

Poetry Series

>Starr Williams<
- poems -

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>Starr Williams<(Midnight on July 31,1991)

Hey everyone! Im 14 and my poems still need a ton of work, but I'd love for you to read them and tell me what you think.

God Bless,

Starr Williams

A Lost Poem

Last night I had this amazing poem,
stuck in my head,
But much too tired, I thought, "Oh I'll remember."
and jumped into bed!
Now this morning, try as I may,
I cannot remember,
what this poem was about!
Love....snow...or winter!
I wish I could remember because it was
both beautiful and bright,
If only I had taken the time
to simply sit and write!
Now you my dear reader,
will simply have to trust,
This poem was lovely,
but now it's not here,
And this poem about nothing
is merely a distorted mirror,
Of what this perfect poem
Was to be,
But I guess we'll just have to imagine,
Both you, and me.

To all the poems that should have been, but we were too lazy to write them.....

>Starr Williams<

A Scary Dream

Housewives as the nights,
Came through,
The ceiling swung,
And then it grew

Have you ever seen the rain,
Shine blue?
In the Ring Of Fire,
Just for you?

Have you felt that chill,
With dew?
The yellow moon above
sweep through?

Have you sighed that fateful,
Word of doom,
Fallen into that tunnel,
yes it looms.

A whisper blares across,
The room,
The stars come to my eyes, but
I sail through.

A laughing ace of hearts says,
YOU,
Then dances round and round,
And withdrew.

Have you ever seen brick walls
Of blue,
Stand tall and strong but
I pass through.

Is the hammer big, or is it
The room?
This pounding in my head,
I knew.

The door rushes away, from my field
Of view,
Then comes running back, what can,
I do?

I sit up suddenly, is it,
Through?
The relief that dreams don't usually
come, true.

>Starr Williams<

Breathing Place (Yellow Moon)

Yellow moon peeps at me
Behind the shadows of the night.
Rises slow among the leaves,
Spreading eerie yellow light.

The oval face stares back at mine,
Screams silently, " Go, leave! "
I need to go, to go somewhere,
Somewhere I can breathe.

I wonder if that Breathing Place,
Is somewhere I can go.
Is it for those who wander there?
As well as those who know?

I think this Breathing Place must be,
A field of yellow grass.
An opaque sky, reaches out,
And steals from me, my past.

Or could it be a mossy rock,
By crystal mountain stream.
Trailing bare toes in the clear blue,
Where I seem a natural queen.

This rest, this rest, this peace, this bliss,
Is found in the Breathing Place.
But where is it? Is there room for me?
In that Breathing Place?

As the yellow moon finally,
Tops the trees,
I give a wishful sigh,
And it melts with the breeze.

I turn around,
Only to face my life,
In the house,
Those big bright lights.

And so continues,
My normal life,
Without a Breathing Place.

>Starr Williams<

Can You Imagine?

A sky that's not blue,
A dog with no tail,
A lie that is true,
A sea with no whale.
How could it be,
To love with no heart,
A leaf with no tree,
For the Pacific to part.
A toe that talks,
A thin sumo wrestler,
A giraffe wearing socks,
Never changing weather.
The clouds raining daisies,
To laugh with no sound,
Cowboys with out paisley,
Feet that don't touch the ground.
An eye that shines teal,
The moon with no sun,
Bananas without peels,
Friends without fun.

>Starr Williams<

Color Me Red

Red is deep anger that never comes out
Red is believing, and then having doubt.
Red reeks of revenge, of suffering and hate.
Red is being thirsty and having to wait.

Red, in a painting, makes one hot and confused,
It's the anger of crying when you feel you've been used.
Red is that voice, deep in your head,
It could keep you back, but pushes ahead.

It mocks you silently with a voice full of hate,
"You can't do it, you are weak, and it is your fate."
Red feels like fire, singeing your heart,
It's wanting to be together, but having to part.

Red is running through desert and sun,
It's needing a friend, but having none.
Red is the heart that's been broken in two,
It's hearing those lies, and wanting what's true.

>Starr Williams<

Do Not Judge

Do not judge a brother,
Who stumbles on the path.
Do you know the weight of his burden?
Or the weight of a painful past?

If that burden was placed on your own back,
You may last a minute, little longer.
Remember a heavy burden is given,
to those who's backs are STRONGER.

>Starr Williams<

Fall Thoughts

Autumn dashes in,
With a flurry of color,
It swirls round and round,
Each blast stronger than the other.
Hurricanes of crimson leaves,
Flutter down to earth.
The tranquil world below,
Not aware of winter's looming curse.
The warm fall sunshine,
And the crisp autumn breeze,
Filters down to the dry ground,
Between the empty trees.

