IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU

chapter nine

2-2003 to 4-2011

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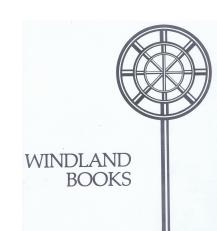
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For those of us no matter how loud we yell, still cannot be heard

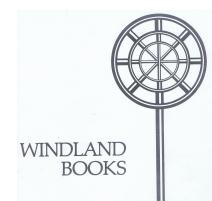
and for those,
who should allowed life to
progress on its own
and watched the flowers grow
with all it glory
and not repaint its colors

and most of all for Brayden a beautiful young boy who loves all of life and those around him without expectations.

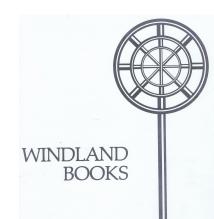


THE COLLECTION

Are you listening If it wasn't for you I am listening to it I hear the dream Faces Warring words Put it to my head No lies Untie Me Heart and Soul There My Heart Glass Just like you 5-17 46 Lori Subtle Invitations Shapes to Come Ilise July 2004 There is A Lonely Heart Prevails Growing Older Passing Time Life Again What You Did Pieces Of You A Missed Call With You First Kiss You Stole Everything Josh 05 Changes Maria Places



Me And You Sweetie My Angel Honeymoon The Mirror Brayden A Simple Heart Roses Bray Unfair Dreams of Christina My C2005 She Walked in Garden State Nails Fire Poetry All I Needed Was A Moment To Breathe Where Are You Now



ARE YOU LISTENING

I could sneeze in front of you and you would not hear me, I could laugh in front of you and you would not hear me.

If I were to excuse myself you would not respond, If I were to quite myself you would still not hear.

If it was you
and you were to make a sound,
If it were you and you
broke the silence.

If it was you and you wanted to be heard, If it was you that wanted to be heard louder than the rest.

> I would be the one, the one to say a word, But I would not be the one to play that game.



IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU

If it wasn't for you
I do not believe that
I would have the faith
that I do.

If it wasn't for you
I would not have
carried on
wanting to finish life.

If it wasn't for you
I would not have carried
on for as long
as I did.



I AM LISTENING TO IT

I am listening to it but cannot hear.

I am listening and cannot understand.

I am and cannot.



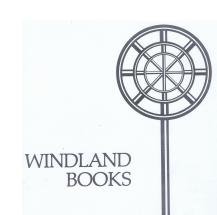
I HEAR THE DREAM

I would rather be outside listening to the rain, then to be in here listening to the numbing sound of the people.

I would rather be outside feeling the breeze from the rain, then the gust of air from the vents above me.

I would rather be outside tasting the dampness of the cold, then the dry air of miss-understanding.

I would rather collect my thoughts away from everything, then continue carelessly through the day.



FACES

There are so many faces
that surround each of us.
There are not enough people in the world
to sit and listen for any moment,
for each of us express the need.

If I sit and listen,
listen to the music that brings pain,
hurt, discord,
and love to all of us.
If I sit and listen to
what is happening in my mind.

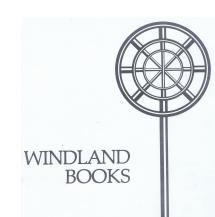
In a flash
it all can go away,
I hurt, my tears are my own.
There are moments
that in a blink of the eye can go away.

Why so many faces that I must go through.
Why does it happen this way,
I cannot tell you all that my heart has to say.

In a flash of the moment
I can be who I am,
and in the next flash
I am not.

There are so many faces that I am, there are so many faces that I am not.

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WARRING WORDS

I am watching the world as it is burning, I am watching the silence that proceeds all great victories.



PUT IT TO MY HEAD

I Always thought
that if I were to be
who I am,
who I thought I was,
you would believe in me
and I would be
who you would want to me be.



NO LIES

Sometimes people dance around the words. They say as much as they do and dance around the light.

Sometimes people say things that means other things they dare not say, as much as they wish others to know.

> Stop dancing. Stop saying. Start expressing. Start dreaming.

Tell me the truth about the way you feel. Tell me the truth about what you want.

There is no more time for lies.
There is no more time to lose.
There is only time only one love.



