



**WORDS**

**FROM AN**

**UNCHAINED HEART**

WORDS  
FROM AN  
UNCHAINED  
HEART

Poetry By Ingrid Kern  
Illustrations By Richard Repey

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## Prologue

This book has been in the works for the past ten years. Thousands of pages, which were written by the poet, were read, reread and rewritten, edited and again edited with the help of La Joy Farr, a longtime friend of Ingrid. This is the final product.

Ingrid always wanted to have her Poetry illustrated.

Driven to make this book a collaboration with someone exceptional she searched for months. Overtaken by the urgency to finish her work, - she knew she had to find the perfect artist – she was finally able to surrender her frustration. Looking at one of her nephew Richard’s paintings, she yelled out loud: “Richard! Oh my God – it’s Richard! Why don’t I call and ask him to be the artist?” She got in touch with her nephew immediately and was able to share her vision with him. He agreed to collaborate with her and within months he produced the Illustrations.

Richard’s powerful visual translation is a perfect combination to Ingrid’s Poetry. One can feel and see the closeness between two different generations within a family.

# Dedication

I am very grateful to have had the opportunity to do this project with my nephew. Through the work I have become even closer to my family in Austria. My dream to portray to the world the possibility of people being fully self-expressed and embrace art and beauty into their lives has become a reality.

My heartfelt thanks go to my friend La Joy, whose tireless explanations of changing a word here or there to make my Poetry sound more English and less of something with an Austrian accent, opened my heart and my mind to other people's point of view.

My gratitude to SaBumNim Master David Herbert, my Martial Arts teacher, my mentor and my friend, whose inspiration instilled Self-confidence in me, so that I may present my book to the public.

My faith in God and Trust in my Higher Self made all this possible.

My deepest desire is for you, the reader, to feel as powerfully as I felt when I wrote the poems.

**Ingrid Kern**

## ABOUT THE BOOK

This book is a window to an intimate view into the author's life; beginning with the struggle during her childhood in her native Vienna, to her assimilation into her new life in the United States.

Ingrid's commitment was to publish a book, which speaks to everyone. The book could not have been possible without her nephew Richard's amazing insight and powerful artistic and visual interpretation of her Poetry.

The combination of Prose and Art in this book shows the deep understanding between the two artists.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



*Ingrid Kern*

### The Poet

**Born and raised in Vienna, Austria Ingrid came to New York City in 1973, where she lived for 23 years raising a family. She was involved in her husband's Import business, developed a passion for Interior Design, was also a partner in a Catering business for a while and managed a Martial Arts School. She received a Special Degree in Marketing and Merchandising from Parsons School of Design and moved to Los Angeles in 1996. She is a Real Estate agent and is working for one of the last Boutique Realtors on the West Side. Ingrid has been writing since childhood and her Poetry has been attracting a broad range of readers.**

**She received the Editor's Choice Award for three of her poems from the National Library of Poetry.**



# Richard Repey

## **The Artist**

**1972**

Born in Vienna, Austria

**June 1991**

Richard graduates High school in Vienna

**February 1993**

Camera Assistant in the documentary "Meeting of the Islands" on the island of Capo Verde

**1993 - 1995** studies Art History, Ethnology and Philosophy

**October 1996 - present**

Full Student in the master class Christian Ludwig Attersee at the University for Visual Art in Vienna

**1997**

Performance "Minotauros LAP" with the group "MASALA"

**March 1998**

Exhibit in Vienna Gallery Inspection

**April 1999**

Vernisage in Vienna





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**WORDS  
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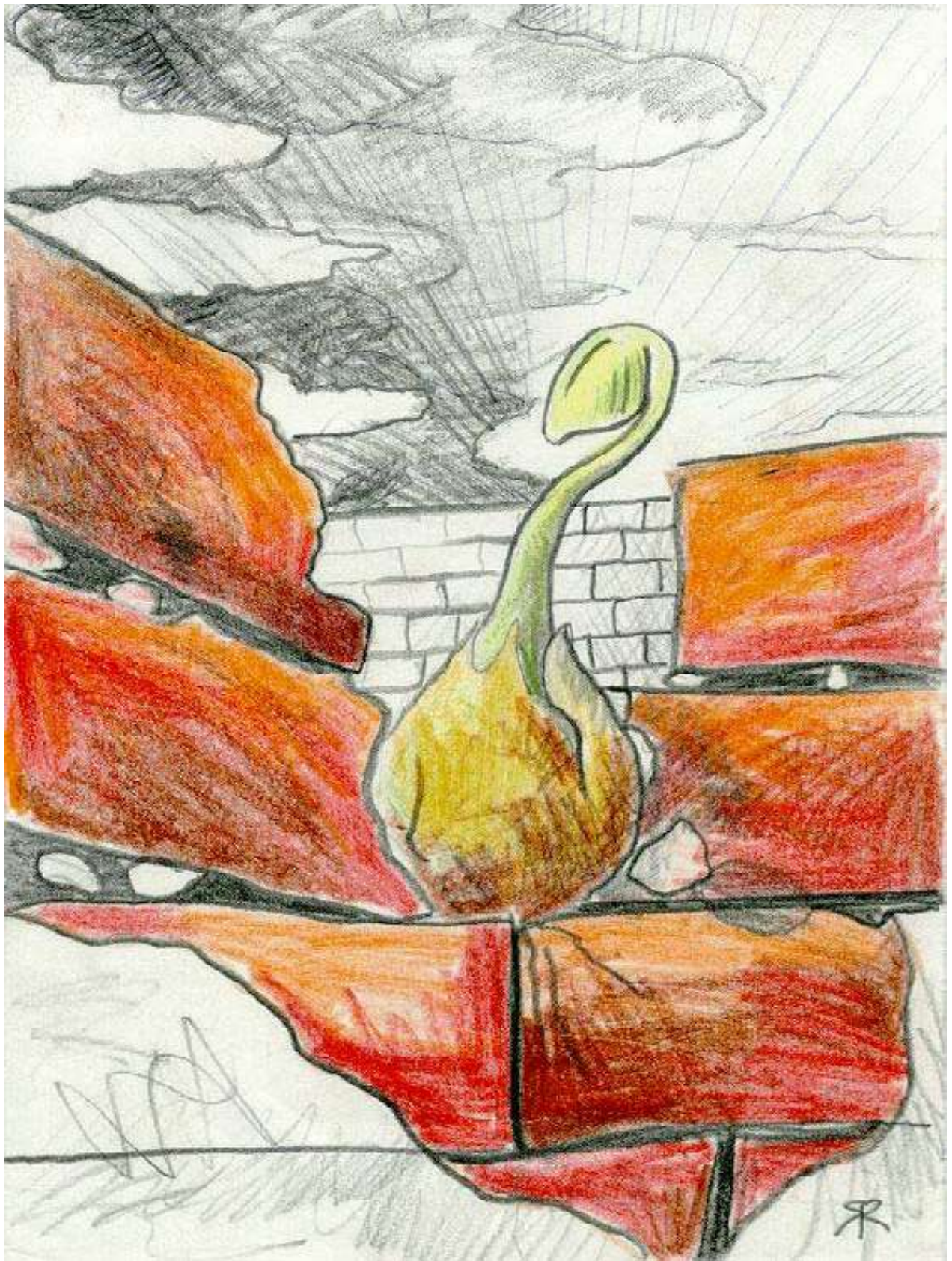
# A New Beginning

What urgency drove you  
to come home  
and make Love  
right on the spot?

What did you think  
when you found out  
your feelings were missing -  
a lot?

What curiosity  
made you sail  
in foreign waters  
and drop your anchor  
at the shore?

The answer was there  
in the morning:  
You left - to be with her,  
not with me anymore.



# Berlin

**Isolation, desolation,  
no motives for movement.**

**Total dilapidation.**

**A seed -**

**the need to expand  
exceeds the demand  
to be bland.**

**The need to excel  
and doing well  
brings a different situation.**

**Inspiration,  
Re unification.**

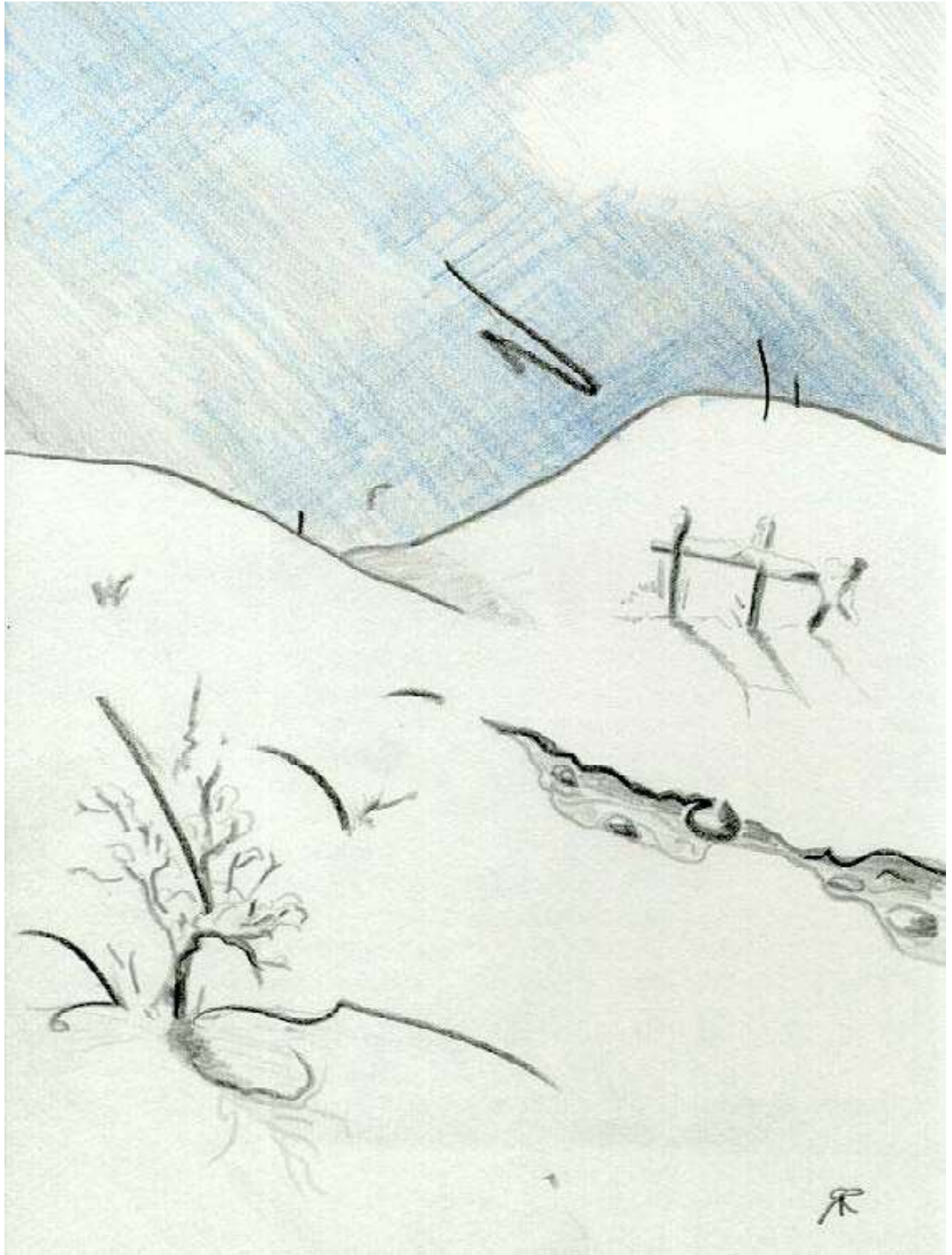
**Demonstrations,**

**Politicians,**

**Demolition**

**of the Wall.**





# Christmas

Quietly God dropped  
a blanket of snow

and the island was hushed.

Magic covered the earth,  
not a stir nor a sound,

even I became still.

Just Being.



# Comets

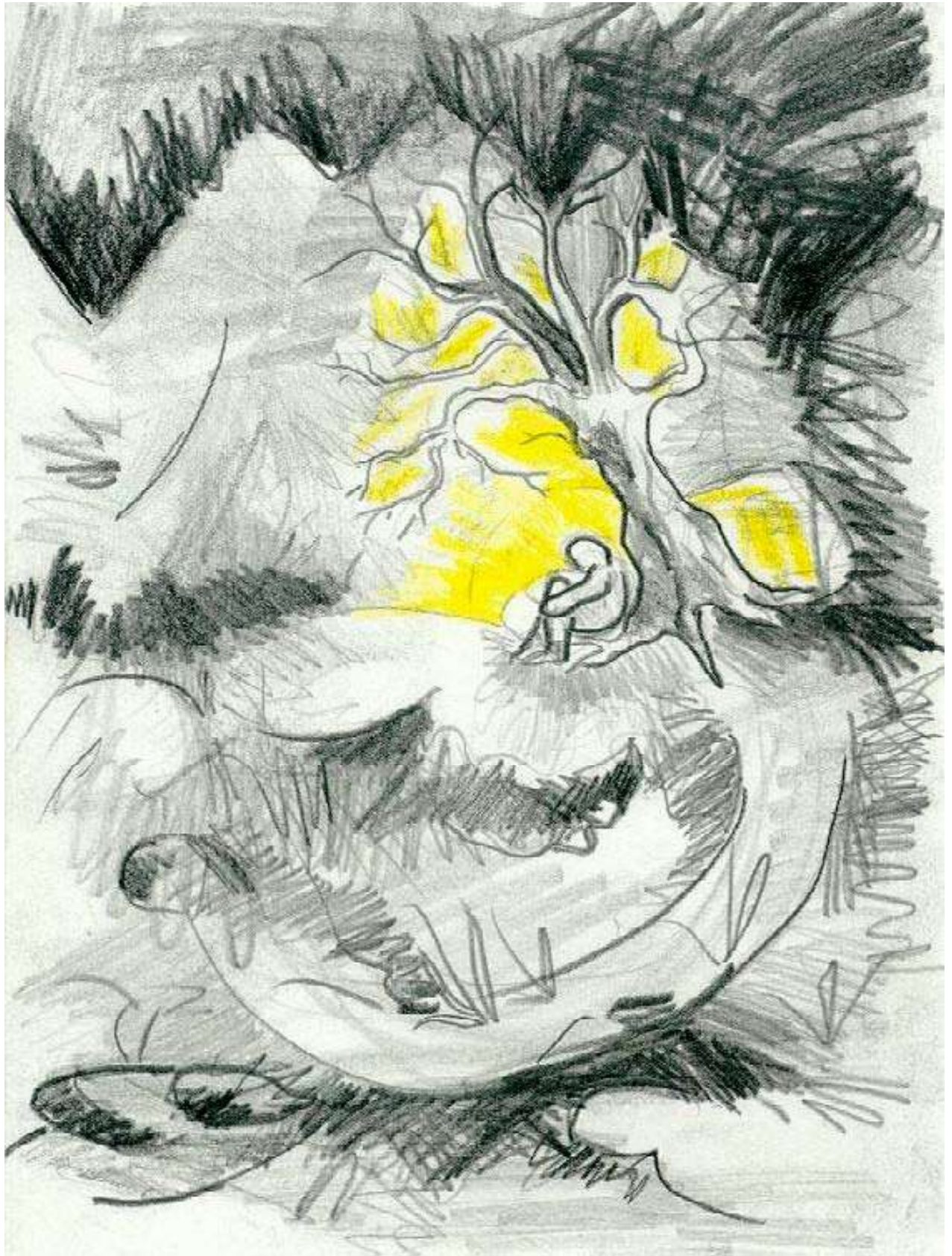
Two comets in Orbit  
The Universe  
bathed in their glistening light.  
At a point in their journey  
They meet  
and the explosion  
turns day into night.

