

Free Sample from Poetrybook.com – All poems © Copyright Diana L. Lang  
Not to be reprinted without permission except for personal use.

*If you downloaded this free sample, son,  
Please be sure to like, follow, and share.  
You can buy all my books on Amazon.  
I sure hope that you'll review me there.*

*D.L. Lang  
@poetrybook  
Poetrybook.com*

# Poet Loiterer

D.L. Lang

Copyright © 2016 Diana L. Lang

## **To Get Free**

C'mon, baby, hit the reset button on your soul.  
Do what you love, and not what you're told.  
If you want to get free, you gotta save your own soul.  
Fall into the joy. Fall into the flow.  
Once you found it, don't ever let it go.  
Let go of those troubles that weigh in your heart.  
Ain't nobody going to hate you for doing your art.  
You gotta know what they see just ain't the same.  
You were made to be on fire, just set aflame.  
You'll never fit in to some cookie cutter notion.  
Let go of the rules and set yourself in motion.  
You got it, and you know that you do, too.  
Let yourself believe in everything--woohoo!  
There are no limits. It's all in your head.  
It takes a lot of discipline once you get outta bed.  
"It's a lot of work, but it's more fun," he said.  
Look in the mirror, kid. You're far from dead.  
So rise, rise, rise, and fly, fly far away,  
far from those who got nothing but garbage to say.  
They haven't a clue just what you can do.  
Hey, man, they don't even really know you.  
You've been immersed in your path since the day you were born.  
You survived, kid, so it's no time to mourn.  
Jump for joy, dance that inner song, and find a way,  
just find your own beautiful way to move on.

*Many thanks to the judges at the Solano County Fair that awarded this poem Best of Show in 2015!*

## **Reassurance**

When you get that blank stare  
because life just is not fair,  
and you think that no one cares  
just know that God is there.

When you're in a place so narrow,  
your emotions become the Pharaoh,  
have faith--the waters will part,  
but you have to make a start.

## **Railway Meditation**

If you find yourself worrying a lot,  
you don't have to board that train of thought.

Be like a hobo riding the rails,  
free to jump off on another trail.

Let your mind wander without a care.  
You can go wherever you dare.

## **Muir**

Maybe the woods have something to say,  
walking on ancient pathways.  
I awoke hearing its welcoming song,  
inviting me to escape into the earth.

Other wanderers mill about as I soak  
in the stillness of the birds,  
serenading from their treetop concert halls  
amid abandoned military outposts.

Tourists have scratched their mark, seeking immortality.  
I step lightly, gently breathing in  
forests and oceans' breezes,  
restoring my soul instantly.

As I journey through clouds atop mountains,  
my heart wonders, "Is this heaven?"  
For surely such beauty is only given by God.

## Unanswered

She's typing existential questions  
into all the search engines.  
Her heart hasn't been indexed.  
The lack of results leaves her vexed.

She's sitting in utter stillness,  
breathing in starry darkness,  
looking towards her mind,  
but the answers she can't find.

She's lost inside the library,  
ceased believing in the fairies.  
Her faith has been checked out,  
and she's drowning in her doubts.

She's sleeping in the wilderness,  
enamored by the thrill of this.  
A tiny speck inside the universe,  
she's in love with this whole earth.

She's struggling with her voice,  
even though there's just one choice.  
She sings out a soulful prayer,  
hoping that the answer's there.

She finds peace around her friends.  
It seems that love has no end,  
but still she goes on seeking  
in this life that leaves her weeping.

She continues with her query.  
Lack of answers leaves her weary.  
Every minute that she finds  
is one more running out of time.

## **Are We Free?**

Take me walking in the fields where the tanks no longer roar.  
Let me stroll along the sands at the sunny sea shore.  
Take me where the cannons rusted shut and there ain't wars,  
where the soldiers are retired from their duties into peace,  
and the weapons they're building no longer increase.

Silence the sirens of these murderous nights  
where no one bends because they got to be right.  
I'm a dove and not a fighter, and that is the only side,  
but when I see any injustice, my anger, I can't hide.  
It only fuels the fire that is burning me alive.  
We are only truly free when everyone can thrive.

You lob at me your insults fed from the television.  
Do you think for yourself with the brain that you were given?  
My faith teaches me about peace, justice, and love,  
how to give, and how to live like the angels up above.  
but somehow I wonder if we're reading the same book,  
if when you see a different face, you give a dirty look.