UNTIE ME

It has taken years to tie the strings around my heart. And it has taken more to untie them.

There are no more innocent hearts

If I keep asking you the same questions about who you are and what you do over and over again.

Its not because I am not listening it is because I have so many things on my mind and I just want to know everything there is to know about you and how you are and what you are so I can be comfortable with you.

There is nothing worse than a single piece of blank paper with not a single word written on it.

So please untie me.



HEART AND SOUL

I would like to share with you what is in my heart. I would like to share with you what is in my soul.

Could you be honest enough with me to share about what is in your heart and soul.



THERE

There is no more time to waste.
There is no more time to pretend.
There is no more time
to stop asking.
There is no more time
but to love you here and now.



MY HEART

My heart was cut a long time ago by a sharp lifeless blade, that left it wide open.

My heart was damaged and I have slowly wrapped it with a string that holds it together.

I have tried for many years to find - one person, one life, one love, that could close the wound, hold My Heart in their hand and touch my soul forever.



GLASS

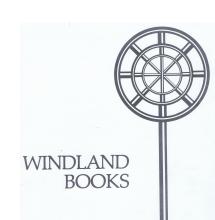
What is it that separates people by a glass wall.

Why is it that for every moment when I find myself wanting to love someone it is a far reach, a challenge for them to see me in a way that they can love.

When I walked a fine line so many times before. telling what I feel and the chances of being rejected.

The moment when I can say how I feel and have one person I want to be with accept me and the opportunity to be with them.

I cannot touch or speak through the glass.



JUST LIKE YOU

It is so hard to find you, it is so hard to ask you to believe. Just like you, I thought I had knew the person I was with, was the right person, Just like you, I convinced myself that they were who I thought they were. Just like you, I wasted many years, months, weeks, days and hours trying to make them something they are not. Just like you, my frustrations turned to anger because I was forcing someone to be someone they could not be. Just like you, it is easy to miss the moment when I find the one person who is what I want without making them to be someone they are not. Just like you I want a fresh start.



May 5-17

Everyday may seems like an eternity, and every moment, like a spark..



May 46

Couch,
tweezers,
46 year old,
17 year old,
party,
events,
the interconnected thread.



LORI

Life is a series of moments. Either spontaneous or instantaneous.

Each moment is connected by a single thread.

Break one,
and the others
fall away.



SUBTLE INVITATIONS

I would not be here, reaching, thinking about how much I wish to be with you.

I would not be here, lying upon cool green grass, staring up into the clouds if it were not for you.

I would not be here believing and dreaming if it wasn't for the moment that you invited me in.



SHAPES TO COME

Even the images that are made of smoke, comes from the fire that burns and cannot persuade me to look the other way.

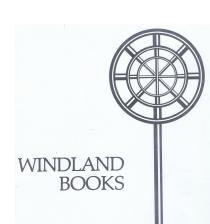
Even the images that are made from the mind, comes from the moment of opportunity and cannot persuade my heart of anything different.

Even the images that are made from life, comes from a sense of belief and cannot persuade me that I love nothing less than you.



ILISE

There are no regrets when the Love you share is real.
There is no Love without the faith to believe.



July 2004

I don't want to close my eyes, because I am only loving you.

The hurt becomes more painful because I am only loving you.

The love becomes missing because I am only loving you



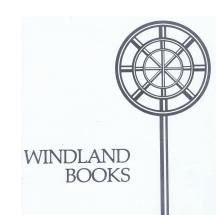
THERE IS

There is a dream, Just a dream that keeps me alive.

There is a moment just a moment that keeps me dreaming.

There is a love just a love that keeps me living.

There is a dream just one dream and you were it.



A LONELY HEART PREVAILS

Deep in my heart
I know that you are there.
Deep within love
I know you are here.

Going home
I know that you are there.
Going toward your love
I know that you are here.

Reaching within my heart I know that you are there. Reaching within your heart a lonely heart prevails.



GROWING OLDER

It doesn't matter what your age everyone is young at heart.

To the young age is about getting older and knowing it all.

To an adult it is about the heart and the spirit.

To the youth
growing older is about the
weakening of the body and wisdom gained.
To the adult its about
keeping the body as strong
as the mind.

To the elderly it about not losing the youth within their heart and the clarity of the mind.