From the ashes  
rises a flower,  
The earth  
unleashes it's power.  
The sign of the Dove -  
Children of God  
protected and united  
forever  
in Love.



# Consciousness

The need to be loved  
kept me quiet,  
The grace of God's wisdom  
will lift me above  
the need  
to be needed.



# DAD

When I was confused  
I ran away  
to hide from his fury.  
Mystified by the winter storm  
I got lost.

Tucked away under a tree  
I was found and returned  
to an exasperated man.  
Overcome by anger and rejection  
he raised his hand  
and slapped me.  
I was only 4 years old.

His denial of having a daughter  
never ended.  
His anger  
of having a daughter  
grew with each day.  
His frustration  
of having a daughter  
made him lose sight  
and hatred  
of his own shortcomings  
ended his life  
too soon.

Listening to the girl's sweet giggles  
brought back memories of my own childhood  
and made me feel the emptiness -  
how much I was missing a father's love.





# ***Desert Tears***

Jagged edges

of emotions,

in the distance

mountain tops.

Moisture laden clouds

and bursting feelings

trying to untie the knots.

Total stillness.

Suddenly a motion;

cactus flowers blooming

at command,

leaves and grasses

bending in the breeze

as the pain is blown

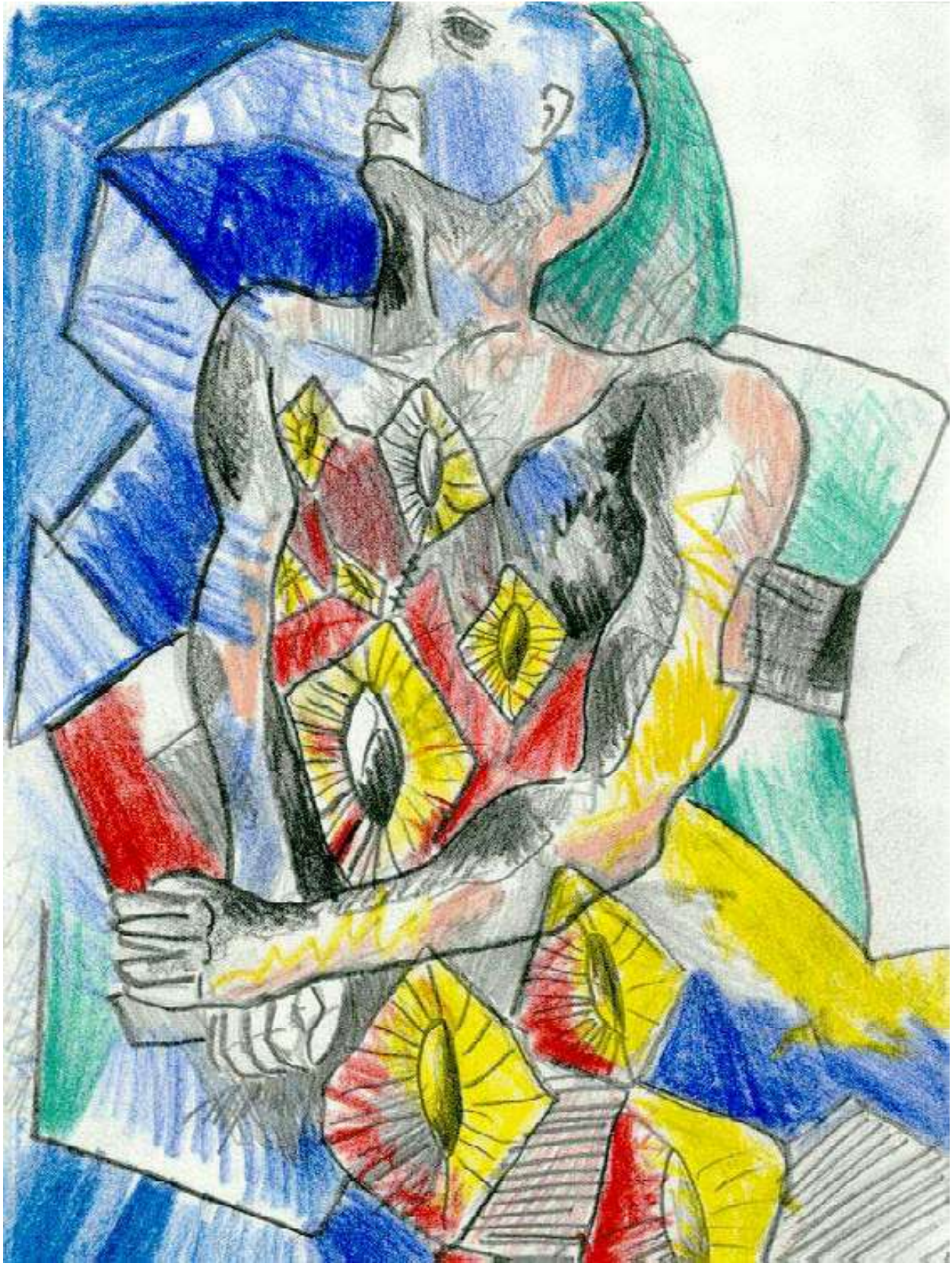
into the sand.

- rain is pouring from the sky -

With a sigh

I finally cry

Desert Tears.



# DIVORCE

**PULLING, PUSHING,  
TEARING APART.**

**THE "BROKEN HEART"**

**TO END...**

**REGRET,**

**DEFEND**

**CHANGING OUR LIVES**

**EMOTIONLESS**

**THE "WAR OF**

**DOESN'T SEEM**

**WE FEAR,**

**ATTACK AND**

**OUR MOTIVES  
FOR**

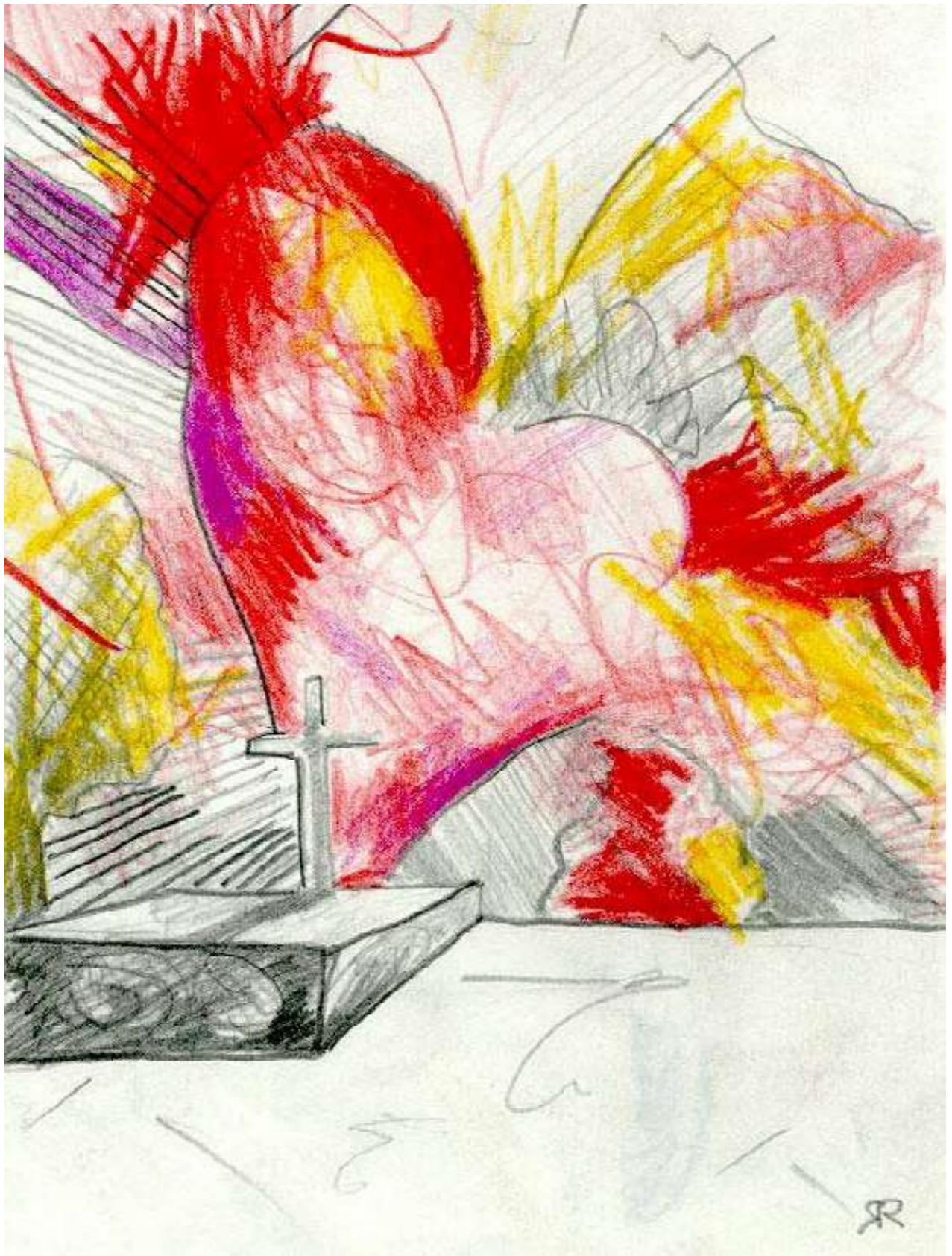
**AND BECOME  
ANOTHER  
COLD,**

**MASS  
OF MOLECULES.**



# EMPTINESS

I am wrapped  
in a cloth of  
silence. Shadows of dark  
ness are es  
caping my  
reach, in  
my heart  
is an  
elus  
ive  
f  
e  
e  
l  
i  
n  
g.



# EQUALITY

There is but one Love  
in my life  
and I will take it to my grave.  
God...that is so far  
and so beyond  
my wildest dreams.  
However, knowing  
you and I are One  
is far beyond  
all dreams  
and sweet imaginations.





# FIRST DATE

MY LITTLE BUTTERCUP!

I DREAM OF TAKING YOU AWAY

TO KISS YOU IN THE MEADOW

AND STROLL ALONG A STREAM.

LET'S WALK INTO THE FOREST

TO HIDE AND NOT BE SEEN.



# Set yourself free

Reach higher and go further  
to be stronger and better.

Go beyond the limitations  
you have set for yourself.

Believe in yourself.

Act wisely.

Protect yourself.

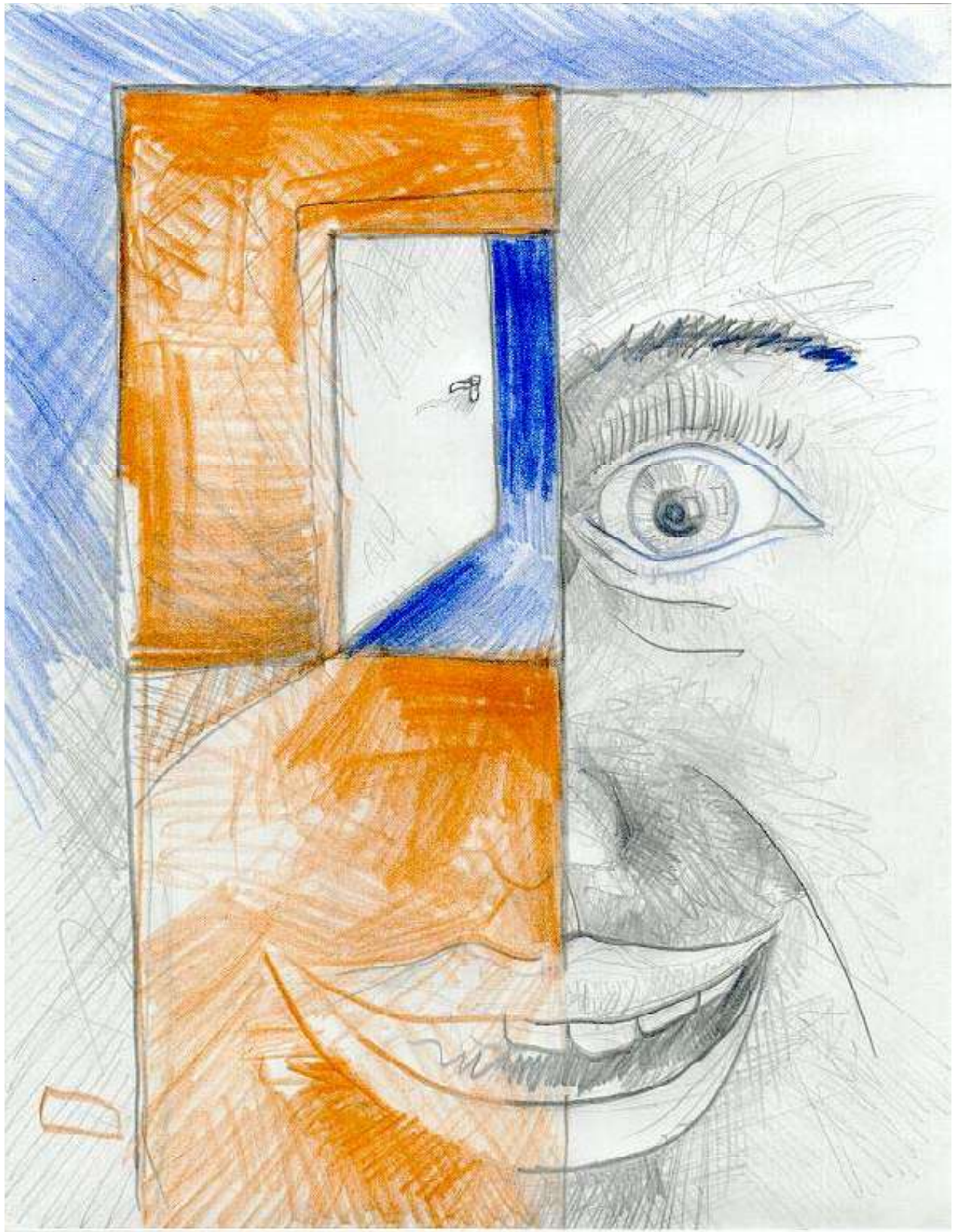
Live healthy.