>Starr Williams<

For Such A Time As This

For such a time as this,
We are to be strong through storm and rain,
All those who linger in the Grey,
Will only cause more pain.
The ones without the crown shall rise,
Receive The Kingdom as their prize.
No Grey, nor Devil can stop this rise,
To The Kingdom of the Light.

>Starr Williams<

I Am

I am

Life, Truth, Wisdom,

I love long summer days spent with the best of friends.

Faith, Honesty, and God are important to me,

Joy is an uncrushable lightness, even when things aren't going right.

Strength is used to oppress others, but it can equally be used to help them up off the ground.

Abortion is stealing the gift of life.

Hypocrisy is being too scared to show your true self to everyone.

God's grace is Everlasting, Forever, Relentless.

I am.

>Starr Williams<

I Would Have Lived

I would have lived,
I would have sung.
May have been your best friend,
but instead you have no-one.
I wasn't given a chance,
to live life as you do.
I was killed while a helpless,
tiny person in the womb.
God created my life.
What a precious gift!
But you, you destroyed it,
My life wasn't yours to take.
I could have invented,
Written a best seller,
Discovered a cure,
If not for you, my killer.
So think before,
You steal another life,
Because you are really the ones that suffer,
From taking innocent lives.

for all the abortion victims.

>Starr Williams<

In A Song

The rain is coming down in a never ending river,
Silver, Flowing, Streaming down down down,
in a song,
ever long.

Silver, Flowing, Streaming down down down,
down the windowpanes,
ever long,
all night long.

Down the windowpanes,
the crystal drops play along,
ever long,
the rain's song.

The crystal drops play along,
on the grass and trees,
the rain's song,
dance along.

>Starr Williams<

King Of Glory

Your prophets are silent, your Holy Fire has gone cold,
Your altar lies empty, yet we are brazen and bold.
Israel lies quiet, battles rage around it.
Your chosen ones need you, we have a country,
yet we still wander, a nomad nation.
Would the Red Sea part for us now?
Would Mount Sinai thunder loud?
Would water gush from the rock?
Would the manna fall?
The world only grows darker, help us make sense of it all.
L-RD your Holy Temple lies in ruin,
Underneath this evil shrine.
Couldn't this be it?
Make this your perfect time.
War rages in Jerusalem,
We descend into deeper darkness
...with every passing day...
your people are blinded,
wont you come?
The rocks cry out and say,
"Lift up your heads O gates,
That the King of Glory may come in."
The rocks cry out because we wont,
"Send your army to save,
O L-RD of Hosts."
Tremors from the Holy Land,
Whispers in the wind, of this terror to come,
What is whispered must be screamed,
Shouted from Mount Zion,
To below, where masses teem.

Can't they hear me?
"Behold the Lamb with triumph reigns,
he has come, he came, he is coming,
Lift up your heads O gates,
That the king of glory may come in"
Your Holy Mountain waits,
Come L-RD gather your elect,
The sky rolls back, the stars fall,

all the stars fall,
the Bridegroom has returned,
to rescue the few who call,
upon The Name.

When the morning comes will they see that we are gone and wonder where?
Lift up your heads O gates, that the King of Glory may come in.

>Starr Williams<

Little Black Bird

Little black bird, on the telephone line.
I can hardly see your eyes, but you're staring in mine.

Little black bird, sitting up so high.
What secrets do you know? Are they secrets of the sky?

Little black bird, why do you not sing?
It's as if you know too much, to let your melody ring.

Little black bird, tell me, why are you so sad?
Is everything around you, really so terribly bad?

Little black bird, on the line, you are a symbol of the mellow,
making a tiny black silhouette against the sky, of pink and yellow.

Little black bird, when you calmly fly away,
I will remember forever, the silent lesson given here today.

>Starr Williams<

One Window

One window is all I need,
To see the sun or the pouring rain.
To view the good or the very bad,
All through the same windowpane.

I have to choose what I will see,
Ominous clouds, or the silver lining,
The rain can be helping plants and trees,
Or it could be the sky is crying.

Each morning I wake up,
I stare out the window,
To see the sun, the rain,
Cruel old frost or a pretty ice show.

>Starr Williams<

Opposite

The opposite of life is death
And each of them is down a path,
Each must choose, how will you live?
With death to die or life to live.

>Starr Williams<

Poetry-My Window

If you've ever tried to catch a cloud,
to ride a rainbow,
to save the sunshine in a jar.
Then you know how it feels
to strive to capture the deep thoughts
that flutter across your mind.
The shadows of thought are not
easily distinguished.
Even now,
as I sit here, just me and these thoughts,
these deep thoughts
roam the hills and valleys of my mind,
always just out of reach.
But, from the shadows of deep thinking,
Springs a ray of sunshine,
I can only seem to catch with my pen.
But when I read over what I have written,
it is only a shadow of the shadow.
For behind my poems,
are real thoughts,
real feelings,
seen only in glimpses.
For poetry is my window to the world,
And to myself.