When you grow older
it isn't about how you have matured or
how sensible you are.
Its about how young you
believe your heart is
and if you are willing to play
again like a child.



PASSING TIME

I was lying there staring at the moon looking at my watch I saw the time, it was a quarter to nine.

Looking at my watch I couldn't help but think how long it was going to be until I saw you again.

Looking at the time
I became impatient with time
I realized that I
would have to wait, wait
for the time to pass.

I became depressed thinking of how long in days hours and minutes that would have to pass before I had the opportunity to see you and talk to you again.



LIFE AGAIN

Life has its ups and downs.

Sometimes you may feel like
you have misplaced it.

Then you spend the rest of your life
trying to find it again.

Life begins once you accept the consequences of life.



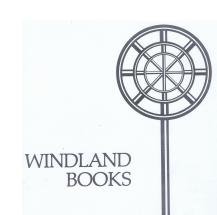
WHAT YOU DID

What you did last light wasn't fair.
You should have stayed the night,
I should have had more time.

Fifteen minutes with you wasn't enough to show you, show you what fun I can be, fun is more than words.

What you did the next day opened my eyes, you lost an opportunity to see the love in front of you.

What you said made my day and made me reassess life, What you believed made my year and made me start over new again.



PIECES OF YOU

Somewhere between the moon and the stars lies an open place filled with wishes and dreams.

Somewhere between friends and a companion lies an open place filled with hopes and promises.

Somewhere between the heart and soul lies an open place filled with pieces of you.



A MISSED CALL

At first I missed all your calls nightly they were so frequent they were so predictable.

I loved to hear your voice even though it became expected.

But the topics seemed to repeat themselves and things became routine.

Then the day came when you stopped your discussions, personal feelings you wanted to share and there were no more.

The days had passed and your voice became weaker in my thoughts and I began to forget who you where and about them all.

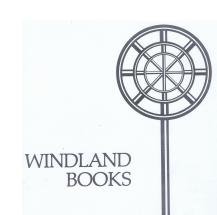


WITH YOU

I want someone who I can laugh with, cry with, fight with, feel with and love with.

I want someone who I can live with, play with, run with, talk with and grow with.

I want someone who I can spend the rest of my life with, and that someone is you.



FIRST KISS

Sometimes it is not the first time you meet someone that you fall in love.

Sometimes it the dance, sometimes it is the song, sometimes it's the smile you can't get off your face

Sometimes it's the dream late into the night, sometimes its waking up still thinking and believing in someone.

Sometime it's the first kiss.



YOU STOLE EVERYTHING

I am having trouble sharing my love. Something so simple as a kiss.

I am self conscious about my own front yard.

You stole the very part of me that I have wanted to share.

I want to love so badly
I know it will take me time to get there.



JOSH 05

I am struggling with you again
I have asked for you to leave.
I have this vision of you and me
friends and buddies sitting and talking
enjoying each others company.

I am struggling with the thought that you and I do not share our pain and experiences together.

Little things drive me to push you, make you be responsible for who you are, who I believe you should be.

I am making decisions for you and me, making choices that you have not made for yourself.

> I am struggling with my love you and wanting to help you and keep you near.

But I am hurting you
by allowing you to stay.
I need for you to be your own man.
Your own person, so we can be fair
and honest and good
to each other.

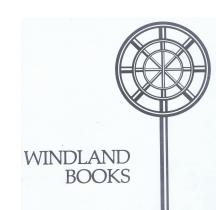
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It hurts me to kick you out, because I know how much it hurt when my father push me, my brother and sisters out of his life.

Things were different then.
The circumstances were so criminal, so much different.
Yet I do not want to carry the baggage of my past on you.

I need to let you go and you need to make a life of your own.



CHANGE

Things were different then, the circumstances were so criminal, so much different.

> Yet I do not want to carry the baggage of my past onto you.

I need to let you go and you need to make a life of your own.



MARIA

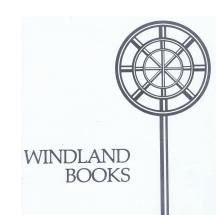
I was thinking of you, as I was driving home. Traveling east I was gazing into the light of the moon.