Think positive.



# Good Morning

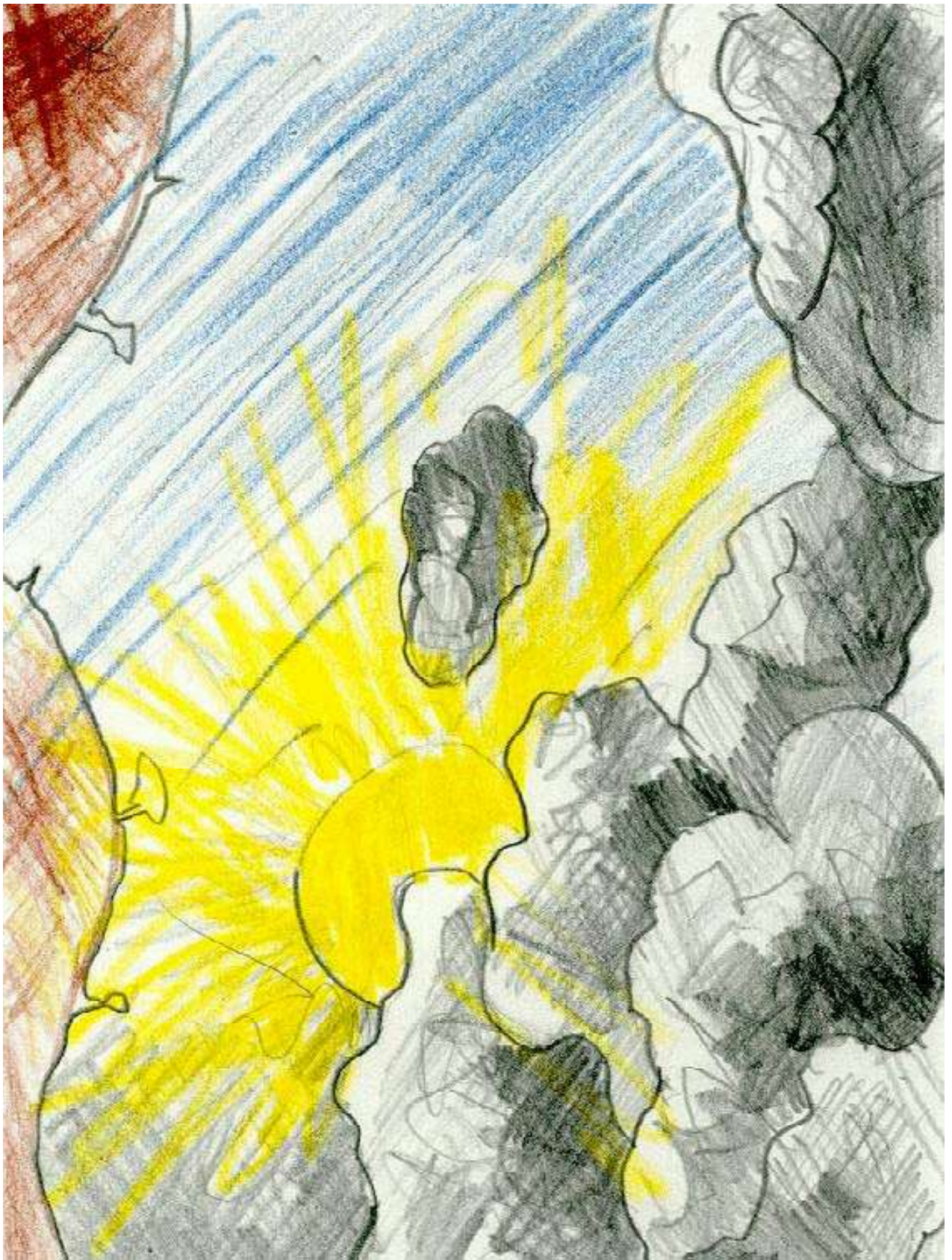
*As the waves across the ocean  
flow,  
the sun above the water  
glows,  
shall your day  
be blessed 'til dawn.*



# GOOD-BYE

THE DAY AFTER YOU'VE GONE  
YOUR PRESENCE IS STILL FELT,  
I CAN SEE YOUR FACE  
BEHIND THE DOOR,  
YOUR LAUGHTER  
IS REFLECTED  
BY THE MIRROR.





Guess

What

The clouds always seemed  
to comfort me,  
but now ~~I want the sun~~  
to come out.

I close my eyes and pretend.  
I struggle and strain and push.  
I shove the clouds, get angry  
and kick the air above.  
I pray the sun will shine.  
Instead it rains.



# HIGHER SELF

DISTANT THUNDER ECHOED  
THE FEAR DEEP IN MY HEART  
OF NOT BEING GOOD ENOUGH.  
THEN I HEARD YOU CALLING MY NAME.  
YOU - THE HIGHER POWER  
OF MY HIGHER SELF, WHO REMINDS ME  
I'VE COME THIS FAR AND DON'T HAVE  
TO PLAY THIS GAME.  
THE POWER WHO ALWAYS  
SHOWERS ME WITH LOVE,  
WHO SENDS ME SIGNALS  
TO TELL ME,  
"THIS IS ENOUGH!"  
THE ROLLING THUNDER  
IS ALL I NEED TO HEAR.  
I UNDERSTAND  
I KNOW  
I AM CLEAR.



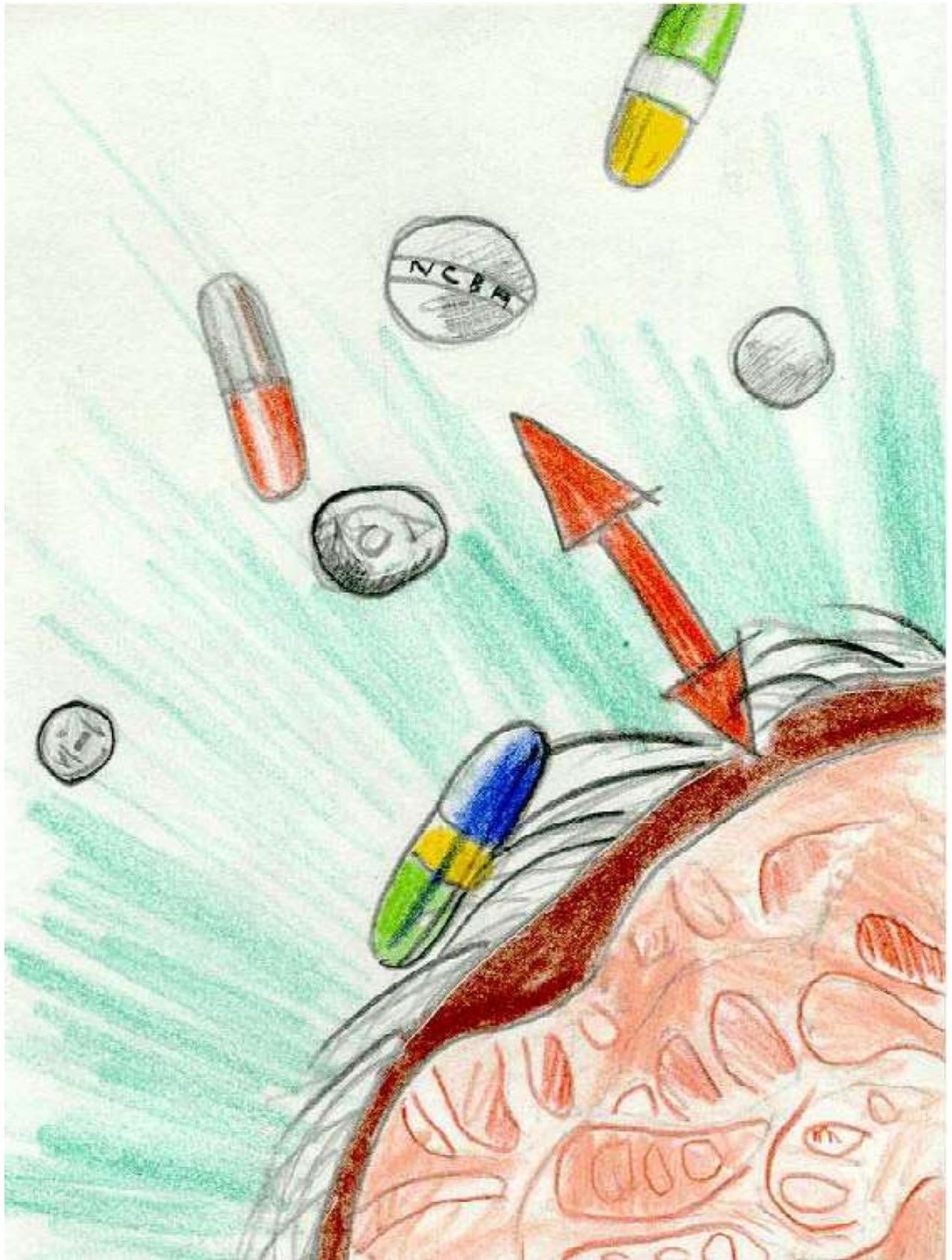
# JOY

Dear God, you have given a gift  
for me to treasure.

I am filled with pride and joy  
without measure when you smile at me.

You're touching my soul.  
You're turning on my light within.

Yet, there have been times  
I felt the need to cup it gently  
and make it  
continue to shine, shine, shine.



# Just Say NO!

Stimulants.  
That's where my mind went wrong.  
I thought I needed  
some stimulants  
to make me go ahead.  
Instead...  
they're holding me back.

My natural feeling is lost.  
I am not myself.  
I run fast, I carry on,  
I perform like...  
I am  
the Stimulants.





# Karma

No!  
Not again!  
My mind was being poisoned with  
lies!  
I was in pain.  
Sweet words...  
I believed, were whispered into my ear.  
My head was filled with lies  
pushing against my skull,  
ready to crack from fear.  
I was bouncing off the walls.  
I was pounding the earth.  
I was ready to jump into the fire.

Giving up the fight  
I received Freedom.  
I have broken the chain  
of events  
to be a Carrier of Love and Light



# LAW OF THE STREETS

Hate, hate, so much hate.  
Hot headed guys behind every corner  
despise the lies being told to them.  
When they catch you, they'll kill you in violent rage.  
The streets are smoldering hot.  
Cut the silence with a gun shot.  
Shoot, shoot the breeze - boys  
are lingering in the street, up to no good.  
Get going and make life better,  
cause now it is hell.  
Hell holed up.

In a corner children smoking pot  
In burnt out buildings  
rats and lice infested dogs fight for food.  
Babies with runny noses are crying.  
Their belly is empty  
and Mommy's shooting up.  
Make a deal -

get a nickel bag,  
tomorrow it'll be  
"A Hundred" and

I'll deal with the King,  
He drives a Caddy,  
gussied up with Chrome  
and inside all  
in velvet.

A grin,  
a nod -  
another gunshot!



## Like Bubbles in Water

We keep floating

to different places,

meeting new faces,

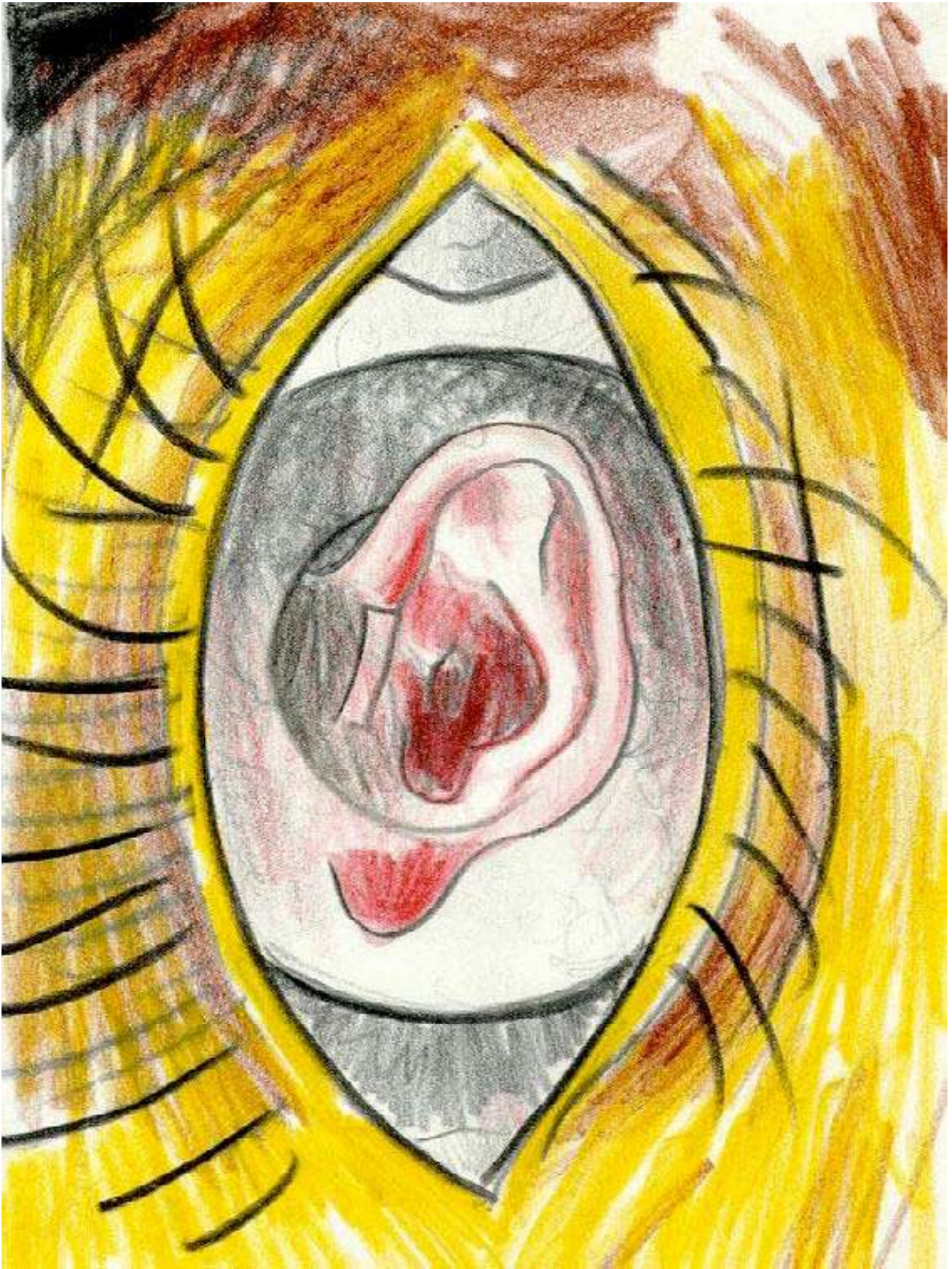
when suddenly,

**WE BURST**

and become

**ONE**

with the Universe.



