the Dark.  
But just for once, to see a sight  
Unknown in places grim and stark.

To end this existence, my "life" undead?  
Is far too tempting to resist.  
Relieved, I lay down this ancient head.  
Away to join the ones I've missed.

## 8 - Soundless Lullaby

### Soundless Lullaby

Souls are like a symphony  
That cannot be heard by you or me.  
Every action outside our hearts  
Adds to all the bits and parts.

Fight and hate makes a dischord,  
Like steel against a shining sword.  
Happiness and joy just ring,  
Sweeter than best voice can sing.

Longing, sweet and melancholy,  
Star-crossed lovers' fatal folly.  
Hope, a shining melody,  
Glowing bright for all to see.

Can you hear it if you try?  
Like a soundless lullaby.  
Playing, singing in our souls,  
Far beyond the mind's controls.

Pain, a low and bitter note,  
Like a misbegotten quote.  
Sorrow, lamenting, makes a cry,  
Echoing a heart saying good-bye.

Love? A soft and ringing sound  
That can be heard by all around.  
Friendship? Can you hear its chord?  
From shared hearts it comes, outpoured.

Listen here, don't you cry,  
To this soundless lullaby.  
Tinkling in our hearts  
Every time a soul must part.

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Inspired by the line "In my field of paper flowers, with candy clouds of lullaby" in an Evanescence song. Don't ask me why. XD For some reason, it set off this whole poem, which also freed my writer's block. Chapter 15 of "Magik?" is done! ^\_^ The last poem was inspired by just the light and dark part of the fourth stanza, which was the first I wrote. Weird how that works out: in this one, the last stanza was the one I wrote first. That often seems to happen: I'll write one part of the poem, then write the rest around it.

I like the idea of souls having sounds. I mean, they supposedly have auras and colors, right? So, why not sounds? The way I think of it is that emotions and our friends are like notes in a song or a chord, and the way they fit together determines how we act. Or they can be puzzle pieces, filling in the missing parts of our hearts.