



A COLLECTION OF 3
POEMS

House

Storm Cecile

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My mother, washed in tears
Carried her suitcase on the questions
Pounded into her spine.
Beaten with the words of an abuser named my father
She mothered her tears with her fingers
She rubbed forgetting in the corners of her eyes
She pulled out a packet of dementia from her pocket.
She dried the floods from her face
As she stands by the door
In the hallway of my fathers house.

My father says goodbye to home.

She aborts history with her leaving.
She kisses the door with her fingers.
She gives birth to a new perspective.

Her skin became memory foam
And then foam
Never forgetting her pain.
How she believed her marks
Were signs of her short comings -
How her mothering
Was as good as a spliced womb
In the middle of barren land.

My mother washed in tears
Carried her cross on the silence
Pounded into her spine.
Beaten with the words of an abuser named my father
She mothered her tears with her fingers
She rubbed forgetting in the corners of her eyes
She pulled out a packet of dementia from her pocket.
She dried the blood from her face
As she lay in the wake of a dead man.
The love of her death
When loving her in the youth was
A bliss and not blisters.

My mother was...
Carried in a box to her resting place
Taken to a barren womb in the ground
Beaten with the words of an abuser named my father
He rubbed forgetting in the corners of his eyes
He pulled out a packet of dementia from his pocket.

He dried his face and left.

MUM



Wake up, it's another day
Chemos making me have water in my eyes
Doctors told me
That I've got cancer and 3-5 years to be alive.

This life
Can really end in the blink of an eye.
It's got me thinking about questions like
'Where do I go when I die?'
'Will my children be alright?'
'Was I good enough?'
'Did I make the most of my time?'
My families down
And it hurts me inside
Because I've spent my life
Being their light
And now I'm dimming inside

How will they cope?

When I pass on,
Will people do the most?
Will they fight over my will?
Or hold each other close?
Will this make or break them?
God I know you hear me
But I don't want this to change them

Wake up it's another day
Chemos making me have water in my eyes,
Three weeks of treatment
And I'm getting more fragile over time
My hair is falling out
As a man it's hindering my pride
I have to rely on those
Who I'm called to protect with my life.

DAD

Wake up it's another day,
Chemos making me have water in my eyes
Doctors told me cancers progressive; they tell me they tried.
I don't have long left
But my hopes still alive,
My families closer than ever
And I think they'll be alright.
I've made many memories in this gift called life
I've fought a good race
And I've fought a good fight.
I've loved
And I've lived,
I've been broken, and I've missed,
I have shared
Been angry
I've suffered yet, I forgive
I let go and I know
I've made mistakes

- God knows -

But I give the best message to you,
Which is hold your family close
Because you'll wake up one day
And you'll have water in your eyes
You'll regret everything you didn't say
Because you've ran out of time.
And as my timer ends
And I move onto another life
My hope is you value your health -
And make the most of this ride.



You seem to be confused -
Love, I thought, was drowning in a
New love -

Hoping that, like a bird bath
It would smooth out all the rough in my feathers.
Find a nest.
settle down.

Perch my soul by a rested stream
And forget the abuse my wings
Have carried.

To say the least;
I am most impressed at your ability
To keep on driving with bird poo on your car.

You just - let it be - you know?

And I'm not good at

'Letting things be.'

You do it.

- that bothers me.

I don't know why you love me.

I'm messy - like your car window.

I come with baggage.

I'm the bird bath families purchase
Over summer thinking they'll look after it -

- they never do.

That's what all my exes did.

I don't perch. Now. I fly.

LOVE

My heart is a concrete bowl
And broken is all the algae around it - love has a stale taste.

And you're still driving with bird poo
On your car - and I wonder
If you just see me as 'good luck'
To cruise around with.

Before - I asked you why you're here -
You said: "You're the most amazing person
I've ever met."

I watched a bird fall from the sycamore tree.

My mirror is a murky bird bath -

Your mirror of me is a windscreen
And I'm too shattered to see my self the same.

A small collection of poems sharing the reality
of what could be happening behind the house across your street.



Storm Cecile is a poet and producer, with a
passion for sharing true and authentic stories.
You can find her on www.stormcecile.com

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