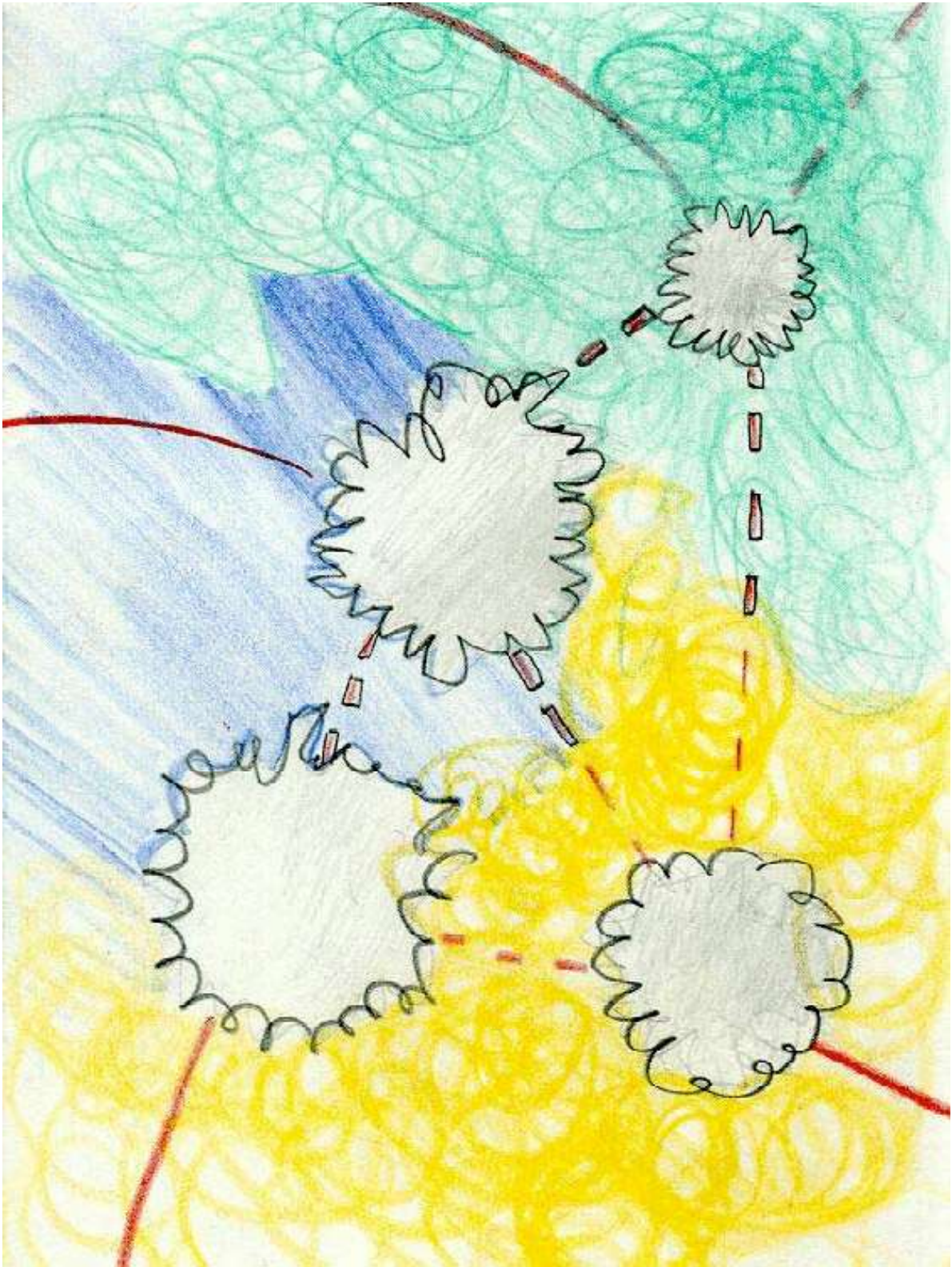
# Listen

Some time ago  
you asked the world  
to hear.

You wanted  
to be seen  
and needed  
to be touched.  
You listened to  
the magic flute.

I saw you then,  
I touched you too,  
I heard your voice,  
but wasn't listening.  
The magic flute  
was only heard  
by you.





# Love

We come from different continents  
and live in different worlds.  
One look into each other's eyes  
gave us our own reality.  
We uncovered our feelings -  
and for a moment in time  
we were free.



# Lunch

A meeting...  
exchanging a greeting.  
A thought...

Revealing one's feelings...

In the end  
sharing a secret  
with a friend.



## Memories

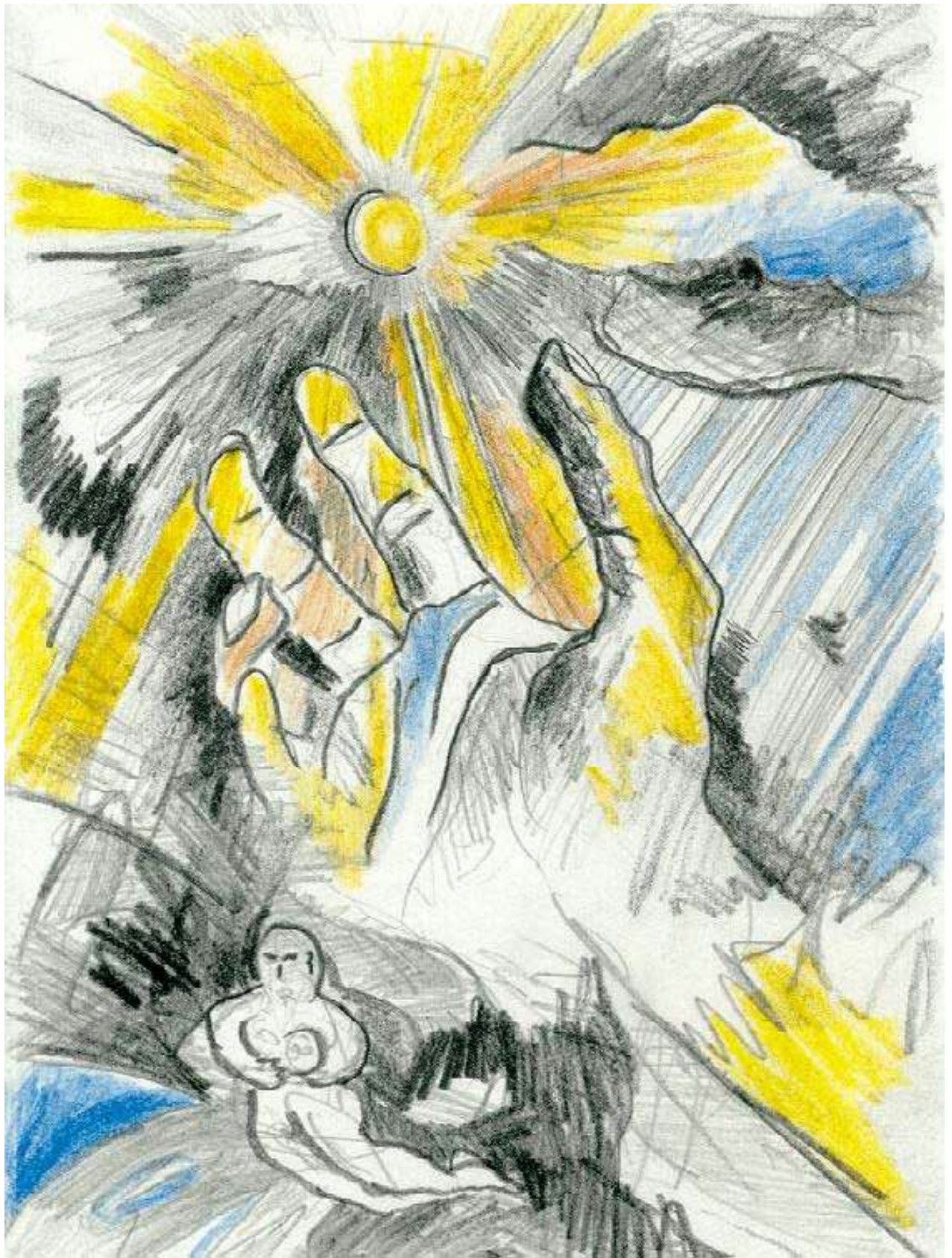
Swept away by the tide  
are the times at the shore  
sipping wine, holding hands  
getting lost in your eyes  
dreaming dreams  
forbidding sweet  
chocolate truffles  
melting slow in my mouth  
kissing you, seeing you  
exciting features  
on a face full of love  
and some fear  
that this may end  
as a tear is rolling down  
on the cheek  
crystal clear  
like your soul  
gently touched  
and dissolved  
given back to the sea  
rolling waves, touching toes  
you and I  
falling back  
on the sand warmed again  
by the sun  
shining bright memories  
of that night  
among the stars  
and the stripes  
of falling lights upon the earth  
at my feet is a star  
and I wish  
you were here  
in my bed  
I awake  
with a rose in my hand  
and your face  
a breath away.



# Monster Love

Let me be the light  
to brighten your day.  
Let me hold your hand  
and if I may  
bewitch your heart.  
Let me see you  
glow.





# Mother

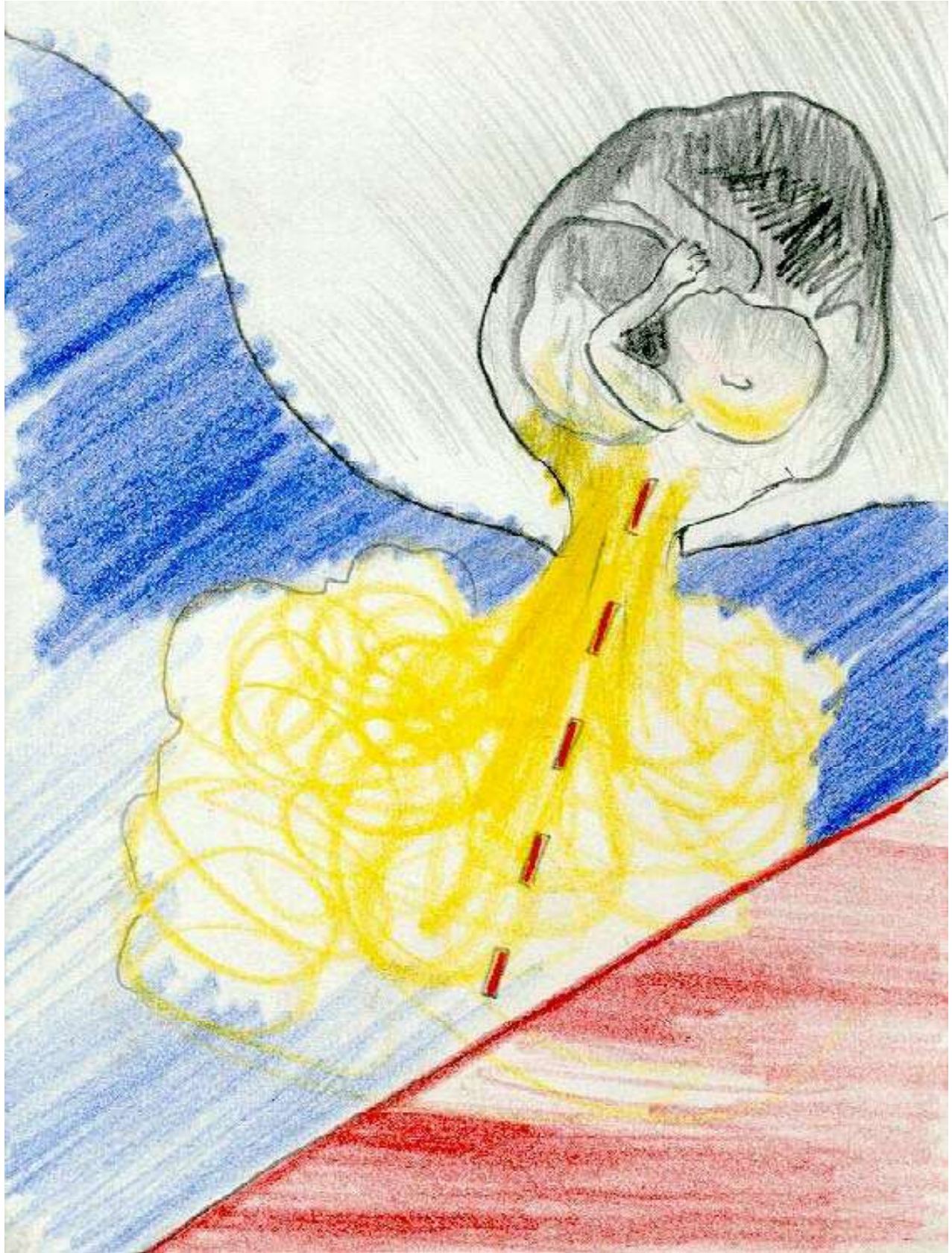
I give you the sunshine  
to brighten your day.

I give you the rain  
to wash your sorrows away.

The Moon and the stars  
to blanket your eyes.

My helping hands  
to ease your burden  
of any size.

I open my arms  
to hold and comfort you  
and invite you into my heart  
for my Love is pure and true.