Mesmerized by the light, I thought of your smile, your eyes and your kiss

I thought of your dark hair, your words the other day, the heart you have and the warmth of your words.

Shadowed by the clouds that created a bright sliver of light, the moon looked like a crack of light shining through like looking into heaven.

> All I could do was think of you and the time we spend together.



If the light was a peak into heaven, you were what I would see, and if heaven is a place in your heart, then that is were I would like to be.



PLACES

If I could make the world about you.

I would start by leaving a flower everyday in the places that you have been.

I would leave a note with a word at every corner you turned.

I would leave a song at the beginning every shadow and a melody at the end.



ME AND YOU

Me missing you. Wanting to be there, holding you, loving you.

Honesty kills, honesty mends.
I have said things
things I thought you
wanted to hear
things you question about.

Honesty lives, honesty is hope.
I wanted you to know me.
But knowing me brought doubt
doubt in your mind
doubt in your heart.

You missing me. You told me you loved me long before I knew I loved you.

Honesty is life, honesty is love.
I have loved you, you have loved me.
You, let distorted bits
of truths, distorted bits of exaggeration,
kill your love for me.

Me and You.
I didn't ask for you
to love me.
You just did.

WINDLAND BOOKS You and Me.
You didn't ask for me
to love you.
I just did.

Me loving You. You Loving Me Always



SWEETIE

There isn't a moment
in my life
were I felt
that there was someone
who would care
as much about me
as I would them.

I dreamed about moments were love meant more than possession.

I dreamed then as
I do now that I
could be appreciated
for who I am.

There isn't a moment in my life were I would rather be then with you.



MY ANGEL

Moments of life passing struggling with the real things of life.

Moments of truths that hit at us like targets tied to trees.

Moments of frustration and anger and confusion that confront us.

> Moments of life taken taking away and changing all of us.

Moments of love lost when angels come and take us.



HONEYMOON

There was a moment when
I touched you.
I was captured by your warmth,
your energy, your ability
to embrace me.

There was a moment when I looked into your eyes and saw the subtle color of a warm and a loving heart.

There was a moment, when I felt you and you were there in heart and soul.

There was a moment of change when you opened the door into my heart and saw the pain I carried.

There was once a brighter kindness that I wanted to share with you and give to you all that I am.

There was a time
when I had something
for you, around you
and there was no more left to share.



THE MIRROR

I met someone today.
They were sitting
and watching clouds pass by.
In watching them
I noticed a distance stare.
Almost lifeless, looking out
and not even noticing that I was there.
I asked them what was it that they saw
and for a moment
I thought I saw their lips begin to move,
but instead I watched a breath of air
come out and nothing more.

What is it that they see that has them so lost, so taken away from hearing me.

I started to shout not out loud but from my heart as I began to feel an overwhelming sense of loss and abandonment.

What is it, why can I not reach their ears, their mind, their heart.

What is it that keeps them looking but not seeing.

What is it that keeps them from hearing the breath of life.

I met someone today.
Then I shut off the light in the room and they were gone.



BRAYDEN

Sometimes I just don't know where the moments take me. I sit and think and remember about you.

I try to connect from a distance but the lack of seeing keeps me from connecting to you.

I see you playing running and dancing.
I see you talking and laughing, enjoying the moments.

I try to talk to you but the moments are short as you are distracted by small things everything that catches your eye.

> I miss you and I know that you miss me, but are having trouble understanding why.

I hope to see you again, face to face, so we can laugh and run and play.



I know that someday you will remember the things as I do, and when you do I hope you will remember the love that I have for you.

Dad 11-8-2009



A SIMPLE HEART

Once a simple heart lay watching the stars move ever so slightly across the night and sparkle with the moon by its side, playing so restless.

The moments that the heart was there, it wanted to share itself with you, but you wanted to make it love you in ways it could not understand.

Once this simple heart
was open to you
and open to loving you
and loving the very things
that made it seem so simple
to live life with you.

Those very moments that the heart helplessly needed your love to be accepting, found that it could not because there was anger and fear from the one it loved.

Once a simple heart
lay dying and broken, bleeding
and in need of healing,
it could not find
compassion for itself,
or for love.

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Every moment it sits waiting in the dark silence, its wounds deepen leaving scares, leaving a trail of loss, hurt, anger, questions why its life ended the way it had.