## **Urgency**

Look around this broken world.  
Bring peace to warring flags unfurled.  
Generations unborn cry out today,  
urging us to work for a better way.

The clock is ticking.  
The tide is rising.  
The people are dying.  
Do you even care?

This ship is sinking.  
We sit here drinking,  
but the time is now.  
There is no tomorrow.

Prophetic pens keep flying,  
as politicians keep lying,  
majority in fear's grip,  
afraid to question this path.

Fear not the rocking boat.  
March together—cast your vote.  
Return to the vision of the heart.  
Don't give up before you start!

Call out to your friends,  
unite with your neighbors,  
rise up as one family,  
and turn this world right!



## **Headline Antidote**

Be a rebel for righteousness,  
a leader for love,  
a troublemaker for the truth,  
not a hawk, but a dove!

More than one way to be human,  
so many ways to understand.  
Join all your hands together,  
and march across this land.

Be an agitator for awesome,  
a hustler for the heart,  
an outcast for open-mindedness,  
whatever you do – just start!

More than one way to be an American.  
Patriotic pacifists-no weapons in their hands!  
Here's to building better times!  
Yes, you know that we can!

## **We Never Build Just One**

When will we stop the invention  
of new methods of destruction?  
Will brilliant minds now cease  
to work on anything but peace?  
Is the purpose of your education  
to engineer world devolution?

Were you sitting there in math  
thinking weaponry was your path?  
Was your goal as an engineer  
to make peoples cower in fear?

I understand the concept of defense,  
but meaningless wars make no sense.

For when we set about production  
for these weapons of mass destruction,  
it's not like we decide we'll stop  
with one single bomb to drop.

No, there's no singular form for munitions  
for fighting's become a tradition.

Brave young men and women sign  
their lives on the dotted line,  
to be a part of something  
bigger in these tumultuous times.

No, it's never just one lost life,  
not just that of a soldier that dies,  
but the heartbreak of their spouse.  
The loss thunders through the house.  
For the children who lose a parent,  
the immeasurable toll is quite apparent.

The innocent are never shielded  
from the potential of violence.  
Pain ripples through families and destroys.  
These bombs and guns are not toys.  
Yet war is a profitable enterprise  
whose deadly cost you can't disguise.

Why can't we look at each other's eyes  
to see our souls longing desires?  
Instead we build and we collect  
firepower while real needs we neglect.

My hope is one day we'll  
set aside more money for peaceful means,  
than is ever needed for a fight.  
Wouldn't that be a real sight?

Then these same minds can serve  
in a manner where life's preserved,  
but until that day I hope and pray

Free Sample from Poetrybook.com – All poems © Copyright Diana L. Lang  
Not to be reprinted without permission except for personal use.

that there'll be a world still left to save.

## Flags Of Hate

The article said they dare not remove it:  
the state sanctioned symbol of hate.  
The words I read called for further study,  
for polls catering to public appeasement,  
stalling in apathy while once again lives have bled.  
In a church they lay dead at the hands of an ass,  
but you say, we can't take down a flag so fast.

Because that would force you to think,  
think about the values behind your statues,  
the lies you spread through textbooks,  
the spin you use to make you the victim,  
the false kindness to make you look good,  
the system in place where nothing really changed,  
the thousands who died because of your oppression,  
the misguided fools who believe in the whitewash,  
and perpetuate this nonsense of geographical ancestral loyalty,  
somehow overriding love of all humanity.

So you look me straight in the face,  
and tell me this flag ain't about hate,  
but some political ideal of your state.  
You were fooled by rich, lazy planters,  
brutal haters long since dead,  
whose revisionist propaganda now floats in your head.

## **Holy Songs**

In my head, heaven is a diner on Route 66  
filled with fascinating people, wandering in for a fix  
of home cooked comfort, joyous song, and friendship.

This heaven is stillness amid movement,  
a home away from home, free of expectation  
in the middle of nature,  
but still civilization.

In reality my heaven exists in living rooms,  
traveling upon songs as friends join together,  
and art is the language of connection.

Joy is the only emotion orbiting our hearts,  
but the messages are ones of transformation.

I studied mountains of books and wise words of friends,  
but only music unlocks the gates of wisdom.

You have ignited this poet's spark,  
and I only aim to go forth without fear.

I entered a broken-hearted pacifist,  
and you have turned me into a caring activist,  
and as the psalms say, my mourning into dancing.