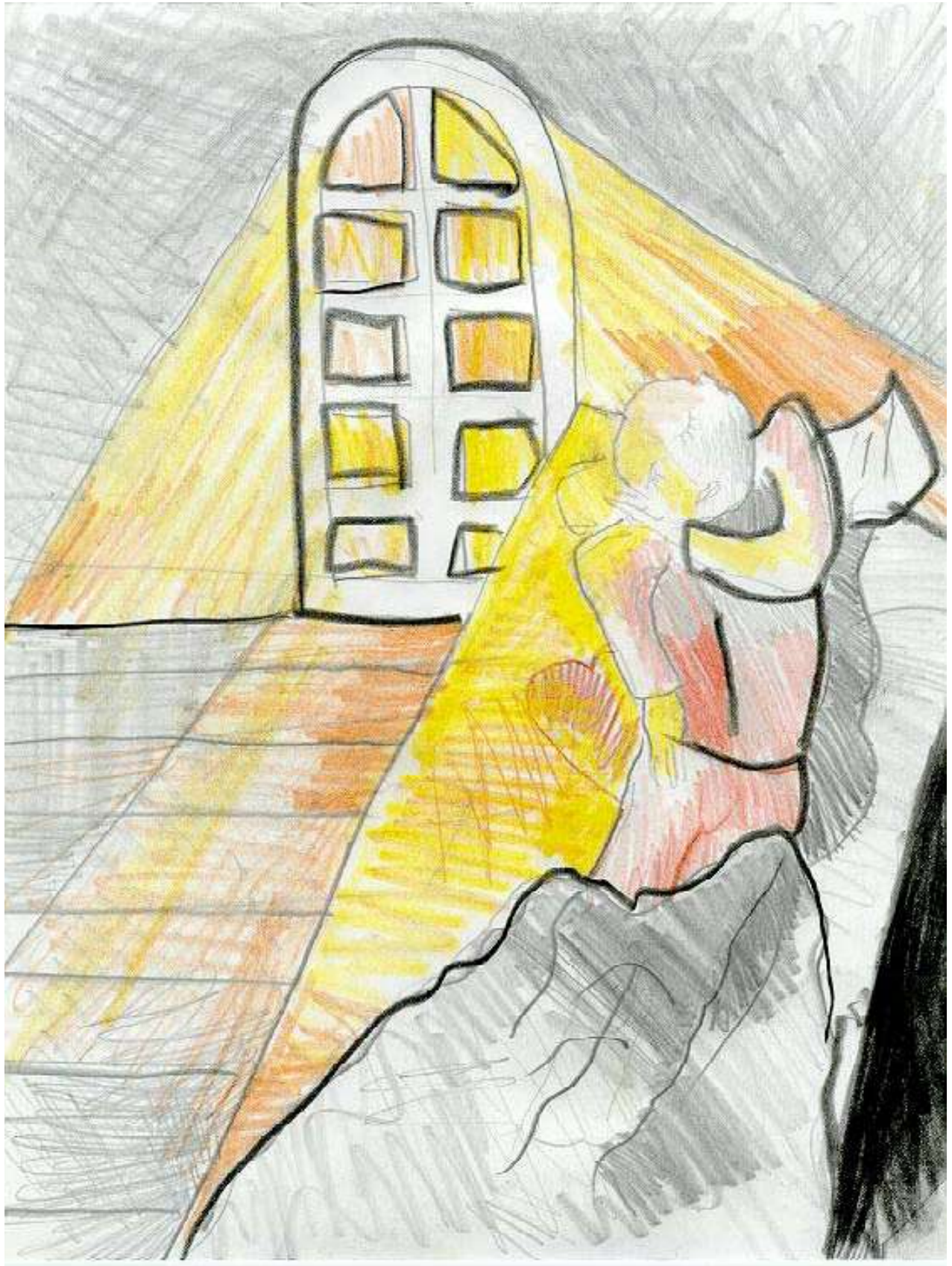
# New Growth

Years of struggle and  
years of growth.  
Endless years of tears  
and fears  
of being left alone  
and out in the cold.  
The power of faith  
will mold a new life.  
Wisdom enriches a new beginning.  
A new page is unfolding  
into a different sort of being.



# Now What?

Shattered Dreams  
of flying high  
across the ocean.  
Walking hand in hand  
on the beach, we love so much,  
Shattered Dreams  
of sharing lives,  
being friends  
and saying that familiar  
"Do you remember when?"  
I am alone  
and you are gone.  
There is nothing left  
but  
Shattered Dreams.



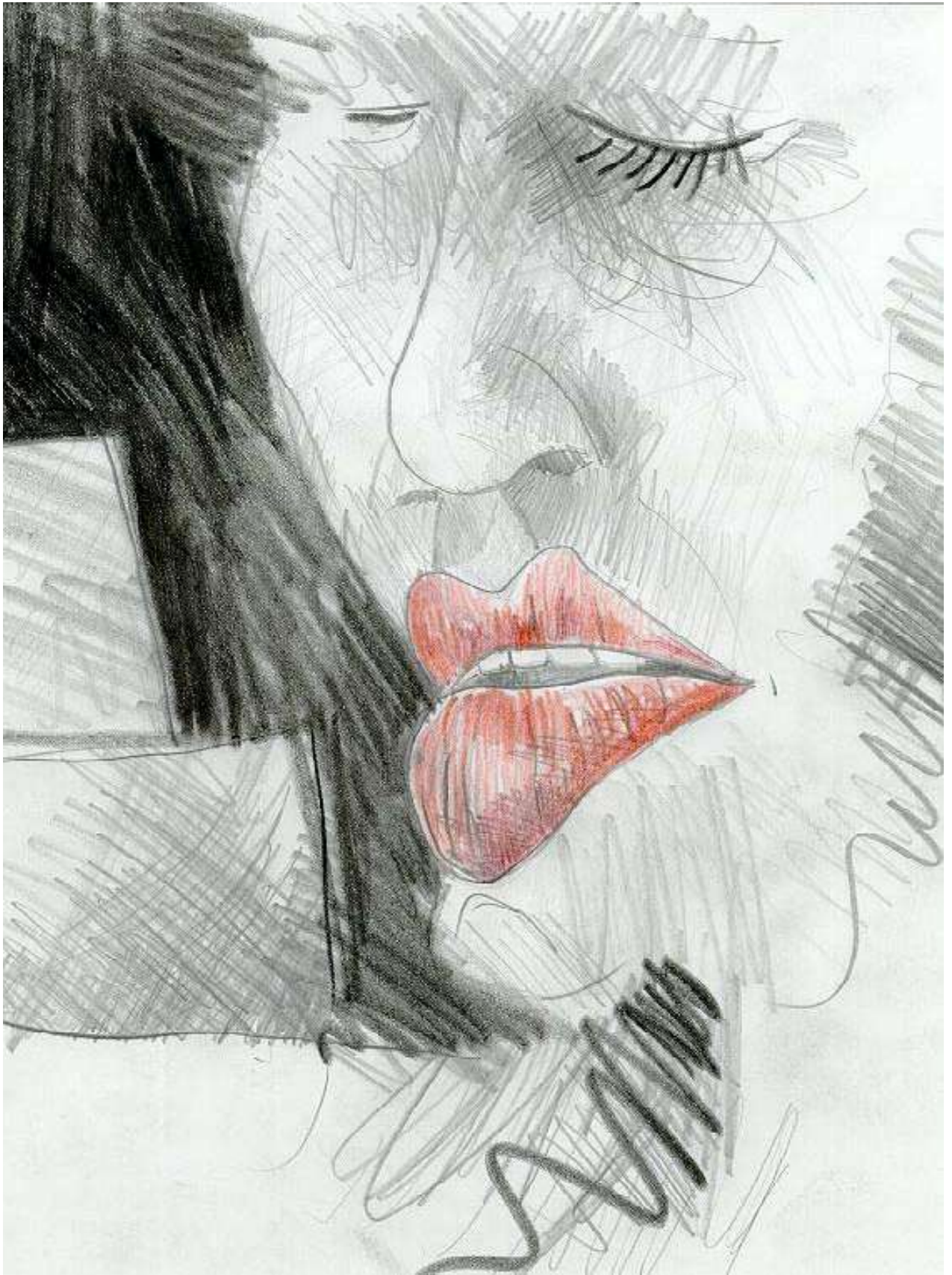
# Ode to my Love

My last thoughts  
before I was sliding  
into dream time  
were about YOU.

The moment  
I awoke to dawn  
YOU slipped  
into  
my mind.

The sun  
is warming my body,  
YOU are  
warming my heart  
and my soul.





# OH NO!

I miss your kiss  
in the dark of the night.  
I miss your touch,  
your voice,  
you are out of sight.  
I might come over  
and surprise you.  
And then again...  
I might not.  
I miss you, I miss you,  
I miss you a lot.



# OVERHEATED

The summer heat is hovering above the desert  
like a spider over her victim.  
In the distance glimmering cars move like molten lava.  
I face the wind expecting a cool breeze; instead, glowing heat is hitting  
my face like a fire-spewing dragon.  
The inside of my mouth feels parched,  
my lips are cracked.  
I thirst for some refreshment,  
a drop of water.  
A pearl of sweat is rolling  
down my spine.  
With my arm twisted back  
I try to catch the liquid.  
To cool off my overheated body  
I am spreading the liquid over my burning back.  
I close my tired eyes.  
My limbs become weak  
and I crumble onto the earth's hot red soil.  
I ache, I thirst, my pores open to the heat  
and my entire body is bathed in a pool of sweat.  
A cool stream within makes my body tremble.  
I sense a shadow of a face above me.  
I feel a warm breath near my neck.  
A cool nose is pressing against mine.

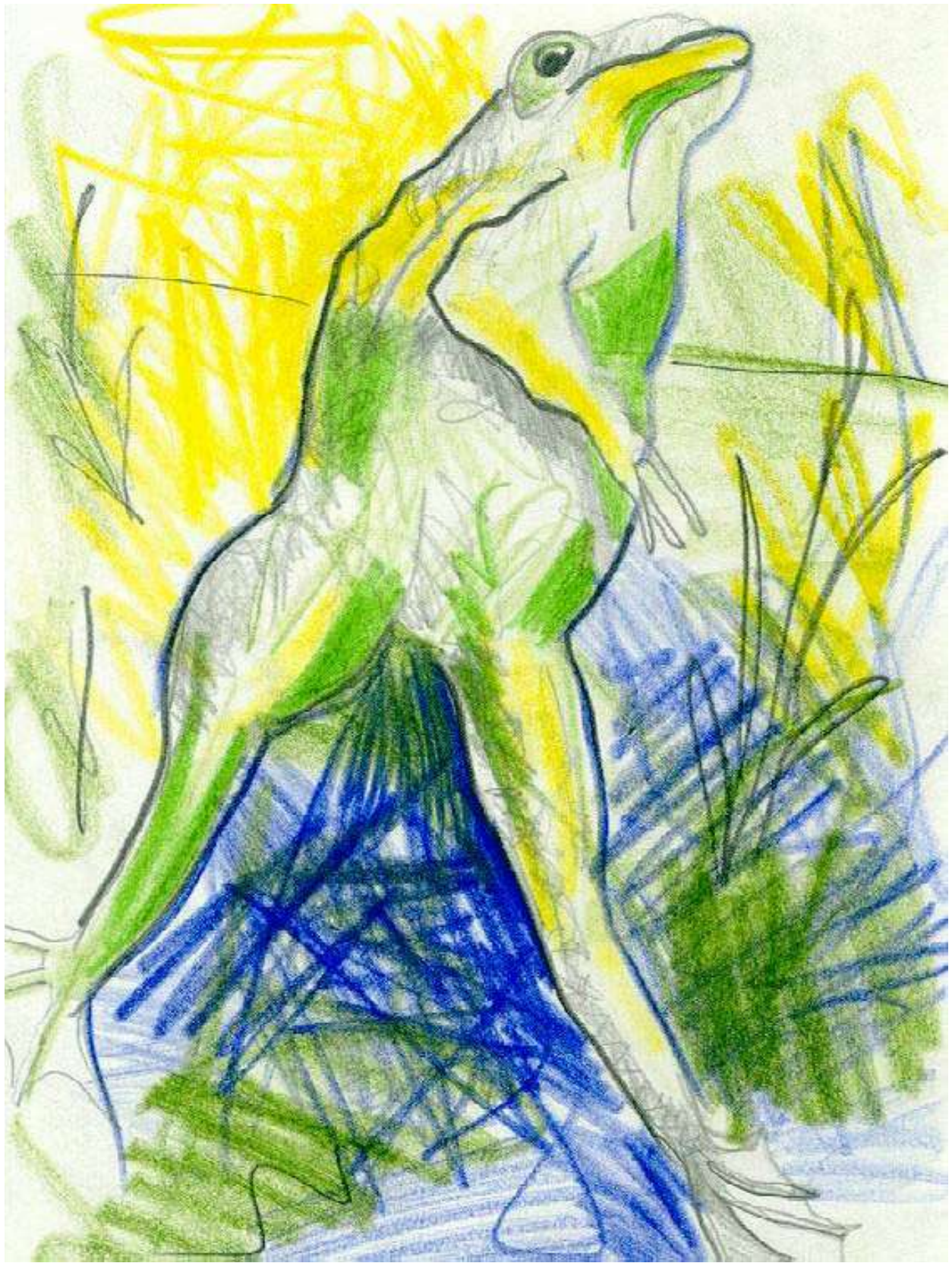
I open my eyes to see the tip of a tongue  
licking my forehead.  
I am being cleaned by my cat.