>Starr Williams<

Quiet Diamante

Quiet

Peaceful, Tranquil,

Timid, Silent, Sedate,

Murmuring, Echo, Hubbub, Clamor,

Crashing, Piercing, Blaring,

Intense, Thundering,

Noise.

>Starr Williams<

Race

Marks, down, breathe breathe,
Down, breathe breathe, set,
Breathe breathe, set, wait,
Set, wait, bang,
Wait, bang, GO GO,
Bang, GO GO, sprint,
GO GO, sprint, breathe
Sprint, breathe, strain,
Breathe, strain, run run.
Strain, run run, pass,
Run run, pass, sprint,
Pass, sprint, finish!

>Starr Williams<

Sometimes I Wonder

Sometimes I wonder,
Will I come through?
Can I make it to the other side?
And also, will you?
As I walk through the rain,
I can count on a few,
And when sometimes they leave me,
I wonder, should I pursue?
God didn't promise,
As I walk through this life,
Skies without clouds,
Or storm without quiet.
Maybe someday, I'll understand,
When I'm coming up to
The end of this land.
The day is approaching,
I know the time is near,
When the end of all things
Will end all things here.
Asking myself this,
What still will be left?
Can all this nothingness,
And this worldly mindset,
Be pleasing to the one,
Who made the sun rise and set?
Why do they taunt?
And say, "You are wrong"?
When my king is coming and theirs
Lies underground.
Mine conquered death,
Theirs only died,
Mine lives again
Theirs, death has tied.
My silent prayer,
Comes from the heart,
Lord save these people,
And can I be a part?
Be a part of your plan,
To change many hearts,

For the kingdom that lasts,
Has neither end nor start.
And as you also
Walk through the storm,
Remember what it's about,
Who you are living for.
Not for this world,
Nor mans empty gain,
You are living for him,
Who restored your soul again.

>Starr Williams<

Tanka

Fall is
Amber and
Crimson
Hurricanes
Of color.

>Starr Williams<

The Crystal Fall

An endless cascade of crystal drops,
Weeping, the rock slowly sets the flood free,
From a cool green cliff.
Like a hidden ocean being revealed,
one trickle at a time.
The water dances over the rocks,
laughing merrily,
As it plunges smoothly towards the earth.
A misty curtain of rain rises,
From the dark deep pool below.
The opaque drizzle,
Slinks through the steaming green,
And caresses the branches of the grove,
With slender icy fingers.

>Starr Williams<

The Tide

Silky waves roaring ashore, dancing among the rocks, smoothly gliding out again.

Cool salty air rippling in with the tide.

Scream of the seagull and the whisper of the ocean current.

Chilly damp sand molds to my feet.

Light tang of salt in the air.

Reeds sway softly, dancing with the wind.

>Starr Williams<

Tired River

I wonder if the river gets tired?
It runs and runs but never stops,
It rushes onward toward the sea,
Foaming, Swirling, round the rocks.

I guess it never actually halts.
So therefore it mustn't be tired,
Because if it were, it surely would rest,
It only runs past to be admired.

So rivers never do get tired,
Though lazy, sometimes yes,
When rain isn't doing her part,
Or isn't giving her best.

But when the rain is feeling well,
And fills the river true
The river rushes, madder still.
To get to the ocean blue.

>Starr Williams<

To Me...You Are

To me you are,
A faded yellow memory,
A heart that shares my pain.
A love that's everlasting,
My sunshine in the rain.

>Starr Williams<

Unsung Song

My life is a song that hasn't been sung,
It's waiting for that day to come.
Waiting for the exact perfect time,
When everything fits in, rhythm and rhyme.

It needs a new vocal, new music, new lines,
Hopefully all it will take is time,
Someone will come and sing it on key,
Perfect pitch, perfect tune, just for me.

Then the song will be sung and all will know,
I'm not a no-one, even though...
My life is a song that hasn't been sung,
Soon that perfect day will come,
All will know I'm not a nobody.
No...I'm simply..well... simply, me.

>Starr Williams<

Wind

Wind is an audible whisper,
It's a secret, and it's a laugh,
Murmured through the timeless trees,
From ancient ages past.
It sometimes calls through blackest night
For the owl to hoot and scream,
It plays a haunting winter flute,
In the meadow near the stream.
Piping little melodies,
Endless, haunting, long,
And when you think you've finally caught them,
In a moment they are gone.

>Starr Williams<