ROSES

If I should die
before you leave me
I will leave a rose on
the floor where you walk each day,
a pink one on the balcony,
a red one at your door.

I will leave hope that will remind you of each place we met, where we kissed and said I love you.

Each day I will leave you a pink rose, in places that you will pass, in places where we have been, in moments that will remind you.

Each day I will leave you a red rose in places you leave and wait for you to enter the room full of roses.



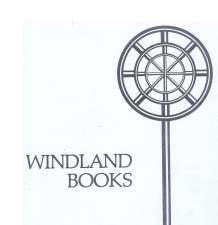
BRAY

I love the color green
because this is your favorite
and because you love all
things that grow,
like the love you have for all those
that touch your heart.

There is nothing more beautiful as the smile on your face when you are surprised by the gifts of life that you receive and that are given with love.

I love how you grab my face and bring yours close to mine so you can see into my eyes and my heart.

There is always a place in my heart that is yours and I know even if I am not there, that you have a place in your heart for me.



UNFAIR

Life can be unfair
People we love try to
guide us in directions
they believe is right.
Their intent is honorable
their love is just,
their thoughts are clear
their emotions can be overwhelming.



DREAMS OF CHRISTINA

Your enthusiasm effects me the moment you speak, your brown eyes reflect a joyful soul and gives you a place in my heart.

There are moments
when I have to forget that
you are there.
It hurts me to do so,
my mind has been consumed
by the thought of you.

If I don't control my emotions my heart will run away from me, I can still see you walking on the beach holding my hand.



MYC

My comfortable Skin
My comfortable Emotion
My comfortable Mind
My comfortable Heart
My comfortable Love
My comfortable Steps
My comfortable Life
My comfortable Touch
My comfortable View.



2005

In the greater days
when sitting in openness
and cool nights
with someone you love
did life make sense?

In the greater days
when seeing you walk by
my heart beat rapidly
and your beauty
soothed my spirit.

In the greater days when you teased my heart by your words I fell in love with you.



SHE WALKED IN

She walked in And with a brush stroke Tried to repaint my life.

There was no balance In thought or play There was no listening.

There was no openness
Just a thrust to change
All that was and had been.

There was no love Or appreciation For what I loved.

There was only moments Where I thought I saw the Women I loved before.



GARDEN STATE

I never realized how Important large holes Can be. Everything you know Is part of something Bigger than we are.



NAILS

I'm looking at the nail
In the wall
a place that remains empty
a picture
that once hung there
one you laid claim to
has left its mark.

If there was something there before, then it is still true that you were once here with me even if miles separate us.

I've moved on and put the past away, my memories in a box for you to find.



FIRE

Everything is not a fire.
When you speak of urgency
It does not mean you
have to run.

I'm angry at my brother, even though I know he loves and watches over me. I'm hurting and I feel alone. I am lost without him.

I love all my children,
I cannot reach all of them and
protect them from harm,
even though my brother does.

Everything is not a fire and you do not have to run away from it or be blinded by its light.

> Even though, a flow of water can cleanse the heart and the soul, only love can cool the flames of hate.



POETRY

Never stops writing itself
Never stops expressing itself
Born in the heart
Remembered by the mind
Spoken through love



ALL I NEEDED WAS A MOMENT TO BREATHE

You stopped believing in my love for you. Your attacks on my time away were not related to real events, yet you continued your pursuit.

All I needed was a moment to breathe.

I did cheat on you
but not with another women.
I just needed my own time
I needed to rediscover who I am

All I needed was a moment to breathe.

I did lie to you, but not about being with another I just needed time to find my own peace in my heart.

All I needed was a moment to breathe.

I wanted to spend
the rest of my life with you,
I wanted to love you deeply
and you would not take care of yourself,
even if we are miles apart.

All I needed was a moment to breathe.

You stopped believing in me, you stopped and made it all about you, you could not see that all I needed was a moment to breathe.

WINDLAND BOOKS

WHERE ARE YOU KNOW

There is no closer place in the heart than the space left for you.

There is no greater sound than the sound of ones voice.

There is no more special word and the one that turns doubt into love.

If it wasn't for you
I would not have grown stronger
in who I am
and I would not have survived
the moments left alone.