# Paradox

**The leaves were turning  
yellow, red and brown.**

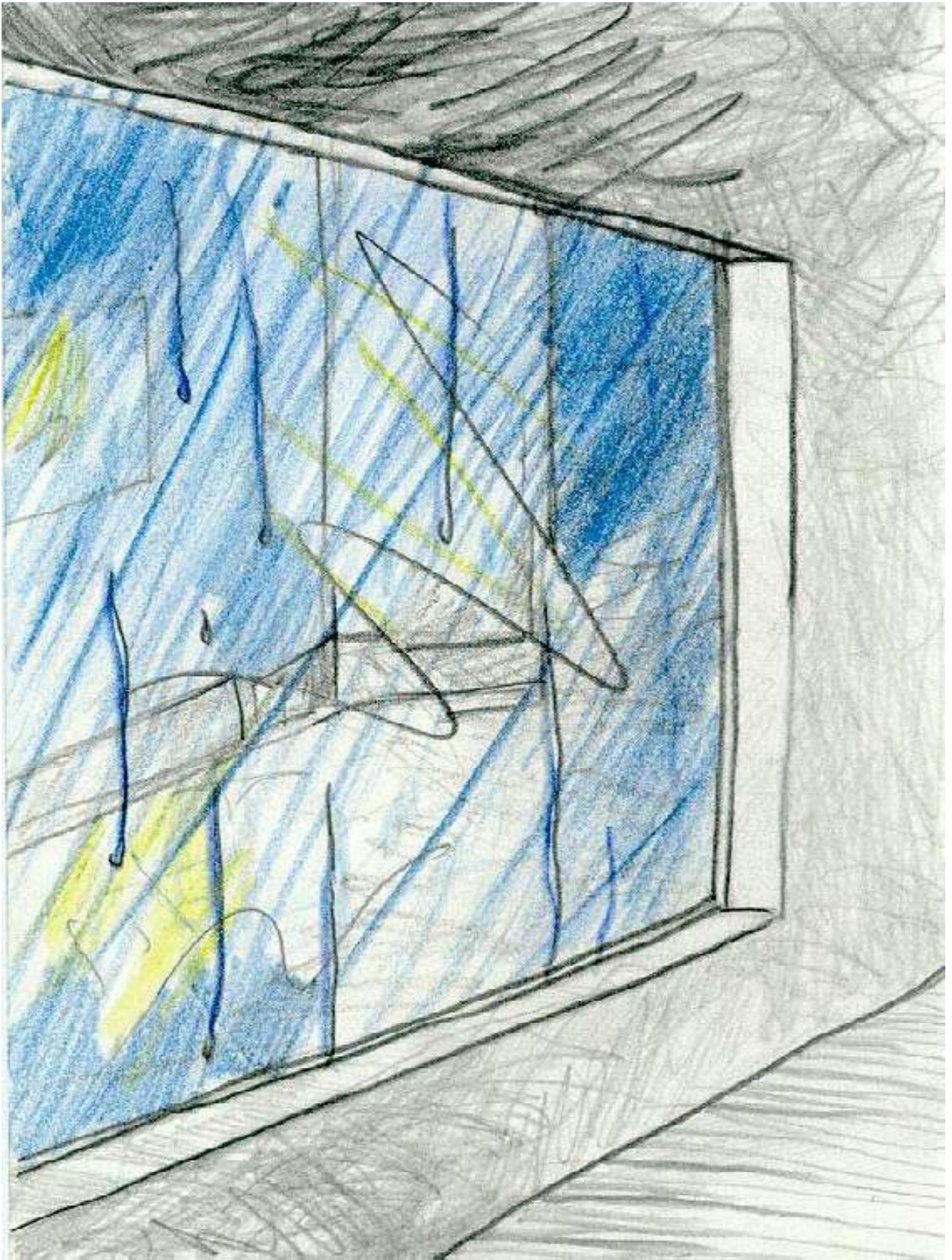
**I collected tons  
to decorate a window  
and painted all of them  
in black.**



# Prince Of Frogs

Once upon a time  
there was a little frog  
who really was to be a prince.  
He kept sitting on his lily pad  
to observe the world  
and no one reached him,  
since living in the pond for him  
was safer than to take a chance  
and jump to shore  
where there were so many more  
of other creatures  
foreign to the frog.  
Some magic dust was being blown  
to make him blink.  
The frog began to think  
of changing places  
to meet this other creature  
from the foreign land,  
who spoke to him and held his hand -  
to help him make the jump  
and then -  
the frog stepped out;  
the creature touched his heart,  
the curse was gone  
and he became a man.





# Rain

Silence...

silence between the falling rain drops  
hitting the window ledge.

Splish, splash, splish, splash,  
an explosion of a million molecules  
rolling off the window sill  
into a sea  
of falling rain drops...  
then silence.



# Realization

He never knew the meaning of greed.

He grew up poor, he was cold and had nothing to eat,

but he never felt greed.

He was unhappy, was mad and angry at the world and himself.

He stole and lied, became a bum and slept in the ditches.

The worst was the rain, the ice and the snow.

When the wet crept into his clothes and his fingers were frozen,

his bones were stiff, he cursed the world and everyone in it,

but still he felt no greed.

One morning in spring he dug himself out from underneath,

stood up, smelled the air and looked at some people -

no friendly face was turned towards him.

He started to walk instead of crawling.

He cleaned up his coat, he washed his face

and when he saw it in the river like in a mirror,

he stared at it and looked for an answer.

He did not hear a sound.

He looked at the sky and his feelings were clear.

He started to hum, he began to smile.

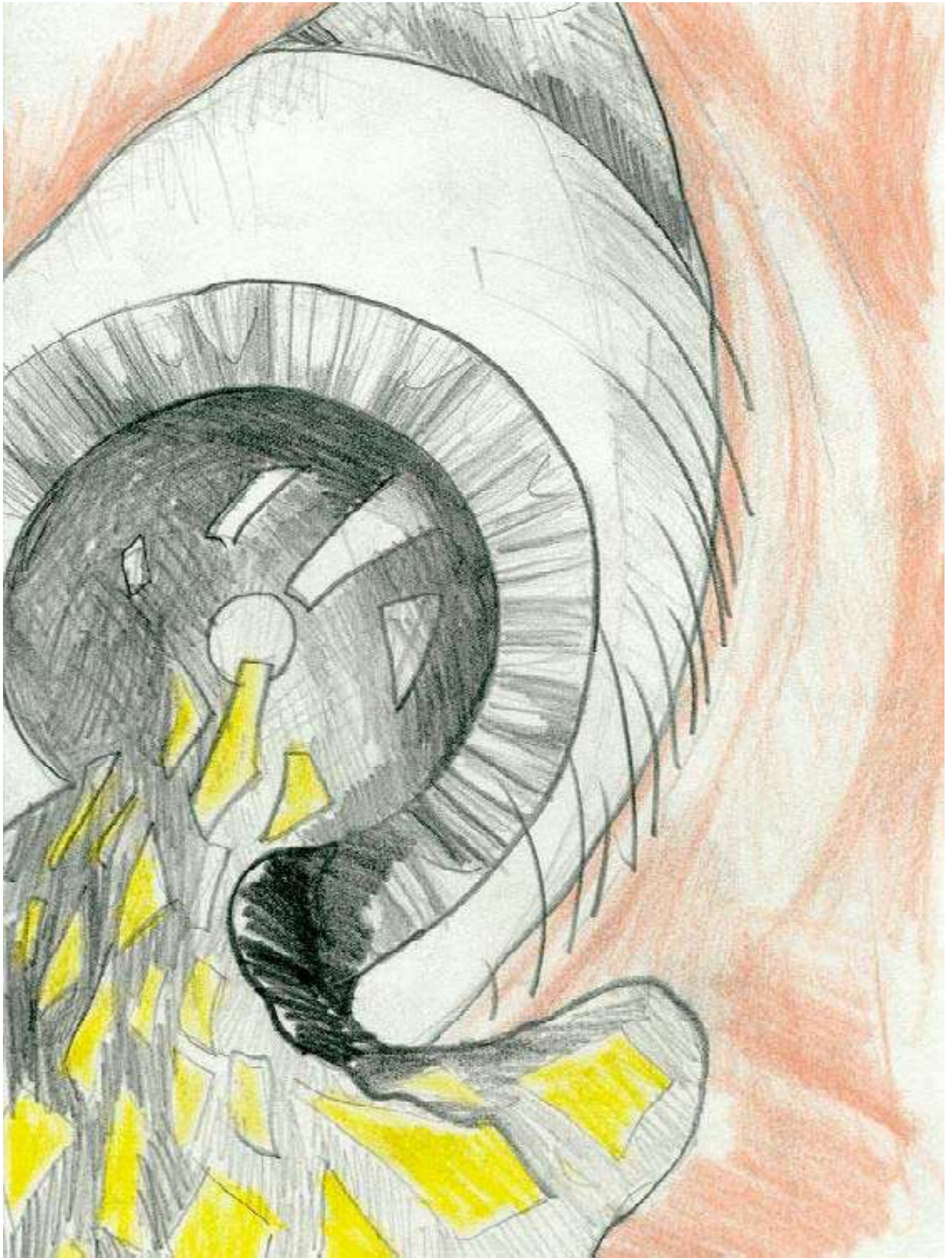
He looked for work, he became successful and then -

he felt the greed from others.

He shared his fortune, remembered the ditches

and realized

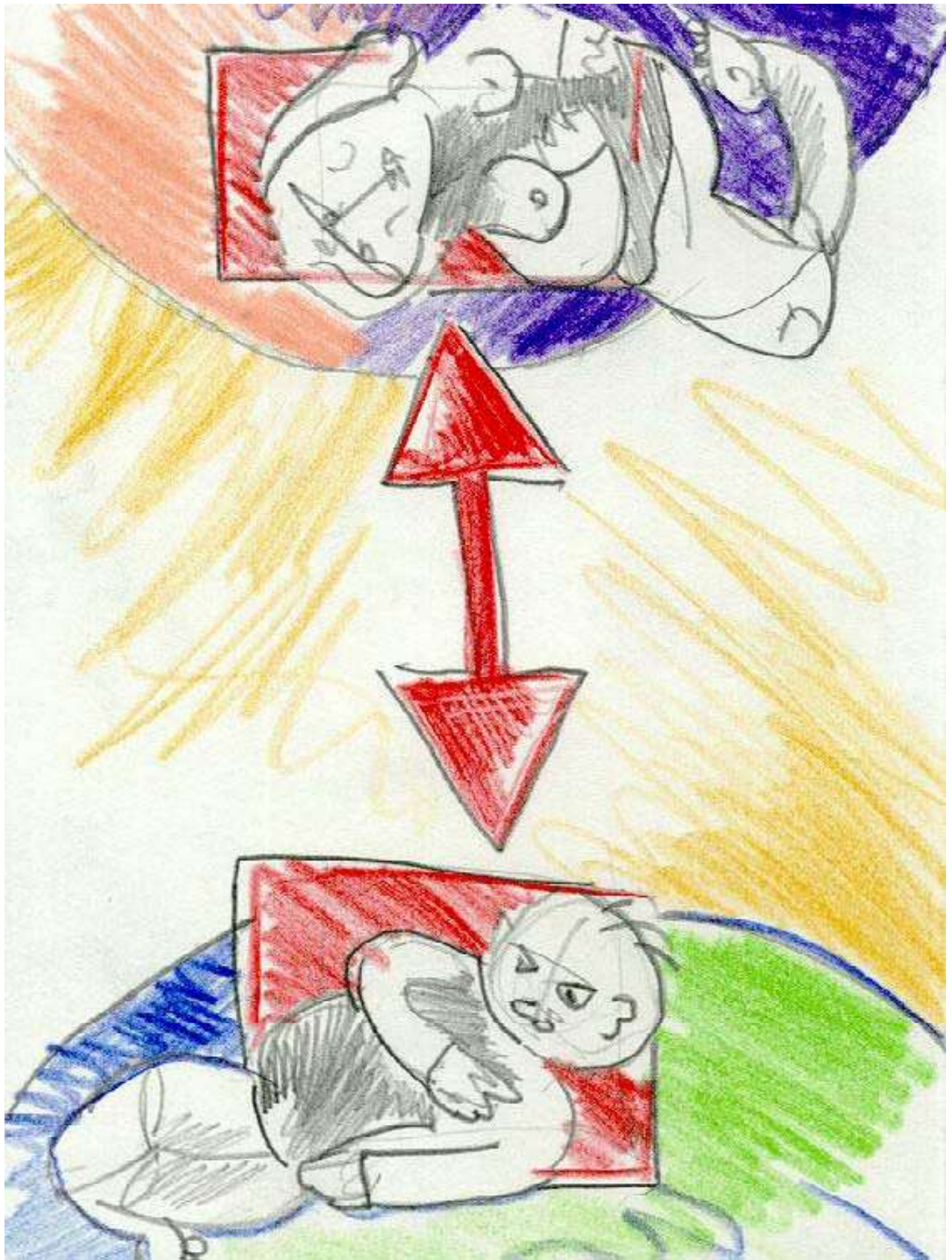
The only happiness is happiness within yourself.



# Relief

A thousand seas  
of crystal tears  
fill my eyes.

My fears  
having been  
trapped within  
spill over  
and finally  
I am free.



# Respect

The space between us grew bigger.

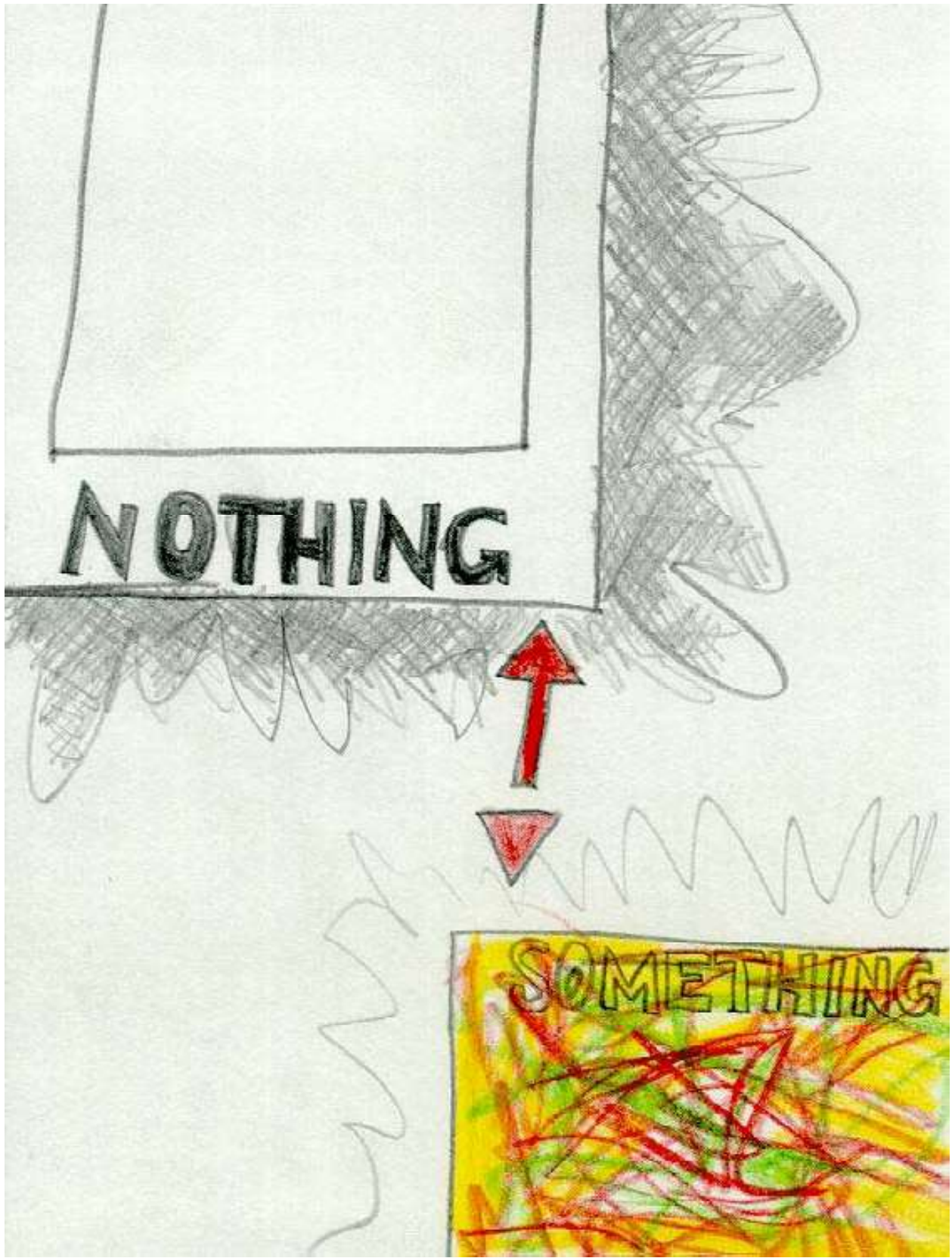
Respecting your need

I moved towards the edge

and flew off

into another world.



