

Sample Poetry

By Melissa Denzer

Poetry from 2024-Approx. 7 poems

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BROKE ME

To the one who broke me
I wish it didn't take me a lifetime to realize
that it was my job to fix it

To realize that I shouldn't have been afraid of you
Any more than myself
as she carried the pieces you smashed and
Tripled them
Ripples them like a tidal wave in order to swallow me in you
Hiding the glue
She is what binds me to you
Despite me
The pieces on the ground
I have yet to pick up
Are not yours but mine

I wish it didn't take me a lifetime to realize
like a pick up truck you carried me in from place to place
But that didn't give you a right to hurt me, you can't carry this body like I do
Now I place you below ground although you still breathe somewhere
And I still carry the memory of you in those sharp edges
I wish it didn't take me a lifetime to realize
I've been alive twice now as long as I'd ever known you

But she knows me longest
And she won't put me back together

Afraid of getting cut in the process
If it means losing blood
Just another reminder of something we shared
Although you never cared so I don't know why I still do
I wish it didn't take me a lifetime to realize
I can't bring myself to pick up the pieces
Because that would mean losing you too

I PROMISED HER

A long time ago
I promised her I'd take care of her
I promised her a safe home

The first time I almost died I was fifteen
Cancer crept but I held my ground
I promised her peace
Since she grew up without- bound
To a life of fear; frozen in place

When I survived
I promised her not a life without fear-
but a life with fear to drive her
Places she never expected to go
Instead of the dead ends he left her in
A father a lot farther than any real man could know

When I survived
I promised her hope
As his bruises faded and my hair grew back
I promised her a heaven in the beauty of time

When I almost died the second time;
I was twenty one
My colon was no fun
There is no cure for what I carry

When I survived
I promised her I'd be resilient
Radiating in the reality that I am still here
Despite and because of her
The body that I live in with fear

Will there be a next time?
Time is but a fleeting feeling
Yet faced with it we have no choice
I look at the promises and still I pause

Pleasing others in place of ourselves
the placement of our life too risky to put first
Peonies are my favorite garden flower
But I still struggle to grow

I promised her I would follow through on our dreams
But the words on the page have not seen daylight or a publishing house
How can I give her a safe home when I am barren inside?
I promised her
But I never took up piano again like I promised myself I would
They say don't taste the forbidden fruit so I go
Cherry picking the problems I force myself to face
To prevent pain
I don't face them
I pace and take space
With them

until they bring no peace

And I have no choice but to keep the promises I made to her

To me

RISE

It's not my job to make you better
Berating and belittling are not
Something I can sift out like cookies;
I can't add vanilla to make you sweet

It's not my job to make you better
Becoming gentle is not something I
Knead into existence with enough time
I can't add flour to make empathy

It's not my job to make you better
I can barely get myself to rise;
Be who you are and let me taste the
Disappointment, so that I stop biting

It has been the best treat to savor him
The way I could never —let you burn

SOMETHING

I know there's something more

Between the trees and the earth; their branches, like wet hair dangling

Reaching inside the crevices of bark and bushes to grasp the calm

I know there's something more

Under the rolling hills of the earth which slip

Into the ground between the darkness and the light to search for truth

I know there's something more

In the air, which tastes like yesterday and tomorrow

On the flowers where they fall, dropping down to bow in gratitude

I know there's something more

Below where the sun seeps between the shade and the warm asphalt of the sidewalk

Around the corner from the smell of acorns; a salty and oaky delectable dish

I know there's something more

Outside the fields where the cicadas sing their syncopated harmonies

Deep in the sunsets last note at sundown

And knowing there's something; is enough

SPACE BETWEEN

The space between
Existence and yesterday
Still lingers on the sleep
Between your eyes,
It's a place of total peace.

The act of awakening
Is an act-
A rebellion to comfort;
A chance for redemption
From the taste of yesterday
that is still on your breath.

It takes courage
To open your eyes and
Decide to exist in today
And smell the air and
Lift your limbs into reality
Where peace waits softly
Behind your eyes
In the space between

WHERE THE RAGE WENT

Maybe I ran from it in the depths of a dream
Is it possible to lose such a ruminating rage
In the slip of the night deep in minds darkness
as it sits damning from elsewhere
Maybe it was first found on my fathers face
When he realized he had a girl who looked like him
Maybe it met me at the doctors office
And remained with me long after I was first dismissed;
Maybe the cancer left it behind; the lymph node
Dangling, the disease malignant but marinating
Or maybe it was dug into me with those damn nails by him, dragging me down
Maybe it's hereditary; a parting gift from blood relatives who dumped me
Or maybe it was from everywhere all at once
Reminding me to rage against the dying of the light
But the light has been gone for some time now,
Dimming in the shadows to a flicker, barely lit
No wonder the darkness' disdain drags me
Down, Down where the rage went

AIR

Starburst yellow and blush pink
Colors sprawl across the sky and
Blue gray casts a shield of
Protection to the clouds

The sun is piercing peach
As full as a glass of lemonade
The day is laying down to make
Room for night in order to

To lift tomorrow into the air as the
Streaks of soft purple skies scars
Mark the day done
Let tomorrow come