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Tea & Sprockets: Poetic Nonsense

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The War

The war is not confined.
The war is inside all of us.
From young to old.
From girl to boy.
From poor to rich.
Some let the war take them over,
And victims fall.
Some do not,
And help the victims rise again.

The war is manufactured.
In guns, bombs, knives,
And other senseless carriers of the war.
The war is encouraged,
By the voices we hear,
And the sights we see.
The war is discouraged,
By those who know that the war is evil.

The war kills.
The war destroys.
The war corrupts.
The war kills.
The war is in government.

The war is arrogance,
Selfishness,
And ignorance of thy fellow man.
Ignorance of thy fellow creatures.
Ignorance of thy own earth.
The war brings about wars,
On the outside and in.

The war is contained in reaction.
The war is prejudice.
The war is greed.
The war is hate.
The war is fought incorrectly,
By using another war.

The war can only be solved by peace.
By truth, pureness, freedom,
Justice, love, honour,
Helpfulness, humour, kindness,
Heart, humbleness, cheer,
Acceptance, compromise, and more...

The war cannot be destroyed,
By its own self.
The war must be destroyed,
Without recreating it in the process.
Peace is the answer.

[the monologue?]

In our hearts we think and we dream. We
live every moment believing for the
truth. There is happiness to be
sought yet you cannot seek it.
It is there and felt around
situations of greatness,
and humor is the opposite
of pain. humor destroys
the pain. Get caught up
in pain - someone always
remembers to laugh and
joke + if that someone is
a friend - you remember
life is not bad. It is
beautiful. To wake up and
breathe + see colours and
feel the coldness or warmth
is a dream. There is nothing
like life. It is a gift. Not
to be taken lightly as some
do. But we are all searching
for happiness + we all
try to achieve it in different ways.
It is just a state of mind.
No more. No less. It is always
there yet some people bring it out in others for odd inconceivable reasons,
but it is okay. Yes, everything is okay. Fights are worthless and mean nothing.
There will be peace. Everywhere, but it starts inside. There is no peace outside without
peace inside. We cannot change others unless we change ourselves.
I am not insane.
I am a poet.
And I am happy.

Yahrzeit

Staring into the brightness of your soul,
I sit, silently chanting my prayers of gratitude.
As you flicker before me, my heart fills with peace,
a contentment joined by tears of joy that slide
slowly down my cheek.
There is none here but you and I.
Your warmth envelopes me on this cold winter day.
My being is free from longing.
I accept that you now live within my sight,
though I will not see you again.

Your Wonder

Your face is the flame that ignites a darkened soul.
Your smile is electric begetting contagious joy.
Your laughter is anesthetic to the suffering of life.

Your wisdom is a pathway towards a peaceful life.
Your compassion is infinite with kindness indiscriminate.
Your embrace is warmth, a comfort to humankind.

Your existence is a blessing, a miracle in my mind.

180°

Gravity weighs a thousand tons,
shaken to the core and frozen in place
by the heavy solitude of isolation.

The static cling of trepidation
when one false move breeds imbalance
as negative ions fill time and space.

Stumbling and scraping towards escape,
nudging this cyclical obstruction to vacate.

Your friendly hand extends itself
like an elevator heavenward.

A path to freedom is clearly visualized
in the light behind your eyes.

For when we both let go again
no more heartache will arise.

My Reflection

Finding my place in the vortex without you.
Where have you gone my friend?
Your ray of light ignited my soul,
a comet that brightened my darkness,
but now you are naught.

I cling steadfast to your mythology
as though it will return you to me.
What journey now awaits you
as your spark travels onward?
Do you travel homeward
soaring across the distant galaxies?

Your soul shoots brightly across the evening sky.
Your sparks have united with the universe.
Although you have departed this earth,
I am not alone. In my company remains:
your aura, words, ideas, and deeds.

You travel amidst the unconsciousness of my dreams.
There, we remain, together forever.
Laughing, acting, creating and playing.

Will these words reach you?
Can the love of friends be felt if the words are never uttered?
Our common enemies can hurt us no more.
We are free of the scars we bore.

You exist within my paintbrush, your face flows onto the canvas.
You speak to me through the radio with the soundtracks of our youth.
Your face is my reflection, and I carry you home in every hug.

The music of your soul rings out ghostly orchestral echoes
though your fingertips no longer grace the strings.
This cold winter day, I wipe the snow from your grave,
cry my way through Kaddish, and sit beside you one last time.

L'Adonai

I am starry eyed, searching for wisdom,
gazing into the infinite represented by Your words,
Your deeds, I do.

I balance on the precipice between vulnerability and centeredness,
feeling the solidity of nature's energy enveloping my soul,
sparks of gratitude flying, aimed at hearts, heroes, and humility.

I'm told I glow.
I glow for You.
You light the flame, my soul renewed.
I sit humbly, sing Hallelu.

Naive Observations Of A Situational Pacifist

Theories of paradox they live by today.
Kill to give life. Wars make peace stay.
No self control--that's the problem.
Outside invasion coming to solve them.
An eye for an eye, so kill and be killed.
Justifying evil in the name of a thrill.
Logic says daily, "Live and let live."
"What can we do? What more can we give?"
So much apathy in the face of danger.
"Who cares a bit about you and me, stranger?"
"It's the brave wondrous souls who fight to stay free,
Protecting the people like you and me."
Tears can never erase the blood stains,
Lying in truth 'cause pain creates pain.
In the name of justice it's kill so be killed.
In the name of self defense, it's kill or be killed.
Does no one know that if they do not kill,
Then no one else reasonably will?
The world would be better without evil men,
But what price must we pay to be rid of them?

The Outsider

I sat outside on the bleacher and watched the other kids.
Outside I heard cars beginning to skid.
Lower and Lower I felt inside,
For no one knew that I had team pride.

They left me out.
I'm ready to pout.
For I am the one that you let slide,
'Cause I am the one who almost cried.

You know me as a fool,
But I know I can be cool.
You push me out,
With no doubt.

To you I'm invisible.
UN-VISIBLE.
I'm not here, to you that is.
I'm none of your biz.

I'm the outsider,
Not a guider.
Along with some friends,
We never blend.

I sat outside in the dark.
Everyone gives me a crude remark.
I'm a loner,
A real moaner.

You think I have no taste,
Or I'm too slow paced.
I have some friends.
With real friends, friendship never ends.

Then there's the snobs,
That make me throb.
Luckily I have some pain,
And like them I'm not vain.

There's also users,
Your time abusers.
To them you're a slave,
Fulfilling their every crave,
Thinking you're "cool,"
But to them you're a fool.

I'm the outsider,
The one you ignore.
You think I'm a slider.
You think I'm a bore.

I'm an abider,
Of the rules.
I'm not a fool.
I'm ME--the outsider