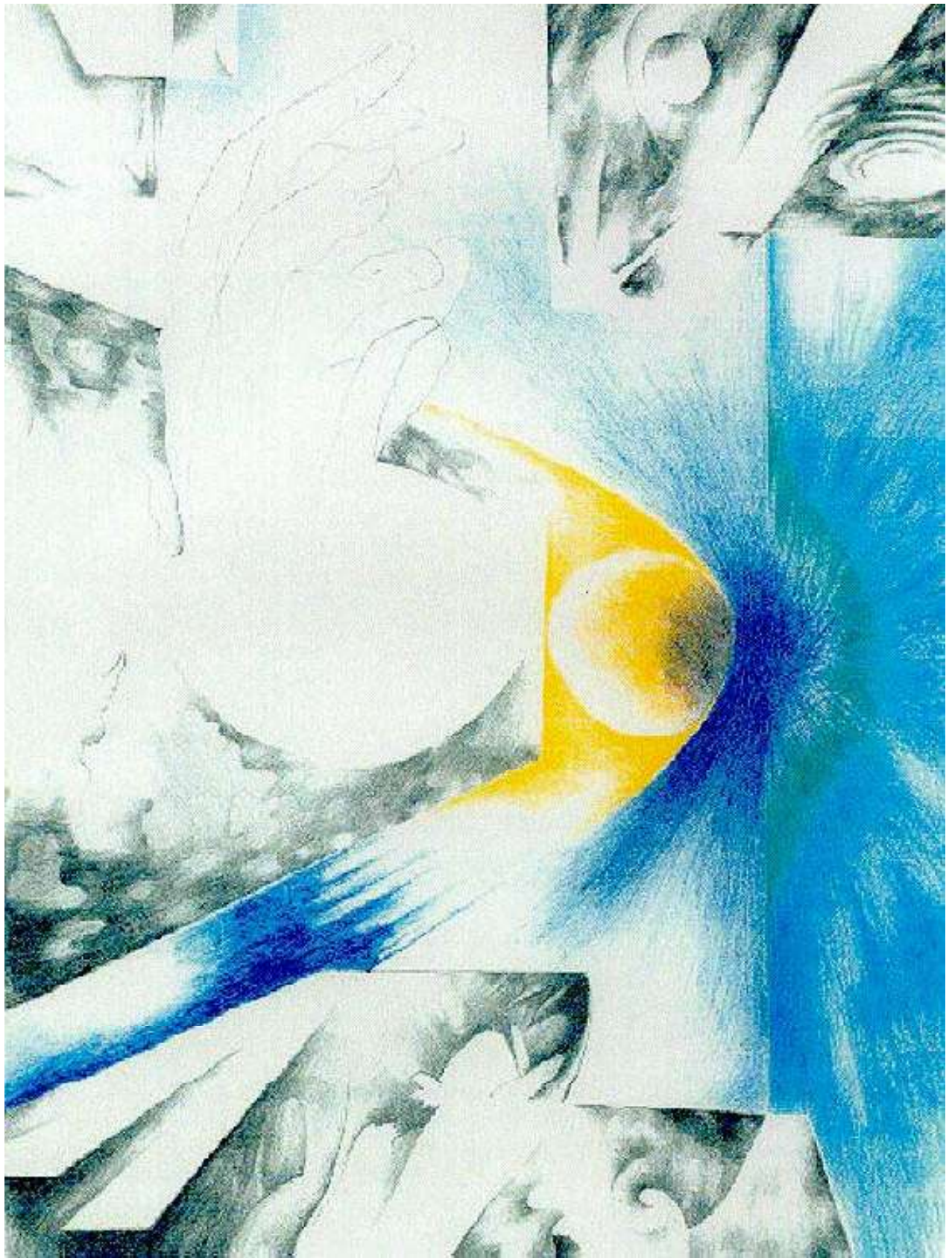


# Separation

"What is it?"  
he asked.  
"Nothing!"  
I said.  
Nothing  
is Nothing.

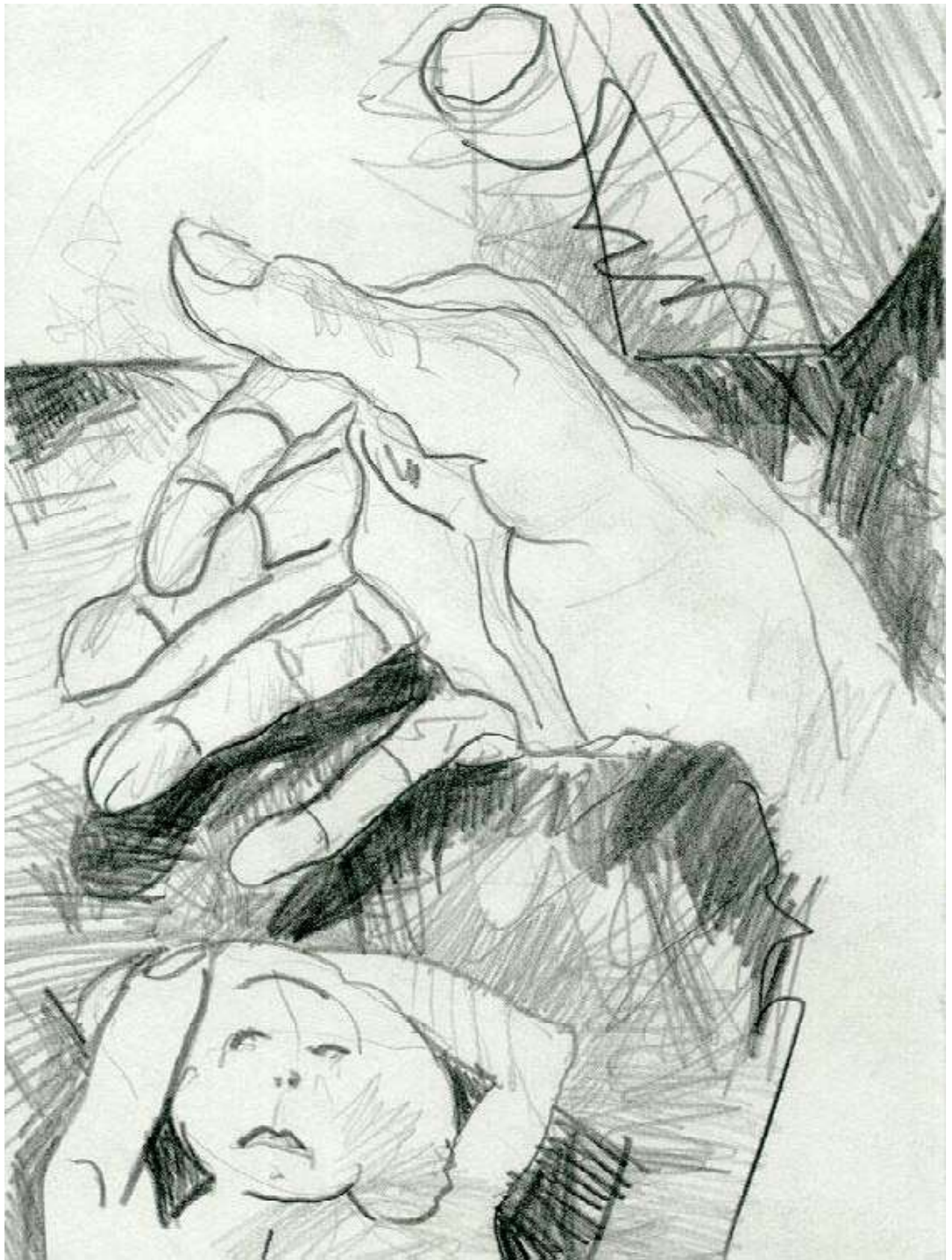
When I said,  
"Nothing!"  
it was  
Something  
and it meant  
Everything.

When  
Nothing  
becomes  
Something,  
Everything  
changes.



# Souls

I opened the gates to your soul  
and a sea of emotions flooded me;  
your fears and desires,  
your wishes and dreams.  
I discovered your feelings  
and for a moment  
I shared your thoughts.  
We remembered the beginning  
and then  
there were my fears and desires,  
my wishes and dreams.  
You opened the gates to my soul.



# Sympathy

No words  
can ever describe  
the sadness,  
nor will it lessen  
the pain  
about your loss.  
Allow me  
to hold your hand  
and share your sorrow -  
you are not alone.



# The Voice

**I float and float.**

**I keep on floating.**

**"Swim, it's time to swim."**

**The nagging voice keeps coming back.**

**"It's time to swim."**

**"I want to swim, I do, I don't know how.**

**I'll sink!"**

**"Swim. Now!"**

**I try some strokes.**

**I swallow water, I sink like a stone.**

**I come up gasping for air.**

**I sink again.**

**This is not fair.**

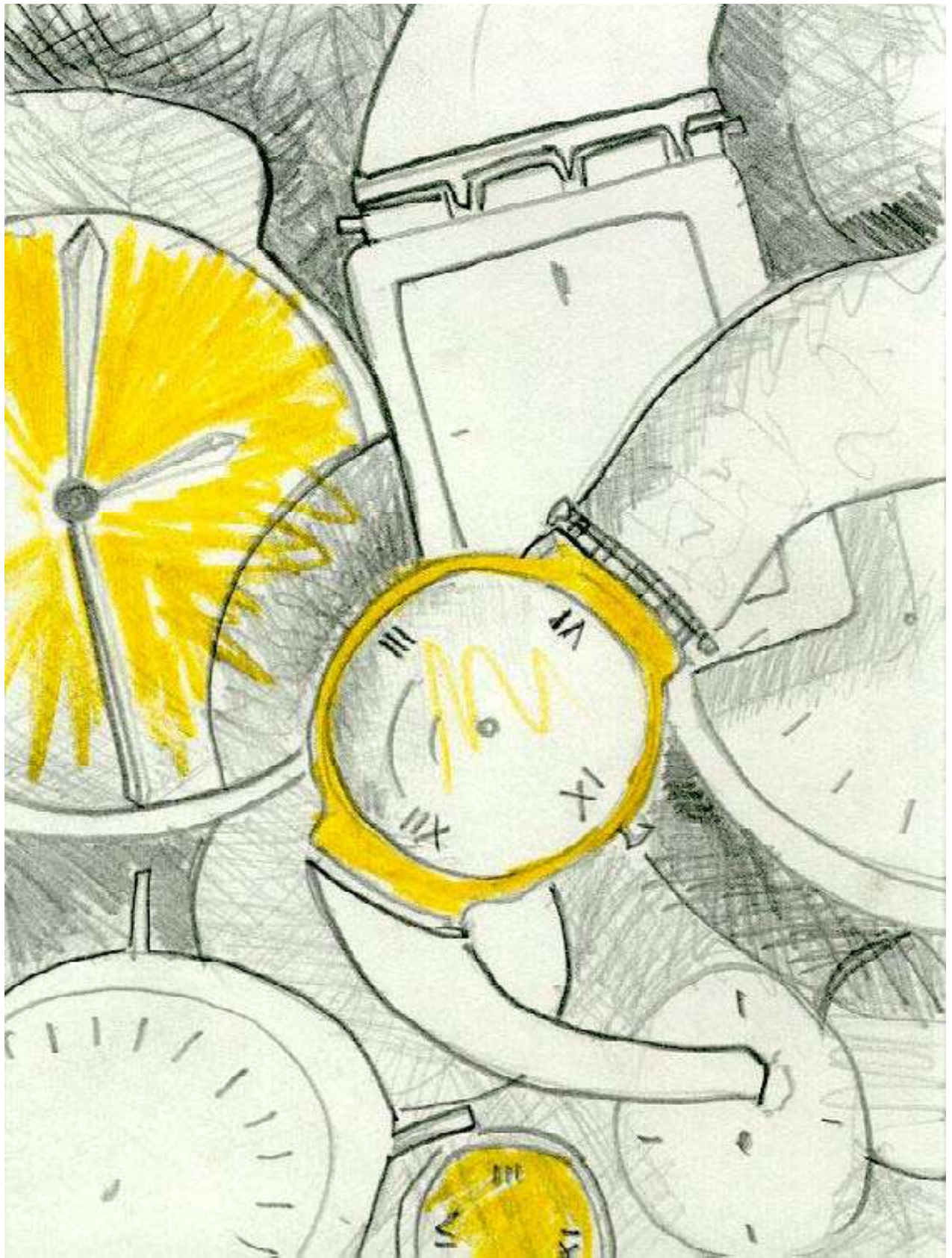
**I pray for help, and then I just pray.**

**I hear the voice, "Swim, swim!"**

**I do more strokes, my body lifts.**

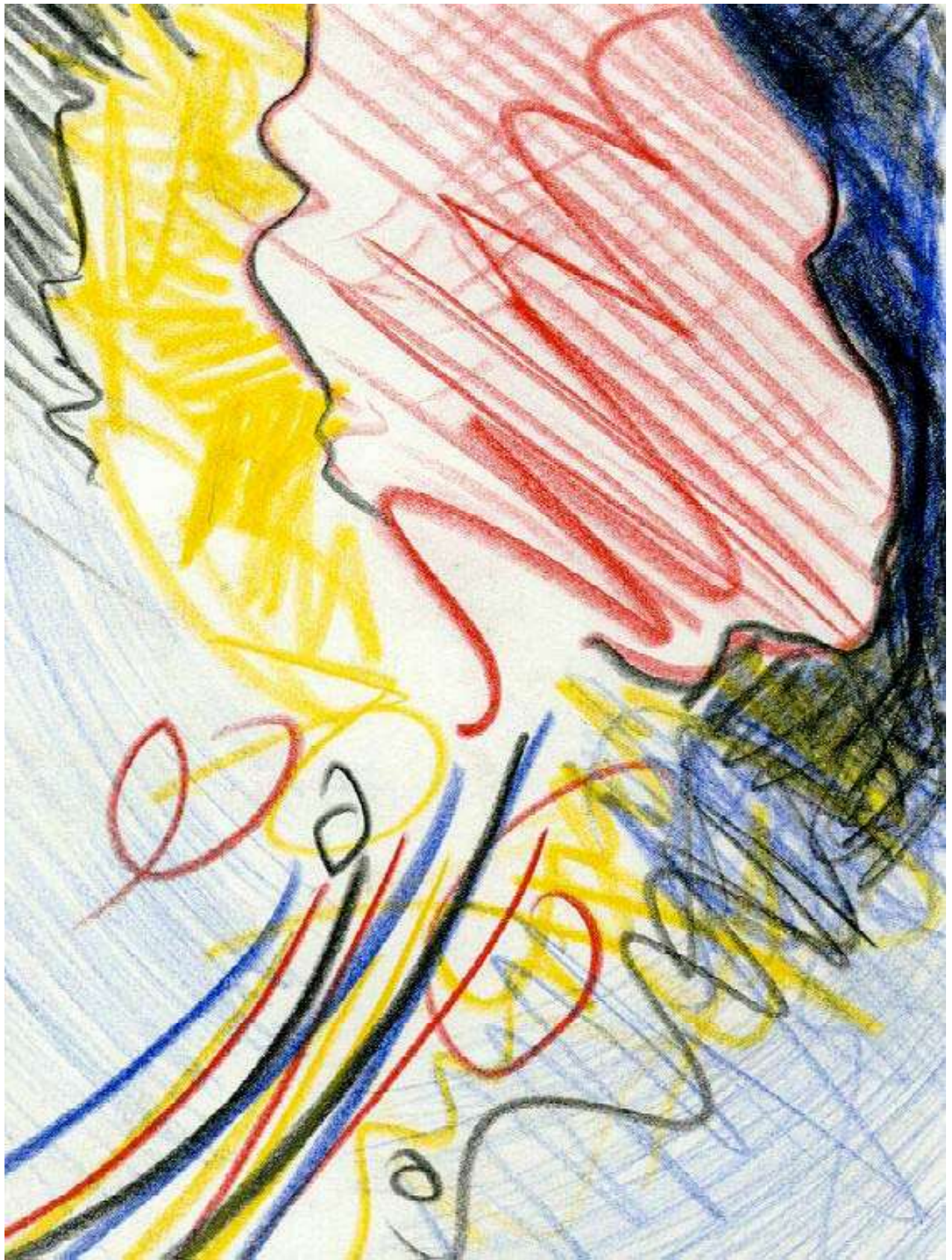
**I swim and safely reach the shore.**





# TIME

Time's up  
no more dreams  
those times are over  
time out  
I don't want  
that time goes on  
while I cry over lost time  
but we did have  
some good times  
it is time  
to have the time of my life  
but now  
I have no time  
for a helpless cry of a lonely woman  
so time goes by  
until the right time  
rolls around  
and I have time  
to think  
then time stands still  
this is the wrong time  
to think of past times  
there is always  
time ahead  
for happy times  
which are timeless.



# *TRAINING*

**INSECURE,  
RIGID AND TOUGH!  
FEAR OF GETTING HURT.  
I HUNGER FOR ATTENTION,  
YET - I SEEK PROTECTION  
by BEING  
RIGID AND TOUGH.**



# TRANSFORMATION

BATHED IN A POOL OF SWEAT

I AWAKEN TO THE PAIN

I AFFLICTED TO MYSELF IN SOME SILLY GAME.

I SUFFER AND CRY,  
THEN I FALL BACK

INTO DEEP SLEEP

FOR MORE OF THE SAME

UNTIL I CAN'T TAKE IT.

My body is in shambles,

MY MIND HAS GONE AMOK,  
AND I SCREAM ALOUD:

"ENOUGH, ENOUGH,  
I GIVE UP!"

A SMALL LIGHT GETS MY ATTENTION...

THANK YOU GOD.

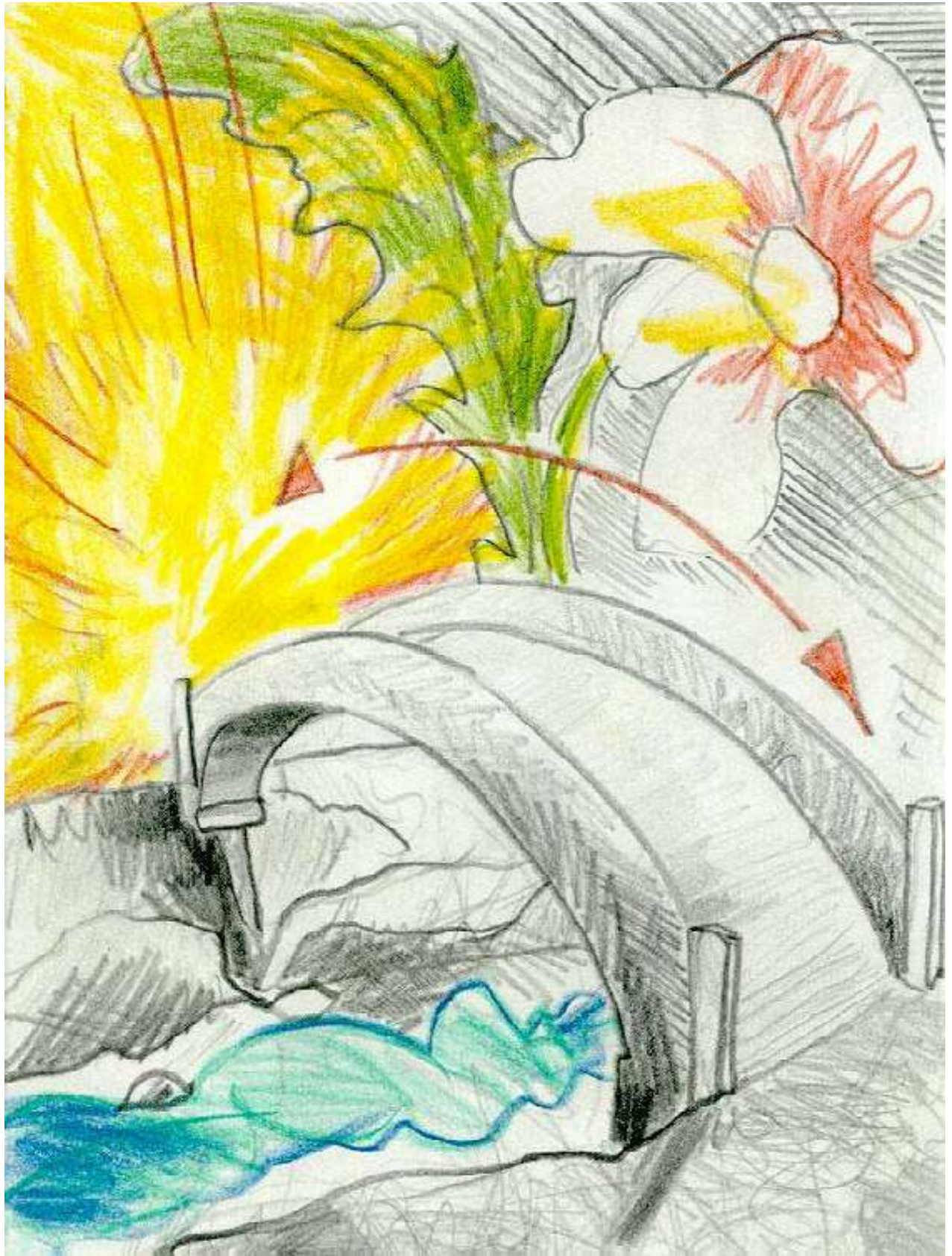


# Universal

Teach the people -  
Show them how to love,  
it will give them happiness.

Give some people power,  
it will teach them  
to want more  
and they will go to war.





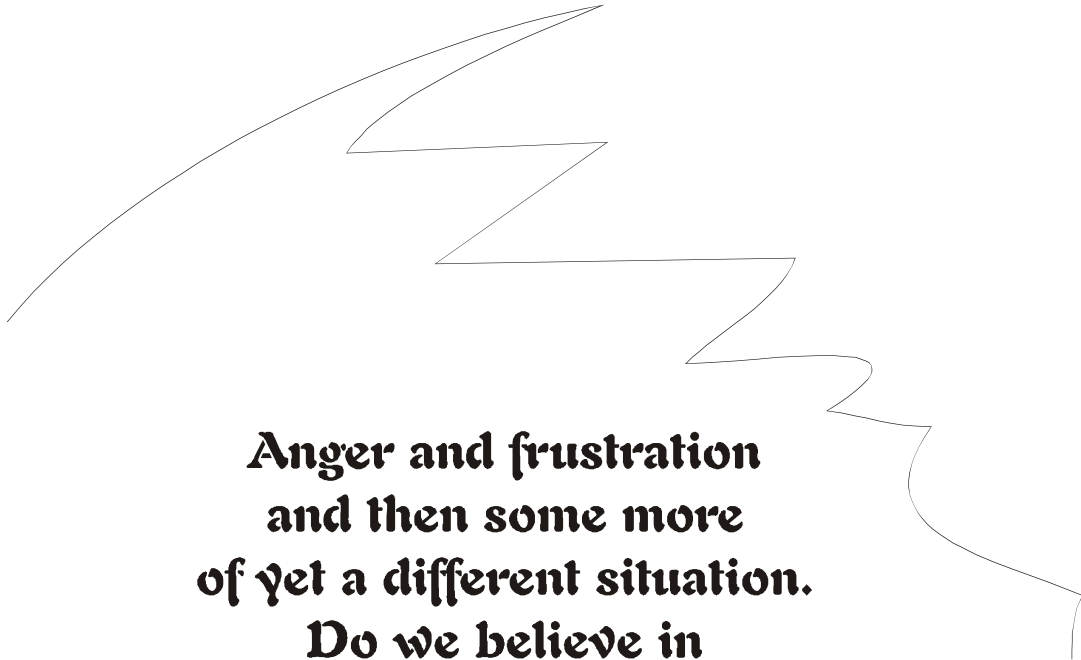
# Vision

We had to cross  
narrow streets  
and empty bridges  
to reach the road  
to happiness -  
where success was  
planted  
like wild flowers,  
which spread across  
the meadow  
and spread  
and spread  
and all the world  
was One.

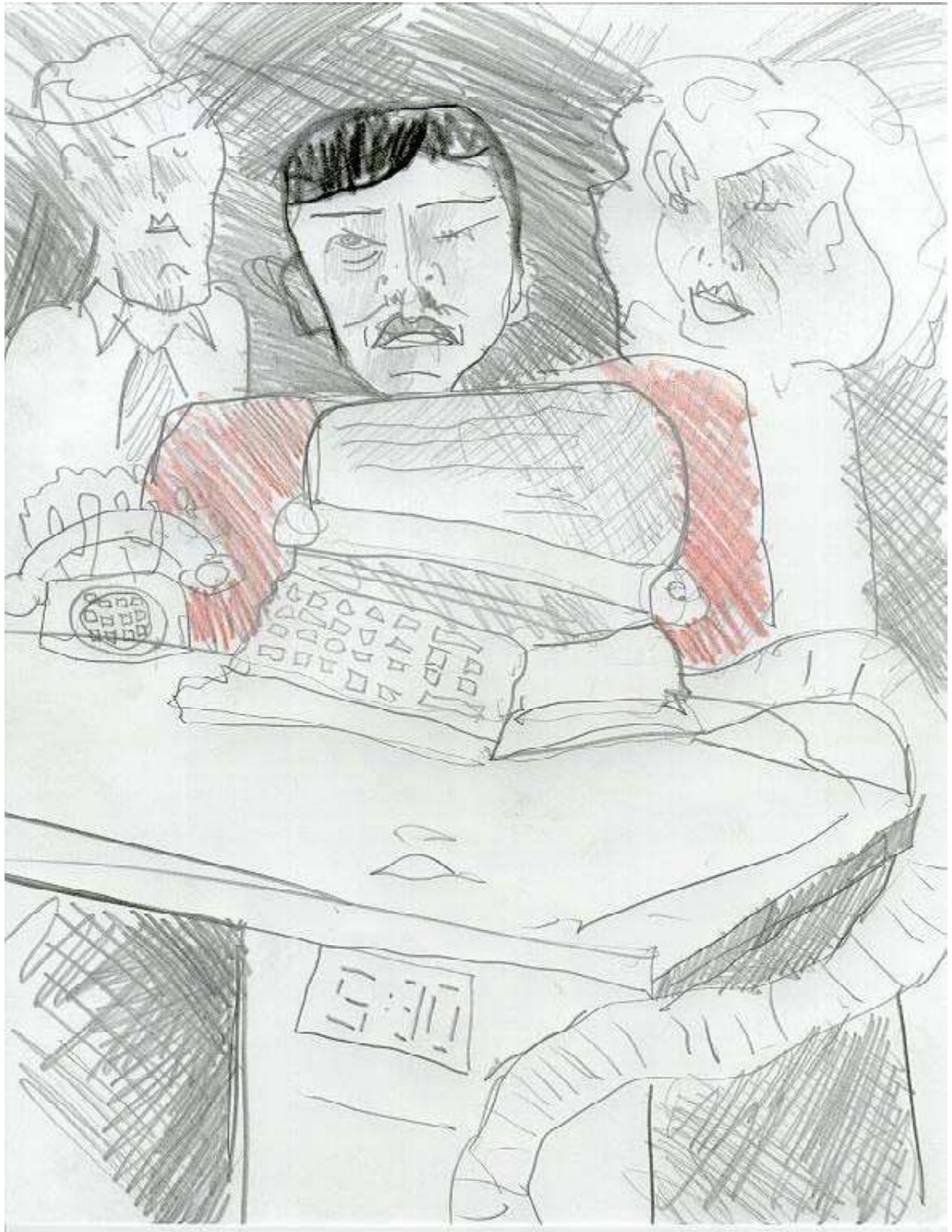


# **WE, YOU and I**

**A conflict of a different kind.  
A different person with a different mind.**



**Anger and frustration  
and then some more  
of yet a different situation.  
Do we believe in  
equal liberation  
for color, race, religion?  
What are we really standing for?**



# WORK

Cash flow, CD's,  
A LETTER HAS TO BE TYPED  
AND MY BOSS WANTS IT FAST.  
EVERYONE AROUND ME IS HYPED  
"Hello, Good morning,  
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"  
I'M LISTENING TO MY WORDS  
AND THEN PUT THE CALLER THROUGH.  
WORKING IN A DAZE  
I HOPE THAT I WILL MAKE IT.  
THINKING IF NOT  
I SURE HAVE TO FAKE IT  
AND FINALLY  
IT IS 5:30.





**ZEST**

**ONE COMMERCIAL  
will INFLUENCE  
A WHOLE NATION.**



